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PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

MAR. 1924

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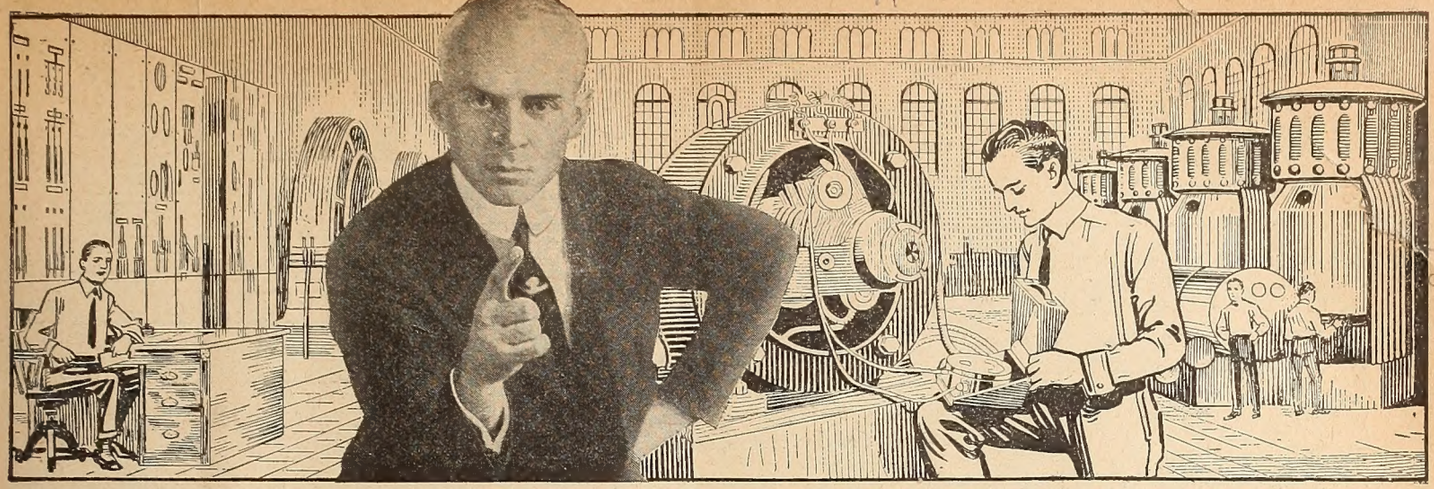
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Vol. XX MONTHLY No. 1

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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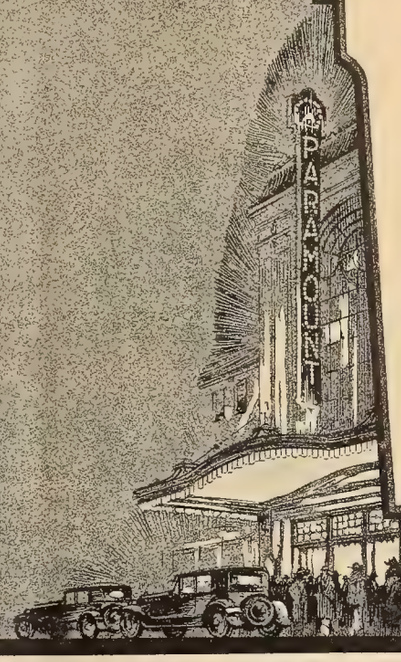
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Current Releases

Zane Grey's
"THE CALL OF THE CANYON"
With Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw
Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Fred Huntley. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"TO THE LADIES"
A James Cruze Production with Edward Horton, Theodore Roberts, Helen Jerome Eddy and Louise Dresser. From the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.
Written for the screen by Walter Woods.

"BIG BROTHER"
By Rex Beach
An Allan Dwan Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A George Melford Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A William deMille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger.
From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

GLORIA SWANSON in
"THE HUMMING BIRD"
A Sidney Olcott Production. From the Play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
By Zane Grey
An Irvin Willat Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

GLENN HUNTER in
"WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"
With Ernest Torrence, May McAvoy, George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts. From the novel by Homer Croy. Adaptation by Lucien Hubbard. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon.

Kate Jordan's
"THE NEXT CORNER"
A Sam Wood Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan.
Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

POLA NEGRI in
"SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A Herbert Brenon Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche and Huntly Gordon.
Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco.
Written for the screen by Eve Unsell.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Written for the screen by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

"THE STRANGER"
A Joseph Henabery Production with Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall.
From the story "The First and the Last," by John Galsworthy. Written for the screen by Ralph Block and Edfrid Bingham.

WM. S. HART in "SINGER JIM McKEE"
Supported by Phyllis Haver. A William S. Hart Production.

"ICE BOUND"
A William deMille Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S PRODUCTION
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The Coming of Maude Adams Into Motion Pictures

FOCUSES THE ATTENTION OF MOTION-PICTURE FANS ON A WOMAN WHOM THE WORLD HAS ADMIRED AND OF WHOM THE STAGE HAS BEEN PROUD.

Few women have given so much to their public and yet remained so secluded as has Miss Adams. She has never granted an interview, she has never attended social functions, her acquaintances have been few. And yet from those few who have known her, many inspiring things have been learned about this delightful woman. Next month Helen Klumph will tell you about Maude Adams and the prestige which she brings to the making of pictures for the Film Guild.

The Most-discussed Girl in Motion Pictures To-day

Because she has great beauty and rare, individual charm Corinne Griffith is the cynosure of all eyes wherever she goes. Likewise in her film work, she makes an impression that is unforgetable.

And yet—she has never made a really great picture. She has made several atrocious ones, and not a few that were just mediocre.

But Corinne Griffith has made friends of the people in her audiences. She has succeeded in becoming a favorite with a big fan following in spite of circumstances that might have been expected to push her into the limbo of also-rans.

What is there about this girl that has kept her popularity and her fame alive, until now she is launched with her own company and with every chance of success? What is there about her that is so enduring, so individual that no one has been able to crowd her out of public favor?

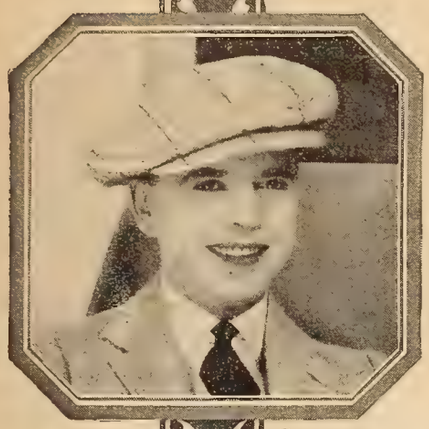
Next month Edwin Schallert will tell you all about the lovely Miss Griffith in "The Age of Corinne." It is one of the most interesting personality sketches PICTURE-PLAY has printed in many months.

Other Favorites—Old and New

There will also be one of those delightful, casual character sketches which only Norbert Lusk could write. This time his subject will be Marie Prevost, whose performance in "The Marriage Circle," it is said, will surprise even her most sanguine admirers. Our old friend, Harold Lloyd, will appear through the eyes of a friendly interviewer; Richard Dix, the rising matinée idol, will be portrayed for you, and there will be many other interesting interviews.

Don't Miss the Next Number of PICTURE-PLAY

Douglas MacLean
in
"THE YANKEE CONSUL"



Douglas MacLean in Sans Souci palace suddenly discovers the old armor come to life

Announcing—

The play that swept Broadway with gales of laughter and convulsed theatre-goers all over the country for five successive seasons!

"The Yankee Consul"—adapted from the great musical comedy by Henry Blossom, Jr., and Alfred G. Robyn. Revives a most delightful memory of the speaking stage.

What happier choice could Douglas MacLean make to follow his hilarious record in "Going Up."

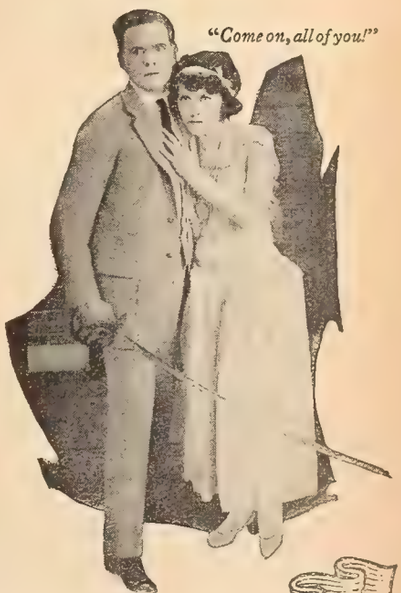




"Is sea sickness catching?"

THE Yankee Consul is the second of the big pictures by Douglas MacLean as an independent producer. With him is the buoyant and gifted Patsy Ruth Miller and a distinguished cast. Directed by James W. Horne.

Now ready for release in your favorite first-run theatre.



"Come on, all of you!"

This is An Encore Picture

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"The Yankee Consul"—*of laughing memory*

What the Fans Think



A Vivid Comparison.

SEEING Reginald Denny for the first time, after seeing Rodolph Valentino, is like coming out of a room in one of those old Moorish palaces one sees in Algiers—a room richly colored, whose hanging bronze lamps make it glow like a jewel—a room heavy with the scents of the East, spices, musk and ambergris, and the black incense that comes from Timbuktu. You open the door, you step out, and in front of you lies the blue ocean, sparkling in the sunlight, the salt spray strikes your cheek, and you draw in deep breaths of the strong sea breeze.

I do not mean that you never want to go back into that beautiful room—its spell is a powerful one and you do go back, but how nice the crisp air feels—outside.

Reginald Denny is something new. He has that ingenuous charm that was Wallace Reid's, an extremely good-looking face, a body that is a marvel of strength and symmetry and an appeal as potent as that of Valentino. And he can act, even if he does look like a Greek marble come to life.

I am most anxious to see what the screen will do with the art of Joseph Schildkraut. On the stage he is so wonderfully fine—he has depth, and poetry, and magic—and the priceless fire of genius. He is a genius as Somerset Maugham is a genius—as Charlie Chaplin, Bernhardt, Duse are geniuses. But whether the movie fans will grasp the delicacy and subtlety of his acting—well, we shall see. X. Y. Z.

The Walbert Apartments, Baltimore, Maryland.

Summed Up in a Word.

POLA NEGRI—My, isn't she just *Gorgeous.*
CORINNE GRIFFITH—Oh, so *Alluring.*
GLORIA SWANSON—Every day in every way she grows more and more *Artistic.*
MARY PICKFORD—So trite a word but never more applicable, *Sweet.*
DICK BARTHELMESS—Many things, but most of all, *Sincere.*
GEORGE ARLISS—Both on stage and screen so *Smooth.*
CHARLES CHAPLIN—You nearly stumped us, Charlie, but we are going to say you are *Subtle.*
MARION DAVIES—In all her characterizations most *Picturesque.*
LEATRICE JOY—Don't try to be exotic, you are too *Ladylike.*
JACKIE COOGAN—We know you are wealthy, but to us you are vaguely *Pathetic.*
MAE MARSH—Ever since the "Birth of a Nation" *Haunting.*
JETTA GOUDAL—You've given us a new one, *Strange.*
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—Here is one that's *Magnetic.*
HAROLD LLOYD—Oh, Harold, never stop being *Quaint.*
NORMA TALMADGE—An *actress,* and isn't she *Lovely.*
MAE MURRAY—Er—shall we say *Pictorial?*
ANTONIO MORENO—How many hearts have *you* broken with that Spanish way so *Dashing?*
VIOLA DANA—You don't care, do you, Viola, if we call you *Cute?* RUTH B. WATSON.
46 West Newton Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Does Any One Agree with This?

Fans, dear, don't you think that, except for the few who are trained by D. W. Griffith, the movie folk are an overdone, silly lot? MILLY REISS.
44 Pinehurst Avenue, New York.

How a Fan Met a Star.

Let me tell you about a real thrill I received. Although Edwin Schallert says that crushes are going out of style, I can tell you they are not, but that the fans don't rave as much as formerly on account of the players' *own attitude.* When the fan trustfully sends his hard-earned quarters for the coveted photos and feverishly watches the mails, waiting to receive one, autographed, direct from the player and, instead, receives in so many cases a long dose of silence, this treatment, of course, is like a dash of ice water to any feverish infatuation. Well, fans and players, I know what I am talking about. I was madly infatuated with several of the players, one being Clara Kimball Young. I had loved Mary Pickford, but had never received an answer to my letter to her, so I never wrote to any other, especially after I had heard that a certain star was quoted as having said, "Those fans make me sick with their love letters."

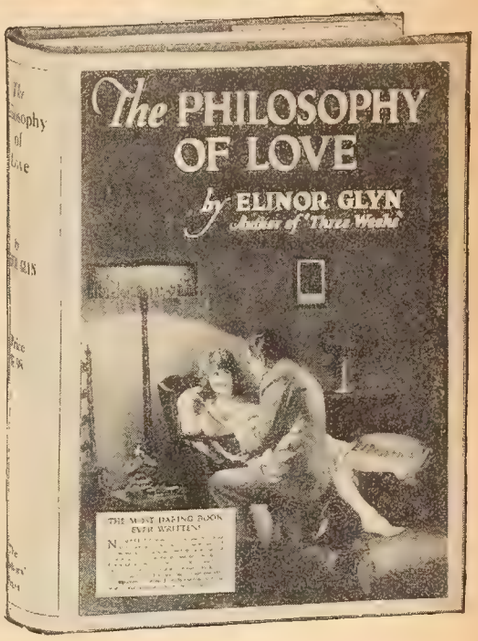
So I determined to wait and think of some plan by which I might meet and talk with a star personally, without letting it be known that I was a crazy fan. And, oh fans, in the spring of 1921 Clara Kimball Young came to the Roosevelt theater here in person, and here's what happened.

A blind man had written a book which had been printed, and he wanted a copy of it given to Miss Young as a token of his admiration, since he always had so enjoyed hearing about her from his daughter, a friend of mine. So I disguised myself as a Western-Union messenger girl (Yes, they employ girl messengers.)

I went around to the stage door and told the door-

Continued on page 10

Startling Truths About Love and Marriage!



Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do *YOU* Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most vital relations of men and women. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, most persons should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

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Continued from page 8

keeper that I had a message for Miss Young. I was careful not to say that it was a telegram. She was speaking on the stage just at that moment, and as she walked off, on the opposite side from where I was standing back-stage, the doorkeeper went up to her and told her that there was a telegram for her. Naturally she got all excited and looked around and said in a low, sweet voice: "I thought the man said there was a telegram?"

My knees shook; my head swam, and, believe it or not, I could not get my lips open. My tongue felt swelled up enough to fill my mouth. Finally, things cleared, and I walked over to her where her manager was putting on her pretty cloak over the very beautiful low-cut dress she was wearing. I think the color was dark red, if I remember rightly. I had a real delivery slip that a messenger boy gave me, and I had the blind man's book with a letter from the daughter.

With one gulp I said, "I have an A. D. T. for you," and handed her the little package with one hand and the pencil and delivery slip with the other.

She just stared. I thought I was going to faint, because it is quite a shock to see a moving, breathing, colorful person whom you had worshiped from a distance for so long. Of course, she stared only a moment, but I thought it was an hour.

"*Please* take this!" I cried desperately. "It is an A. D. T."

"What's an A. D. T.?" she questioned, as she actually took it out of my hand.

I was surprised again to find myself dumb. Her manager laughed and said: "A. D. T. means American District Telegraph." I took a deep breath. I could have kissed him.

For the first time, she became aware of my shyness and began to smile sweetly. My voice came back. "You must sign this, so I can show it was delivered to you." She waved her hand to her manager, and he took the slip and signed her name, and his initials. So I didn't get her handwriting after all. I then looked her full in the face—into those wonderful eyes, and said: "A letter or parcel is called A. D. T., and a telegram is a telegram. I'm sorry you were disappointed."

She smiled sweetly again and drew her cloak around her with one hand while holding the little parcel with the other. She said no more to me. A girl rushed up to her, and begged for a picture. "I have none with me, girlie, but I can send you one," she said, and she seemed sincere about it.

"Oh, yes, please, Miss Young. *Don't* forget! You *will* send one?" gushed the girl.

"Yes, indeed. I surely will." Then she stepped out into the lobby, and it was jammed with men, boys, women, and girls, waiting to get a glimpse of her, but no one else dared speak to her, although she moved slowly, pausing a little to give them plenty of time to get a good look.

I liked her for that.

Finally she got into her motor, and I saw her tear off the envelope and start reading the little book from the blind man, as the car crawled away in the traffic jam.

But the blind man never received a word of thanks or even an acknowledgment for his courtesy in presenting her with his little novel. He asked, and asked, *so many times,* if a letter from Miss Young had not come, that finally his daughter couldn't stand it any longer, and wrote one herself and told the old man it was from Miss Young. The letter said that she had enjoyed the story, and it invited him to her home. Of course, the daughter knew he'd never go, as he is seventy-seven, and stone blind.

I've often thought of his delight over that note which he thought was from Miss Young, and how proudly he exhibits it every chance he gets. Although old and blind, he has a "crush" on Miss Young.

I woke up out of mine when she didn't write the old fellow. She can't say she didn't get that message, *as I put it right into her own hands and saw her reading it.*

Therefore I now sign myself "The Uncrushable" MILLICENT STATTEN.

1938 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

De Roche and Valentino.

Miss Harriette Underhill's article in the December PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, championing Count Charles de Roche, started some thoughts sizzling in my brain that I just had to get rid of, or bust.

She said that De Roche "was not engaged to fill Valentino's place in the hearts of th public," yet I think it was her own paper that originally quoted Jesse Lasky as saying that he was positive that De Roche could fill Valentino's place satisfactorily.

She speaks of the fans' unfairness to "the innocent De Roche," and says he ought not to have to start with such a handicap, and almost in the same breath she says that the producers' scheme of heralding him as Valentino's successor was launched in order to get him prominently before the public, to advertise him, and arouse curiosity, knowing that the anti-Valentinoites would like it, and in any event he would get publicity and people would go to see him.

The "innocent De Roche!" Well, he either made some very impolitic speeches during his first press interviews in this country if he wanted the patronage of Valentino fans, or the newspaper reporters are cheerful liars. It is easy to believe that the reporters are liars, so we give De Roche the benefit of the doubt, especially since Rudy himself sent us Philadelphians this message: "Tell my fan friends they must not judge De Roche as my successor, but by what he can do and the way he does it. I hope with all my heart he succeeds."

Miss Underhill says she is entirely satisfied that De Roche will some day fill the place in our hearts left vacant by Rudy. Well, there is no place left vacant—Rudy still occupies it.

She reflects the producers' point of view—that advertising and press-agenting, if skillfully done and laid on thick enough, will boost any player into prominence. That may be true of the "second Valentinos" whom they are now placing before us, but Valentino himself did not gain his stardom that way. There was no advance advertising, tooting, or press-agenting, as there is with all his "successors." He burst unexpectedly upon the public and carried us off our feet by sheer force of personality. Later he made that admiration permanent by fine acting, when he was given a chance to act. He was essentially a public-made star, winning his way against the strong prejudice of casting directors at that time against his foreign type, and incidentally making that foreign type so popular that all the producers in the business began to grab wildly for any one who they imagined might be molded into a "second Valentino."

I have no personal prejudice against De Roche, Navarro, or any of the others the producers are working so madly to boost into Valentino's place. I wish for them all the success they can gain—fairly—and they have the same chance of winning my patronage that Rudy had; but why, in the name of fair play, should so many of the newspaper columnists take such joy in helping to boost these people by trying to pull down the popularity of the man who earned it on the square, by personality, acting, hard work, and grit?

SUE MACFARLANE.

Box 3225, Station C, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Boost for Neighborhood Theaters.

As an old reader of your PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, I should like to express my opinion in regard to Mr. LeRoy Westlund's article, "A Plea for the Elaborate Programs."

Mr. Westlund's ideas as to the wonderful settings and carefully arranged musical programs in these palaces are very fine. I have enjoyed many of them myself. But have you stopped to look at the other side? What about the thousands of movie fans in moderate circumstances, some with a family of kiddies whose only enjoyment is to go to one of these neighborhood movies? For my own part, I feel very thankful and grateful to the kind managers and owners that run these popular-priced movie theaters for the good and the enjoyment they afford the poorer class of people, and I haven't found them cheap or smelly either. I have seen many wonderful pictures in these little houses, and the musical program was given by means of the beautiful strains of a large pipe organ. MRS. E. A. YOUNG.

218 East Mound Street, Columbus, Ohio.

A Letter to Norma Talmadge.

It was such a delight to read your letter in this column of a recent date, August, 1923, for it has given me the opportunity of writing you, without laying the burden of a reply upon you.

Of all the screen artists, men and women, you are the source of the most joy and pleasure to me. I have many favorites, but you are so truly natural, so humanly alive and beautiful, that I love you, best of all. Every turn of your head, every gesture of your hands, every little mannerism—you have not many—is dear to me, and I never lose the joy of watching you. The flappers who write you may be absorbed in your exquisite gowns, but your personality is always so dominant that I forget your clothes; I can only watch every fleeting expression in your glorious eyes and face, because you are not only beautiful, but a very gifted emotional actress as well.

Now these are not the rhapsodies of a flapper or lovesick youth, but the honest-to-goodness opinions of a woman, sixty years old, who has seen the best on stage and screen. My niece, Lucy Gates, the celebrated opera and concert singer, tells this as a very good joke on me: When Nance O'Neill was here in "The Passion Flower," my niece invited me to accompany her to see that wonderful performance, and I declined, saying that I preferred not to spoil my memory of the play with Norma Talmadge. Of course she could not see my point of view, which is, that the play, as originally written, makes the tragedy of the mother supreme, and your version makes the tragedy of the young lovers supreme. To me it was as pathetic as "Romeo and Juliet." If the girl had been permitted to have loved her first sweetheart, her life would have plowed smoothly and safely on, but because of the wicked intervention of her stepfather and his vicious servant, she suffered a far worse fate than her mother. I saw this picture three times, and wish I could see it again.

There are two reasons why I write to the magazine instead of to you personally:

Continued on page 12

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

WHY is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better — a weak voice become strong — a lost voice restored — stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.



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EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons — like the late Caruso — are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

First, I wish the other fans to know how deeply you are appreciated by one fan, and, again, it lays no obligation upon you.

Out here we are waiting impatiently for your "Ashes of Vengeance." If it is anything like "The Eternal Flame," we shall be very happy. Conway Tearle makes a splendid leading man for you. He has depth and sincerity and dignity, and the somber background he imparts makes your brilliancy more dazzling and beautiful. If you should play *Juliet*, I am wondering who would play your *Romeo!* I would suggest Richard Dix. Since seeing him in "The Christian" he seems to be the nearest to the spiritual, romantic lover, among our younger screen stars—and for *Romeo* we must have youth.

Dear Miss Talmadge, please do not think me presumptuous in anything I have said. Whatever you do will always be right and beautiful to

MABEL Y. SANBORN.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

An Extra Writes About a Star.

One day as I was in a hairdressing parlor I recognized a girl sitting beside me as one whose image I had for a long time loved upon the screen. At first I could hardly believe that it was not a dream, but finally I mustered up courage enough to introduce myself and ask if it were really she. I never was more thrilled in my life, for the girl was the heroine of that great picture, "Manslaughter." She was Leatrice Joy, and, oh, fans, how kind and sweet she was to me. Imagine her inviting me to have Thanksgiving dinner at her apartment at the Hotel Algonquin. She introduced me to her mother, who was very nice. That time I wasn't so nervous as I was the first day I met Miss Joy in the hairdressing parlor. It was just like being home to me to be treated so kindly. This all happened more than a year ago, when Miss Joy came to New York to make "Java Head."

I don't know as I have the right to talk of Miss Joy the way I do because I'm only a poor extra, but still I'm very fond of her. I have met several stars who are terribly upstage, and who put on all kinds of airs, but Miss Joy—no, she is just a very sweet girl. L. LONG.

New York City.

There Are Compensations.

I was much amused by the letter in your last issue from the fan who admitted that he had lost his ability to enjoy an old-fashioned screen crush, but who wishes that he might have kept his illusions.

Most every one, I think, will agree that nothing in our lives has ever quite equaled the excitement, the happiness, the sheer delight of the Christmas holidays of our childhood, when we believed in Santa Claus. But who would wish he could go back to believing in that jolly old myth?

The fan was quite right in saying that no amount of intelligent appreciation of acting, settings, story construction, and the like, can give us that wonderful feeling of thorough enjoyment that we used to get out of our crushes, but I wonder if his change of feeling isn't, after all, a matter of natural development? Crushes belong to our youth, just as the belief in Santa Claus belongs to our childhood. And we enjoy, and then grow out of both of these phases in our development.

Certainly, for my own part, I would not exchange the keen enjoyment—the deep, emotional appeal—which the finer type of pictures, such as "The Covered Wagon," have for me now—for all the crushes which I had, and which I discarded, some years ago.

Each coming generation will continue to have crushes which I had, and which I discarded, some years ago.

Each coming generation will continue to have crushes on the stars of to-day and to-morrow, but those of us who have passed through that stage must look for something to replace that passing pleasure, and if we look, we can find it.

ANDREW R. MALBRIDGE.

Boston, Mass.

Becoming Interested in Directors.

Ernst Lubitsch says that in Germany they go ahead and make the sort of pictures they want to, and the public is always interested in the results. I think that is to be the solution of the problem in America, at least for the good directors. I find myself more and more interested in directors rather than in stars; stars are in such a hopeless position when they lack a capable director. Although I follow Agnes Smith's opinions on the pictures and avoid seeing whatever she criticizes adversely, I always see, if possible, anything done by the following directors: Griffith, of course; Von Stroheim, Lubitsch, Rex Ingram, William de Mille—although I have been disappointed with many of his—Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, John Robertson, Fred Niblo, and, lately, James Cruze.

I have read PICTURE-PLAY for years, and have always enjoyed it. I do not want to read fulsome and indiscriminate praise in each and every interview with a player, but am interested to know something of their personality and character. I do not care how many husbands or sisters or brothers or mothers the movie people have, nor do I want to hear about them.

The movie people themselves are undoubtedly more interesting than the characters they portray on the screen, and I enjoy your magazine regardless of whether I see many pictures.

(MISS) F. HORN.

30 Wilcox Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Too Many Banquet Scenes.

My first venture into the realms of "What the Fans Think" is a protest against banquet scenes, dinner scenes—that is, on the lavish, balloon-shower, girl-in-the-cocktail-glass and bathing-suit type. Hereafter I am going to read the reviews and advance notices on pictures shown here, and if there is a suggestion of a gorgeously appointed dinner scene in the write-up, I am going to stay away. Such scenes must surely die out as did those awful sunken bath-tub effects.

A TEXAS FAN.

Admission Prices Are High Enough.

Recently I read a statement by Joseph Schenck, in which he was quoted as saying something like this: In order to supply the public with better pictures, it is possible that the wages of stars may be cut down, but admission prices at the theaters must continue to go up.

I agree that the wages of stars might be lower, but I protest against the admission prices of theaters continuing to go up. Admission tickets are high enough.

If the producers insist on making lavish pictures, with the usual display of too

many flimsy gowns and wild, all-night parties and a lot of big sets, they are doing so at their own risk. The public has never demanded such pictures. A simple story well told and acted has always had a greater appeal. And I think it is a crime to charge as high as two dollars for a motion picture.

Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche" has been showing here at a local theater with admission as high as two dollars, whereas Miss Pickford's picture, "Rosita," is being shown here at fifty cents. For my part, I preferred the latter picture.

ELLA NIKISHER.
521 One Hundred and Fiftieth Street,
Hammond, Indiana.

"The Girl I Loved."

In Denver recently I saw Charles Ray in his spoken play, "The Girl I Loved," and I can't remember when I've been more impressed, above all by what wonderful training for the stage one can get in the pictures. Rarely, if ever, have I seen a finer performance—one combining to so high a degree both dignity and restraint, charm, and appeal. Of course, I'm prejudiced. I think Charles Ray is one of the few great actors I've ever seen—he possesses that rare something so commonly miscalled genius. Now that I've admitted that, let me admit something else. Formerly I had believed that his talents were confined to pantomime. I never dreamed that his own peculiar gifts could be so forcefully projected across the footlights. I'm not easily moved to any show of emotion in the theater. Years of playgoing have hardened and made an awful crank of me, but I've got to admit that I cried—hard—before the second act was under way, and that's not all, I kept right on crying. The play is not great, but good enough, and all that matters anyway is the boy, as Charles Ray portrays him. You see a perfectly human situation, simply presented, acted in a perfectly human way, and the result inspires the highest praise. If you ever have the opportunity, go to see it, but first prepare to have your heart broken in a million pieces. From all of which you might infer that I rather approve of Charles Ray, n'est-ce-pas?

EILEEN SHANNON.
2736 St. Charles, New Orleans, La.

A Plea for Sustained Stories.

Why can we not have more picture plays and less of a feeble collection of scenes? Compare, for instance, two of this year's successes—"If Winter Comes" and "The Gold Diggers." The former is a real novel aptly told in picture form. I consider *Mark Sabre* the most difficult rôle of the season, and yet Percy Marmont has given us an almost perfect presentation. The picture contains love, villainy, heart interest, cruelty, kindness, and all other attributes that go to make a story interesting and entertaining.

As for "The Gold Diggers," what is there to it? Gowns, girls, and elaborate settings thrown together at random. A plot as meaningless as it is crude, a plot which exists solely to make the settings and the actors necessary. Yet it has been swallowed by the public, and I suppose will be a big financial success. But I do not believe that the fans could have kept it down after the swallow, if it had not been for Louise Fazenda, who brought a drop of interest to a barren desert and alleviated the situation somewhat by making the laugh be *on* the producers, rather than *at* them. She did her best to save them altogether, but the task was too large.

WILBUR CONROY.
Box 82, Groveland, Texas.



Draw Me and Win a Prize

Do You Like to Draw?

Copy the picture of the girl on skis and send us your drawing—perhaps you will win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years old or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you have not had much practice.

1st Prize - - - - - $100.00
2nd Prize - - - - - 50.00
3rd Prize - - $25.00 **5th Prize - - - $10.00**
4th Prize - - 15.00 **6th to 15th Prizes, each, 5.00**

Free! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest will receive a beautiful full-color reproduction (suitable for framing) of a painting by a nationally known American illustrator.

If your great desire is to be a real commercial artist, try your hand now! Capable artists readily earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week and upwards. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women have found their life-work—often have quickly doubled and trebled their incomes—through the Federal Home-Study Course. A number of America's most noted artists have contributed *exclusive lessons* to the Federal Course,—such as Neysa McMein, Franklin Booth, Charles Livingston Bull, Chas. E. Chambers, Edwin V. Brewer and others. It is these remarkable lessons combined with the *individual, personal criticism* of each lesson that has made this course recognized by authorities as "America's Foremost Course in Commercial Art." With proper training you should be able to duplicate the success of our hundreds of graduates. By all means enter this contest—see what you can do.

Rules for Contestants:

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible. Note these rules carefully:

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What About Child Actors?

I think it is pitiful to see children in the movies. Take the case of Jackie Coogan, for instance. The child has my sincerest sympathy. What little boy of his age would not rather be out running, swimming, going on picnics—in short, leading a natural child's life instead of being worked for hours in pictures the full meaning of which he cannot possibly grasp. He is bound to be under an abnormal nervous and emotional strain. Hasn't he made enough money for himself and his parents so that they can let up on the little fellow? I hear that he has a tutor, but what child in his position can really put his mind on his books?

Now I hear that Baby Peggy is to be starred. I wonder that some society hasn't stepped in and prevented the appearance of child movie actors as they do on the speaking stage. LOUISE COMSTOCK.
Worcester, Mass.

A Tribute to Miss Pickford.

Your Observer struck a significant note last month in saying that motion pictures had become too varied in their achievements, and in their appeal, to be considered, in future, from a single point of view. And that point was well exemplified by the diversity of comments upon "Rosita," by the fans in the same issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

Although no doubt you will not carry that discussion to any greater length, I wonder if I may add a concluding word to it.

To my mind, the fact that "Rosita" brought out such a wealth of diverse comment—and, doubtless, you received many more letters on the subject than you could possibly have printed—is a considerable tribute to Miss Pickford. The extremely intelligent comments that were made indicate that your more mature and reflective readers considered the picture as worthy of being judged by critical standards such as they never would have thought of applying to "Tess," for example. To be able to produce a picture which, while appealing to the enormous following that Miss Pickford enjoys, at the same time drew forth such a wealth of varied and interesting comment, is indeed an achievement. JOHN ARNOLD BAKROW.
Midland Apartments, Chicago, Ill.

From a George Walsh Admirer.

The other night I went to see Mary Pickford in "Rosita," and was very curious to see who the leading man was. I picked up the program and, much to my delight, I found it to be George Walsh. You cannot imagine my feelings. I enjoyed the picture immensely, and went out of the theater with a happy heart.

I think George Walsh politely carried away the acting honors in the picture. He was adorable in every scene. Oh! I could rave about him forever.
MABELLE ZIMMERMAN.
1013 West Eleventh Street, Topeka, Kan.

Concerning Tom Mix's Horse.

I cannot understand Antonio de I. Goyena's criticism of Tom Mix for naming his horse Tony, in your January issue. Why in the name of all that's ridiculous shouldn't the horse have a Christian name? Who, pray, is insulted or offended by it? When I lived on a farm my sister had a pet cow named Tony, and I had one named Trilby. We also had a nice dog named Romeo. We never dreamed of insulting any one, and I'm sure Mr. Mix is equally innocent of offensive intention. Most certainly I hope he will not change Tony's name.
MADELINE GLASS.
720 South Coronado Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Dearest Girl on the Screen.

Your November issue contains an article entitled "The Best Answer to Criticism," written by Harriette Underhill. I would go much further than Miss Underhill and say that Lois Wilson is a *beautiful-looking* girl, and certainly shows her loveliness of character in her face and every act. I have long admired her and have had her autographed picture for more than a year. I watch for the showing of every picture she is in, and some of them I have seen three or four times.

To me she is the sweetest, dearest girl on the screen to-day, and I am not alone in my admiration of her. Both she and her chum, May McAvoy, are well mated in fine principles and everything else that is good. The very worst wish I can give Miss Lois Wilson is that if she marries she will get a husband worthy of her and as fine, good, and noble as I think she is. THOMAS H. FLEMING.
333 Howard Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

From Another Admirer of Bebe Daniels.

I wish to praise "Our Bebe." Some do not like her, but I think she is the acme of perfection of all the stars. She is the only one to me. I love all of her pictures and would walk miles to see her. She is my inspiration, my ideal of a perfect lady. Whenever she comes to our little city by the sea the movie house is packed with the adorers of "Our Bebe."

I certainly agree with Mr. Moore when he says: "Give us life and give us death, but most of all give us the love of Bebe Daniels." JANE GOWEN.
1302 Dartmouth Street, Brunswick, Georgia.

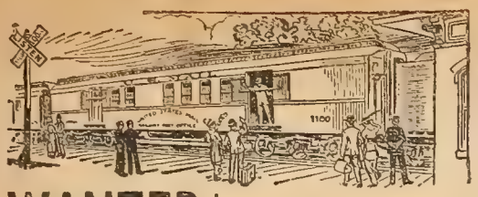
An English Fan's Favorites.

I have decided to send you my choice of the two greatest screen personalities. They are the only two who have ever had the power to stir more than a passing fancy from me. The first is Pauline Frederick who, unfortunately, has been lost to us on the screen for a time. She is not only superbly beautiful, with her graceful figure and soulful eyes, but no other feminine star can compare with her as an actress.

Now for my second choice: When I first went to see Rodolph Valentino I expected to hate him. I had heard and read so much about him—chiefly letters from screen-struck flappers—that I expected to find just a handsome, conceited matinée idol, with very little to recommend him but his handsome face. I was agreeably surprised, and was converted to an ardent Valentino fan on the spot. And this was not on account of his handsome looks, though his expressive eyes and infectious smile are certainly in his favor; Valentino is no flapper's idol, but the greatest of our screen actors. No other screen actor has, in my opinion, the power to sink himself in his film rôles as Valentino does. I saw him personally during his visit to London, and was made still more aware of his wonderful personality and charm.

And now, all you Valentino fans, I want to ask you, right now, to stick by Rodolph to the end. There are people who say that he will soon be forgotten now that he is absent from the screen.

Continued on page 116



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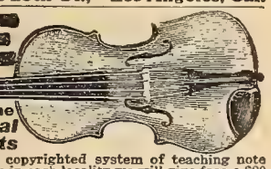
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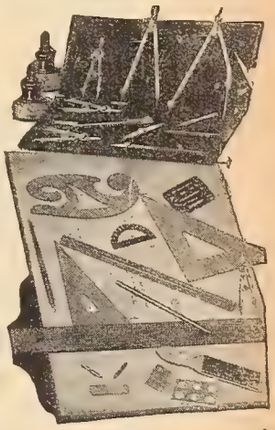
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Volume XX MARCH, 1924 No. 1

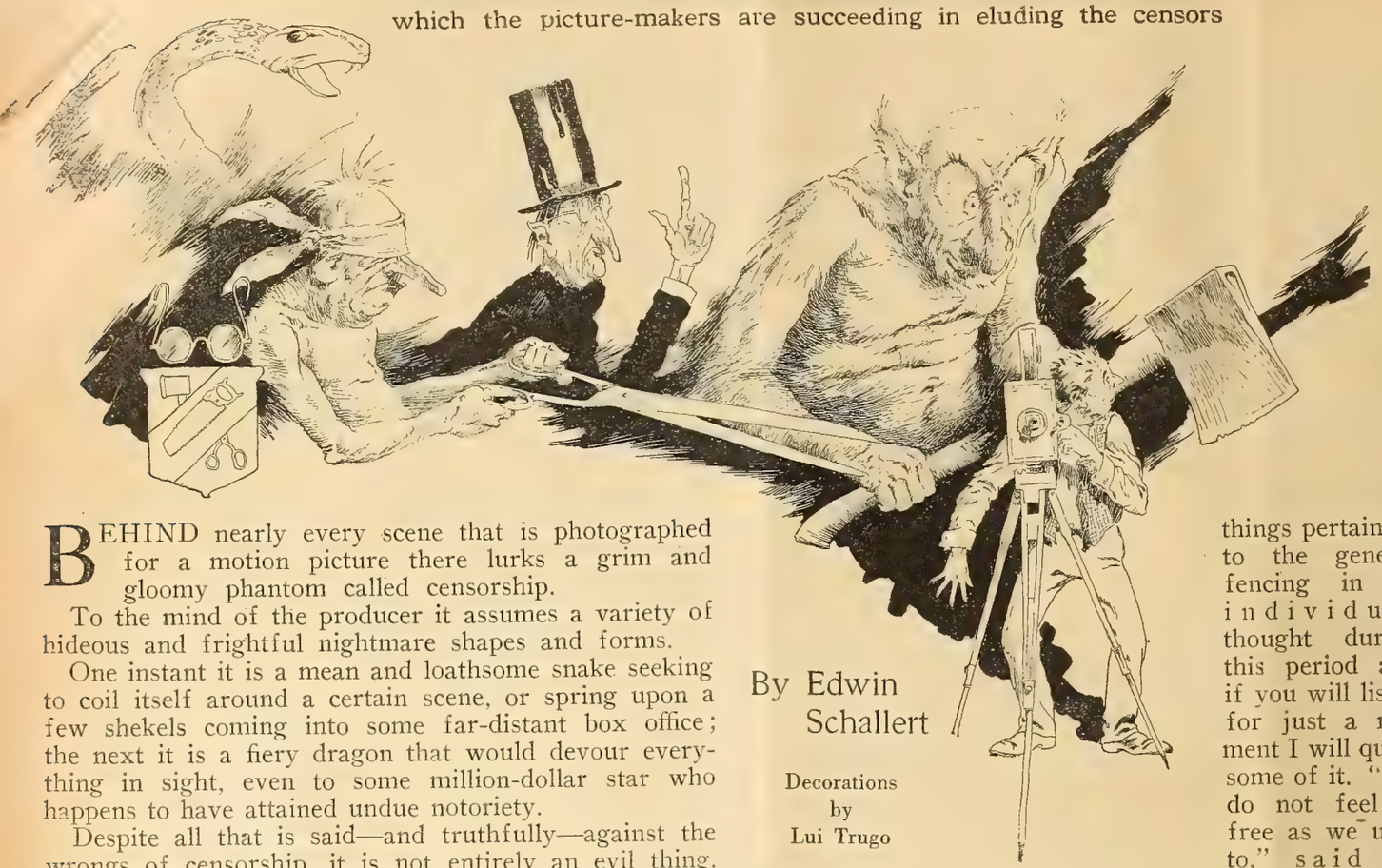


Photo by W. F. Seely

VIVIAN RICH was still friendly with Strongheart at the completion of "The Love Master," even if he did steal some of her big scenes. If there is any doubt in your mind about which one plays the title rôle, ask Strongheart.

For Adults Only

In which are considered some astonishing tricks and subtleties by which the picture-makers are succeeding in eluding the censors



By Edwin Schallert

Decorations by Lui Trugo

BEHIND nearly every scene that is photographed for a motion picture there lurks a grim and gloomy phantom called censorship.

To the mind of the producer it assumes a variety of hideous and frightful nightmare shapes and forms.

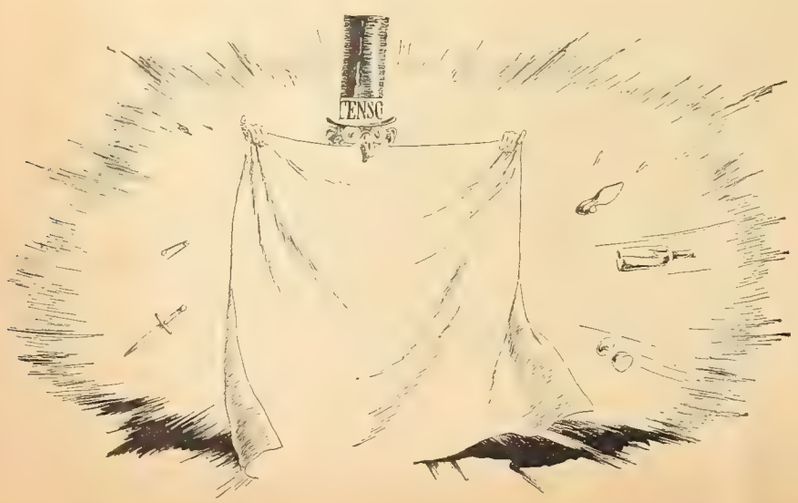
One instant it is a mean and loathsome snake seeking to coil itself around a certain scene, or spring upon a few shekels coming into some far-distant box office; the next it is a fiery dragon that would devour everything in sight, even to some million-dollar star who happens to have attained undue notoriety.

Despite all that is said—and truthfully—against the wrongs of censorship, it is not entirely an evil thing. In the larger sense, it is a reflection of public taste—a protest against certain other evils for which the picture producers were directly responsible, and which, but for fear of the censor, would continue to exist.

But it is not my purpose here to argue the merits of either side of this controversy. What I wish to show is how some of the more resourceful directors, driven through necessity to invention, have devised ways of eluding the censor, and how his very restrictions have forced them to exert their imaginations so as to suggest—by means entirely within the limitations of good taste—situations which, crudely and openly done, would never pass the ban.

I read an interesting article on this subject not long ago in *Harper's Magazine,* the title of which was "Freedom Reconsidered." It had nothing to do with pictures or censorship specifically, but it touched on a lot of things pertaining to the general fencing in of individual thought during this period and if you will listen for just a moment I will quote some of it. "We do not feel as free as we used to," said the writer, speaking especially of authorship and writing. "Human timidities, routine and lethargy, reinforced by our modern comprehensive tenderness for the mob's feelings, and the hazards of the counting house"—which to the picture producer means the box office—"put all thoughtful writers in a position they dislike and often resent. But mob feeling is there and the counting house is there, and I do not blush to say that I think that effective freedom is opportunist in its nature. One has to make his decision according to the particular circumstances of the occasion. . . .

"There is some exhilaration in the terms of the game, its hazards and successes. Gibbon managed to write in such a way that the devout can read his pages with the agreeable assurance that he is one of them. Voltaire delighted in evading the censor, who is like the stupid bull, susceptible to few and simple stimuli."



The last sentence is strangely appropriate. It is, in fact, the keynote of what I am about to relate, for in certain recent picture productions we have had a chance to observe just how far the directors may safely go in evading the barriers of a conventional taste, as crystallized in the arbitrary and often stupid "Thou shalt nots" of the censorship boards.

In the picture, "Greed," which is just now about to be released, there is a frightful and sensational climax where *McTeague,* the leading male character, murders his wife, *Trina,* because of her miserly hoarding of some gold that she had won in a lottery. Though, in a sense, the crime on his part is unintentional, this sort of scene, admittedly, is not under any circumstances pleasant to contemplate, and in "Greed" it has



to be depicted with something of hideous brutality, for actually what happens is that *McTeague* beats his wife to death. Even the original Frank Norris novel, which was done in very excellent taste, only suggested some of the horrible details of the tragedy.

Knowing that he could not possibly film the climax in all its dread and fateful reality, yet realizing that he must in some way convey its horror, Von Stroheim decided merely to suggest what occurred. He let the audience grasp the tragedy through inference.

You are not even in the same room with the characters. You catch a glimpse of *McTeague* starting to administer his vicious blows, and then behold some grotesque shadows of the two on the floor. Finally, as a climax, what appears to be a stream of blood slowly creeps into view in the doorway, and then as an extra sinister touch a black cat scampers across the threshold.

It is nothing but a subterfuge, of course; a theatrical trick, but it shows the power of suggestion. If the frightful killing were carried out in all its grim reality, it would be a dreadful and mayhap disgusting sight. Conveyed in this indirect fashion it not only passes as something comparatively inoffensive, that will in all likelihood avoid contact with the censors, but it turns out to be more effectual in the impulse that it gives to the imagination. The shadows and the dark pool forming in the doorway contain something of mystery and terror that is flashed to the observer, while the black cat adds a weird and subtle touch of calamity, because black cats have been so linked with murky deeds and witches' Sabbaths ever since the beginning of the world that they quite logically spell disaster. Consequently, here is an episode that has gained because it uses an indirect method and in this respect it might be said the censors have brought about a very satisfying condition.

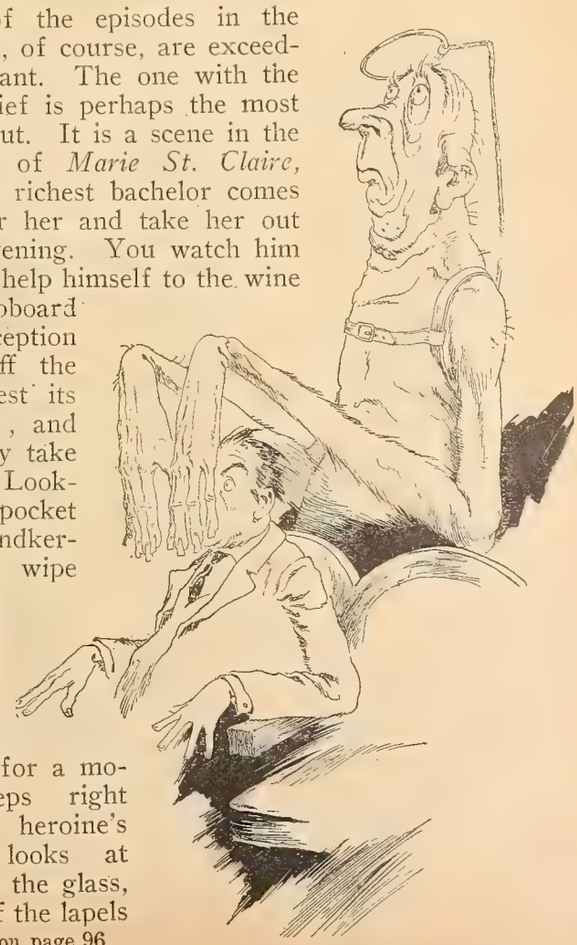
What set the pace for this sort of thing, I believe, was the foreign-made features. By their very nature, these indulged in more subtleties. The European mind works that way. "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," "One Arabian Night," and even "Deception," and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," were all excellent examples, and their pronounced success and the fact that they dared bring out into the light certain hidden meanings heightened the courage of the Americans. By degrees these have tunneled beneath the surface of pretty nearly every sort of situation, until there are so many avenues of escape that it would take a regiment of lawmakers to catch them.

Right in the present they have a striking sort of leader, it might be said, in Charles Chaplin. At least, his "A Woman of Paris" promises to be far reaching in its influence on technique. It is so definitely a production for grown-ups and marks such a great step toward the goal of a more intellectual screen drama that it is bound even unconsciously to be followed by the general run of film makers, who have all seen it and many of them been enthusiastic about it.

You probably know something of the story even if you have not seen the picture. It describes a girl from provincial France, who, through a turn of fate is forced to go to Paris to seek her livelihood. There she is seen much in the company of the richest bachelor in Paris and you are justified in assuming that their relations are more than friendly.

Needless to say, this is a tough story to deal with, but it has escaped censorship surprisingly well, when you consider how "Foolish Wives" and other pictures of that stamp that trod on dangerous ground suffered in the past. But then, Chaplin is the Voltaire of the present in that his treatment is remarkably successful in evading restrictions. His picture was stopped in Ohio for a time, I believe, but even there was finally passed with a few eliminations.

Some of the episodes in the production, of course, are exceedingly piquant. The one with the handkerchief is perhaps the most talked about. It is a scene in the apartment of *Marie St. Claire,* where the richest bachelor comes to call for her and take her out for the evening. You watch him familiarly help himself to the wine in a cupboard in the reception room, sniff the cork to test its vintage, and then finally take a glass. Looking in his pocket for a handkerchief to wipe his lips, he finds that he is without one, and after searching for a moment, steps right into the heroine's boudoir, looks at himself in the glass, brushes off the lapels



Continued on page 96

Is He the Screen's Worst Actor?

A sympathetic study of the strange personality of George Walsh which throws some light on why he has been given what is generally thought to be the most important rôle of the coming year.

By Elza Schallert

THE longer I think about it, the more I realize what a strange thing is screen personality. It is the first essential for film success. You need know little about acting, but if you have that elusive, intangible, magnetic spark of individualism known as personality, you will win a following.

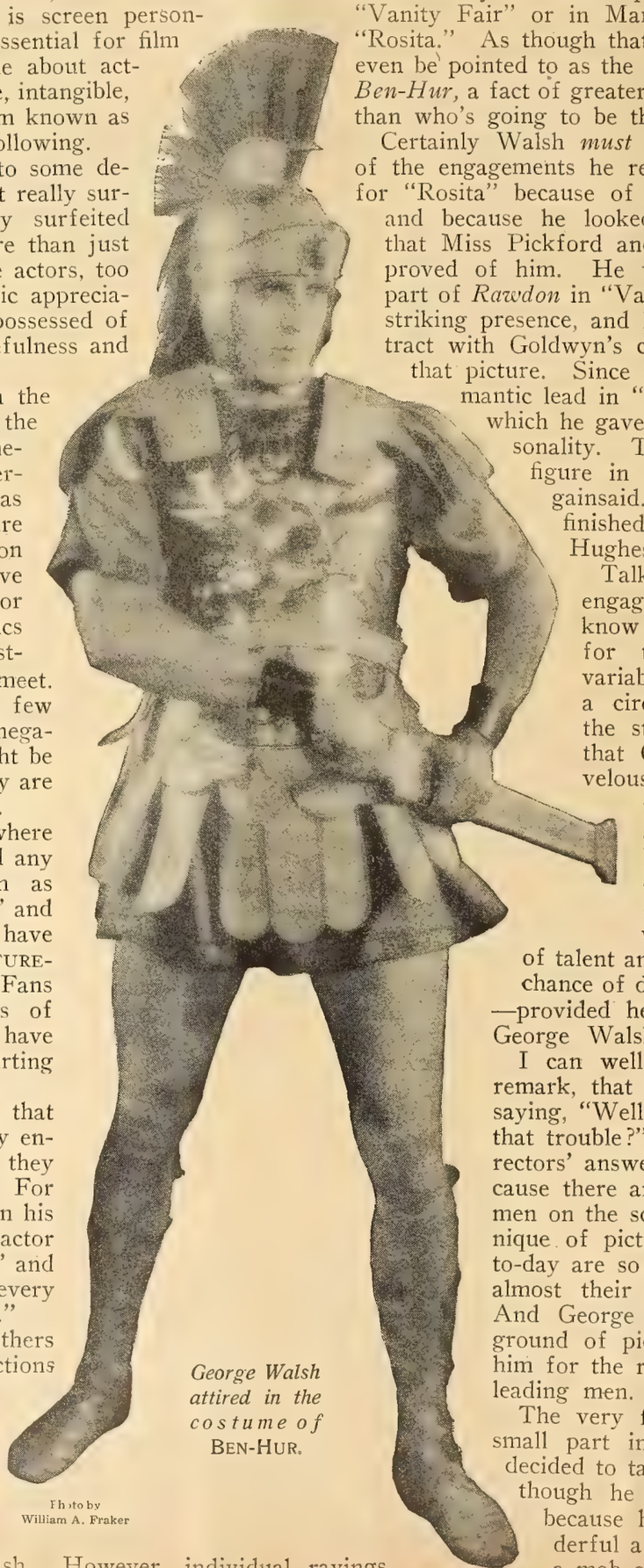
All film celebrities have it to some degree. Of course, the ones that really survive the volatile and quickly surfeited tastes of the public, have more than just that one quality—they are fine actors, too—they have intelligence, artistic appreciation and conception, and are possessed of an infinite amount of resourcefulness and cleverness in "tricks of trade."

The personality you feel on the screen, however, is not always the one you meet off. That is something which few fans can understand. Many actors are not as engaging in real life as they are in their work. Some players, on the other hand, who are positive bores in action and the target for literary onslaughts from critics and fans are delightful, interesting, even inspiring persons to meet. And then there are a very few whom the camera catches as negative, and who just as well might be acting all the time, because they are just as negative as individuals.

George Walsh comes somewhere in this classification. If I had any prejudices I'd catalogue him as "negative all the way through," and judging by fan letters that have come to the department of PICTURE-PLAY called "What the Fans Think," as well as hundreds of personal comments that I have overheard, I wouldn't be hurting any one's feelings.

Of course, I don't deny that there are some fans who really enjoy Walsh on the screen, but they appear to be in the minority. For the greater part, expressions on his work run like this: "As an actor he's a wonderful pole vaulter," and "I am perfectly infuriated every time I see him on the screen."

These expressions and others more vivid are not the reactions from apathetic, but, rather, vigorous emotions. People have to be indignant, outraged, or really angry when they talk like that, and it seems that somebody is always one of these things when discussing George Walsh. However, individual ravings and rantings over him seem to mean little to the big producers, because when you least suspect it, up he bobs in a "Vanity Fair" or in Mary Pickford's production, "Rosita." As though that weren't enough, he may even be pointed to as the man who is going to play *Ben-Hur,* a fact of greater interest in the film world than who's going to be the next president.



George Walsh attired in the costume of BEN-HUR.

Photo by William A. Fraker

Certainly Walsh *must have something,* in view of the engagements he receives. He was selected for "Rosita" because of his magnificent physique and because he looked Spanish. That meant that Miss Pickford and Mr. Lubitsch both approved of him. He was also chosen for the part of *Rawdon* in "Vanity Fair," because of his striking presence, and his present five-year contract with Goldwyn's came after the release of that picture. Since then he has played a romantic lead in "The Slave of Desire," in which he gave flashes of a vibrant personality. That he was a handsome figure in the rôle, too, cannot be gainsaid. He has also recently finished a leading part in Rupert Hughes' divorce drama, "Reno."

Talking to people who have engaged him, or to those who know him well—not intimately, for there are none—is invariably like running around in a circle. You come back to the starting point and that is that George Walsh is a marvelous physical specimen, due to his superiority as an athlete, a fine, clean chap, but also a very peculiar one. A player who is difficult to get at, yet one who really has a great deal of talent and who stands a very good chance of developing into a fine actor—provided he finds his ego—the real George Walsh.

I can well imagine, after this last remark, that some of my readers are saying, "Well, why should he go to all that trouble?" But producers' and directors' answer to that question is, because there are such few good leading men on the screen who know the technique of pictures. Good leading men to-day are so scarce that they are paid almost their own price for services. And George Walsh has a big background of picture experience that fits him for the ranks of all too few good leading men.

The very first work he did was a small part in "Intolerance." Griffith decided to take a chance on him, even though he had had no experience, because he felt his was too wonderful a physique to be hidden in a mob of costumed extra players. Immediately thereafter he was

signed by Fox as a star—one of the fallacies of the old system of making pictures—and was put into a series of rah-rah stories which gave him a great opportunity to spring and jump and box and swim. He probably had a good time making those pictures because he's mad over the subject of athletics, but most fans aren't, so they soon became tired of seeing him in rôles of a dull sameness, and as is the way with fans, for which they shouldn't be blamed, they lost interest in him.

Many producers have been very arbitrary in their manner of "putting over" stars. Feeling absolutely certain that they understood the public's taste, and being terribly sincere in their purpose, they have persisted in fitting only certain types of stories to their respective stars, simply because those stars happen to make a hit as a particular type. The result was that the star lost in popular favor. It's the old story—you can't give the public an overdose of anything. They are only human and founder on too much of the same thing.

Walsh must have felt very keenly the fact that he was, perhaps through no fault of his own, sliding away from popularity during those star-making days, because he has grown to be a very retiring, introspective type of man who ever remains in the background and lacks the confidence to say that he has locked up tight within himself. As a result people meet him, try to engage him in conversation, receive as answers a series of detached "yeses" and "nos" and are likely to go away exclaiming: "Well, I've just met the prize dumbbell."



He's fully aware when any one is trying mentally to dissect him and instead of talking up, telling how well read he is in history and philosophy, or reciting some of his own poetry, he simply closes up tighter than ever. This is one of the reasons why people say he is peculiar—why he is misunderstood. And on top of that, I doubt that he really understands himself. Maybe that, in a measure, explains why he brings to the screen a presence which seems at times to vibrate out of tune with others.

The real George Walsh is a man of deep, sensitive nature, kind, glad to see the other fellow get ahead—an idealist and a spiritual type. The spirituality that he has is a strong, virile, inner force of the sort often bred in a religious background. Nothing that he says indicates it, because he says so little. Nor anything that he does. It's something that you feel. It is partly a calm that he possesses which absolutely belies his apparent lack of self-assurance, and partly his rare understanding of what things in life are worth struggling for and what are not.

For instance, he once told me that he wasn't particularly anxious to make a barrel of money, because after all, each of us could only spend so much for necessities and the things we think make us happy—and when I asked if it didn't hurt, since he was an old-timer in the game, to sit back and see lots of the fellows pick off big, fat salaries, all he said was:

"No. It just makes me realize that they are probably better than I am."

I could have screamed at what appeared to me to be such complete resignation. Other actors put themselves in the way of producers, even go to them and through diplomatic talk convince them how good they are. And get contracts. That is conceded to be a perfectly legitimate way of "selling one's goods." It is even pointed to by some as a fine art. Why didn't he do the same? "Oh, I just couldn't do that sort of thing. I'd have to change my whole nature. Anyway, what does it matter whether you make lots of money or not? *You may lose it to-morrow.* What's to be, is. You can't force anything. Besides, there are lots of things in life more interesting to me than accumulating the dollars."

Books and music are two of them, but there is one that supersedes all. Athletics. I have never in my life heard of a man more obsessed with the subject than Walsh. Every day he runs, jumps, swims, rides, punches the bag, plays tennis, handball, badminton, or if he's taken a special fancy to walking, makes five miles in the morning before going to the studio. Of course, he is recognized as a wonderful all-around athlete and to prove his prowess is going to swim the English Channel some time very soon. But he is so intent upon athletics that neither dancing at the Biltmore or Coconut Grove, late parties after premières, in fact any frivolity that means giving up hours that should be devoted to sleep, would ever be important enough in his eyes to receive his attention while he is "keeping in trim." And he always keeps in trim or is busy working, so you know just to what extent he dissipates. But right there I believe he has been his worst enemy, because by practically concentrating his physical and mental forces exclusively upon one subject, he has obliterated self, and that is why it's so difficult for producers and for himself to get at the real George Walsh.

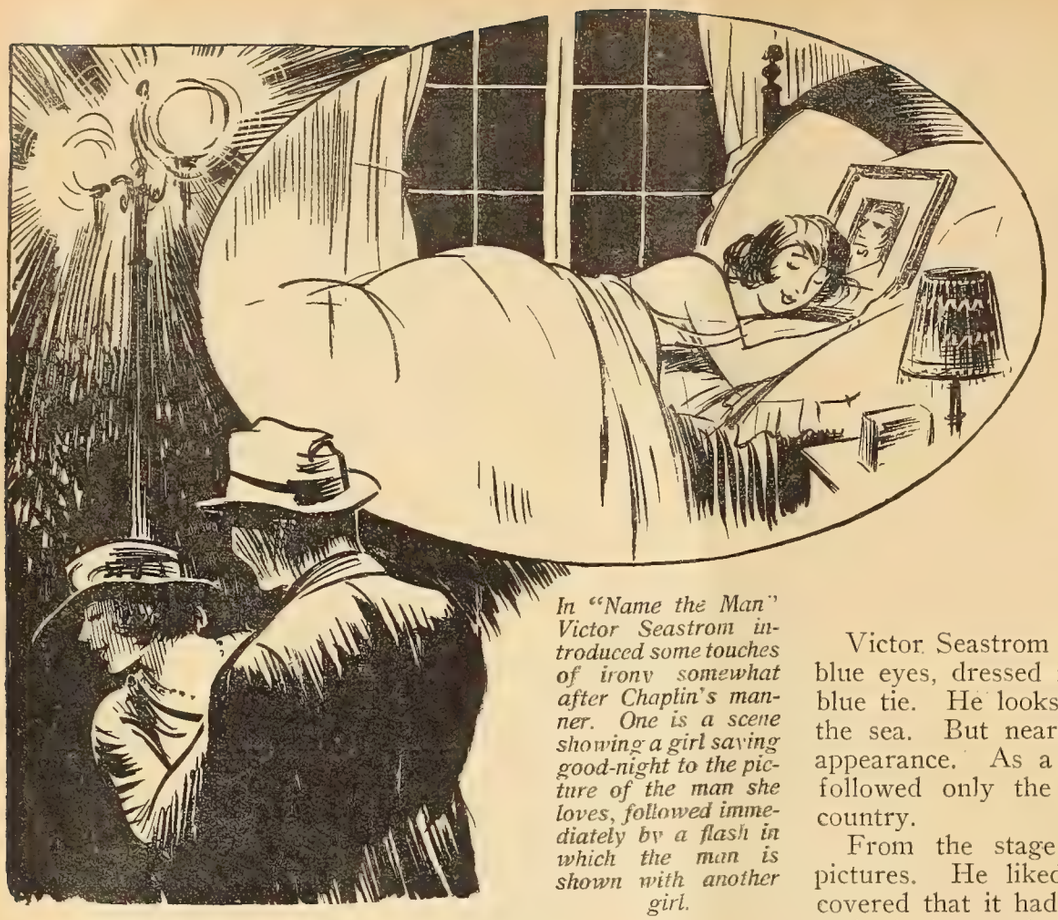
There is one person who is going to be of great help to him. She has been already. She has helped others.

Continued on page 115

Entrechats

A somewhat futile attempt

By Don Ryan



In "Name the Man" Victor Seastrom introduced some touches of irony somewhat after Chaplin's manner. One is a scene showing a girl saying good-night to the picture of the man she loves, followed immediately by a flash in which the man is shown with another girl.

THE drawings of Egyptian artists once gave graphic representation to men, to animals, to inanimate things. But the iron-tipped rod of religion prodded them into conventionalities.

It came to be the established custom to draw a man in a certain way, although everybody knew that a man did not look at all like the drawing. But for a presumptuous artist to draw a man who looked natural would have meant prison at the very least. Thus idealism led art far from reality, inflicting on artist and public a conventionalization that we recognize as grotesque when unearthed for modern eyes.

Now it is my contention that a similar influence is at work among the artists of the cinema. Yes, I admit the existence of artists in this new medium. Artists who undertook their task with convictions concerning truth and beauty. Where are their convictions now?

Tapping vainly at the box-office window, while a pair of cynical fellows within the glass cage wink at each other and lay their fingers alongside their noses.

These cynical fellows who deny admittance to convictions of truth and beauty are the producer and the exhibitor. They have become firmly convinced that the public wants no truth, but rather exaggeration; wants no beauty, but rather a silhouette of two lovers going down life's pathway at sunset in a fade-out sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sentimentality.

What does the artist do under these circumstances? He does what any other prisoner will do—he has as much fun as possible without defying his jailers.

It is in the mocking gambols of the prisoner while the jailers' backs are turned that thoughtful persons find surcease from the maudlinism of the movies. Until pictures are made for different groups of audiences such crumbs of irony must be the feast of those who have achieved a sophistication of taste beyond that of a child aged twelve. The artist who sprinkles most crumbs is most enjoyed by these hungry souls.

Victor Seastrom is such an artist.

On this puppet stage, where one conventional ballet masque succeeds another, he is dancing as his employers direct, with the exaggerated gestures and clownish leaps that are expected to make the children laugh. But occasionally, for the benefit of his own soul, he performs entrechats of irony that delight the eye of the mature beholder.

Victor Seastrom is a Swede. A large man with blue eyes, dressed in blue serge, wearing a dark-blue tie. He looks like a man who had followed the sea. But nearly all Scandinavians have this appearance. As a matter of fact, Seastrom has followed only the dramatic stage of his native country.

From the stage Seastrom dived into motion pictures. He liked this new medium. He discovered that it had delightful possibilities of light and shade, symbolism, timing—delightful possibilities aside from telling a story of adventure and puerile love making. He had free rein with the Swedish movie companies—composed entirely of actors with experience on the legitimate stage. He used the screen like a stage and the actors like puppets.

With his new medium this Swedish director achieved such effects as to make him talked about even in faraway America. Some American producers reached out tentatively and plucked a picture or two for use in this country. Before using them they retitled them to give the box-office pull and they cut them to give the stereotyped climax of joy with which American movies always conclude the evening's entertainment.

Would you believe it possible by cutting a picture to make the heroine, who is a murderess, turn out to be an innocent girl wrongfully accused and gloriously vindicated in the last reel? Well, that feat was accomplished with "Mortal Clay," Seastrom's first picture shown here.

I saw "Mortal Clay," and was disgusted. Then somebody who knew told me what the original had been. I went out to call on this man Seastrom.

By this time he was in America. The American producers had roped him just as they roped Lubitsch. The American producers are after distinguished directors. No matter to them if the very things that distinguished these directors in Europe are the things that would never be tolerated in American pictures. The motto of the American producers is the motto of the Canadian Northwest Mounted whose exploits shine so conspicuously in our native cinematic art.

That motto is briefly, "Get your man!"

Goldwyn got Seastrom. I found the Swede in his private office, uncomfortably seated at a bigger desk than he had been accustomed to use. I doubt if he had been accustomed to use any in Sweden.

I attempted to interview him. The interview was largely a failure, due partly to the presence of a large

of Irony

to interview Victor Seastrom.

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain



Don Ryan, about to lay siege upon the subject of this interview, encounters some resistance on the part of the press agents.

and suggestive publicity staff, but chiefly to the native modesty of this man Seastrom. Yet a few things came out that are almost worth the printing. Through the sieve which the press agents held up for the protection of illusions there filtered a few extremely interesting comments on the Americanization of motion pictures.

I first asked Seastrom why an artist like he, who delights in the real, wished to film a book by Hall Caine, who delights in the superficial—if he wished to film it.

Seastrom smiled at my suggestion.

"Yes, I really wished to film it," he said. His English is without accent. "I can take the facts of Hall Caine's novel and present them with an entirely different technique. I can take the idealized characters of his book and make real men and women out of them on the screen."

I pondered this thought. And the box-office title, "Name the Man," with which Caine's novel, "Master of Man," will make its début in the movies. Seastrom looked at me with a frank grin.

"If I thought it was a great novel I never would consent to film it," he said simply. "I'd hesitate to change the work of a master. But I can take this story and —and——"

"Improve it?" I suggested.

"Yes."

The man wasn't boasting. He is just honest.

It required many questions to worm out of him something about his method of improving Hall Caine's book. I learned that Seastrom carries beneath the cloak of an artist's simplicity, the dagger of an artist's irony.

Timing is his chief method of conveying irony. For example: As the judge who is the hero of "Name the Man" is being inducted as deemster with all the pomp of the accumulated years of pageantry on this quaint Isle of Man, a cut-back shows the girl he wronged undergoing arrest at her cottage. As the deemster drives away in his Rolls-Royce a flash shows the girl being bundled off in the prison van. By accident the vehicles pass each other—but the judge never sees the girl.

This is a climax of timing, possible to the screen and one of its most subtle methods. It is impossible to spoken drama or to books.

In any pictures that Seastrom makes his satire foots it lightly, performing these incredible entrechats of irony before a back-drop of impenetrable gloom. The effect is that of a midnight thunderstorm in the mountains.

For Seastrom's American pictures the gloomy back-drop will be lifted and a gaudy pink one representing a sunrise will be substituted. That is no more than we expected. Let us forget it as quickly as possible and try to enjoy the satire and the gloom.

There are delightful touches of irony in his version of "Name the Man." Touches that are more or less like the things Charlie Chaplin likes to do. A girl, reading in bed, grows sleepy. A-h-h-h, she yawns, but before dropping off, turns to say good-night to the picture of her sweetheart on the dresser.

Immediately the cut-back showing this sweetheart with another. Another flash—the youth who really loves the girl, asleep over the book he is studying. Again the timing—the peculiar rhythm of the cinema of which the Swedish manipulator takes every advantage.

Seastrom is now astride an awkward-gaited nag, which, nevertheless, he is teaching to cavort to the best of its ability. In Sweden he could do as he liked. As he said:

"My employers never asked me what I wished to do —sometimes didn't even know what I was doing. If I should point to something and say, 'I wish to make that into a picture, it was sufficient for them. Here I can't do that. There are too many considerations— too much money is involved in the success or failure of a picture.

Entrechats of Irony

"If there were selected audiences for pictures as there are for stage productions——"

He launched into praise for the Little Theater Films movement while the three press agents who were in the room shuffled uneasily.

Little Theater Films is an effort to get before a certain public that wants them, pictures considered too artistic to have any box-office pull. It was Little Theater Films that presented Seastrom's "Mortal Clay." He expressed a wish to make more pictures for this organization.

"But of course that is impossible at present," he went on. "I must follow a certain recipe, just as all directors follow a certain recipe which is believed to make the product sure-fire from a box-office standpoint. In this way I am limited, but not circumvented. I really believe that I can sometimes please the others and also please myself."

Confronted with the problem of making pictures that will satisfy his own passion for the real and at the same time make a hit with producers, exhibitors and public. The best way to solve it, Seastrom believes, is to deal simply and sincerely with the basic human emotions. Thus he is teaching the nag by easy stages to perform the simpler paces. In time, let us hope, he will have her up to a hand-gallop.

But will he?

A lot depends on the future trend of public taste in America. A lot depends on this uncertain equation, not only as concerns the future of motion pictures here but all over the world.

The mean average of American taste is low. Let us admit it. Everybody knows that, but usually it is held a misdemeanor to say so. However, let us face this situation fairly. Let us reason together. For something Seastrom said—something that slipped out—is pregnant with thought.

"In Sweden I used to make pictures I believed were artistic. They were also commercial successes. That was because the public enjoyed what, for lack of a better name, let us call artistic pictures. They might have happy endings—they might have gloomy endings—whichever way the truth demanded. It made no difference with the success of the thing.

"Now in America I can't do that. I do not say the American public is less intelligent. The American public is highly intelligent. But it is less sophisticated. It is younger—more juvenile. The old world has an older heritage of culture. This, I believe, is the explanation. And the Americans are a happy race. They do not wish to suffer in their leisure hours. They are not especially interested in truth. They are interested chiefly in being entertained.

"America is a rich nation. A powerful one. Her culture is gradually covering the face of Europe—as her rate of exchange rises in European currency. For after all, life resolves about the dollar that buys luxuries.

"A sad result is the Americanizing of European motion-picture audiences. In Sweden now the audiences are demanding pictures with conventional happy endings. And the stars of the Pollyanna school, Mary Pickford and her contemporaries, are the most popular stars abroad.

"Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"Mr. Seastrom's home life is most interesting," broke in one of the press agents. "He has a wife and two wonderful little girls. Tell him what your youngest kiddie said about California, Mr. Seastrom."

"She said she didn't like it as well as Stockholm. Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"Mr. Seastrom is going to have one of the smartest dog actors in the world in his next picture," remarked another press agent loudly. "Tell him about Brownie, Mr. Seastrom."

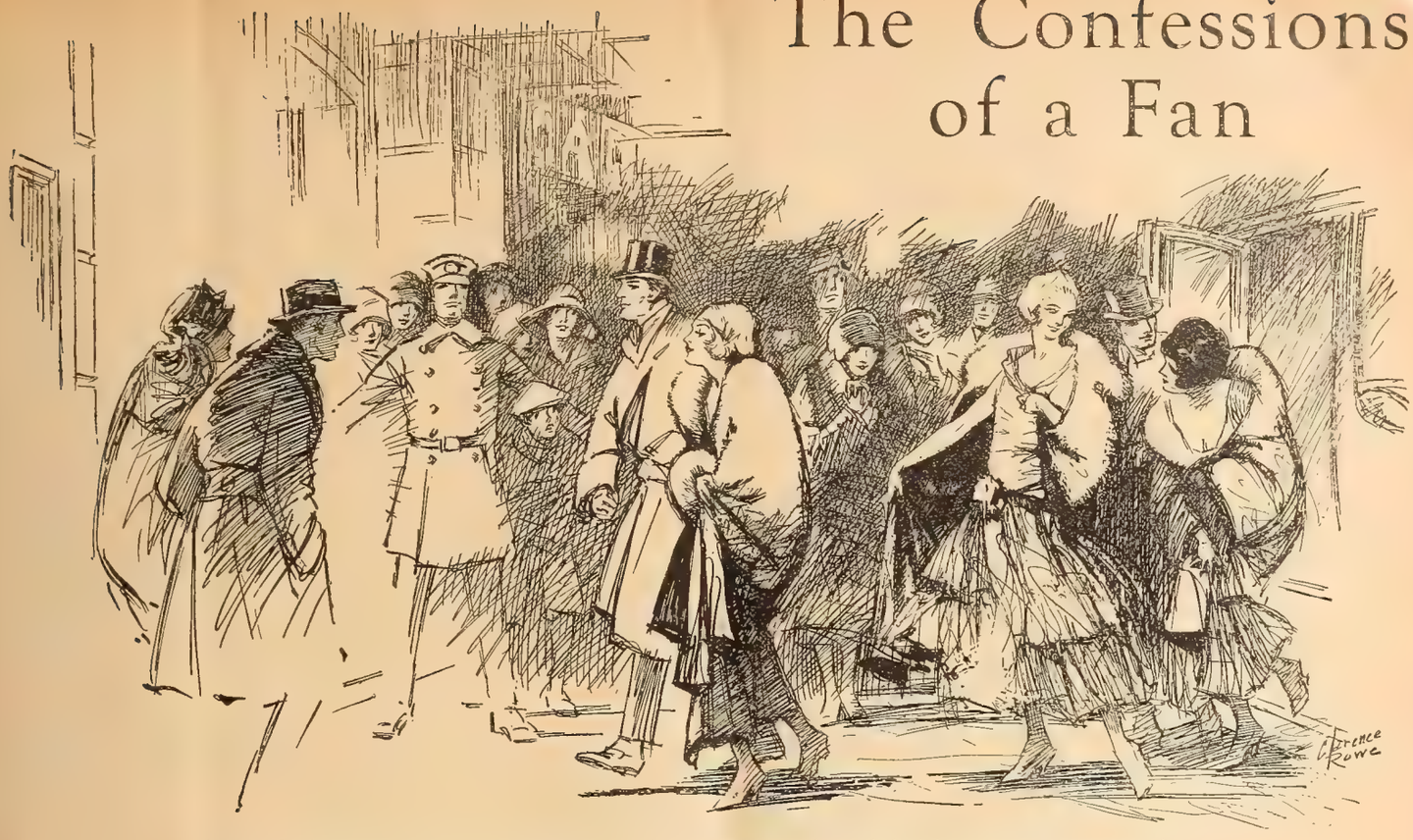
"I've just been informed that Brownie died. We'll have to get another dog. Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"What do you consider the best American picture you've seen, Mr. Seastrom?"

Continued on page 108



The Confessions of a Fan



One of the crowd that always gathers to watch celebrities arriving at a first-night tells some of his experiences in meeting his screen idols face to face

By Don Rutland

LISTEN, ye fans of picturedom, for I am going to confess.

"Confess!" you exclaim, "Why who are you and what have you to confess?"

Ah, I am a motion-picture fan—but more, much more than that, I am a fanatical fan.

I am of that particular specie of fan who lives in the lives of his favorites. No placid admirer I, merely content to sit back comfortably in my upholstered divan at the Rivalto and watch Lolita Darling emote—nay, I must see Lolita in person; must find out the color of her eyes, her favorite breakfast food, and exact number of husbands. I must learn the delightful mysteries of her personality, observe the manifold diversities of her wardrobe; veritably I am a confirmed rubberneck.

And now that confessions are so much in vogue I am impelled to seek the glory of the printed page; to unburden my soul of its memories—ah, how poetic I grow!—and either to bore you to distraction, or incite murderous inclinations within your righteous breast.

For I admit that I am a bit "off it" cinematically speaking. And well do I remember the first symptoms of my sad malady. It was years—oh ages, ago, seemingly. Indeed, I had not yet escaped from the indignity of knickerbockers. I had banded my companions into a group of fans, who, in delicious secrecy, played hooky from school with amazing frequency to attend the movies. The genre pictures of those days were, on justifiable grounds, under parental ban. But what mattered that to us? It lent incentive to our enthusiasm.

We had taken for our particular favorite Marguerite Clarke. How we worshiped at the diminutive feet of the equally diminutive Marguerite! How her "Snow White" or her "Babs" enraptured our youthful vision! Indeed we progressed to such a pitch of unrelieved adoration that we found it imperative that we give voice to our ecstasy. So, then was a plot formulated. We were going to call Miss Clarke up on the telephone. One of the feminine members of our little group had procured her phone number. But this young lady, with true feminine tenacity, refused to let any one else have a hand in it. Well do I remember the dramatic tensity of the moment when we clustered about and she gave central that fateful number. And by a freak of luck it was our adored herself who answered. But what a different Marguerite than we expected. This was an aloof young lady who curtly reminded us that "My time is valuable. Please say what you want quickly." Which, as you might observe, "held us for a while." But strange to say, after that our adoration for her increased—such being the inconsistency of youth!

That little incident but served to set the spark to my enthusiasm for the screen. For the very next month I had started to write scenarios. That is, I wrote one—my literary ability *did* hold out that long. It was a comedy, and I sent it off to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Oh, the hope I had in that sad little manuscript! And it *was* funny; I have been rereading it just now and it is a scream: though I must admit that the humor of it is hardly that which I intended. Needless to say, it never was produced.

Kind fate had installed a motion-picture studio but a few steps from my home. It was an amazing place—frightfully ugly and unglamorous, but to youthful eyes it was heavenly. For some unknown reason they were invariably producing animal pictures. The neighbors always knew when one of these occasions was at hand on account of the animals, whose feelings on the matter were distinctly audible—especially at night. Once, indeed, some particularly restive lions managed to escape and gave the neighborhood quite a scare.

But that is neither here nor there. The significance of this particular studio is that it introduced me to my

first flesh-and-blood movie star. The folks near the studio had nicknamed her "the angel," and so she appeared—tall and blond, always with that halo of light at the back of her head to bring out the high lights. I had managed to get inside the studio and was watching her. I stood enchanted until the action was finished and she came off the set—in my direction. My heart began to thump. The angel was evidently looking for something. And as evidently could not find it. Wrinkling her lovely brow perplexedly, she said, "Where the —— are my cigarettes?" So died my first illusion.

Then I had another crush, still have, in fact. It is Lillian Gish. Ah, fair Lillian, who has no doubt been goaded to desperation many times by this particular mortal. There was the time that I first saw her—on Seventh Avenue—of all places—and followed her. The spectacle of a callow, moon-faced youth at her heels no doubt afforded her some amusement, if I was to judge by the smile that her angelic face wore. Alas, that I lost her—in the traffic jam of Thirty-third Street.

I've always made it a point to attend all of Lillian's first nights, from the memorable "Broken Blossoms" down to "The White Sister." It was the last, I think, that was most impressive. Laugh if you will, but I adored her. What an exquisite picture as she came out on the stage after the performance, in a quaint little white gown, with that lovely golden hair done simply in coils over her ears. Like a figure from a Florentine vase. And what serenity—what utter poise. And there was I, lending my hands and lungs to the general pandemonium.

But in vain did her admirers look for her after her speech. She wasn't in the audience. Ah, but *I* knew! Right in back of the lower boxes on the right-hand side there is a little corridor leading to the inner recesses of the stage. I was certain that her party was there. And so I rushed in—you probably remember the nerve of fools compared to the timidity of angels—and there she was. To be exact, there were also Dorothy, Mrs. Barthelmess and Dick, Mary Hay, Ernest Torrence, and John Robertson. Even intrepid I was somewhat daunted. But only for a moment. Somewhat incoherently I offered congratulations. And how I treasured that gracious "Thank you!" But Dorothy's "Come along, honey," broke in, and the party set out to brave the mob outside the theater. I caught a fleeting glimpse of Lillian's car attempting to move off with a dozen or so exuberant admirers clinging to the running board. I am not alone, you see!

Continued on page 104

From Mobs to Miniatures

Ernst Lubitsch has turned from the huge spectacular pictures, on which his reputation was founded, to the finely shaded pictures made with a few players and big sets, and has achieved a result no less distinctive than he did in his lavish productions.

By Norbert Lusk

ERNST LUBITSCH, all animation and hospitable bustle, attacked his breakfast of Westphalia ham with true Germanic gusto.

This great director hadn't become Americanized after all, I surmised, and probably wouldn't ever make a feeble picture, however hounded by employers and the box office, and in spite of "Rosita."

The cold ham allayed my fears and restored my trust in his artistic integrity. It is on such trifles that large issues hang. Diluted art, according to my personal opinion, does not subsist on strong imported ham.

In other words, so long as Herr Ernst elects to regale himself with a Teutonic breakfast he will retain those qualities which made him the great director of "Gypsy Blood," "Passion," and "The Loves of Pharaoh." . . . All of which may be trivial and scarcely in keeping with the aims and aspirations of a director who is genuinely big in the meadows of the little ones.

But at close range Lubitsch tickles the risibilities. He likes to. He is short and swart and tends to plumpness. His eyes, remarkable in one given to serious pursuits, are young and laughing, while his speech is that of the dialect comedian of your choice—any one at all. Lubitsch is simple, unaffected, thoroughly likable, and it is said, only in his thirty-first year.

"Tell me, what do you think of Madame Pola's change from the actress you directed into the one we see now?" I ventured.

A comical shrug, a tilt of his head, a gesture of deprecation, and my question was answered eloquently enough, even though he would not talk about it. One could hardly blame him for his diplomacy. There was a chance—there always is a chance with the gifted—that he would not be cagy.

According to common talk Madame Pola had cast him overboard when offered a contract by Adolph Zukor to come to America with the director who had made her famous. She is said to have refused to sign at all except without her former mentor.

If this be true, then the well-known mills of the gods have indeed ground exceeding fine.

It was on the strength of this delectable "wrong" that I had hoped Lubitsch would hold forth, but no; he was too—shall we say Continental or *noblesse obligey?* I would that other studio folk were equally forbearing, or their "wrongs" so real that they might, like Lubitsch's, be shrugged into silent oblivion.

I gently ragged him on the score of Mary Pickford's "Rosita." Pictorially lovely, finely directed, in some instances capitally acted, most of us thought, I observed, but it was more sentimental, more of a patterned picture than we had expected of *him.* Why?

"With you Mary Pickford is an institution," he countered, again twinkling. "She must be kept intact."

I thought this summed up the situation rather neatly and explained much, so what could one do but lay off? "But didn't you like 'Rosita?'" he inquired with mock solicitude. "Rosita, she is not a *bad* picture."

No, not a bad picture, Mr. Lubitsch, but we'd rather you didn't do it again. We want you at your best—not too institutional and not sentimental at all. We like you as an honest man. . . . Go, and sin no more.

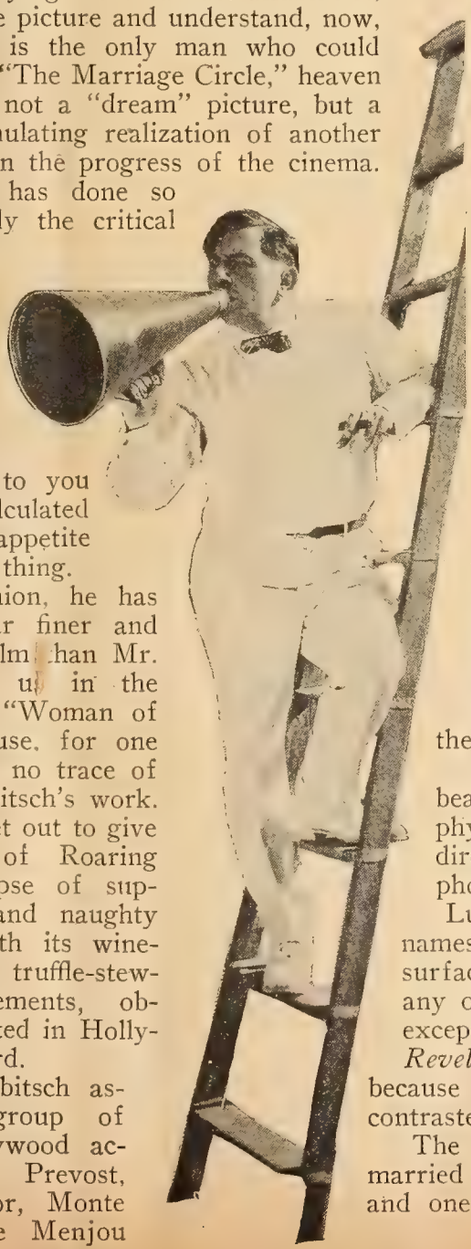
An utterly irrelevant thought came to me. "Is it true that in the stately banquet hall at Pickfair there stands before each guest's place at table a delicately drawn menu surmounted by a tiny electric bulb, like the table d'hote at an Hotel Grand Luxe? A gay and

gladsome star of my acquaintance tells me this is but one of the many elegancies to be found in your employer's home. Have I been kidded again?"

At this point Lubitsch's manager-interpreter settled down to the work of elucidation, for the director figuratively threw up his hands in the face of my involutions. Doctor Locke said that silver pheasants do grace the board, and individual *cartes du jour* as well, but no personal incandescents. . . . One of my pet illusions thereby going to smash. . . . As I remarked, all this is irrelevant unless the home life of our stars is ever an inconsiderable item of interest. There may still be the powdered footman. I shall have to ask Miss Barrymore about it.

As if to atone for "Rosita"—and to veer my queries away from the too-personal—Lubitsch spoke with enthusiasm of his picture made for the Warner Brothers, "The Marriage Circle."

He attempts, he told me, a modern comedy for the first time, Viennese in locale, suave in tempo, sophisticated in manner, with neither spectacle nor a large cast to identify it with what he previously has done. It is adapted from a German play called "Only a Dream." But don't let the banal title of the original color your notion of what Lubitsch has done with his screen interpretation. For, since enjoying his breakfast affabilities, I have seen the picture and understand, now, why Lubitsch is the only man who could have done it. "The Marriage Circle," heaven be praised, is not a "dream" picture, but a sparkling, stimulating realization of another step forward in the progress of the cinema.



Indeed, he has done so much that only the critical claws of Miss Agnes Smith may be depended upon to rend the choicest morsels from the feast and present them to you in the order calculated to whet your appetite for the whole thing.

In my opinion, he has achieved a far finer and more honest film than Mr. Chaplin gave us in the much-vaunted "Woman of Paris." Because, for one thing, there is no trace of hokum in Lubitsch's work. He does not set out to give the shut-ins of Roaring River a glimpse of supposedly gay and naughty night life, with its wine-opening and truffle-stewing divertissements, obviously concocted in Hollywood Boulevard.

Instead, Lubitsch assembles a group of familiar Hollywood actors — Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Adolphe Menjou and Creighton Hale—and subtly, magically transforms them into people they have never before suggested, without in the least making them unrecognizable in funny clothes or "foreign" manners.



Lubitsch was first trained in the German theater, and his advent in films was as a comedian.

They simply become finer, more sensitive, more evocative. For example, the chilly rectitude of Florence Vidor melts into the natural emotions of a young wife who is not too much of a heroine to be a bit weak, while Monte Blue's erstwhile ashen mask, often more fitted to the clownings of a *Canio* than to the routine heroes he has asked us to believe him to be, is infused with that something which distinguishes the human being from the marionette.

It is much the same with Marie Prevost. Her photographic beauty is made to seem of little consequence in the quality of physical allure she gives her acting. Whereas in the past her directors have devoted their time and pains to achieving flattering photography for her and letting her claims to stardom go at that.

Lubitsch has taken these familiar people, called them by Viennese names, and plunged them into a marriage problem—simple on the surface and light, but real. So real, in fact, that one forgets that any of the players has ever done anything else, with the possible exception of Adolphe Menjou, who is, to a certain extent, the *Pierre Revel* of "A Woman of Paris," only, in my opinion, infinitely better because of the greater conviction and reality of Lubitsch's work as contrasted with that of Chaplin.

The story need not be gone into beforehand. Merely two young married couples who respond to attractions that are felt every day, and one youngish bachelor. But the attractions, curiously, are not

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Photo by Apeda

In the Wake of the Drama

An excursion through the Broadway playhouses with a view to discovering what may later be seen in motion pictures.

By Alison Smith

NOT so long ago, somebody was always taking the joy out of the movies by referring to them as a menace. The list of evils for which they were responsible—or about to be responsible—if placed end to end would reach from here to Hollywood; they were taking the young folks out of the home, they were teaching them false ideals, they were keeping them away from the refining influences of good books read under the family lamp. But the loudest clamor of all was raised against their effect on the stage. The movies were ruining the stage play; soon our most sacred halls of the drama would be ripped to pieces, the stage and footlights would be replaced by the moving-picture screen and the deep baritone voices of our noblest actors would be muted forever by the silent drama.

"And the so-called art of the moving picture will rob us of our little meed of applause," moans *Pa Montague* in "Merton of the Movies." "I shall never forget a remark of the late Lawrence Barrett to me after a performance of 'Richelieu' in which he had fairly outdone himself. 'Montague, my lad,' said he, 'we may work for the money, but we play for the applause.' This so-called art is not to be regarded too seriously. It was not like that in my day."

Pa is a perfect example of the type bewailing the devastating effect of the movies "in their day" and in others to come. Far be it from us to take issue with them; the movies have their share of artistic crimes for which they are solely responsible. But one charge brought against them a few years ago must now be in all justice chalked out. Instead of acting as a blight upon the stage play and stealing its audiences, the influence of the picture-play on the stage drama has been more stimulating than destructive.

As a matter of fact, they are growing more and more to be interdependent. If great stage stars have left the footlights for the movies—sometimes with appalling results—the theatrical managers are learning to keep a watchful eye on new "discoveries" on the screen. It is not an

CLEARING UP THE MYSTERY

"Are Agnes and Alison Smith the same person?"

"Are they sisters?"

"Is Alison a man's name? Is he Agnes Smith's husband?"

"I bet that Agnes and Alison Smith are related to Mary Pickford, because they are always knocking other people and praising her, and I remember reading that her name is really Smith."

"How old are Agnes and Alison Smith? They must be Methuselah's sisters; they can remember all the dramas that ever were."

"Is Agnes Smith related to Mack Sennett? If not, why is she always boosting him?"

Hardly a day passes but the incoming mail of PICTURE-PLAY carries such queries. Every one wants to know about these girls whose articles and reviews regularly entertain PICTURE-PLAY'S readers. And so, we **present the above photograph of them snapped one day recently on Fifth Avenue. Agnes is on the left, Alison at the right. They are not related either to each other or to Mary Pickford, and Agnes' admiration for Mack Sennett is actuated entirely by her interest in his comedies.**

Alison is on the staff of the *New York World*, as well as being a regular contributor to PICTURE-PLAY and *Theater Magazine*. She is a keen student of art movements—particularly in the theater—both in America and abroad. Agnes Smith is a free-lance writer whose witty comments on motion pictures are widely quoted. She is looked upon as one of the coming American humorists. Her humor is always valid and her criticisms penetrating. Words of praise from her are cherished, and even her bitterest criticisms make motion-picture producers admire her.

PICTURE-PLAY is proud to have Agnes and Alison Smith as regular contributors.

unusual thing to see a dramatic story emerge in a six-best-seller, in a movie, and in the stage play almost within the radius of a single opening night. "Read the book, see the play, and then see the movie," has become a familiar sign on the bill boards. Sometimes this encouraging advice may be taken literally with the happiest results; sometimes the unfortunate ad reader finds that he has wasted not one evening, but three. But you never can tell, and our point is that the film fan can no longer feel that the stage has no direct relation to his beloved hobby any more than the smug first nighter can afford to ignore the screen.

So a canny editor—with a taste for experiment — has suggested that I follow the wake of the drama as it trails its endless length through Broadway. In a recent number of PICTURE-PLAY, I ventured the opinion that, while the stage play at its best was much better than anything now being done in the films, at its worst it was much more painful to sit through than the worst movie; mainly because the annoyance of idiotic lines spoken in rasping voices, piled up the agony to an unbearable degree. In the movies when things get too dreadful, you can at least look at the scenery. The plays of the new season have given me no cause to retract this statement; if I have seen Duse, John Barrymore, and the Moscow Art Players in masterpieces which no picture could equal, I have also seen atrocities which somehow got themselves produced on the stage when no movie producer would touch them with tongs. And there has been at least one picture this month which vastly surpassed, in my opinion, the attempt to dramatize the same story on the stage.

I mean "Scaramouche;" that rich, colorful melodrama by Sabatini set in the French Revolution, that happy hunting ground of the romantic writer. It was, as you well know, made into a movie by Rex Ingram. And, almost within the same week, it opened on Broadway behind the footlights. In spite of the charming, sympathetic work done by Marga Gillmore as the lady and the equally charming—but not very French—Sidney Blackmer, as *Scaramouche* himself, the play was not a success, not even an "artistic failure." It creaked in its joints. The minor characters were more like a group of masqueraders at a fancy-dress ball than the inhabitants of that mad, merry and wicked world dominated by Louis XVI. The action was laborious and the lines stilted except for an occasional love scene which the chief actors themselves made spontaneous and romantic.



Photo by White

"Sancho Panza" has served one noble purpose in giving Otis Skinner a lively and diverting rôle.

The Ingram film, to my eyes at least, seemed a living and convincing thing. This, I may add, was due entirely to the imaginative force of Mr. Ingram, for neither Alice Terry nor Ramon Novarro had any unusual quality in the acting of their rôles. But Ingram, it seems to me, deals with things rather than with people—things like old lanes in Provence, minuets in beflowered palaces, red caps, oratory, and the surging, shrieking fury of the end.

He had caught the technique of Max Reinhardt in his handling of mobs and he had also Reinhardt's trick of cutting short a scene at the peak of its crescendo. More than any stage or screen director I have ever seen, he recaptured the excitement of these human forces swept to their destiny before the frenzied strains of the "Marseillaise."

I left this film really stirred, not by the acting but by the sweep of those impressions which only the screen can give. I left the stage play utterly unmoved.

This is hardly the place to add that the film is still running on Broadway while the play was taken off long ago. I don't mean to imply that this is any criterion of merit either way; I have seen too many lovely things leave the theater within a week because the public would have none of them. The box-office standard is a low one and yet in this case, I think it is significant, even artistically.

So if you live in a town where "Scaramouche" the play will never penetrate but where "Scaramouche" the film will arrive at the movie house on Main Street, don't waste any tears over your loss. The advantage is on your side and the joke is on Broadway.

A Royal Flush.

This, I believe, is honestly true of "Scaramouche," and I think many first nighters as well as film fans will agree with me. But it doesn't establish a general ruling for the plays now running on Broadway. "The Swan," now at the height of its success at the Cort Theater will undoubtedly reach the pictures but it is almost too



Photo by Richard Burke

A sudden success has been made by Ann Harding in "Tarnish," and it is said that she will soon be seen on the screen.

much to hope that a picture producer can recapture all the charm and humor that has made this play one of the greatest hits of the season.

It was written by Ferenc Molnar, the Hungarian dramatist, who first broke into fame here with "Liliom." Mr. Molnar is capable of writing very bad plays—bad at least from a box-office standpoint; his "Launzi," which was presented as a subtle psychological study of a young girl's mind, was only recently laughed off the boards by an irreverent audience. But this Hungarian has more than one string to his dramatic bow; with "The Swan" he has succeeded in pleasing the intellectuals with its half-concealed satire and also in delighting the crowd who enjoy "a pretty, pleasant love story," and to whom "Liliom" was more or less caviar.

This group find in his new play, a romantic tale of "love behind a throne" to be catalogued with the tales of Anthony Hope and things like "Graustark." The *Swan* is a lovely and docile princess in one of those little mid-European kingdoms which are so small on the map and so large when they start international friction. For matters of state, she is required to marry the heir apparent of a powerful dynasty and by way of hastening the proposal, she starts a flirtation with the handsome court tutor. To her amazement, she finds herself at least half in love with this lowly young man, who has loved her from the first.

Now if this were really an Anthony Hope yarn, the ending would be inevitable; the prince would be spurned, the tutor would triumph and the curtain would go down in a grand flourish for democracy. Molnar doesn't see things that way; after a sentimental interlude, the tutor gracefully bows himself out, the prince is accepted, and the story ends sensibly, if not as happily as the romanticists would like it.

But the priceless thing about the play is not the plot but the undercurrent of satire on the present state of royalty. Molnar knows these people; he accepts them as a matter of course and pokes sly fun at the head that wears a crown. The lines are a matchless mixture of sympathy and irony, and it is significant that the audience applauded whole speeches for their own sake instead of as a tribute to the actors.

These actors, it may be added, did uncommonly fine work, with Eva Le Gallienne as the aristocratic *Swan* and Alison Skipworth as an uproarious old dowager. But, in this case, the play was the thing and the full volume of the curtain calls belonged to Ferenc Molnar.

My fervent prayer is that the moving-picture director who gets this prize will have sense enough to preserve its ironic qualities and not turn it into just another romance of hearts and crowns entwined.

"Sancho Panza."

Our old friends out of "Don Quixote" come to life in this gay and irresponsible production which is half dramatic and half musical fantasy.

I can't quite see it divorced from its color and music and for that reason it does not offer itself as screen material. However, some directors know how to suggest color without a paint brush and the music, of course, could be in the scoring of the reels. It is the sort of thing that George Fitz-



Photo by White

Even so excellent an actor as Richard Bennett cannot make "The Dancers" worth seeing.

maurice might achieve if he went back to his old style. Anything that would bring Mr. Fitzmaurice back to his old style would be an unmixed blessing. Already, "Sancho Panza" has served one noble purpose in giving Otis Skinner a lively and diverting rôle.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

There isn't anything startlingly original about the idea that a clown must laugh though his heart is breaking. It is, however, known to the stage as well as the movies as sure-fire stuff. Lionel Barrymore has one of those heart-broken clown rôles, and he plays it with tremendous appeal; indeed I can't remember any of his past triumphs which had the power of certain scenes in this play. Unfortunately, the play doesn't stand up under the strain and even Mr. Barrymore couldn't uphold it all evening.

It is an artificial plot about a clown and a millionaire in love with the same girl. It was adapted from the Italian, though why Mr. Belasco had to go to Italy for this very conventional structure the program does not explain. The first scene is in a psychoanalyst's office—a modern touch, but not enough to make the idea seem original. Even Irene Fenwick could not make the girl anything but a marionette. But, somehow, Lionel Barrymore put real human motives inside the stock character of the clown; at least he made him real from where I sat and, in spite of all the broken-hearted clowns I have seen on the stage, I am always willing to howl with sympathy over a good one.

I hope this new study of Barrymore's reaches the screen. It is the best thing he has done for years.

Goose Flesh.

Producers have been hunting feverishly for another "Bat" ever since the immense success of that blood-curdling melodrama. Now Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford arrive with a new one which they adapted from a Burton Stevenson story and which they call "In the Next Room." It doesn't sustain its thrills with quite the endurance of "The Bat" or "The Last Warning," but, if you enjoy shrieks offstage and sudden shots and mysterious eyes peering through shutters, you will have a pleasant time in being frightened out of your senses.

For me, the most interesting phase of the play was the work of Mary Kennedy. Most sweet young things in a mystery drama act as if they couldn't get out of Ellis Island on any intelligence test. Miss Kennedy keeps her poise in spite of the gruesome dirty work going on all about her and that, of course, makes the ghastly events all the more thrilling. She added to this an unusual degree of personal charm which induces



"The Nervous Wreck" is an amusing comedy about an imaginary invalid.
Photo by Richard Burke



Photo by White *Mary Kennedy, who appears in the Marion Davies films, is playing on Broadway in a mystery melodrama called "In the Next Room."*

you to care intensely about what happens to her. It does take the joy out of a melodrama when the heroine is so spineless that you hope the skinny hand—with no body attached—will get her before the hero does. Miss Kennedy gave the audience a motive for wanting it all to come out right. Of course it does. Except for the off-stage noises, all of the thrills could be reproduced on the screen.

"The Dancers."

Gerald Du Maurier wrote this play and his father George Du Maurier, who wrote "Trilby," would certainly walk out in disgust on the first act, if he were alive to see it. It is the stagiest sort of old-fashioned hokum melodrama about the nice girl who goes wrong and the wild girl who stays pure and a wooden-headed lover tearing his hair over them both. When I saw it in London, Du Maurier himself played this lover and I am forced to admit that I enjoyed watching him because of his charm as an individual and his skill as an actor. But I left the theater with a dismal sense of waste which included my own afternoon and the fact that so excellent an actor should deliberately lose himself in such a mass of sentimental rubbish. And this also applies to Richard Bennett, who is playing the same rôle here.

A Good Girl Gone Wrong.

To a somewhat less degree, I feel the same way about Madge Kennedy. There isn't a more clever or more subtle comedienne on the stage than this bland, brown-eyed young actress, yet, since her early comedies, she has been cast in almost everything except the rôles she is most fitted for.

Sweet young things from Main Street, brave girls of the underworld, Pearl White rôles on the screen and Billie Burke rôles on the stage, when the one thing her personality is fitted for is deft, smooth comedy with a touch of unconscious satire. Now they have her in a musical comedy called "Poppy." It is a fair-to-middlin' little musical show and Miss Kennedy sings very prettily in a shaky little voice and is sweet, simple and girlish, but most especially simple. It is the sort of show where the poor little drudge changes from gingham to a pink satin gown and poses on the staircase while the house goes "Ah-h-h!" Miss Kennedy poses very nicely. But all the comedy falls to W. C. Fields, who is the one priceless thing in the entire evening.

Now we would never grudge Mr. Fields one instant of the rapturous applause that belongs to him; he is a joy forever and one of the few comic geniuses we would place with Charlie Chaplin. But Miss Kennedy can be just as funny in an entirely different sort of way, and it seems a shame that she should be stood in a corner and told to look sweet while her companion romps away with all the comedy. Until the producers—stage and screen—get Madge Kennedy back to her "Fair and Warmer" days, they are losing one of the best bets the casting directors have to offer.



Photo by Nickolas Muray

Eva Le Gallienne again distinguishes herself in "The Swan," the hit of the season.

"The Nervous Wreck."

Owen Davis has discovered the imaginary invalid. Ever since Molière—and before, for all we know—this unhappy character has been the target for all sorts and conditions of farces. Mr. Davis has written a genuinely funny one about a man whose best friend is his medicine chest. Of course, circumstances throw him out into the great open spaces and up against adventures which make him forget about his pulses and weak heart and nervous flutters. It is old stuff but its author has put it together so cleverly that the tired business man shakes with mirth out front—and the more of a nervous wreck he is, the more he chuckles.

An excellent cast helps make all this more plausible. Otto Kruger and June Walker are really screamingly funny.

The producers and author of this play are said to be suing Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach for vast sums of money because Lloyd's "Why Worry" was built around a similar idea. "The Nervous Wreck," or rather the short story from which it was evolved, was once submitted to the Lloyd scenario department. However, those critics who have carefully compared the picture and the play laugh at the charge of plagiarism and put a mark of one hundred on Harold Lloyd's deportment card. The theme is such an old one that any one might use it—and as I remarked before, almost every one in the theater has. And while the theatrical men have made an amusing comedy of it, Harold Lloyd has made a genuinely thrilling and uproarious one.

High Lights.

Thus far, the season has not offered any epoch-making event except the arrival of Eleanora Duse. The storm of conflicting opinion over her brief season is still raging, though the bella donna herself has sailed back

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

At Last

The recent announcement that Maude Adams is to appear in motion pictures for the Film Guild is of more than passing interest. It means that one of the most beloved and respected artists of the American theater is going to leave more than a memory of her personality to posterity. It means that the experiments on which Miss Adams has been working for the last two years in the laboratories of the General Electric Company, many of which have amazed electrical engineers and photographic experts, are at last to be utilized. But more than that it means that a great bulwark of prejudice against motion pictures has fallen.

This prejudice, let it be said in passing, was not in Miss Adams' mind but in the minds of some of our stanch admirers. They felt that not only was Miss Adams the first artist of the American theater, but they idealized her to such an extent that because she had never made motion pictures, they felt supercilious toward them.

Now, it is to be hoped, all that is over.

One of Miss Adams' first pictures, will be "Kim," which will be filmed abroad. Another is "Aladdin." In all probability this will be made in color by a vastly improved process which Miss Adams is said to have perfected.

More Good News

Another present that the New Year brought to motion-picture fans was the settling of the Rodolph Valentino controversy. Under the terms of the agreement by which all claims were settled without recourse to further court action, Mr. Valentino is to make two pictures for Famous Players-Lasky after which he will be free to proceed with his own company. The first of these pictures will be "Monsieur Beaucaire," which will be produced on a lavish scale and directed by Sidney Olcott, who made "Little Old New York" and "The Green Goddess." The second will be a modern story. For the untangling of the Valentino business affairs and the early return of the incomparable lover to the screen, fans should thank Mrs. Valentino who acted as his business manager in all negotiations and settled the controversy amicably.

Great Personal Achievement

Of all the people in the motion-picture industry, whom do you think most distinguished himself during the past year?

Before two or three hundred different answers come in The Observer would like to go on record as saying that in his opinion James Cruze did more for his public than any other one person connected with motion pictures. He not only gave us "The Covered Wagon"—with due allowance, of course, to the big part Jesse Lasky played in making that film what it was—he made "Hollywood," that delightful dramatic crazy quilt that satirized movie makers, stars, fans, and above all movie-struck people. He put "Ruggles of Red Gap" on the screen, preserving much of its unctuous humor. He built a delightful comedy from the stage play "To the Ladies."

Lurking somewhere about the premises whenever Mr. Cruze makes a picture is a scenarist named Walter Woods. The Observer believes that a generous amount of credit for the Cruze pictures should go to him.

The motion-picture industry needs men whose output is steady and consistent. James Cruze and Walter Woods are such men.

A Few Laurels

The Observer is in a generous and reflective mood to-day and would like to award a few laurel wreaths to various persons in the motion-picture industry. The first, and largest, goes to William Nigh, who is making a series of one-reel dramas. The first of these, "Among the Missing," is one of the finest pictures The Observer has ever seen. A similar one should go to Lucille La Verne, who played the principal rôle in it. Another handsome wreath should be placed on the brow of the man in the Fox company who thought of making "The Unreal News Real." Yet another should go to the Pathé News camera man who took the slow-motion pictures of Zev racing against Papyrus. And one should go to that nameless hero in "Flaming Youth" who did the dance attired in a lampshade.

The Best Movie Authors

Not so long ago it took the name of a star to draw people into the box office. This past year has seen directors coming more and more into prominence and now it begins to look as though the author's day was not far distant. Ever since the success of "The Four Horsemen" the novels of Ibáñez have been in great demand for movie material. His Enemies of Women," and "Blood and Sand," proved almost equally great attractions. Now Cosmopolitan plans to film his novel "The Temptress," Famous Players owns the rights to "Argentine Love," and Mae Murray has commissioned Ibáñez to write a story for her.

Rex Ingram brought another author into prominence when he filmed "Scaramouche," by Rafael Sabatini. This will be followed by "The Sea Hawk," which First National will present, and "Captain Blood," which will be made by Vitagraph.

Our own American authors are not being neglected either. Perhaps the most prominent of them is Booth Tarkington, whose motion-picture successes date back to the early days of pictures. Of his more recent pic-

tures there was "The Flirt," "Alice Adams," and "Penrod and Sam." In the near future we are promised "Boy o' Mine" and "The Turmoil."

These names on the billboard mean crowds at the box office.

The Stage Commands Our Attention

With this issue we are introducing a new department devoted entirely to the new stage plays. Until a comparatively short time ago motion pictures and the stage were separate and distinct forms of entertainment. But to-day they are very closely related. Formerly when a player left the stage to go into pictures it usually meant a complete break from old associations, but no longer is the movement only one way; now there is a constant interchange of players from one form of work to the other. James Kirkwood, after many years of acting only before the camera, returned to the stage last season and appeared in the leading rôle of one of the most successful New York plays, "The Fool." Lowell Sherman, known to every fan as the villain in "Way Down East," opened the present season in the title rôle of "Casanova," one of the finest of the fall productions on Broadway. Screen favorites of former years are constantly making their débuts on Broadway—witness Louise Huff in her last season success, "Mary the Third." In fact, there is scarcely a cast of a New York production nowadays which does not carry some name long familiar to movie fans.

Formerly, when a stage play was screened it was so altered that there was usually little resemblance to the original vehicle. But that, too, is changing. The screen production of "The Green Goddess" was a sincere and thoroughly satisfying translation of George Arliss' stage production onto celluloid, and the recent Ince version of "Anna Christie" has the indorsement of every one who saw the O'Neill play on the stage, to name but two recent examples.

A review of the current stage successes, therefore, offers much of interest to the lovers of the screen, if written with their special interests in mind, and we are fortunate in being able to secure for this purpose, Alison Smith, who for a long time conducted our department of screen reviews, and who is thoroughly familiar, not only with both the stage and the screen, but with the interests of the readers of PICTURE-PLAY.

The Ten Best Pictures

We have recently observed an interesting example of the difference between the working of the critical mind of a professional reviewer of pictures and that of an average fan.

In our last issue Edwin Schallert, in his review of the current season and forecast for 1924, gave as his selection of the ten best pictures of 1923, the following: "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," "A Woman of Paris," "If Winter Comes," "The Girl I Loved," "Merry Go Round," The White Rose," "Little Old New York," "The Green Goddess," and "Rosita."

This list, we feel confident, is one which would be approved as a very-well-chosen one by any one who might qualify as an authority on motion pictures. Perhaps no other critic would offer the same identical ten titles, but at least the names of these productions would appear on the lists offered by any ten critics of standing, and some of them would undoubtedly appear on all of the lists.

At the time we received this list, we also received the selections made by Miss Trix MacKenzie of Atlanta, Georgia, whose interest in pictures is confined to being an enthusiastic fan. She writes:

So much is being said these days about artistic motion pictures that, sometimes, I am at a loss to know just what they are like. In fact, I have seen very few films that struck me as possessing much artistry.

For instance, a certain production will be advertised and heralded as a superwork of cinematic art. Yet, when it is viewed, there are the same old musty characters, same old hokum buckets, same old movie plot, and same old sunset or moonlight or sunrise clinch. Is this art? Box-office art, perhaps, but is it real art?

To me, an artistic thing is different from any previous efforts—original and interesting. In comedy it should be a series of snappy situations, and in heavier work it should present some new and convincing viewpoints that make one think, rather than merely entertain.

The producers say they have tried artistry with immediate failure, but who can say, positively, that those extremely out-of-the-ordinary films that made such perfect flops were artistic? I have a queer notion that the public would patronize good pictures, providing they held the interest and offered a thrill or two. If they were presented in a more attractive way, they would come nearer making financial successes than they do now.

This is left, however, to the movie makers and, when they begin giving us more original, interesting stuff, probably the fans may develop a more definite idea of what is actually meant by motion-picture art.

Despite the pictorial history books that have been opened before us at every turn of the film road, the permanent departure of Wally Reid, and the temporary absence of Valentino from the screen, 1923 has been a great motion-picture year. And 1924 will, I believe, be still greater, as the costume craze is bound to die down, and things will ease back to the normal standing of two years ago.

Out of approximately sixty new films I've seen since January 1, 1923, I have made out my list of the ten best. They are, also, as Fanny the Fan says, the ten that I enjoyed most.

"THE FRENCH DOLL"—the best all-round picture of 1923.

"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"—an ideal evening's entertainment.

"ZAZA"—Glorious Gloria in her greatest of all rôles.

"PONJOLA"—Anna Q. with her shorn locks and convincing acting. Our new star as *Desmond*.

"DULCY"—Connie's high-powered smile and moments of eye rolling.

"THE CHEAT"—mesmeric, breath-taking Pola.

"SAFETY LAST"—greatest of comedy artists at his best.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"—just Jackie—all up in fish and soup!

"WOMAN-PROOF"—good, modern, American comedy with Tom Meighan.

"THE SHRIEK OF ARABY"—best one of all the burlesques of the Sahara best seller.

P. S.—NEWS REEL CLOSE-UPS OF THE VALENTINOS—Title sufficient explanation for attraction.

Personally, The Observer believes that Mr. Schallert has a selection that would meet the approval of more persons—both professional critics as well as fans—than Miss MacKenzie's has. The interesting thing about her list is its extreme individuality. If we had space to print lists of selections made by a large number of fans, chosen at random, you would find that they would resemble Miss MacKenzie's list—not in naming the same pictures—but in being reflections of widely differing individuals tastes. Persons who are closely connected with those engaged in the making of pictures, through a constant interchange of ideas, to a considerable extent come to a fairly general agreement as to what is good and vice versa. Those who merely go to pictures to be entertained, seldom do so. And this widespread divergence of taste upon the part of the public, the surprising dissensions which they show from the opinions of those in the industry, are the things that make it so difficult for the producers to guess in advance what the public will like.

Favorite Picture Players



Photo by G. Maillard Kesslere

AFTER much shifting of plans Constance Talmadge has at last settled on "The Goldfish" as her next production, with Jack Mulhall playing opposite her.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ALTHOUGH given no unusual rôles of late, Marguerite De La Motte still inspires faith in her dramatic future. "When a Man's a Man" marks her latest appearance.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

KATHLEEN KEY has waited a long time for recognition, but two Goldwyn productions, "The Rendezvous" and "Reno," are expected to establish her securely.



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Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MARJORIE DAW is seldom permitted to wander far from the rugged type of picture. Paramount's production, "The Call of the Cañon," casts her again in the virile atmosphere.



Photo by Adam Scott Hesser

NORMA SHEARER is a newcomer who already has a firm footing, both among producers and with the fans. She appears in the First National production, "The Wanters."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

EVERY new film shows new development in Patsy Ruth Miller, which augurs well for her maturer years. The Goldwyn picture, "Name the Man," has been her greatest chance to date.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

WHEN most other stars are resorting to elaborate sets and casts, Viola Dana seems to hold her followers despite unassuming vehicles. "Love and Lies" will be her next Metro picture.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

CORINNE GRIFFITH, after dozens of poor stories, is now being showered with choice rôles and hailed by many as the best box-office bet on the screen. Her loveliness glows in "Black Oxen."

Making An Audience Edit a Film

Motion-picture producers have learned that the public finds flaws that editors and cutters overlook, so they now put audiences to work at "test" showings. This tells how Whitman Bennett followed an audience's suggestions in cutting "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."

By Harold Howe



Henry Hull, who plays the title rôle in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," is the figure above, seated in the rocking chair.

I KNOW a lot of people who would love to have a hand in the making of movies. The funny part of it is that they do, only they don't know it. Unconsciously, they wield an influence as great as that of the cutter or editor at the studio. They have caused stars' close-ups to be cut, thrown out comedy episodes, and even sent actors back to the studio to do whole scenes over.

Any one who goes to the movies in towns within a radius of fifty miles from New York or Los Angeles may be serving as unofficial cutter and editor of motion pictures. But if they realized what they were doing, their work wouldn't be half as valuable.

It is this way. The random remarks that people make about a picture to their friends are wholly spontaneous and sincere. But those same persons, asked by a producer, or director, or star, to tell what's wrong with a picture, get self-conscious and don't speak freely. So, the only thing to do is to catch them unawares.

This is the way it is done. After a picture has been tentatively cut and titled the producer takes it to some theater in an outlying district and gets an exhibitor to run it. The exhibitor is usually glad to because he gets it for nothing. The producer stations members of his staff in different parts of the theater and they make notes on which scenes seemed to please the people around them and which scenes failed to hold their interest.

When Whitman Bennett finished "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" a while ago I went with him one night to such a showing. He picked a theater in a suburb near New York that gets every class of patrons. They have a limousine clientele as well as a goodly sprinkling of foreigners and day laborers. At the first show in the evening there is a mob of noisy youngsters and later on the young married folks come who have paused at home to wash the dinner dishes and put the children to bed. A good representative audience to show a picture to.

Mr. Bennett and one of his assistants went down in front where a lot of youngsters were sitting, while a member of his staff and I went to the more expensive loge seats. Here, briefly, are the audience's reactions as we noted them.

Henry Hull, in the character of the schoolmaster, is chased by a mob that wants to hang him after unjustly accusing him of a robbery. The chase went over big with the boys down where Mr. Bennett was sitting, but upstairs it quite obviously palled on several people. A beautifully dressed dowager who had formerly been intent on the picture and amused, lost interest, and started chatting with her companion.

A burlesque love scene between the schoolmaster and a simpleton girl brought roars from the youngsters, but made the older people fidget and stop paying attention to the picture.

The result of our noting these reactions was that both scenes were considerably cut. Not obliterated entirely, for that would have ignored the preference of the element that likes that sort of thing.

Another bit of cutting was done to a scene where the hero lost sympathy. A fight took place between

Continued on page 108

Over the

Fanny the Fan tells the latest news about old

By The



Photo by Blake Block

There were almost as many girls who wanted to play A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST *as there were men who wanted to play* BEN-HUR *but little Gloria Grey was the lucky girl who got the rôle.*

WELL, Colleen Moore certainly started something while she was in New York," Fanny announced with an air of innuendo as she deposited herself and about a dozen books on the ledge behind the tea table.

"A new, straight haircut, shingled up the back and with long bangs," I guessed without being urged.

"Flirting with her own husband," I further volunteered, but that, too, was wrong.

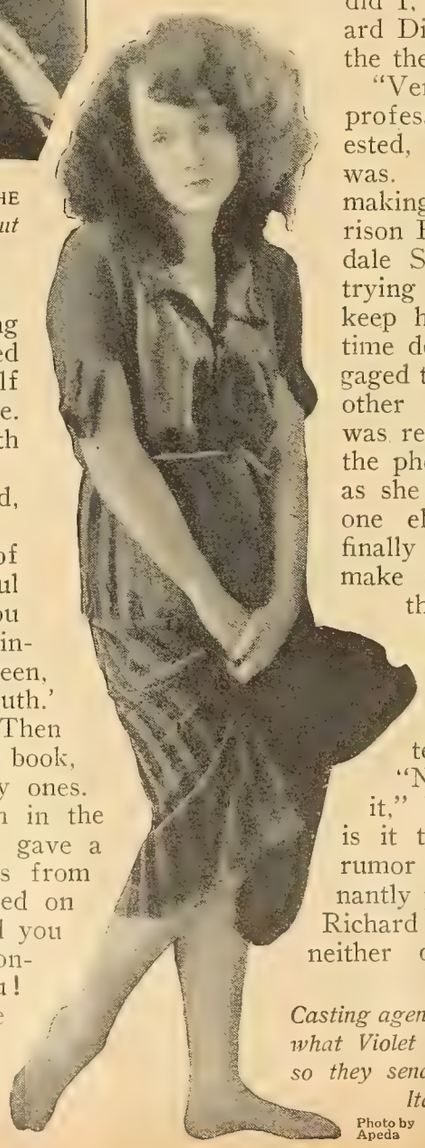
"No, just a game," Fanny explained, fishing for one of the books she had brought with her. "It's a wonderful pastime, and any one can play it, but it is more fun if you have a motion-picture star or two in the party. It was introduced at First National's farewell luncheon to Colleen, where each guest had been given a copy of 'Flaming Youth.' You take a book, open it at random, and read a line. Then the next guest reads one from some other part of the book, and the rest of the crowd starts looking for some lively ones. You get a much more exciting narrative that way than in the original. Just imagine what would happen if some one gave a party for Corinne Griffith and the guests read excerpts from 'Black Oxen.' Starting on page 10, the first guest called on might read, 'Who cares about anything these days? And you can only be young once.' And then some one would contribute from page 71, 'How old-fashioned of you! The only thing that worries you at present is that you are trying to hide from yourself that you are in love with her.' And then here is another good one. 'He would cheerfully have twisted her neck. She was holding it slim, lilylike throat up for his inspection, a cigarette between her scarlet lips as she looked at him over her shoulder. . . . Her long, green eyes met his keen, satiric ones with melting languor!"

"There are some good lines for such a party in 'The Spanish Dancer,' too," Fanny rattled on enthusiastically. "Here is one. '"I shrink from the tempter," continued she, shuddering while unable to tear her sight from the glittering coins.' Oh, it would all be quite exciting to play as long as you picked jazzy books. I'd like to give one for Conrad Nagel and pass around copies of 'Three Weeks.' But imagine a party where the guests tried to pick snappy paragraphs out of 'Romola.' Something like this," and Fanny was off again. "'It seems to me that beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks.'"

"Stop," I begged of her, but for safety's sake I ordered the waiter to take the books out to the coat room. "I can read. But do tell me what is happening. Didn't I see you flying around town with Pauline Garon? And did I, or didn't I, see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson at the theater the other night?"

"Very possible." Fanny professed not to be interested, though I knew she was. "Pauline Garon is making a picture with Harrison Ford over at the Glendale Studio; that is, she is trying to. The reporters keep her busy most of the time denying that she is engaged to Gene Sarazen. The other morning just as she was ready to leave the hotel the phone rang, and as fast as she would hang up some one else would call, until finally I suggested that she make a phonograph record that just said, 'No, I am not engaged to marry Gene Sarazen,' over and over and attach it to the telephone transmitter."

"No one would believe it," I commented. "Why is it that the more true a rumor is, the more indignantly people deny it? Now Richard Dix and Lois Wilson neither deny nor admit the



Casting agents never can remember just what Violet de Barros' nationality is, so they send for her to play French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and even Hindu types.

Photo by Apeda

Teacups

film favorites and introduces a few coming ones.

Bystander

rumor that they are engaged, so I do not believe that there is anything in it. They are going to play the leads in 'Icebound,' incidentally, and a lot of the exteriors are going to be made up in bleak New England. That girl certainly does come in for more than her share of rough weather in making pictures. The only catastrophe of nature that she hasn't experienced in the last few months is a storm at sea."

"Takes a lot to make some people act," I remarked just for the sake of being catty and not because there was any truth in it. Every one knows that Lois Wilson is a first-rate actress.

"Poor Richard is sick in bed," Fanny announced dolefully.

"Probably because he read the reviews of 'The Call of the Canyon,'" I volunteered brightly.

"Yes, weren't they dreadful?" Fanny admitted in a hushed tone. "The critics reviewed it in one word. One said 'ineffective,' one said 'inept' but another one thought 'silly' expressed it."

"I bet he is glad to have 'The Ten Commandments' come along at the same time to bolster up his reputation."

"Yes, that was lucky. But if he is happy over 'The Ten Commandments' think of how Rod La Rocque must feel! I don't wonder that he came all the way to New York for the opening. He is entitled to three jeers at the casting agents here in the East who always made him play lounge-lizard parts.

"I wish that Anna Q. Nilsson would join the migration eastward. Loads of people are wondering how her hair looks now that it is beginning to grow out. It ought to be a lovely little mass of ringlets,



Pauline Garon vehemently denies that she is engaged to marry Gene Sarazen, so there must be something in it. Photo by Freulich



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Betty Jewel is going to have an important part in "Blood and Gold."

and certainly her new pictures look as though it was becoming. I was looking forward to seeing her in 'Flowing Gold' chiefly to see how her hair looked after the 'Ponjola' shearing, but I hear that she wears a wig. She wears a wig in 'The Swamp Angel' too, but then so does Colleen Moore. Hers makes her look like Nazimova in the early days when a mattress was her criterion of style in hairdressing.

"Speaking of hairdressing, you should have seen the bobbed heads at Marion Davies' ball the other night. She gave a big charity ball at the Plaza, you know, for the benefit of disabled soldiers in hospitals around New York. At first glance the crowd looked like a pageant arranged by the barbers' union. There was Marion with her curls slicked down demurely, Hope Hampton with a riot of brilliant-red curls, Alma Rubens and Alice Joyce with perfectly straight black hair, Anita Stewart with deep waves, Gloria Swanson with her brown-red hair tightly r[illegible]celed, and a lot of insignificant people who had theirs sort of plastered to their heads.

"Marion's ball was a huge success. A lot of Broadway stars volunteered as entertainers, so even if the guests didn't dance they got more than their money's worth. You know



Anna Q. Nilsson wears a wig in her next picture but in real life she has just this frame of curls. Photo by Henry Waxman

that no one short of a millionaire can get tickets to the 'Follies' near enough the stage to get the fine points of Fanny Brice's humor. But up at the ball every one could see and hear her. The show lasted nearly two hours, and then there were five marvelous jazz bands to supply the dance music. Marion is at her best in a big crowd like that. I can't understand it because with only two or three people sometimes she gets so shy and self-conscious she can hardly speak.

"Now that the excitement of the ball is over Marion can get back to work on pictures. She says she may go on the stage in 'The Miracle,' but I doubt it. She is filming 'Janice Meredith' next and I imagine she will look perfectly lovely in it. I heard that after that she was going to the South Sea Islands to make 'Never the Twain Shall Meet.' If she does every one will hate her, because every one wants to go to the South Sea Islands, and particularly to play in that story. About a dozen different stars were bidding for it, but Marion's company got it.

"Speaking of stories, exhibitors all over the country begged Colleen Moore to keep on playing wild young flappers because of the success of 'Flaming Youth.' So she spoke to the scenario buyer for First National about 'The Demi Virgin.' The scenario chief asked to have a copy of the play sent to her so that she could read it with a view to considering its possibilities for a scenario. When she got it, it was wrapped in asbestos, a pair of fire tongs were enclosed, and there was also a bottle of chloride of lime and another disinfectant. The agent evidently thought it would have to be carefully handled before it would ever make a movie."

"Putting Colleen in a play like that is sort of like putting Conrad Nagel in 'Three Weeks,'" I volunteered. "No matter how bad the story makes her out to be, every one knows it isn't true."

But Fanny, as usual, was not interested in my remarks.

"Are you going to Theda Bara's sale?" she asked politely, and to my "Her what?" she went on languidly. "Theda Bara's having all her old furniture and rugs and hangings auctioned off. Either she is tired of them or she doesn't want the bother of shipping them all the way to California. There are said to be some lovely old Italian chairs and some rare books. And I suppose every one will go expecting tiger skins.

"That's one of the penalties of being a motion-picture player," Fanny babbled on. "People expect you to be exactly like the types you play on the screen. Just the other day I met little Violet de Barros, that awfully pretty girl who used to be up at the Griffith studio. When she spoke to me I hardly knew her because her beautiful accent was gone. And when I asked her why she ever let anything so fascinating get away from her she said 'Because I play ingénues. Casting directors think only vampires should have a foreign accent.' Isn't that ridiculous? Casting agents can never quite decide what nationality Violet is, because she speaks so many languages and has lived in so many countries. Her mother was born in Virginia, and her father was born in Brazil, but Violet was born and brought up abroad. Her father was military attaché to



Claire Windsor will find nothing lovelier in Paris than the suit of pale tan ermine that she wore on the boat going over. Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood

the Ambassador to France. Violet lived in Paris for a while and then in Italy, but the last years of the war she lived in Switzerland. And what do you suppose made her come over to America to go into pictures? She met Max Linder, the French comedian, in Switzerland and he gave her an autographed photograph on which he wrote 'Greetings to the star of the future' or something like that.

"Whenever a casting agent here in New York has a foreign part that is hard to fill, he sends Violet de Barros to the director with a note saying that he knows she will be just the type for the rôle, as she is French, Italian, Spanish, or whatever that particular rôle happens to call for. She says she never balked until an agent tried to pass her off as a Hindu.

"She has just finished a big part in 'Let Not Man Put Asunder' and now she is going West to appear in a Vitagraph special. Of course, she adores Pauline Frederick. Every one does who ever worked with her."

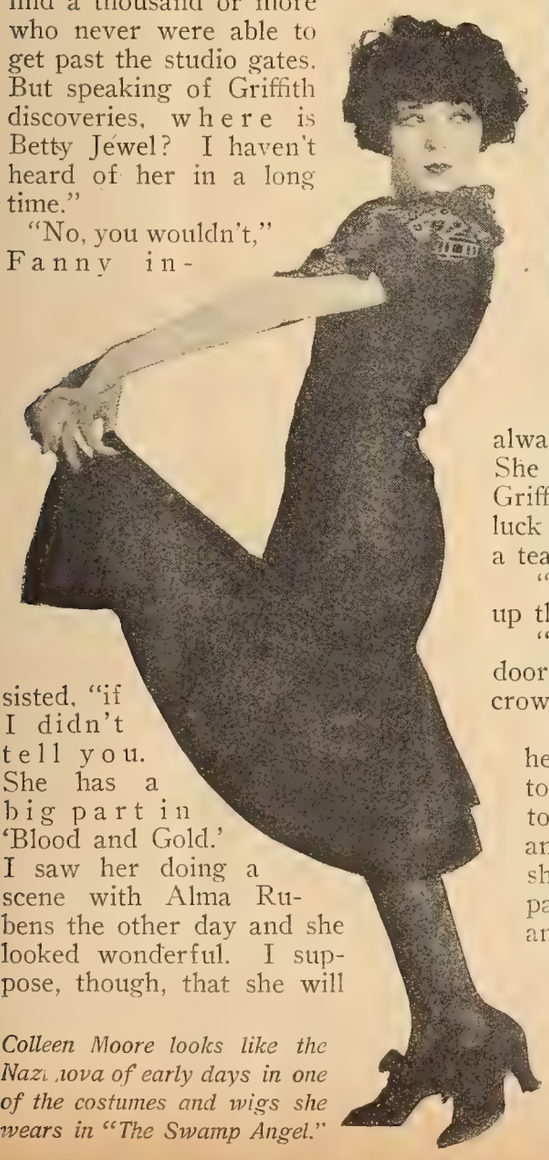
"She's a lucky girl," I ruminated aloud. "Probably if any one took a census of all the girls to whom Max Linder had given photographs similarly autographed, he could find a thousand or more who never were able to get past the studio gates. But speaking of Griffith discoveries, where is Betty Jewel? I haven't heard of her in a long time."

"No, you wouldn't," Fanny insisted, "if I didn't tell you. She has a big part in 'Blood and Gold.' I saw her doing a scene with Alma Rubens the other day and she looked wonderful. I suppose, though, that she will always be doing weepy parts just because she cried her way into pictures. She was so disheartened, you know, because she couldn't get to see Mr. Griffith that she sat down on the stairs outside his office and cried. As luck would have it, he came along and found her, and decided that he needed a tearful extra in the front of a crowd next day."



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Now that the excitement of running a big ball for the benefit of disabled soldiers is over, Marion Davies is going to start work on "Janice Meredith."



Colleen Moore looks like the Nazimova of early days in one of the costumes and wigs she wears in "The Swamp Angel."

"She never should have told it. I bet that Mr. Griffith can hardly get up the stairs now for falling over the weeping women."

"Not quite that bad," Fanny said. "Anyway, he can always have a new door or secret passage cut from his office so as to avoid the job-seeking crowds.

"But have you heard about Claire Windsor? She is not coming back here to finish 'A Son of the Sahara' after all. The interior scenes are to be made in a studio in Paris. Of course, it would be nice for Claire to stay in Paris if she had a lot of shopping to do, but she doesn't need any more clothes. She will never find anything prettier than the suit she wore on the boat going abroad. It was pale tan ermine and had panels of gold cloth. All the dressmakers in Paris couldn't think of anything more luxurious than that.

"Isn't it wonderful the way all the motion-picture stars are getting trips abroad nowadays? Alma Rubens is going over early in the spring to make scenes for 'Cytherea.' Don't ask me why they are going to Paris to make scenes for that. I know that the book stuck to Pennsylvania, New York and Cuba, but the screen version is likely to go anywhere."

"Nothing that a motion-picture di-

[Continued on page 107]



Photo by Edward S. Curtis Studio

Thanks to Mr.

Rod La Rocque has emerged and stepped into the ranks of

By Katherine

YOU do not break the Ten Commandments, the Ten Commandments break you."

That is the theme of Cecil De Mille's new picture and it is Rod La Rocque who works out the truth of the statement. But although as *Dan McTavish,* he is utterly broken by them, I have an idea that Rod will find that as an actor he has been made by "The Ten Commandments."

If Cecil De Mille's discovery eye is working on schedule, his choice of Rod La Rocque for the leading rôle in his stupendous production, "The Ten Commandments," is going to mean that a cake-eater becomes a king. It won't be the first time that C. B. has reached into the great unknown of mediocrity, and pulled out a prize, for he has given to us some of our most interesting and loved screen people. There are, beside Gloria and Leatrice Joy, many players who have seen the light of screen fame by his help. And so, if Rod La Rocque wakes up to find himself a man of importance through "The Ten Commandments," one can imagine him mentally falling on C. B.'s neck in gratitude.

Rod is an intriguing, interesting sort of person. My first glimpse of him was a sort of fountain effect. Rod stood shivering miserably while he endeavored to bring the studio hose into a systematic play on his back. He looked as though he were doubling for a young rain storm.

But that was only one Rod La Rocque, and during the morning I saw many. He showed so many moods that he made me nervous, for none of them would jell. He was as old as life one minute and the next he was unwinding his long legs in a wild kittenish dance, just to let off the exuberance of youth. At first I thought it was all a pose, just to show me what a temperamental, versatile young chap he could be.

Perhaps there was a bit of a pose about it, but the fact that Rod has spent seventeen of his twenty-four years on the stage and screen may account for it. He appears to have grown up too fast, with life a terribly serious sort of affair filled with ambition, and problems and heavy thoughts. And just when he is all set for a serious time, the little boy who Rod never was, but might have been, bursts

De Mille

from inconsequential rôles powerful dramatic actors.

Lipke

through and breaks up the party with mischief, fun, and mimicry.

One minute I watched him enact a dramatic scene, filled with bitterness and rebellion, and the next, as the cameras stopped grinding, he did a bit of impersonation which reduced Cecil De Mille to a gurgling form in a canvas chair. And then, remembering with difficulty that he was supposed to be interviewed, he came sedately over to where I was and talked eloquently on the relative importance of the stage and the screen.

In a dress suit, Rod looks to me like nothing so much as a member of the foreign legation, if a member of the foreign legation could wear a dress suit half so well. It appears to be Rod's native garment. This "just so" appearance has been rather a setback to him, filmically speaking. Nice young men of well-groomed appearance are in demand for inconsequential stage and screen rôles, so he has a string of them behind him. But nothing vital. In all these seventeen years he has created no great furore. No press agent has ever succeeded in emblazoning his name, nor has he been draped in a trick hat and a sash to be a second Valentino, even though he has a rather devastating profile. It has been seventeen years of nonentity for Rod.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Rod La Rocque might have been sentenced to handsome-hero rôles for life, for he has a devastating profile.

But there have been a few high lights. Doing stock in Omaha, Denver, and Chicago, didn't serve to relieve the monotony, but there was a bit of a thrill about playing on the stage in New York with Francine Larrimore in "Nice People," with Alice Brady in "Anna Ascends," and with Mary Nash in "Thy Name Is Woman."

Rod's screen activities have been rather limited. His latest flurry was with Mae Murray in "Jazzmania" and "The French Doll," but I dimly remember that he played with Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl," too. However, it has apparently always been a case of playing with people rather than being any one himself. This fact hasn't been hidden from him, it would seem, for he has been chafing at the bit for years. He has prayed for his chance, and in "The Ten Commandments" his prayer has been answered, with Cecil De Mille, a nice, bald-headed angel in a sport shirt and knickers, as the messenger.

The leading rôle in "The Ten Commandments," which has fallen to the waiting Rod, is not a prosaic, every-day affair at all. It was a glorious chance not only for him to justify the frettings of the years, but to pave the way for other brothers of the handsome face and dramatic longing. As *Dan McTavish,* he is a rebel, a fighter, an outcast. It isn't a physical fight but a moral one, for he fights the Ten Commandments. It is a great part.

Rod La Rocque's profile bears a definite likeness to that of Valentino, and front face he looks remarkably like Monte Blue. But where the eyes of Monte show the sullen, stoic strain of the Indian blood which is his, the eyes of Rod hold the fire of the French, which is his inheritance from his father, a French hotel owner in Chicago.

Undoubtedly, this is a critical time in Rod's career. A few years ago when he first began to tear his hair and long for his big chance, there was no big chance for him to have. A man in the films either had to win by sheer force of a winning personality, as did Wally Reid, or by straight comedy, or by being a regular

Continued on page 110

In and Out of the

The camera follows popular players wherever they
glimpses of novelties and new personalities soon to be

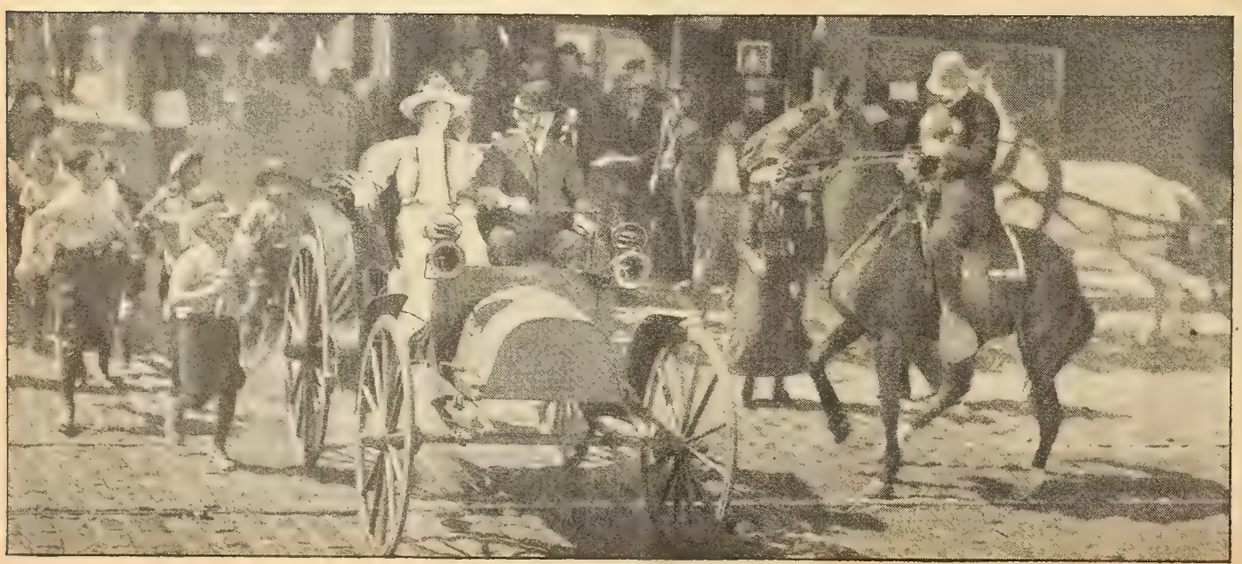


Since their honeymoon, when the Goldwyn company ruthlessly sent James Kirkwood to Georgia and the Paramount company sent Lila Lee to northern California, these two have decided always to work together in the future. They will make several pictures under the supervision of Thomas Ince, and may later go on the speaking stage.



This is Mae Busch's interpretation of the return from the old Swimming Hole. These movie people will revise even the most time-worn customs.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



The first horseless carriage to appear on the New York streets will be reproduced in "My Mamie Rose."

Studios

go and brings you seen on the screen.



Mack Sennett believes that in Harry Langdon he has found a comedian who will some day rank with Charles Chaplin. His first Sennett comedy is to be "Picking Peaches."



There was dirty work afoot in "The Signal Tower," but it was more hot than dirty for the actors. Whenever there was a moment's respite Virginia Valli and other members of the cast sent out for ice-cream cones.



All the latest styles—of the last century—will be displayed in "My Mamie Rose," but it is doubtful if any one will copy them.



The monkey stars of the Dippy-Doo-Dad comedies appear the size of grown people on the screen, but in this picture with Hal Roach, who produces their comedies, you get an idea of their real stature.



Photo by Reis Bejos

She came into pictures by way of a beauty contest, but Lela Sue Campbell is making her first success after long struggles in a character part.



Johnny Hines, having finished his contract with Warner Brothers, is leaving pictures to return to vaudeville.

Jack Hoxie spends his vacations between Universal pictures on his ranch at Burbank, California, getting acquainted with his poultry.



Talk About Temperament!

Freddy, the trained seal, who plays the title rôle in "The Galloping Fish" has nothing else but!

IT is all over now, so Louise Fazenda can speak of it calmly, but it was not ever thus. Only a few weeks ago, in fact, while she was making "The Galloping Fish," she could not speak of her experiences with Freddy, the trained seal, without emotion. For Freddy was different from any actor Louise had ever played with before. She simply could not get on friendly terms with him. He withstood all her wiles and his coldness toward her actually showed on the screen, so Louise determined on a desperate move. She began carrying delicacies for Freddy in her pocket. Now it happens that Freddy's idea of a real treat is dead fish, so poor Louise had to carry dead fish about with her, and the aroma of dead fish clung to her even after she changed her clothes. Stray cats followed her, and an army of them awaited her at home every night. Perhaps her press agent arranged that detail, but at least it is a good story, even if a painful memory to Louise.

Dressing to Please

From a gorgeous wardrobe including popular leading men select the

Posed by Peggy



Photo by Keystone Service

When Peggy Hamilton made a tour of the motion-picture studios recently to study the personalities of many famous stars, and create for them gowns and wraps that would express their most striking characteristics, she discovered that many of the men, as well as the women, had definite convictions about what the smartly dressed woman should wear. So she gathered together a gorgeous wardrobe of frocks for every occasion, and asked four of the most popular leading men to select the costumes they admired most.

Jack Mulhall chose a motoring outfit. Peggy Hamilton wears it in the photograph with Mr. Mulhall at the left. The coat is of leopard skin trimmed with beaver, and the tam is made of the same materials. Mr. Mulhall likes striking modes for women, but for men he likes the most conservative styles.





Photo by Cooley

Elliott Dexter showed a preference for women's clothes that were soft and feminine and alluring. He selected the afternoon gown which Miss Hamilton is wearing in the picture at the right because of its elegance and simplicity. The gown and hat are made of black velvet embroidered in tiny rhinestones. A cluster of large loops of velvet on the left side of the skirt breaks the severity of the gown's straight line, and also adds grace to the wearer.

the Men

frocks for every occasion, four styles that attract them most

Hamilton



Photo by Keystone Service

It was quite natural that Jack Holt should select as his favorite feminine outfit one that is dashingly appropriate for outdoor sports, for Mr. Holt is an enthusiastic horseman, and spends most of his leisure time on the polo field. In the photograph at the right, snapped at one of the fashionable country clubs, Miss Hamilton is wearing the sports costume selected by Mr. Holt. The cape is of white angora effectively trimmed with narrow bands of black patent leather, and is worn over a knife-plaited skirt of white crape. The hat is of black-and-white kid in checkerboard design. With this she wears flat-heeled sport shoes of black and white, and carries a moire handbag trimmed with white kid. Mr. Holt's polo togs are perfection itself, from his glistening white helmet to his smartly chained ankle-cuffed boots.



Richard Dix was far more taken with the evening dress fashioned of gold and silver and pastel shades than with the more practical clothes for daytime wear. Perhaps he most appreciates beauty in evening dress because he is himself at his best in evening clothes. This gown which he chose is of silver mesh over a cloth of gold that shimmers Nile green under the glow of soft light. It is trimmed with clusters of flowers in pastel shades.



Photo by Cooley

The Screen in Review

Critical comment on the latest releases.

By Agnes Smith

Caricatures by Walter Kinstler

JUST about a year ago, it began to be noised about that Cecil B. De Mille was out in the desert near Los Angeles engaged in planning something big for humanity. From time to time, reports came in about how much Mr. De Mille was spending and how much more he was intending to spend before he returned to the studio.

However, every one said it was all right because Mr. De Mille was doing something big for humanity and humanity ought to be grateful because Famous Players-Lasky had a million and a half dollars to give to Mr. De Mille and humanity. After all the talk about the money that Mr. De Mille was spending and the big surprise ahead for the human race, naturally I thought that Mr. De Mille was up to something notable, like building a canal to turn the desert into good farm land or finding a cure for tuberculosis or planning a way to end war. But no, Mr. De Mille was only making a motion picture.



Nita Naldi plays the Oriental vampire in "The Ten Commandments."

The name of the motion picture—surely you've guessed before this—is "The Ten Commandments." It is Mr. De Mille's million-and-a-half-dollar gift to mankind; seats on sale at the box office six weeks in advance. And, speaking of the box office, let me say that Mr. De Mille's gift has all the signs of winning back the million and a half dollars which was dedicated to the uplift of the world.

All the commotion over "The Ten Commandments" started because Mr. De Mille discovered the Bible and decided to do such a revolutionary and unheard-of thing as to present a Biblical prologue to a modern story just to prove that the old morality handed down by Moses still stands to-day. To film the Biblical scenes to his entire satisfaction, Mr. De Mille needed exactly a million dollars; the Biblical prologue—which is the expensive part of the picture—lasts only a comparatively short time, but it lasts long enough to knock your eye out.

Naturally, you want to hear something about the part of the picture that cost a million dollars. Mr. De Mille picks up the Bible narrative with the story of the captivity of the children of Israel in Egypt. Then *Moses* appears, casts nine plagues over the Egyptians, and finally wins the freedom of his people by killing off—by a curse and not in person—the first born of every Egyptian, including *Pharaoh's* son.

The Egyptians then start out into the desert toward the Red Sea. Mr. De Mille's chance has come; the triumph of the march of the covered wagons has had its effect on him. So he proceeds to film the dramatic Exodus. This particular part of Mr. De Mille's film is astonishingly beautiful. If you like colored photography, you will probably consider it the finest spectacle you have ever seen on the screen. But colored photography looks like a case of measles to me and so, for me, it dimmed some of the glory of the picture.

When the children of Israel, with the Egyptians in hot pursuit, reach the Red Sea, Mr. De Mille springs the world's greatest trick on the movie business; he performs the miracle of the parting of the Red Sea. Most of those present at the opening night in New York knew how Mr. De Mille had done the trick and it has been explained to the readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Nevertheless, it is such an amazingly effective stunt, that you are going to be entranced by it, even if you do know exactly how it was pulled off.

The one big spectacular effect means everything in the world for the picture. I haven't spoken to a person who doesn't want to see the picture just because of this scene. Heathens that don't know the Ten Commandments from the Daily Dozen are going to flock to the picture to watch the parting of the Red Sea. Old ladies who haven't been to the theater for fifty years are going to be taken to see this particular wonder of the movies.

Having parted the Red Sea and left us gasping, Mr. De Mille shouts, "As you were," and the waters rush back into their grove, killing off the trusting Egyptians, who still pursued the Israelites, in spite of miracles.

With his people safe from the Egyptians, *Moses* goes to the mountain, and, amid thunder and lightning, he receives the Ten Commandments from Heaven. Mr. De Mille was slightly less successful with his launching of the commandments than he was with the parting of the Red Sea. At times, as his commandments are flashed on the screen, they remind you of electric advertising signs.

Naturally, Mr. De Mille wasn't able to get through the prologue without staging one of his celebrated orgies, and so, as *Moses* is receiving the commandments, Mr. De Mille proves to us how badly they were needed by showing us a wild night among the children of Israel. It was pretty much like most of the De Mille orgies, only a little more so.

The end of the prologue probably will be the end of the picture for most persons. Certainly, if you leave at the moment the picture takes up the modern story, you won't miss much. But if you miss the prologue, you will be missing a great deal. You will be missing the most talked of—the most imposing—spectacle of the screen.

Technically, Mr. De Mille knows his business. He knows how to stage a spectacular scene and he knows just how to construct his scene to make it most effective. He is neither sensitive nor inspired but he is shrewd, and he has the best box-office sense of any director in the business. Unfortunately, when he attempts to present a picture based on a religious theme, this very shrewdness works against him.

Mr. De Mille has claimed that he made "The Ten Commandments" to recall a wicked world back to an old religion. He is said to believe that his picture is going to do a great deal of good. He also is said to believe that he was inspired when he produced it.

If "The Ten Commandments" was made to start a religious revival, Mr. De Mille's work belies him. It isn't a religious picture. Just because Mr. De Mille relates an episode from the Bible, he believes that he is doing something for religion. But religion is a matter of feeling and if there is any of that feeling in the prologue, I failed to find it. The chronicle of the Bible is set forth with beauty, terror, and a fine sense of spectacle but I couldn't discover a touch of *religious* feeling in it. Mr. De Mille's scenes either looked like fine mural paintings or they sprang to life like wonderful ballets. But I looked in vain for any indication that these children of Israel were once perplexed, sorrowing human beings, and I couldn't see where Mr. De Mille had even hinted at such a thing.

This strangely inhuman quality has crept into the characterizations of the actors who appear in the prologue. As *Moses,* Theodore Roberts merely strikes a series of magnificent attitudes. Charles de Roche, as *Pharaoh,* looks more like a statue than usual. The only player with the slightest sort of appeal, is Estelle Taylor, who brings a certain gentle grace to the important rôle of *Miriam,* sister of *Moses.*

In my review of the picture, I have imitated Mr. De Mille; I have spent most of my ammunition on the prologue and have left little space for the modern story.



Leatrice Joy has the leading feminine rôle in the modern episode.



Richard Dix appears in the modern story as the saintly son.

The plot of the modern story was written by Jeanie Macpherson, who wanted to show us what happens to persons who break the commandments. The chief commandment breaker in the story catches leprosy and meets a terrible death. However, the sainted mother who lives by the Bible is killed by having a cathedral fall on her, which didn't seem fair, somehow or other.

It would be quite easy to dismiss Mr. De Mille's modern story as bunk because it boils down to that. It is a melodrama which aims to show the sins of society, the perils of greed and the wages of sin. It is skillfully presented but not skillfully enough to make you believe in it, which was what Mr. De Mille said he wanted you to do. Some of it is downright disagreeable, such as the vampire who has escaped from a leper's colony. It is completely devoid of humor. But, to be absolutely square, a lot of it is interesting.

As for the religious moments, again Mr. De Mille has failed. After seeing some of Mr. De Mille's ideas of religious moments, I am inclined to think he is unfamiliar with his subject.

A word or two for the acting of the modern story. There isn't any to speak of, although Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Rod La Rocque, and Richard Dix are in the cast—also Agnes Ayres and Robert Edeson. Mr. De Mille may be able to work miracles with the Red Sea but he can't do much with the all-too-human heart.

Three Kings.

William Fox has also contributed a Biblical film—"The Shepherd King"—which was made by J. Gordon Edwards in the Holy Land and in Italy. Much wandering has expatriated Mr. Edwards and there is nothing to distinguish between his film product and the works of the Italian directors which sometimes find their way to this country.

There is a great amount of drama in the Biblical story of David and Saul, in the friendship between David and Jonathan and in the combat between David and Goliath. Simply and properly handled the story



Lenore Ulric does not create the sensation in the screen version of "Tiger Rose" that she did when she played it on the stage.

of "The Shepherd King" should have been more effective than the story of the Exodus. But "The Shepherd King," as brought to this country by Mr. Edwards, looks like a performance of "Aida" by a third-rate Italian company. Of course it has mob scenes and fine scenery and beautiful glimpses of a country that is almost a legendary land to most Americans, but not for one scene does it carry a moment's illusion or one fleeting impression of reality.

The picture is ornamented and decorated beyond reason. Most of the scenes look like pictures from the art calendar that the Italian fruit merchant sends you for Christmas. The acting, too, is in the early "Rigoletto" style, and the actors, somehow or other, look more like tenors, baritones and bassos than like Biblical figures.

A personable young Italian named Nerio Bernardi plays the rôle of *David*. The only American member of the cast is Violet Mersereau, who plays her rôle aided by a mop of blond hair and the elaborate costume of a leading soprano.

An obstacle that probably stood in Mr. Edwards' path when he attempted to put the Biblical story on the screen was the superannuated stage play that furnished the groundwork for the scenario.

Another case of scenery ruining the plot—and in this case, nearly ruining the star—may be found in "Long Live the King." Now one would think that Jackie Coogan would be too young to be caught in film crazes. But no, Norma, Marion, Mary, and all the girls were making romantic pictures with acres of scenery, and so Jackie had to go and try his hand at it too. "Long Live the King" was almost an ideal story for Jackie; it relates the adventures of a princeling who has a hard time suppressing his youthful spirits in favor of the dignity of his position. But told in grandiose style, it loses the simple appeal of most of Jackie's pictures. At times even Jackie seemed affected by the overpowering magnificence of his surroundings and his natural gayety seemed to give way in favor of what might be called "comedy technique." In other words, Jackie seemed to be acting, not because he was born to do it, but because he had learned to act.

One of the comedy scenes in "Long Live the King" shows a box full of persons going to sleep at an operatic performance of "The Flying Dutchman." Now I never have heard a person audibly asleep at the opera but the snoring at the Capitol Theater in New York during the showing of "In the Palace of the King," drowned out the music of the orchestra.

"In the Palace of the King" is worse than a bad picture; it is unforgivably stupid. And the painful part of it is that it is sometimes beautiful, the story has interesting possibilities and the cast is a capable one. With Blanche Sweet, Edmund Lowe, Pauline Starke, Hobart Bosworth and Sam de Grasse in the cast only dismal direction could have made it such a flop. Which is pretty pointed criticism of Emmett Flynn.

However, when a director allows his hero to be run through twice with a sword and when both swords are supposed to be gory with blood and when he allows the hero's white-satin suit to remain unspotted, we think he deserves a sharp call. Moreover, when he carefully irons out all the expression from the faces of the actors in the close-ups and places all his scenes of action so far from the camera as to lose their vitality, we think that he deserves most of the blame for his picture's flop.

I caught my first glimpse of Aileen Pringle in this picture and she isn't at all my choice for Elinor Glyn's purple heroine of "Three Weeks." However, after seeing Blanche Sweet in Mr. Flynn's long winter nap, I never should have selected her for "Anna Christie."



Edmund Lowe in "In the Palace of the King."

The Prize Pupil's in Again.

As usual, the solid-gold dinner service for the best comedy of the month goes to James Cruze for his production of "To the Ladies!" Cruze is my favorite director because his pictures don't look as though he had studied human nature from the repertory of plays given by a second-rate stock company.

"To the Ladies!" was a stage play by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, the authors of "Dulcy." "Dulcy" didn't fare so well in the films, but, thanks to Cruze, "To the Ladies!" emerges in canned form as a triumph of light comedy. The director who can handle a banquet scene and make it really funny deserves as much credit as the director who can handle a courtroom scene and make it dramatic.

Edward Everett Horton, Lourse Dresser, Helen Jerome Eddy and Theodore Roberts are some of the players who help make "To the Ladies!" one of the best of current entertainments.

"Six-Cylinder Love," also adapted from a Broadway success, should have been directed by Cruze, too. However, if I had my way, Messrs. Cruze and Sennett would be making all the films and that wouldn't be fair to the other brain boys.

So, without making comparisons, it's probably safer to say that Elmer Clifton has done very well by William Anthony Maguire's play. Fans who didn't see the original won't be troubled by the fact that the film seems a little less funny than the play. The story is built on the theory that it isn't the original cost of a high-priced automobile that makes the trouble, but the overhead of maintaining an advanced social position.

Ernest Truex, who had the leading rôle in the stage play, does his stuff again before the camera, while Florence Eldridge, one of the most intelligent of Broadway's actresses, proves that she is only waiting for the right part and the right director to find her field on the screen.

Dynamiting Hall Caine.

Victor Seastrom, the demon Swedish director, was kidnaped from the Land of the Midnight Sun and set down in the Land of the Midnight Closing Law—meaning Los Angeles and environs. "Name the Man" is Seastrom's first production for Goldwyn. As Ernst Lubitsch, the slangy German director, would say, "Hot dog!"

Goldwyn handed Seastrom a bunch of hokum by Sir Hall Caine entitled "The Master of Man," and told him to go ahead and make a movie. After a fearful struggle with the art of Hall Caine, Seastrom came to the light with "Name the Man."

And, bless my soul, if it isn't a good picture! Of course, it is one of those "Get out into the night" melodramas but Seastrom has lifted the ancient Hall Caine curse by making the Isle of Man characters of Sir Hall act as though they were members of the human race. I am not saying that Seastrom has cleared the story of hokum; he couldn't do that without burning the scenario. But at least he has shown a sound knowledge of how to present melodrama. And he knows how to snap his cast into action. Witness, for instance, the work of Mae Busch as the unfortunate gal. Miss Busch acts as though she had been trained by Griffith instead of Sennett. As for Conrad Nagel, you'd never think he had even a bowing acquaintance with the De Milles.



Jacqueline Logan does herself proud in "The Light That Failed."

Business of Being Polite.

Just a note of disappointment is bound to creep into my review of "Tiger Rose." Somehow or other, I can't get worked up about Lenore Ulric's return to the screen. Neither can I act like a whirling dervish over the film production of the Belasco play. It is beautiful, yes; it is exciting melodrama, yes, yes, yes. But, after all, it is just another story of the great Northwest.

On the stage, it was a knockout and Lenore was wonderful. On the screen it is fair entertainment and Lenore is satisfactory. Fans who have heard a great deal about the Belasco actress are apt to find her merely a large-eyed girl with some grace and a certain gypsy charm. So for a while, at least, Lenore will remain merely a legend of Broadway to the fans in the outlands.

More English Fog.

Two heavy mists have rolled in from Great Britain. One is called "This Freedom," an adaptation of the Hutchinson novel, and the other is a Betty Compson British picture, "Woman to Woman."

In reviewing "This Freedom," I must confess to a prejudice. I don't like stories that go out of their way to present the modern business woman in a bad light. Whenever I see these arguments against a woman getting out and earning money, I am always reminded of the story of a woman fiction writer who says that the more money she earns, the more her husband and children adore her.

"This Freedom" was made in England and so it is interesting as a transcription of English atmosphere. In fact, I think that the atmosphere is nearer reality than the incidents of the story itself. In other words, the story is only made plausible by intelligent presentation and good acting.

As fan fare, I think that "This Freedom" contains too much agony and grief to make the boys and girls beg for it. Honestly, when mother leaves home enough disaster falls on the happy family to keep all the scenario factories in Hollywood supplied with sob stuff for two years to come. Fay Compton, sister of Compton Mackenzie, the novelist, does some excellent acting and so does Clive Brook.

"Woman to Woman" has most of the gloom of "This Freedom" and little of the intelligence. Consequently, it is almost a total washout. And what is worse, Betty Compson's well-known verve is completely lost in one of the soggiest stories of the year. The English producers are getting wise to the stunt of dressing up a picture with cabaret and theater scenes, but nothing can do much to help a picture in which the heroine is dying of heart failure for three or four reels. The story rambles on until the heroine takes matters in her own hands and dies, thereby putting a stop to the whole mess.

Smiles Break Through the Tears.

But, let us brace up. Every cloud has a silver lining, and one of the best silver linings is Buster Keaton. A lot of the critics are mad at Buster for running away from two reelers and jumping into feature productions. Is it fair? No, it isn't. For if Lloyd and Chaplin can do it, why can't Buster?

Consequently, word got round that "Hospitality" wasn't particularly funny. What the critics meant was, that it isn't as funny as "Why Worry?" But good comedies are rare and it isn't wise to discourage our real comedians.

"Hospitality" contains one shining sequence. It has to do with Buster's trip on a railway train, vintage of 1840. The primitive engine is named "The Rocket," and its strange journey, with Buster as passenger and Keaton, Sr., as engineer, is one of the most amusing things I have seen in a long time. Buster, Jr., also appears in the picture and so does the Missus, Natalie Talmadge. It's a family picture and you ought to take your family to the theater to call on the Keaton family.



Buster Keaton is one of the best silver linings for any clouded month. Here he is as you will see him in "Hospitality."

Admirers of Constance Talmadge won't miss much if "The Dangerous Maid" doesn't come to their local theater. It marks the low ebb of the costume drama. Perhaps Constance is too modern for pictures of this type; perhaps she just made a bad guess in her story.

The rag-tag ends of the wave of superpictures hit the reviewers all at once. The market is filled with costume pictures, made at the height of the enthusiam for historical stories, which failed to jell in the studios; with "all-star productions," which somehow blew out a fuse; with adaptations of famous stories suffering from engine trouble.

"The Slave of Desire" probably was intended to burn up both oceans. But it isn't going to start fires in any box-offices. Balzac's story of "The Magic Skin" tells of a young man who comes into the possession of a parchment which will grant all his wishes but which shrinks as each wish is fulfilled. In other words, the magic skin is something like a checking account at a bank, an idea we can all understand.

There is a Faustlike quality about the story that is essentially dramatic and with its Parisian atmosphere, the picture should have lifted itself above normal. But such an obvious attempt has been made to turn the picture into the cheapest sort of box-office stuff that all except the least demanding sort of audiences are apt to find it pretty shoddy.

To continue with the harsh words, George Walsh isn't my idea of a Balzac hero. Neither is Carmel Myers my idea of a smart Parisienne. Bessie Love brings the only note of sincerity to the picture.

"The Light That Failed" is Kipling's great story twisted slightly awry by George Melford. Some of it is rather windy and long drawn out, but Percy Marmont's wonderful portrayal of the blind artist makes the picture worth seeing. And Jacqueline Logan, as the artist's model, also does herself proud.

It's a shame to speak crossly about "The Day of Faith" because it is such a well-intentioned story. Obviously it set out to be another "Miracle Man" and didn't quite make the grade. The text of the sermon is "My neighbor is perfect," and you wait all through the picture fairly praying to be convinced. But unfortunately most of the persons in the picture who adopt the slogan get killed off early in the action, which rather lessens the force of the argument. You feel that the death rate would have been lower if all concerned had pasted the words "My neighbor is a crook" on their walls.

In the large cast, Ford Sterling and Raymond Griffith are the only players who do conspicuously good work. Eleanor Boardman seems unable to get a grip on anything but the most superficial parts.

Good, Kind Mr. Laemmle.

Much of the drab and negative quality of the pictures this month may be attributed to the fact that, just before the season gets its second wind in January or February, the producers sneak out all the underdone works of art that happen to be hanging around the studio. The fact that business is traditionally bad just before the holidays tempts them to shove out films

Continued on page 112

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Anna Christie"—First National. Because it is the screen's first great realistic drama done without compromise to movie hokum, and because it reveals Blanche Sweet as one of the greatest screen artists. The atmosphere is brutal and sordid, and there isn't a noble character in the lot, but there is a sort of beauty and romance. Admirers of Eugene O'Neill's play on the stage will like this picture.

"The Unreal News Reel"—Fox. A two-reel gem burlesquing the subjects of the usual new reel.

"A Woman of Paris"—United Artists. A serious picture directed by Charlie Chaplin. Disappointed in love, a girl leaves home and goes to Paris. The story is old but the beautifully sincere treatment is new. Adolphe Menjou and Edna Purviance distinguish themselves.

"Rosita"—United Artists. Mary Pickford tucks up her curls and does a few discreet dance steps, charms a wonderful, wicked old monarch played by Holbrook Blinn, and saves from death a hero who was hardly worth the trouble. The settings are exquisite and the direction of Ernst Lubitsch splendid.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. The biggest picture of the year in tonnage and thrills. Lon Chaney goes in strong for make-up and acting.

"Little Old New York"—Cosmopolitan. Quaint yesterdays reproduced with great charm. A little Irish girl comes to New York and masquerades as a boy to get a fortune. In this character Marion Davies is delightful.

"The Green Goddess"—Distinctive. George Arliss as a sly Oriental potentate in a thrilling melodrama.

"The White Sister"—Inspiration. Lillian Gish as a lovely young girl whose sorrows drive her into a convent. Photographed in Italy, it has beautiful old backgrounds. It is a tragic story, exquisitely acted by Miss Gish, Ronald Colman, and others.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. The first screen epic depicting the courageous spirit of the early pioneers who crossed the plains.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Under the Red Robe"—Cosmopolitan. One of the most expensive pictures ever made, but too much of the money was spent on clothes and not enough on the scenario. The picture is lovely to look at, but Alma Rubens and Gustav von Seyffertitz act against terrible odds. The story is of the time of Richelieu and the royal affairs of France.

"The Eternal City"—First National. More dazzling beauty, and another foolish scenario. The Roman backgrounds and swirling mobs are thrilling and the love story is appealing. And there are stars wherever you look. Barbara La Marr, Richard Bennett, Lionel Barrymore, Bert Lytell.

"His Children's Children"—Paramount. A jazz drama dealing with all sorts of wickedness in New York, in one rather nice family in particular. It is much more sincere than the average exposé of high life, and is distinguished by thoroughly real and interesting people played by George Fawcett, Hale Hamilton, Dorothy Mackaill, and Bebe Daniels.

"Flaming Youth"—First National. Another jazz drama done to a different tune. The motto of this one was, the wilder the better. It is distinguished by one first-rate performance by Colleen Moore, who manages to make a thoroughly unreal character real and amusing.

"Stephen Steps Out"—Paramount. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a slight little story steps out and proves that he is not merely a juvenile imitation of his famous father. He is an engaging and likable boy, and his picture is snappy but clean.

"Ponjola"—First National. A thrilling story of disillusionment and regeneration. Anna Q. Nilsson cut off her hair in order to masquerade successfully as a man, thereby fooling every one in the cast, if not in the audience. The locale is South Africa and the action is thrilling and real.

"Scaramouche"—Metro. Rex Ingram takes a fling at the French Revolution and produces a thrilling and beautiful picture. The acting honors go to Lewis Stone, but Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry look extremely decorative.

"The Bad Man"—First National. An ironic comedy in which a Mexican bandit does what he can to straighten out a family's affairs. Holbrook Blinn plays the bandit, and that's enough glory for any picture.

"Zaza"—Paramount. The story of a volatile, high-strung little French provincial singer. It is Gloria Swanson's best picture. The French atmosphere is there despite the censors.

"Why Worry?"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd, a giant, and a revolution. Not as good as his best, but better than most other people's.

WORTH SEEING.

"Unseeing Eyes" — Cosmopolitan. Ample material for fifteen melodramas crammed into one. There is also more snow than you have ever seen before. Louis Wolheim, as a relentless villain, is fascinating, and Seena Owen and Lionel Barrymore are attractive.

"Woman Proof" — Paramount. A genial little George Ade comedy with Thomas Meighan.

"Twenty-one." A Richard Barthelmess vehicle far below his usual standard. It is a modern love story. Dorothy Mackaill once more distinguishes herself by giving a natural, appealing, ingratiating performance.

"Richard the Lion-hearted"—Allied Artists. Wallace Beery takes up his scepter as *King Richard* again and goes crusading. The scenery is a bit shoddy, but the treatment of the story is intelligent.

"Wild Bill Hickok" — Paramount. William S. Hart comes back pretty much as he was before. Evidently he hasn't heard of the era of superproductions. This is a Western based on certain historical personages.

"The Common Law"—Selznick. The Robert W. Chambers tale of a poor little artist's model who had to pose without any clothes on. Corinne Griffith plays the part with many jewels and an ermine coat which doesn't just look like the simple dress of a poor model. The artist has the largest studio in the world. The picture is full of stars, is badly cast, and has atrocious though lavish settings. It is, however, attracting enormous crowds of persons, most of whom seem to like it.

"The Temple of Venus"—Fox. If you long for the dear, dead days of the penny arcade where, by dropping coins in the slot, you could get an eyeful of romping beauties, this is the picture for you. It is the poor man's "Follies" with an allegory and sweet little Mary Philbin thrown in. It has a crazy-quilt quality that is unique.

FAIR WARNING.

"On the Banks of the Wabash"—Vitagraph. This was not made ten years ago, but you will never believe it when you see it. It is an accurate record of the kind of hokum that distinguished the early days of motion pictures. And it isn't quite bad enough to be funny.

Hollywood High Lights

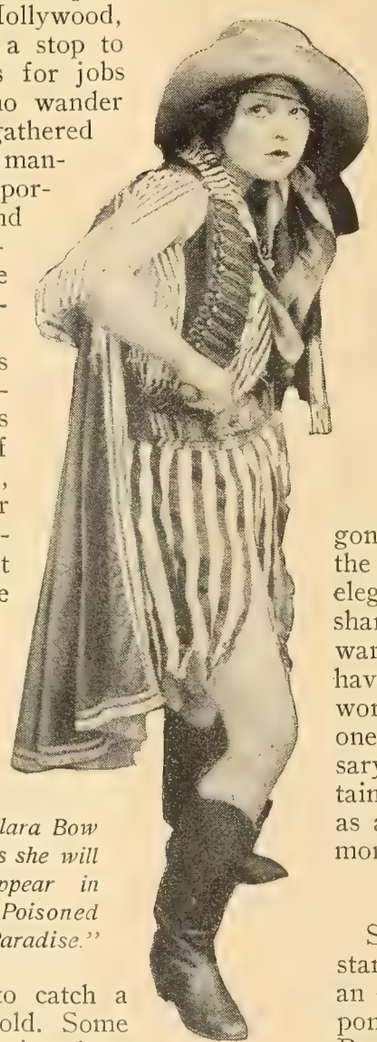
The unreeling of the news in the Western theater of cinema adventures.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

FOR all the sanguine and guileless newcomers who aspire to film fame, there will henceforward be waiting a dark lesson of disillusionment in Hollywood. They will not be permitted to envision the cinema colony as a place of perfumed orange groves incensing golden highways that are lined with greenbacks and glittering ivoried and diamonded studios. They may not be even allowed more than a cursory gaze upon the hard realities—the white-walled fences, the somber-faced, cold-voiced doormen, the ever-barred gates of the studios.

The reason is that once and for all the producers, with various civic bodies of Hollywood, have stated their intention of putting a stop to the reckless questing of the ambitious for jobs in the pictures. All the fledgings who wander toward the land of promise are to be gathered together, spoken to in a very fatherly manner, and convinced that all is not opportune that looks like opportunity, and that the plow or the sewing machine is frequently mightier than the make-up box when it comes to capturing money.

What started it all was some facts and statistics assembled by the chamber of commerce showing that no less than ten thousand persons, many of them hardly more than school children, had wandered West during the past year with a view to becoming movie Melpomenes and Thalias. It is figured that only ten of them even managed to see what was on the other side of the barbed-wire fence. The others, after a futile struggle to obtain all sorts of odd jobs in drug stores, candy shops and the green groceries along the boulevards, eventually came to rest for the most part in juvenile halls and the institutions of public charity.



Clara Bow as she will appear in "Poisoned Paradise."

Many a tragic story of the pitiful attempts made by these ambitious young people to obtain an appointment with a casting director, and of the hours they waited to catch a glimpse of one of the stars, might be told. Some of the agencies where extra talent is signed up have been so overcrowded that they have closed their windows to all new applicants, and one of them furnished figures showing that while there were no less than one hundred thousand people on their lists during the past several years, only a dozen of these might be said to have really arrived.

While the effectiveness of some of the measures adopted by the civic organizations, such as attempting to meet all job seekers at the trains, and sending out stickers on packages warning the world away from Hollywood, might be doubted, there is a large degree of sanity in any move that tends to lessen the allurements of the cinema for the uninformed and the unwary, especially at the present time. Though the studios have begun operating again, it is on a very conservative basis. In fact, a régime of strict economy has set in. The expenditures are now being made for stories, with a lessening amount devoted to big sets and the big mobs generally going with big sets that mean a chance opportunity for the newcomer. When it really comes to the worth-while parts, be these large or small, the demand is all for the experienced players, and they are still paid high for their services, despite the recent quiet spell. We have seen enough of this to know, too, that it is not a temporary condition, but that it is something that is likely now to persist for years.

Nobody who thinks of coming to Hollywood now to obtain a job in the pictures should be prepared to spend less than five years in the effort, according to Mary Pickford, who adopted the broadest view on the subject of opportunities in a speech she made before a large throng in one of the public parks on Mary Pickford Day. She declared that she did not think it advisable to discourage everybody because the films will always be in need of a certain proportion of new talent, but she advised those who came West to bring with them a wardrobe, sufficient money and a knowledge of some other line that they might follow in a pinch. "And any girl who comes to Hollywood should provide herself with a chaperone," she concluded.

The price of the necessary wardrobe has gone up in the last few years, and includes all the requisites of the tailor-made man and of the elegantly gowned woman with, in her case, a share of furs to boot. The reason for these wardrobes is that even to this day the studios have never furnished clothes for certain types of work. So the outlay of five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars that is now deemed necessary, is not required simply for the sake of maintaining one's social prestige in Hollywood. That, as a matter of fact, comes later and takes much more.

A Recipe for Breaking In.

Some interest may center in the fact that the stars who began their careers by signing up at an extra agency, included Alice Terry, Miss Dupont, Claire Windsor, Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro. At least, they were named in a report to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, along with Ethel Shannon and Kathryn McGuire, who are among the newer players.

Even in these instances it might be pointed out as doubtful if experience as an extra alone had helped. Too often, you know, it is a case of once an extra always an extra, as indicated in many wan and lustreless faces around the studios. Miss La Marr, you may remember, succeeded first as a scenario writer. That, at any rate, led to her being engaged as an actress. While Mr. Novarro attracted Mr. Ingram's attention when he was dancing at a community theater, and Miss Terry worked in a cutting room after she had quit being an extra and before she became a star.

Miss Windsor owes her discovery largely to the

special training that she received from Lois Weber, and Miss Dupont was a find of the astute Eric von Stroheim, and had been highly rated as a clothes model before she came to the screen.

It is not easy in any of these instances to attribute the success of the players to the impression they made during their extra days, though there have been instances where careers were thus started, especially in the earlier periods of film history.

Nowadays, the really clever girl, for instance, will never limit herself to extra work alone in her effort to make her professional start. She will be willing to take jobs that offer in the cutting room, the scenario department, as a script clerk on the set, and even playing in the studio orchestra, if she happens to have musical talent, but she won't stay long at any of these employments, but be eternally bidding for a chance to get before the camera. If she has talent she generally does. If she hasn't—well, the other jobs are not generally despised by those who occupy them.

The Hardest Part of It.

Edwin: Why is getting into the movies like married life?

Elza: Tut-tut. That's easy. The first fifty years—but what's the use!

Charlie Has Private Room.

Instead of making pictures, as he had promised, during the closing weeks of the year, Charles Chaplin was kept very busy counting up his potential wealth. The property on which his studio is located, which he originally purchased for something like forty-five thousand dollars, has increased to considerably more than a half million per recent estimates. The latest bid for only a half portion—that is the better half portion—was four hundred thousand dollars, according to an official announcement that came from the Chaplin publicity department, though why this sphynxlike institution should ever send out this titbit of information remains a deep and subtle mystery.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Chaplin has lately been seen very often with Shirley Mason. The newspapers have not acted according to form and printed the usual denials. In fact, it is reaching that stage where a girl may safely take an interest in the comedian without attracting the least bit of attention, though sometimes we doubt whether this fact can be cited as an inducement to the furtherance of Charlie's romances.

Trouble Over Politics.

The annual big ball of the Motion Picture Directors Association turned out to be a terrible fizzle this season, owing to the activities of a stupid group of local politicians. They insisted on shutting down on the dancing at midnight, and the orchestra had only played one or two numbers, before everybody listened to the ominous information that an "order had come from the police" to suspend all fox trotting and toddling at the so-called legal hour of twelve. For a few moments it looked as if the affair would be turned into a political meeting right there. Fred Niblo made a strenuous talk defending the rights of the industry to have a good time, and inferring that, if necessary, the studios would have to do a little ward-campaigning on their own to secure the privileges to which they were entitled. Everybody was on his feet in a minute with the ambition to make a speech, but in very parliamentary fashion the impending tirades were avoided, and an entertainment by various dancers, singers and the like was put on in impromptu vaudeville style instead. Those who were not interested in this sat around and talked, everybody feeling blue because the party had really started out to be a very dazzling affair with many of the stars present in the costumes that they had worn in the big historical pictures.

In the next few days there was a tremendous lot of agitation in the motion-picture colony, and even some talk about moving the studios elsewhere. The Wampas, composed of advertising and publicity men in the film industry, decided to hold their annual blowout in San Francisco, instead of at home, being assured by the northern city that they could dance until six o'clock in the morning if they wanted to.

It was indiscreet, of course, that the pettifogging politicians happened to select the motion pictures as a "horrible example," and they subsequently tried to square themselves by enforcing antiquated ordinances on the Shriners and other organizations that were holding circuses and balls. Their action, nevertheless, revived all the old superstitutions that the motion pictures were being persecuted.

There was a time, of course, when evidences of discrimination against film folk were not wanting in Los Angeles. Lots of the elder régimes, and even those of to-day, have blundered hopelessly in their understanding of what the film industry was all about. Nor have they recognized that there has been a growth in the standing of the people who are attracted to the business of film making.

It is not beyond probability, of course, that the pictures could to advantage swing the industry into New York if they wanted to, but it would be a drastic move affecting very seriously the stars who have acquired large holdings of property in the West. The depression that would ensue in the event of any attempt to pull up stakes would undoubtedly send some of the highest-powered luminaries into bankruptcy. And, naturally, they wouldn't like that.

Another Foreign Invasion.

A very serious cause for worry has lately bobbed up in the scenario departments of the various studios, and it is causing some of the writers a tremendous lot of concern. "What," they say, "do the foreign directors mean by bringing over their scenarists? Aren't there enough clever people in Hollywood now turning out scripts?"

That's just the question, apparently, that the foreign directors aren't so sure about. Maybe they're observed some of the terrible stories that have gone



Chaplin receives a visit from his friend, Dinky Dean.

Continued on page 91

Presenting Gloria

Through the work of an artist who has sketched and modeled her, and also presenting Gloria as something of a crayon artist herself.

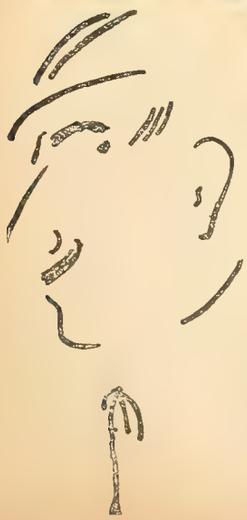


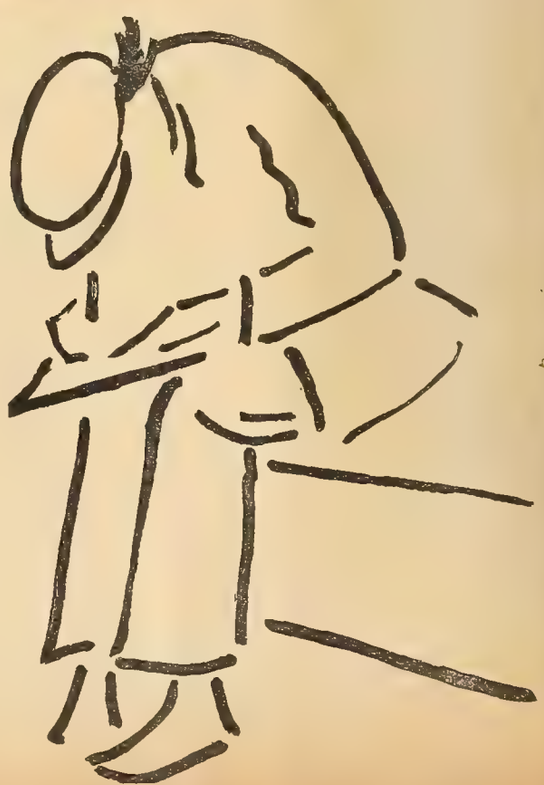
Gloria Swanson made such a picturesque and appealing figure as "The Humming Bird" that her director, Sidney Olcott, commissioned Dwight Franklin, the eminent sculptor, to model a figure of her. This he presented to her for Christmas. The picture at the left shows her in the film, the little one in the center shows the miniature model made by Mr. Franklin.











While Mr. Franklin was in the studio making the caricature sketch of Gloria at the top of the page, she became interested and made a few sketches herself. Some of them were amazingly clever, as the two reproduced above attest. The sketch at the right is by Mr. Franklin, and shows Gloria hard at work on her drawings.

Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in motion pictures.



Photo by Hoover

THE BATTLE OF HELEN AND THE JINX

WHAT is the matter with Helen Ferguson?

That query has often been heard this past year along Hollywood's highway of chatter. For, despite a glowing promise, the passing months have not seen any advancement of her decidedly worth-while talent.

Ideally cast as the immigrant girl of "Hungry Hearts"—she put into that picture every particle of feeling that was in her. Great things were predicted for her, but rôles like that seldom happen. It seemed that Helen was doomed to inactivity because she wasn't an ingénue type.

She grew morbid. She felt that fate was against her, had given her momentary success that she might feel more poignantly the hurt of failure. She saw her life, her friends, through dark glasses. It seemed then that life had beaten Helen.

"A pity, too," was the substance of Hollywood's thought, "for she's a plucky one."

Then, a few months ago, Helen began to wake up to herself. Everybody marvels now at the new Helen, the irresponsible, rollicking Helen, apparently getting such a good time out of life—looking younger than ever with her new bob and her joyousness.

"I read a fan's comment in PICTURE-PLAY, saying my name should be taken from 'The Stars of Tomorrow' list. That was the last straw. I thought I was done for. For a while I thought I might as well quit, but consoled myself with the idea that there were other things I could do. Once, in New York, I earned eighteen dollars a week counting those felt pads that go into grand pianos. Another time I had to sling hash in a Gotham beanery, when nobody would let me act.

"I resented that letter at first. I'd tried so hard and it seemed so unjust to cut me right off without a fighting chance.

"My discontent all came about," Helen has admitted several times, "from self-consciousness and *that* started when I let myself get too fat. I felt awkward, knew I couldn't compete with lovely, graceful girls. I brooded over it and that melancholy led to hypersensitiveness. If I saw two girls talking, I was wild with fear that they were saying something catty about me, when probably they weren't even thinking of me. In my self-analysis, I played up my own importance too much.

"Then I began to diet and the awkwardness dropped off with the layers of fat. I quit, worrying about how I looked and soon I lost my self-consciousness. I seldom get into heated arguments any more and I don't depend upon what people say and think as much as I used to. I'm still a little uncertain about myself and everything, and erratic, but I *have* kidded myself into a better humor, and that's something."

Beneath her raillery one can sense the will that brought Helen out of her slough of despondency.

"We musn't take ourselves too seriously," Helen says emphatically. "Life is pretty much of a joke. Why not have a good time out of it? People don't want to be bothered with the pessimists. I used to think all the time about my work. That's the bunk"—decisively. "I'm going to put whatever sincerity and ability I have into my acting, but I'm not going to get gray worrying about it any more."

She has lost ten pounds in weight and five years in age, she has gained new friends, and better still, brought back the old ones. She isn't so eager to lead, as always before, but is more content to follow.

In making herself over, she has conquered her jinx and we may look for finer things from her when the chance comes her way again.



OUR BEST PROTEAN ACTOR REFORMS

TULLY MARSHALL ought to be a great success as a protean actor. A protean actor, you know, is one of those versatile chaps, who, in the space of a single vaudeville act, does every part from the wealthy old grandfather with the chin whiskers down to the little simpering soubrette. He skips in and out of the scene, changing his character with his make-up, and he generally receives an ovation.

When picture making was booming during the spring and summer, Marshall displayed a similar versatility. Hastening from studio to studio, for he was doing half a dozen different films simultaneously, he appeared successively as a French king during the heyday of the monarchy, an old Hebrew money lender, a smuggler of opium, a school superintendent, a hermit of the Middle Ages and the old scout in "The Covered Wagon." Each was clearly and effectively portrayed, I have no doubt, although I did not see them all, with that something more than mere realism which is mayhap the mark of the Marshall talent. He did so many in quick sequence, however, and there was seemingly such a call for his services, that he finally had to break away and go on a vacation to obtain a rest. And now——

"I'm not doubling any more," he told me recently. "I don't want to go through such a terrific strain as that again. It is too strenuous to permit one to enjoy life, and beside, it is too difficult to do justice to such a large number of parts."

At the time, he had dropped all the surplus jobs off his list and was concentrating on a big rôle in "The Stranger," which Famous Players-Lasky has been filming from a John Galsworthy story. In the beginning of the story he is a pitiful down-and-outer who captures your sympathy, and then through suffering amid sordid conditions, he arrives at the understanding of self-sacrifice and renunciation and brings into the lives of the various people this regenerating spiritual influence.

The high point among his other recent characterizations was the old scout in "The Covered Wagon." This was in striking contrast to some of his more sinister portraits, like the *Mad Monk* in "Joan of Arc." The scene where Ernest Torrence and he bibulously engaged in their game of shooting holes through tin cans on each other's heads is as unforgetable a bit of comedy as has ever been seen on the silver sheet.

Marshall has no models for his varying portrayals. He doesn't believe in them. "When I played a dope fiend on the stage in Clyde Fitch's 'The City,'" he declared, "I had never even seen such a type.

"It is the same with the majority of the characters that I have done on the screen. It would hardly be necessary to commit murder in order to be able to act out the pangs of the murderer. The actor should have sufficient imagination to feel his character, or else he can hardly qualify as an actor. That is, he should create rather than merely imitate a type."

A BEAUTY WITH POSSIBILITIES

I'M wearing an irresponsible mood to-day," Winifred Bryson greeted me one day recently when I called for her at the Wilshire apartment where she and her husband, Warner Baxter, live. "Besides, I've five whole Baxter dollars to treat you on. If there is anything I love to do it is to spend my dear better half's money. I could never feel so extravagant if they were dollars I had earned myself."

When a cerise blouse had been donned over a white sport skirt and a chic little white hat had been drawn down over her brown hair, and the money had been left for the iceman and the dog had been corralled in the back yard, we were off.

They're a very happy and outwardly a most commonplace

young couple, the Warner Baxters. Warner, recently elevated to stardom by Robertson-Cole, is, like numerous other young husbands, none too keen about his beautiful wife's silver-sheet aspirations.

"We were together for years on the stage, though, and I do so want to achieve something on my own account." She discussed the problem much threshed out in Hollywood as we drove to the Montmartre. "I started in stock when I was eighteen, here in my home town, Los Angeles. After we were married, five years ago, I went along with Billy—that's what I call Warner—while he toured with road shows. He wasn't getting a big salary, so to be with him at not a great expense to the company, I would take any little part that I could get, though I had played leading lady in stock before our marriage. We played together with Maude Adams and with Marjorie Rambeau.

"And such times!" The brown eyes twinkled. "I loved the little suppers after the performance in some jolly, funny French or Italian café—the camaraderie of it all.

"When he came out here to enter pictures, I decided to try the screen too. He doesn't quite approve, principally because I've never been strong and he's afraid for my health. So every once in a while I give it up and stay home and play nice little girl-wife and mend hubby's socks and yawn while he's at the studio all day. Then he sees how miserable I am and relents and lets me come back."

Though she had played a couple of second leads before, it was Miss Bryson's work in Mabel Normand's "Suzanna" that brought her to notice as a potent siren.

Her voice is husky, vibrant, somehow compelling. "I would like to register my plaint against the producers' habit of grooving people into one type," she told me. "Because I happened to make my first hit—if you generously care to call it that—as a vamp in 'Suzanna,' it now seems that to the end of my mortal life I am to vamp. Even though they have put a blond wig on me in Baby Peggy's 'The Right to Love' for Universal, still do I cast designing glances from my eyes and ensnare man.

"The screen vamp," her lambent brown eyes—the biggest, most expressive brown eyes that have ever focused their light momentarily upon me—flashed sudden fire, "is so unnatural. No, I'm not cut out for an ingénue—Heaven forbid!—but I do want to play human women. That's why I loved doing *Lullaby Lou* in 'Thundering Dawn'—a girl who knew life, whom life had treated unkindly, bitter, cynical, of none-too-strict morals, but with little human faults and virtues. I want to do things with emotional power."

Hollywood believes that "Thundering Dawn" will bring Winifred Bryson into the front ranks of the vamping ladies.

"I love to free lance because I meet new people every day. I don't want to feel tied down to anything permanently outside my home and Billy. Maybe I don't take my work seriously enough—I certainly never could consider a career of such paramount importance as some of these actresses do, sacrificing everything—health, strength, friends, personal happiness—to it, hanging on so tenaciously when it is often hopeless. I want to do something worth while, of course—I think everybody wants to do well whatever one is trying—but I'm not going to get silver hairs among the brown worrying over it."

Besides her pique because the producers want to rubber stamp her as a vamp, she wishes that directors would permit actors to develop their own technique.

"With each director, you have to begin all over again. One will teach you to do a thing a certain way, the next will say, 'That's all wrong, do it this way,' and you start in kindergarten again. I'd like some time to have a director who would just turn me loose, let me have my one fling and find out for myself if I really have anything or not. If I haven't, I'll join the sock-darning brigade for good and be contented."

It is pleasant to find one young woman human enough to place the other things of life before ambition. But if she ever does begin to realize her potential promise and wake up and go into the thing heart and soul—watch out for Winifred Bryson!





Photo by Witzel

ETHEL SHANNON GETS CONFIDENTIAL

DO you think your "fan army" would be interested in some "Heaven-help-the-poor-working-girl" experiences told by herself? The last time I had tea and cakes with a writer she giggled heartlessly when I told her how I landed my first real part with Bill Hart in "John Petticoats" and what an uproarious finish I had when I forgot myself and dived headlong into the Mississippi River. "Put it on paper. It will give the screen-struck girls an idea of what to expect in pictures," she remarked. So here I am, slaughtering myself to make a Roman holiday for your readers.

I had been a three-dollar-a-day extra, playing small bits at five per and crawling along the best I knew how with my limited experience, when I heard that Bill Hart was looking for a leading woman. I was terribly green—only six months in Hollywood—but I had plenty of confidence and flew to the Hart studio in pursuit of that job.

The "two-gun" screen star was very businesslike. "Do an emotional scene with plenty of tears," he requested. The stage was "cold." I mean no music, no lights, nothing to stimulate one. It looked discouraging and I guess that was just what I needed, for the tear scene I staged was a wonder. I wept all over the place. The amiable Bill was delighted. He didn't know the tears were prompted by pity for myself. He thought it was *acting* and signed me up for the undreamed-of sum of seventy-five dollars a week.

The Hart company went to New Orleans to make scenes for the picture. I had set my mind on making good if it killed me, which, by the way, it nearly did. One scene was shot on a high wharf, twenty feet above the river. I was playing a broken-hearted girl, bent on suicide. It had been arranged to have a boy, dressed like me, to do the leap into the water after I had completed a highly emotional scene in a close-up shot.

Here is where I showed them how *Nellie* would do it. I was excited—terribly excited. Instead of stepping back and allowing the double to do his part, I made the leap myself, before I thought. I could not swim a stroke and shot to the muddy bottom of the river like a rock. The double dived in after me and pulled me out, but we both nearly drowned. Hart was tickled pink with the scene, but I was sick in bed three days from the shock.

My very first job was bridesmaid in a wedding scene with Phyllis Haver. That was three years ago. I am now finishing my first feature rôle and I have high hopes that I have set my feet on the road to success.

When "Maytime" is shown, we'll see.

MONTY JUMPS INTO FEATURES

THE latest graduate from two-reel comedies to feature pictures is Monty Banks. He is changing his type of comedy from slapstick and the gag-man's labored mirth to the subtle humor of farcical themes, just tinged with pathos. And if he puts into his new pictures any of his good-natured forbearance toward his own misfortunes, he should carve an absolutely individual niche for himself.



Photo by Evans

"Before the war, my father want me to be musician, but I want to go on stage." Monty shrugs away the struggle that has been his portion. "I could not carry a tune in a sack, neither could I play, so I run away to Paris. I could not get a job to act, so I rig up a shoe-shining stand near the stage door and there I shine the actors' shoes. I am not ashamed," the Latin fire shone from his brown eyes, as expressive shoulders played their part in the conversation, "that I have black' shoes for a living until I could do what I want to do.

"After a while they let me dance and I save some money. I come to America, to Hollywood, to be movie actor. I could speak no English but I must have job, so I try to tell the director what I can do,"

in the excitement of living over again that memorable scene he misplaced his tenses amazingly, "but he cannot understand. I see he get tired of me, so I show him. I tumble about, stand on my head. I was frantic. But they laugh and give me job—they connect me with Ford by rope and pull it down the rocky side of a cliff. For three dollars I go to hospital for eight days. Then I fall off of buildings, do fool stunts, because it amuse people and it give me money."

Once he was in the hospital for six months recovering from injuries received in doing a film stunt. He has worked harder than any of the other two-reel comedians. When the war came, he fought with his countrymen—because of his knowledge of foreign languages, he later served in the Intelligence Department of the Italian Army—and afterwards returned to Hollywood to take up again the only work that he knew, spurred on by the desperate need of money to care properly for his father. The short-reel comedian has to work doubly hard nowadays, take more risks, for all the old tricks and comic situations have become hackneyed—nothing less than his standing on the ledge of a fifteen-story building or turning a somersault over a chasm will amuse us any more.

PRISCILLA'S ERRATIC GOOD FAIRY

GOOD fairies haven't gone out of business, though some folks scoff at their existence. Even the know-it-alls should be convinced of this by the story of Priscilla Dean Moran.

Once upon a time a baby girl came to bring sunshine into the home of a theater manager in a roughneck Oklahoma town. The rollicking cowboys who stormed into the show on pay-day night said what they thought of the pretty, doll-faced stars in mighty strong language and didn't like any of the actresses except Priscilla Dean. Once the little show was about to close, because there wasn't any money. But the posters announced a Dean picture and, lo and behold, so many quarters tinkled into the little window that evening that the little show pulled through.

So the manager named the new baby at his house Priscilla Dean Moran and decided she just must be an actress. As soon as she could toddle around, he began to train her, and later mother, daddy and Priscilla came to Hollywood. The Good Fairy, still on her job, must have whispered a word in the ear of a nice, plump, shiny gentleman named Joseph Schenck, because he engaged her for a rôle in "East Is West," following that with another in "Toll of the Sea."

But evidently the Good Fairy had business somewhere else about that time and forgot her protégée. Anyway, Priscilla's mother got terribly sick one day and finally closed her eyes and they took her away somewhere and Priscilla never saw her again. Daddy was sick, too, and there wasn't any money, so a very nice lady named Dorothy Dalton took her for a lovely trip.

After that, Priscilla went to live with a little boy and his parents. The little boy—his name was Jackie Coogan—acted too, and he was real polite to Priscilla, considering she was a girl. He even let her ride his scooter. And she played before the camera again, what she most loved doing, in a picture called "Long Live the King." But even these flattering attentions couldn't quite make up for her loneliness. She wanted her daddy, who had gone back to Denver to look for his health. Finally he found it—or a part of it—and came to Hollywood and vowed he'd never part with Priscilla again, no matter how many nice, important people wanted to adopt her.



Photo by Evans

He is still awfully sick, poor daddy, and can't work, so Priscilla is acting at the Warner Brothers' big, white studio. And now it does look as if the Good Fairy has done her job right well.

THE EXHIBITORS' PRIDE

EVERY once in a while a motion-picture producer sends out a questionnaire to theater owners asking them what draws cash customers to the box office. "We have a big story, lavish settings, a sensational title, and a popular feminine star. What else do we need to guarantee box-office success?" the communications go. And the answer times without number is, "Milton Sills."

He is an unfailing magnet in the box office.

He isn't young and he isn't handsome; he isn't romantic—by all accepted standards, and he isn't an exotic foreigner. Furthermore, it is pretty well known that he is happily married.

And yet the girls love Milton Sills. They come in droves to see him. And unlike many another matinée idol, his popularity doesn't wear out. For three or four



Photo by Bird

years he has been a popular leading man. And since he made his big hit a year ago in "Skin Deep," he has appeared in ten or a dozen big features, the most prominent of them being "Adam's Rib," "The Spoilers," and "The Isle of Lost Ships." There is Viola Dana's "Good Bad Girl," and Universal's "A Lady of Quality" yet to come and already the indefatigable Mr. Sills is at work on "Flowing Gold" with Anna Q. Nilsson.

He is a graduate of the University of Chicago and was for a time instructor there.

His casual conversation is a bit deep for the average person. Once after Betty Compson had been talking to him for about five minutes, one of the jokesmiths of the Lasky studio approached her with a professorial air and demanded to know at once about the nebular hypothesis, the Einstein theory, the creed of Buddha and modern artists' feeling toward chiaroscuro. Betty, somewhat bewildered, took refuge in, "I don't know."

"Oh, come now, you must. You've been talking to Milton Sills more than a minute, haven't you?"

He is so big, and substantial and good-natured that he stands a lot of kidding. One of the favorite jokes of the Lasky lot used to be spreading a rumor that Milton Sills was going to be cast as Gloria Swanson's father.

He doesn't just tolerate the jests at his expense. He comes back snappily with a wise crack of his own but it is usually over every one's head. He can insult people without their knowing it.

But though he is earnest, and perhaps a little solemn in real life according to flapper standards, he can essay hectic rôles successfully on the screen. In fact, certain scenes in "Flaming Youth" would have caused a sensation if the censors hadn't said "Hot stuff" and cut them out.

His performance will wreak enough havoc as it is.

THE HANDICAP OF A FAMOUS NAME

AFTER seeing Johnny Harron in "Dulcy," and "The Gold Diggers," and hearing directors praise his work, I am beginning to think of him as a real individual at last. Before, I—like most of the rest of the public interested in motion pictures—just thought of him as the cute young brother of dear Bobby Harron, who died a few years ago, after having made a signal success in Griffith pictures.

One afternoon when an earthquake seemed to be brewing, I interviewed Johnny on the veranda of his Hollywood bungalow. He seemed equally scared of the interview and the earthquake. In his boyish, exuberant way he professed enthusiasm for Louise Fazenda, rainbows and dancing, emoting in pictures, smoking all the time, making pictures, going to the theater, and making money. Then to vary his confidences he lightly passed to mention of his intense dislike of thunder, shoe strings, detours, laughing gas, and earthquakes.

"This is only my second interview," he explained as he noticed my growing bewilderment at his nervous



Photo by John Ellis

flow of revelations. "The other time was long ago, and I took Louise Fazenda with me for moral support. Louise didn't want me to appear too much of an imbecile, so she talked fast and furiously to the interviewer, telling him the wildest things imaginable about my cleverness and so forth. Every once in a while I would get up enough nerve to say 'Gee whiz, Louise!' That was all. And when the interview appeared, there it was in cold print, that flock of 'Gee whizzes.' I've never used the expression since."

Johnny is just Johnny. In acting ability I might go so far as to say that he is the Glenn Hunter of the West. A big statement that, but Sidney Franklin, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge and Harry Beaumont are a few who will bear me out in this. He is the new-type boy hero. His learning is from observation and experience rather than from books, and there is nothing superficial about him. Talking with him you feel as though you were conversing with a kid brother; that the same brother is very much of a tease and that you did wish he would go to college and become a star athlete before striving to star in pictures. You want to say, "Johnny, read this, or Johnny, study that," but then Johnny wouldn't be Johnny at all if he did.

It was after the death of his brother, Bobby, that Johnny took his fling at picture acting. Mary Pickford gave him his first part in her "Through the Back Door." Johnny's likeness to his brother was striking and the "show me" attitude was everywhere prevalent. The opinion that one actor in a family was ample, seemed to be general. Therefore Johnny was rarely ever given a chance to prove what he could do. But this year he has started to come into his own and it seems very likely the name of Harron will once more become celebrated.



MAE MARSH—ONLOOKER

MAE MARSH is gradually receding from the busy side of life, losing much of the pathos and quaintness that so endeared her to all of us, and taking on a greater dignity. In her quiet, serene way, she is content to be but a shadow to the bustling, ambitious world.

"Matrimony comes before my career—rather, Mary, my little girl, precedes everything," she explained her partial seclusion recently, while in Hollywood playing in the Warner Brothers' picturization of "Daddies." "Whenever I hear an actress orate about her career and how she could never make her art fit in with matrimony, I wonder if she is really a human being. It is not only heartless but unnatural.

"By working I can parallel my husband's activities with my own, keep abreast of the changing times, feel that I am contributing something. But it is second in importance.

"I used to be thrilled over everything, crazy about acting, the movies, the stage. I often look back on those days now and wonder at my own wild visions. I cherish the memories of those early days, when Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and I were all starting in the films under Mr. Griffith's direction—but I can never again feel such a part of things as I did then. For a few more years I want to be a tiny part of that busy world, to contribute what I may while I am still young, if a corner remains for me; but gradually I am getting away from it all. I don't care for a lot of money, only comfort."

Perhaps her gradual withdrawal was caused in some measure by the disillusionment that blighted so many of her aspirations. After leaving Griffith's management her films for other companies brought her money but no more fulsome glory; the stage play in which her hopes were centered for a time and which starred her, fared badly. So it's no wonder in a way that she has decided now that the more dependable things are the ordinary ones closer at hand.

"While I am acting, though, I want to do the sort of things for which I am suited, both physically and by inclination—the things with a touch of pathos, a good deal of heart. I don't ride on the critics' bandwagon when they deride sentimental plays as mushy. 'The White Rose,' I thought, was wonderful—the heart back of it."

In "Daddies," which Miss Marsh has just completed for Warner Brothers, you will not see the Mae of the quaint ways, the poignant tragedy—the odd little Griffithian flower trod down by cruel heels only to bloom in the last reel in a more heart-gripping poignancy. The rôle is sweet and simple—a typical ingénue—and not at all suited to her. You may trust that her artistry will

handle it capably—but it does seem a pitiful waste of such individual talent.

"I hope to be back with Mr. Griffith in a few months, doing the sort of rôle which has the greatest appeal for me—and the only thing in which *I* have any appeal.

"It is rather odd, but in England the actors are superior to the actresses, why I don't know, unless the girls lack the independence to achieve individual expression. Here it is the opposite, our girls have the greater talent. We have no really great men actors. I wonder why?"

Idly she left the query, without attempt to answer it. For a moment one might have felt it a pity that she seemed so out of things; but then one would surely realize that what she says is true, that the problems we confute and discuss and get all wrought up over don't really matter, that the greater interest lies in rearing one very small and quaintly serious young person by the name of Mary.



Photo by Eugene Richee

BOBBY FROM TEXAS

THOUGH Bobby Agnew hails from Texas and everybody knows that Texas men are supposed to have a great fund of self-reliance and confidence and are never, never abashed by anything, and though Bobby hands inquisitive ladies in and out of his plebeian coupé with a consummate flourish, the fact that interviews are great occasions in his young career cannot be hidden.

For Bobby, though now twenty-four, is still boyish both in appearance and manner, sincere in the do-or-die spirit, in giving his level best to everything he tackles. He is going through with this business, he is going to acquit himself nobly, no matter what foolish questions the lady asks, is Bobby.

Bobby's work in the past year has won favorable recognition. He stands out as the juvenile of perhaps the most promise—and really he doesn't appear to be, or act as if he were, a day over seventeen. Indeed, so ideally is he of that age that Jasse Lasky is considering filming "Seventeen" again—it was done once before, if you remember, with Jack Pickford. This time, if the plan materializes, it will serve as the vehicle to bring into central focus the talents of this youngster whom Paramount has been grooming for bigger rôles.

Naturally, Bobby is tremendously excited over his prospects. Not long ago Mr. Lasky called him into the sanctum sanctorum and indicated his pleasure at the critical approbation that had greeted Bobby's work—in "Only Thirty-eight," "Woman-proof" with Tommy Meighan, and even the tiny bit he had in "The Spanish Dancer." Bobby went in, his young brow corrugated; it was apparent that the boy from Texas was more than half scared—his mien was that of the youngster sent "to see the principal"—for he hasn't yet acquired the nonchalant aplomb of the actor. But when Bobby came out, wreathed in smiles, because the Big Boss had given him a comp', they could hardly hold him down.

"Makes me sick," he grumbled later, "the way some of the actors rave about their art and," lamely attempting to put into concrete form the ideas which he was mulling over in his mind, "everything. I hope if I ever get to be a good actor I won't be stuck on myself. Gee, it gets my goat when they talk about conditions, how they're rubber stamped into certain types of rôles, and all. We're each just fit for one thing, see?

"There are a lot of actors who couldn't do anything else, if it weren't for the movies. I'm not saying they all couldn't, but what I mean is we ought all to be grateful and realize the producers are in the business to make money, not to play around and please the actors. They have to give the public what it wants, what it will pay to see.

"I think folks around here take things too seriously anyway. I want to be a good actor some day, but why take on about your 'art?' I think the best way is to work hard while you're working, study and apply yourself—if you have anything in you it will crop out, express itself, as you get older and, well, sort of develop, see?"

Though rather fortunate in finding opportunities ready at hand, Bobby has worked for the good things that are now his portion. He comes from an old Texas family, long on tradition—his mother was a McKinley, cousin of the presidential branch. At thirteen, smash-bang went the family fortunes, the tale which one often hears from the lips of actors, but which in Bobby's case happens to be true. He, however, did not step out and grandly, immediately, restore said fortunes.

"I got my first job in a glue factory," he snickered. "And I stuck to my career for a year—umm, not so good, that pun. Anyway, I worked at this and that after school hours. When I was nineteen I hit New York with nine dollars. I had played in some short comedies made by independent producers down in Texas—home-talent stuff, and decided I wanted to be a real actor.

"Had just fifty cents left when I got my first job—they asked me could I ride, and I said, 'Sure, anything.' Could I act? Hadn't I been an actor 'out West?' They wanted a fellow to ride in a horse race and the actors were too big for jockeys and the jockeys

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The Studio Lorelei

The impressionable reporter ranks La Marr with the most colorful personalities that the screen has to offer.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IMAGINE Cleopatra playing jacks. Fancy seeing Niobe at a prize fight. Picture Isabella of Spain fox trotting with Eugene O'Brien. Shake well, serve hot, and you will have a composite of no one less than Barbara La Marr.

The legendary lore surrounding La Marr has assumed vast proportions. Daily, hourly, it grows. With each rising sun comes some fresh tidbit concerning the lady. She is doomed, because of her beauty—so runs the saga—to sail uncharted matrimonial seas, cruising from isle to isle, yet never finding permanent haven. She is, if you would listen to those purporting to peddle the inside information, too beautiful. She is haughty, she is cruel; she is timid, she is brilliant. She is tender, crude, intelligent, naïve, soulless, sympathetic, stupid, mystifying, insincere, subtle, overwhelming, capricious—all of this, and more. Much more.



Barbara La Marr is so strikingly attractive that you can't miss her.

Photo by Hoover

Whether the contradictions are inspired by a continual change of ambassadors to the press, or whether she is all things to all people is purely a matter of conjecture. She is the type that appeals to some and irks others, impressing each stranger differently. Like most vivid personalities, hers is one that moves you rather violently in one direction or the other: she is a striking sister of the dumb drama, or she is a poseuse with a well-filled bag of tricks.

It is eminently safe to say that she is not possessed of the variegated temperament attributed her by the legends.

Many guileless souls live in the simple belief that meeting a celestial body from the film firmament is a matter of awe-inspiring moment. These precocious souls visualize a gleaming chamber flooded with soft lights, a beautiful woman enthroned on a silken chaise longue, the reportorial person at her feet awaiting the pearls of wisdom to purl from her red, red lips.

"Let the slaves bring us wine," she croons. "Alpha!"

A Nubian appears.

"Omega!"

Another swarthy serf prostrates himself before her.

"Sweetmeats and nectar for our visitor."

And the party, the Constant Reader fancies, is on.

Most of them are not quite like that.

When such a seance does transpire, however, it is a privilege granted the few, and as such, to be handled confidentially.

If then, the congregation will consider these words in strictest secrecy, *entre nous,* it shall be set forth herein how Barbara La Marr provided for one wayfarer an afternoon of wassail and revelry, high lighted by gleams of a personality rightfully proclaimed unique by her admirers.

She comes upon your vision like a Leyendecker cover or an Urban setting. She is strikingly attractive. You can't miss her. In a crowd, people look at La Marr.

Then, in addition to this eye-filling exterior, she brings to your attention a gift for saying shrewd things that are often clever and not infrequently racy.

"Pictures," she said, "are like children. They're brought into the world with the best of intentions, but too often they're spoiled. . . . I'd like to make a picture—produce it. The sure-fire recipe is a cinch. Just as surely as ice cream and cake insure the success of a child's birthday party, so do society scenes and romance make for the success of a picture."

Her eyebrows raised, forming the sides of a pretty triangle.

"It's all very simple," she said.

That reminded her of something. When memory serves her thus, suddenly, she is the explosive sort who tears straightway into her story. Nazimova employs similar methods. It serves to invest casual conversation with the quality of excitement.

"I was at one of those remarkably stupid studio parties last night, down in the Village. There were a lot of young things—flappers. One of 'em said, 'Oh Miss La Marr, what in the world will *you* do with an adopted baby?,' and I said 'My dear girl,

what did you think I'd do with it—put it in a bird cage?' "

She was dressed in a fashion that would have delighted the director of any ballroom scene—her gown was a modish index to her figure. Of back there was none, and of front there was little; her unruly bobbed hair served as the arresting, inconsistent touch to a veritable queen of Sophisticates.

She is tall and slender, married to the latest of a number of husbands, possessed of a frankness rivaled only by Pearl White, and entirely sure of herself when men are among those present.

"I don't get along so well with women, but most men seem to find me reasonably entertaining. . . . I much prefer talking to men."

Somewhere in her make-up lies concealed that magnetic spark that put Cleopatra, Madame de Maintenon, and Pompadour on history's purple pages. She has personality plus something equally intangible that induces you to linger a little longer. Then she has sufficient charm to make you glad you did stay.

The La Marr type is rare and to be appreciated. It is the type that proves conclusively what Kipling said about the female of the species.

There came a knock at the door of her suite, and at the welcoming word two gentlemen entered.

"Bert Lytell, you're late!" cried La Marr. "And Charley Maigne, where on earth have *you* been?"

"I've just finished a picture on the Coast, for Paramount."

"Oh, you darling! Tell me how Leatrice is! Was Jack there? How are the new bungalows getting along?"

More questions. Answers. Laughter. Refreshment. Another knock at the door. "Is Miss La Marr ready to go on the set?"

"In about an hour, Eddie. Tell Fitz to come up here and join our old home week."

She withdrew hastily to her boudoir to effect a change, tossing remarks through the semiopen door. How was Matt Moore? Was Fred Niblo working on his new picture yet? How was the Benefit?

Following a staccato rap, the jaunty Fitzmaurice joined us. As soon as she heard his voice, La Marr dashed out to greet him.

"No night stuff to-night, is there? No, Babs. No, Babs. Please no," she wheedled.

Fitzmaurice twisted his mustache amusedly, and chucked Barbara under the chin, then mocked her.

"No, Babs; no, Babs—if Babs does her stuff this afternoon as it should be."



Once more she has discarded the silks and satins of seduction to play a peasant girl in "Thy Name Is Woman."

Patting her cheek, he grinned, and hurried away to see that the set was ready.

"He's a dear," said La Marr. "I'm not temperamental, but occasionally I like to be coaxed and petted. There's a lot of the little girl in me. I'm only twenty-four. Not so old, is it?" She pouted.

"The wildest bird you can imagine, though, is Gasnier. I did 'The Hero' for him, and 'Poor Men's Wives.' He's an excitable Frenchman, and I have Latin blood in me, too, so the clashes were beautiful things to see. One day he wanted me to let an auto come up and hit me. I told him to go to Sennett for slapstick ladies. He said, 'For Art you will do it!' The surer he grew the more positive he made me. I wouldn't do it for Art or any one else. Gasnier persisted. 'Ze picture depended upon zat scene!' I refused. Finally he said, 'I would not ask zat you do what I would not do myself. I let ze auto hit me first!' Gaston Glass was running the car, and wasn't used to it. What he did to Gasnier when he hit him was a crime. The script flew one way and a flock of blue words flew the other. Then the old sport apologized to me and the scene was faked."

The telephone jangled insistently, and Lytell answered, "Miss La Marr? . . . What Miss La Marr? . . . Ohhhh, Miss Barbara La Marr! Yeah, I believe the lady is within calling distance."

He turned to Barbara. "Mr. Dougherty."

For ten minutes she talked to her husband. The rest of us sat around smoking, partaking of the various delicacies at hand, and questioning the merits of the rococo murals adorning all four walls of the room, formerly occupied by Mae Murray and later by Marion Davies, to live in which was enough in itself, as some one captiously remarked, to make a Duse of any actress. The merriment went on.

Barbara La Marr is hardly destined for histrionic heights. Her performances are triumphs of sheer personality. This is true of her initial success in "The Three Musketeers" and "Zenda," just as it is true of her later prominent rôles in "Trifling Women," "Strangers of the Night," and "The Eternal City." Last year she appeared in seven pictures. Her appeal was instantaneous and potent enough to feature her from the start. But her acting has never risen above ordinary levels.

Her performances have been studies in allure rather

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Photo by Melbourne Spurr

After triumphing over an all-star cast and the ruins of Rome in "The Eternal City" Barbara La Marr will now shed such glamour in favor of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."



At Home with Mr. Barthelmess

Photographs by
Frank Bangs

While Mary Hay Barthelmess, Sr., is out on the road trying out a musical comedy, Richard Barthelmess and Mary, the younger, have closed their suburban house and taken an apartment in the New York Town House Club. At the left you see him starting a busy day and below you find him comfortably settled for a quiet evening in search of scenario material. With Mary, the Second, he seems a bit uneasy, as she has developed an unsteady sort of Australian-crawl stroke for playing the piano, and might fall off his lap at any moment.





A Letter from Location

Bebe Daniels writes about the Navajo Indians, with whom she has been working in a picture

To Myrtle Gebhart

One Hundred Miles from
Flagstaff, Arizona.

MYRTLE DEAR:

It is a far cry from a luxuriously furnished apartment with a perfectly equipped, softly lighted writing desk to this desert tent and the dim oil lantern flame by which I am writing you. This is a new and delightful experience. A sandstorm is in progress, flapping this canvas house about and threatening to leave me in total darkness. A coyote's howl mingles with the weird songs the Navajos are singing around their log fires in their hogans near by and little quivers are running up and down my spinal column, but really it's all too wonderful—just like a chapter from "The Heritage of the Desert"—the Zane Grey novel we are filming here.



One of the Indians brought Bebe a bat.

We met Mr. Grey at Flagstaff—he and Mr. Lasky, Lucien Hubbard, and a number of other men had been on a three-week hunting trip in the Arizona mountains. Confidentially, they didn't seem to capture much but Navajo rugs, but they had a lot of those and they were beauties, too.

There are about seventy of us here. Famous sent experts in advance to lay out this camp, and into what a perfect tented city they have transformed this hitherto desolate basin! Already the streets—the spaces between the tents—are named: Grubb Gulch—needless to say that is near the dining tent—Willat Willows, Torrence Terrace, Hughes Highway, Beery Boulevard and Daniels Drive. We have organized a "city band" too and play every evening in "Recreation Hall." It's versatile, that tent, for it doubles as a dining room. At least the Navajos must appreciate our music, for they gather in groups to listen and peer in at us as if we were beings from some strange planet. In our band are James Mason, first violin; Lloyd Hughes, second violin; Speed Hanson, guitar; Irvin Wallat, harmonica; and I, ukulele.

It is wonderfully inspiring to be living over the very scenes Mr. Grey depicts in his novel. On the way we drove through the Painted Desert with "its lavender patches, its yellow lilies, white thistledown, its magenta cactus blossoms and vivid Indian paint brushes." We passed through Coconino County and over the very narrow trails and steep mountain passes he describes and arrived at camp just as the sun was fading over Vermillion cliffs—and, oh, what a magnificent sunset!

I remember back in my Bison Company days, when I was the pioneer's little daughter who was always stolen by the Indians, only to be rescued later by the

handsome cowboy, we were led to believe that Indians never smile and that there was no affection in their make-up. Perhaps Navajos are different from other tribes, for yesterday I watched a young squaw crooning over her papoose and covering its sticky little brown face with kisses and to-day I saw an old Indian with his arm thrown lovingly about his daughter as they examined curiously a piece of film our camera man, Charlie Schulbaum, had discarded. The Indians staged a native dance in our honor and laughed heartily when Lloyd Hughes, James Mason, Earl Metcalfe, and I gave an imitation of them.

The Navajos have surprisingly small feet in view of the fact that they travel over rough mountain passes either barefoot or wearing only the soft buckskin moccasins they themselves make. The women are expert weavers and all the members of our company have gone wild over their rugs—we are each taking two or more home with us.

An old Indian brought a bat into camp for me the other day. He had kept it in his hogan during the night to protect it from the chill winds. The Navajos never kill for sport; they shoot only to protect themselves or for food. They never kill coyotes in spite of the fact that they ravage their sheep herds. They believe that all Navajos, in past incarnations, were coyotes and must return to that form and that in taking the life of a coyote he may be shooting one of his own people.

We are working hard, rising at sunup to the sound of B. Higgin's bugle and retiring at taps, which sound at ten sharp. Imagine driving down steep mountain ledges and having two thousand wild and near-wild horses traveling at breakneck speed behind you. You think you're a brave one, Myrtle, but you'd certainly shiver, I tell you. Mr. Torrence is so gentle and kind and of course I wouldn't let him know, but it does

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Should a Wife Tell?

Alice Terry discloses all, telling how Rex Ingram wins wives and makes stars.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

"THIS," said the studio manager, "is young Mr. Ingram. He is going to do 'The Four Horsemen' for us, you know."

The tall, handsome young Irishman who looked like What the Well-dressed Director Should Wear, had not been talking to me more than five minutes before he started leading me across a deserted set.

"There's a clever girl over here I think you might want to write up," he said, in a voice that feigned a matter-of-fact tone. "She hasn't done much yet. A lead in our last picture, 'Hearts Are Trumps.' But she is going to be a real actress."

By this time we had reached a slim, ingenuous blonde. She looked up from the sweater she was knitting, and smiled her greeting.

"Miss Terry," said Rex Ingram timidly, "will be a star some day."

No negligible amount of water passes under the bridge in three years, and a number of stars pass over it. Exactly three years after the Ingram prediction quoted in the prefatory paragraphs, it came to pass that what he foresaw virtually came to pass. In "Scaramouche" Alice Terry definitely arrived, as a featured player, as near stardom as any modest artist desires.

She was in New York following the completion of the Sabatini romance, prior to sailing for Ireland, where she and Rex were to spend a few leisurely weeks.

From little more than an extra girl she had ascended to the top of the ladder in these intervening three years, yet there was no marked change. A trifle more assurance, a touch of sophistication, a tinge of mild cynicism, perhaps, but for the most part, this Alice Terry was the same passive blonde introduced by the rising young director of the Metro lot.

One thing that was not apparent then is obvious now: her adoration of the man who married her and shaped her career.

Whatever she has done and whatever she will do is Ingram's doing, she says. He is the greatest . . . the only director in pictures. His feeling for color and grouping and harmony and line and tone. . . . Perfect. . . . A man of charm and personality and forcefulness and wonderful changing moods. . . .

Thus she went on, scarcely taking time to draw breath. The words of praise tumbled recklessly from her red lips.

"He has made so many stars. Valentino. Novarro. Idols. Yet they wouldn't exist had it not been for Rex. He molds them, and hypnotizes them to do what he wants done. Where is Rudie without Rex? What has he done that compares with 'The Horsemen?'

"Ramon is clay, modeled by Rex's artistic hands. He has done splendid work in 'Scaramouche.' Under Rex he should do more fine things. But if he gets any Valentino ideas, watch him!

"Rex likes to take these young, inexperienced actors, you see, and train them in his methods. It gives him just the results he is striving for. Of course he likes to direct experienced men, too, of Stone's caliber. And Ed Connelly. But he will always have one or two young 'finds' to develop."

Off the screen Alice Terry is attractive, but by no means beautiful. You would not stop in your rush down Fifth Avenue to single her out for a second stare. She is, in New York, one of many well-dressed, good-looking women. The blond aura is, I am told by specialists, synthetic, Alice having been brought into this world a brunette.

Regarding her own work she had little to say. Concerning Rex she evinced a bold pride. Her egotism is limited, happily enough, to the fact that she is his wife. This is not altogether remarkable in the face of the facts, which, by the way, came directly from her.

Alice Terry was not Alice Terry when Rex Ingram first saw her in the Metro offices.

He asked her to hold the script for one of his earlier, lesser efforts, and, following this, suggested that she do a part. When she decided to try her luck before the camera, Rex christened her Alice Terry.

"I hated him when he directed me for the first time, because he kidded me, in order to get me into the spirit of a scene. This was his usual method, but I didn't know it, and I broke into tears, called him names and crawled off the set. Only by promising never to say cutting things again did he induce me to come back."

He kept his promise, and offered her the lead in "Hearts Are Trumps."

"I thought he was crazy, but I thought if he was willing to take a chance, I certainly was. So we made 'Hearts Are Trumps.' It didn't turn out to be much, but I wasn't a failure, and it paved the way for Rex to offer me the lead opposite Rudy in 'The Horsemen.'

"Of course that was a tremendous thing for all of us."

Meanwhile romance, unannounced and unexpected, was insinuating itself into the scenario. The director and his protégée were falling in love without either knowing about it—a pleasant arrangement, to be sure.

"Rex used to say 'Once was enough! No more matrimony for me.' Then we'd talk about ships and sealing wax. There were no introductory episodes to his proposal. It was so sudden it seemed a mistake.

"We were making 'Zenda' and Rex was taking me home one evening, when suddenly he said, 'Do you think we have enough in common to marry?' I laughed and said, 'I should say not!' "

And so, six months later or less, they were married.

Miss Terry seems to react to her marriage with a big director much as any small-town girl would. She still sees him through the glasses of rosy romance. She thinks of him as the artist who made "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power," not as the mere man who likes his eggs to be three-minute ones and no harder. She speaks of him with the same fervor that might inspire a seventeen-year-old flapper rather than with the casual calm that might be expected of a knowing wife.

It all speaks well for Rex Ingram. He is maintaining his place as Alice Terry's ideal, artistically and romantically. Few artists, statesmen, financiers or Northwest Mounted Policemen are heroes to their wives, regardless of how much the world may stand in awe of their artistic accomplishments.



Mr. and Mrs. Ingram looking down upon Times Square from the roof of the Metro building, just before they sailed for Europe.

Alice Terry cannot be considered unusual in any way, unless it be in her enthusiastic championing of her husband. During the pleasant hour we spent suspended just above the crowds in the swarming lobby of the Astor nothing was said calculated to thrill any of you, yet at the same time there were no dreary lulls in the conversation.

Like Lila Lee and Bebe Daniels and Miriam Cooper and an infinite number of other decorative sisters of the cinema, Alice Terry is attractive, unassuming, utterly natural, and more than willing to cöoperate with you in your effort to transfer her to paper in such a way that he who runs may feel that he has met her.

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Our Club initiating Carmelita Geraghty, a new member. Left to right, standing: Patsy Ruth Miller, Virginia Valli, Vola Vale, Edna Murphy, Lillian Rich, and Gertrude Olmstead. Kneeling: Mildred Davis, Gloria Hope, Virginia Fox, Laura La Plante. Helen Ferguson is holding the candidate.

Hollywood Has Another Girls' Club

They call themselves The Regulars and aim to be different from Hollywood's first débutante ensemble.

By Elza Schallert

THE gauntlet has been flung down! The battle is on! Hollywood has another girls' club!

For nearly two years débutante social life in filmdom has been absolutely dominated by its one and only, which goes under the name of Our Club. For nearly two years fifteen talented and clever leading ladies making up its membership have held their ground without a sign of "foreign invasion." Their position had been a veritable stronghold of dignity and exclusiveness. They have been arbiters of manners and morals in the younger set.

But now there is another club in the field, The Regulars, and with so vigorous a title, one might suspect that the newcomers were openly challenging the girls of the other group for rivalry in the affairs of clubdom.

Of course, it would have been undignified, out of order and slightly impolitic for the veteran organization to show any noticeable concern over the new club. After all, new clubs must be looked upon with a degree of skepticism. Even with great sincerity of purpose, they often peter out after the first six meetings. Nevertheless, I felt it necessary to obtain their reactions to the event of another ensemble, and so I approached Helen Ferguson, the only active officer of Our Club, and asked her how she and her group felt about The Regulars.

"Why, we're simply delighted to see them organize. It's a splendid thing for Hollywood to have more than one club. We know most of the girls in the new set and we certainly wish them well in their *serious* undertaking."

Serious! There you have the keynote of The Regulars. It appears that their sole endeavor is striving for cultural benefit and uplift. Reading the classics, modern fiction and plays, discussing their merits and deficiencies, talking over new studio conditions that arrive from time to time, helping and advising each other, planning on attending premières of pictures and the very best plays, arranging to help out those less fortunate than themselves—these are the things on their program for every Friday night. They also intend to give one-act plays for benefits, and already have solicited, as well as been offered, the services of several prominent stage directors to aid them along this line.

Our Club, of course, you know, if you happened to read an article I wrote on it some months ago for PICTURE-PLAY, meets every Monday night, for the *sole purpose of having a good time*. At first, Our Club, too, solemnly declared their intention of going in for culture

with a vengeance, reading all the brow dramas, studying French, et cetera, but the first hard year taught them that the proper thing to do at meetings was to play all kinds of games, because they develop wit and rapid thinking, eat frozen fruit salad, because that exercises the digestive organs, and discuss the large variety of subjects that arise when fifteen clever souls with everything but a single thought come into close contact. But their charities and philanthropies are not overlooked for a moment, either.

The membership of The Regulars includes thirteen. They are, therefore, not superstitious. Virginia Brown Faire organized the club and is its active president. And June Mathis, famed scenario writer, is honorary president. Mary Pickford is honorary president of Our Club. Doubtless, The Regulars chose Miss Mathis because she is known as a Columbus of talent, and most of them are young in their professional activities.

Beside Miss Faire, there are Pauline Garon, Mary Philbin, Dorothy Mackaill, Dorothy Devore, Doris May, Marjorie and Priscilla Bonner, Kathleen Key, Maryon Aye, Grace Gordon, Pauline Curley, and Menifee Johnstone.



The Regulars. Above, Pauline Garon, Kathleen Key, Menifee Johnstone, Pauline Curley, Virginia Brown Faire. Below, Priscilla Bonner, Maryon Aye and Marjorie Bonner.

All of the girls have had screen experience. Most of them have been playing bits and small parts for years. Some you probably know through performances that for one reason or another have been striking. Miss Faire gained prominence after her work in Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," and later as *Shireen* with Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker."

Miss Garon is an effervescent flapper type and first attracted attention in Richard Barthelmess' "Sonny" and again in Cecil B. De Mille's "Adam's Rib." Mary Philbin, Erich von Stroheim's "find," justified critical predictions in "Merry Go Round," and Dorothy Mackaill, a newcomer in the West, is another talented player about whom critics have become prophetic ever since her excellent work opposite Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade."

Dorothy Devore is a sprightly comedienne of Christy fame and Doris May has left an impression as a player of light comedy rôles, since she was costarred with Douglas MacLean in "Twenty-three-and-a-half Hours' Leave." The Bonner girls have recently sprung into demand by producers and Marjorie's latest work was in Rupert Hughes' new Goldwyn production, "Reno," while Priscilla has just completed "The Eyes of Hollywood," another peek picture of life in the films. Kathleen Key is a Goldwyn player of whom you probably never have heard because the picture that undoubtedly would have brought her prominence was never released, on account of legal difficulties. It's a rarely beautiful picture, too, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," and she brought to her rôle a lovely presence.

Maryon Aye, Grace Gordon, Pauline Curley and Miss Johnstone are girls who are always busy. If they aren't in pictures, they are in vaudeville, or acting as secretaries to those who are in the foreground of filmdom. Miss Gordon has even tried her talents at stage dramatics and made a hit in a local stock run as *Topsy* in "The Gold Diggers."

"We really intend to accomplish something beside sociability in our club," Miss Faire told me. "You see, we met during rehearsals for two successive years at the Writers' Revue." This is Hollywood's big annual Folly show. "And this last time we decided to get together and really do something to cultivate our brains, and to be helpful to others.

"We plan on giving entertainment to the boys who were disabled during the war, and also to give parties to the little orphan children, and to make donations to charities. At Christmas time, for instance, each girl donated a layette of baby clothes which she herself made, to one of the foundling institutions. That is one of the things we mean by doing for others."

I agreed that their aims were very magnanimous, but I was wondering if ever at their meetings they didn't indulge in a little wild, or tame, frivolity. Knowing the irrepressible spirits of Pauline Garon and several of the other girls, I wondered if they didn't unexpectedly burst out on occasion. And I asked Miss Faire about this.

"Yes, of course, we have pleasant social chats after our meetings, but never before. There really is too much business to be attended to. You see we have a

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Miss Irma Harrison, who will play a Colonial belle.

Mr. Griffith's Next Production

It is to be called "America" and it will treat the American Revolution in somewhat the same way that "The Birth of a Nation" treated the Civil War.

By James Randall Elliott

FOR several months D. W. Griffith has been traveling up and down the Atlantic seaboard, taking scenes in historic locations for his forthcoming picture, "America," which is to treat the Revolutionary War in a manner similar to that in which "The Birth of a Nation" pictured the Civil War.

Predicting that a picture in the making will be a "masterpiece" is a hazardous business, but in view of the effort that is being expended on this undertaking, its outcome will be awaited with more than ordinary interest, for there is every reason for anticipating that it will be a significant contribution to the screen. "We believe that it is going to outbirth the 'Birth' and uncover the 'Wagon,'" one of Mr. Griffith's associates said enthusiastically, in commenting to me about it recently. Mr. Griffith, naturally, is making no such boastful comparisons as this, but his remarks about the theme of the picture indicate its possibilities.

"What we hope to do," he told me, some months ago, between the scenes on which he was working at the little village of Somers, New York, "is to show through what heroic efforts this great continent was settled and freedom was won by the American colonists, and how that freedom which they secured laid the foundations for the peace and prosperity which we now enjoy—*and which we so little appreciate.*"



Carol Dempster plays "The Girl."

That is a big theme. It is a theme as big as that of "The Birth of a Nation." And Griffith's aim undoubtedly is to make this picture, if possible, as great, or even greater than "The Birth."

As a historical record it can scarcely fail to be of great value. Months were spent in research work before a single location was visited. Every possible aid has been extended by all the American historical societies, by the government, and by individuals. Scenes have been shot in every available historic spot where the old landmarks have been preserved, and where these have changed, sets were erected on locations bearing a resemblance to the old prints which the historians unearthed in museums and libraries.



Neil Hamilton will be the hero of the love story.

Such a location was the one shown on the opposite page—the one at Somers, New York, where the Indian attack upon a colonial settlement, and the retreat from the Battle of Concord, were filmed last summer.

This drawing, which was made from sketches done on the spot, shows Griffith's method of directing one of the big scenes. Like a general directing a battle, he was stationed high up on a hillside, where he could communicate with some of the near-by camera men by megaphone, and with his assistant directors, stationed at different points on the location, by means of a specially installed telephone system.

The filming of scenes at this location alone was a huge undertaking. Before the company went there, every available room in every near-by farmhouse was engaged, as well as all of the rooms in the historic "Elephant Inn." In addition several camps were erected. Some three hundred workmen, most of them skilled mechanics, carpenters, painters, and the like, arrived first to build the necessary roads, erect the sets, and install the various equipment necessary.

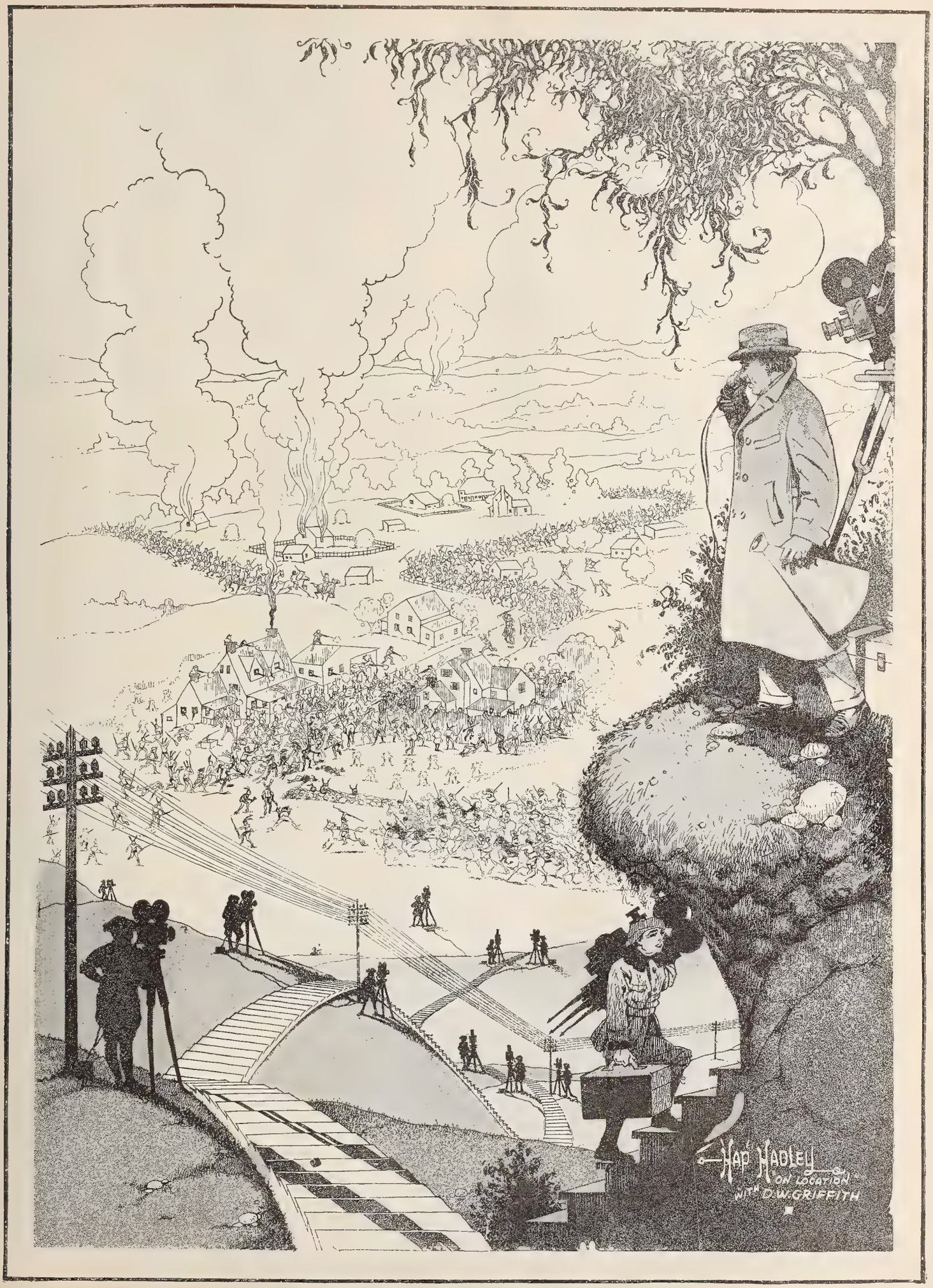
Then came the company, and with them some four or five hundred soldiers from Fort Meyer, whose military discipline and training made them the ideal type of extras to represent the British troops. Several weeks were spent on this location, and on the last day they staged the big scene, in which sets erected for miles around were burned.

And this was but a small part of the entire undertaking, for a list of the locations visited would read like an index to a history of the Revolution. At this writing Mr. Griffith is doing interiors at his Mamaroneck studio, where he has reproduced the British House of Lords, where bits of the historical debates that took place at the time of the Revolution will be enacted. And a little later, when snow has fallen, he will set out again to do scenes at Valley Forge.

There will be, of course, a love story running through the picture, in which Carol Dempster will play "The Girl" and Neil Hamilton, "The Boy." But in addition to these romantic and fictitious characters there will be a long list of historic ones, including Washington, John Adams, John Hancock, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Paul Revere, Major Warren, General Gage, to name but a few, as well as Pitt, Chatham, Burke, King George the Third, and other historic English figures. Lionel Barrymore has been engaged to play the heavy villain of the story, a historic character named Walter Butler.



Charles Mack will play an aristocratic young Southerner.



How Mr. Griffith directs one of his big outdoor scenes.

Know Them by Their Dogs

Sometimes the choice of a pet is a pretty good index to character. In the cases of these famous players and their dogs, the subject offers much food for thought.



Photo by Woodbury

It may have been love at first sight that drew Marjorie Daw to Jokko, her ugly-looking bulldog, but it seems more likely that she got him for protection. Timidity, a desire to keep to herself, or a natural love of the grotesque may have inspired such a pretty girl to adopt Jokko as her boon companion, but it seems more as if she got him just for the sake of the contrast with herself.



Alice Terry likes a nice, soft, silky, cuddly animal. She calls him Ignatz just by way of showing that her love of elegance doesn't carry her to extremes. He is a lively, pert little animal, languid as he looks, and if Alice didn't have her lovely white wig on, and he could get at it, he would show what he could do with his teeth.



Photo by Woodbury

Helene Chadwick's little terrier is about the smartest animal in Hollywood. His mistress studied once to be a school teacher, and, when an acting career superseded, she worked out her theories about teaching on her dog.



No player in Hollywood is prouder of a canine companion than Mae Busch is of Barree, her beautiful German police dog. A dog capable of endless devotion, one that is quiveringly alert and with muscles like steel seems the ideal choice for a person of her exacting taste.

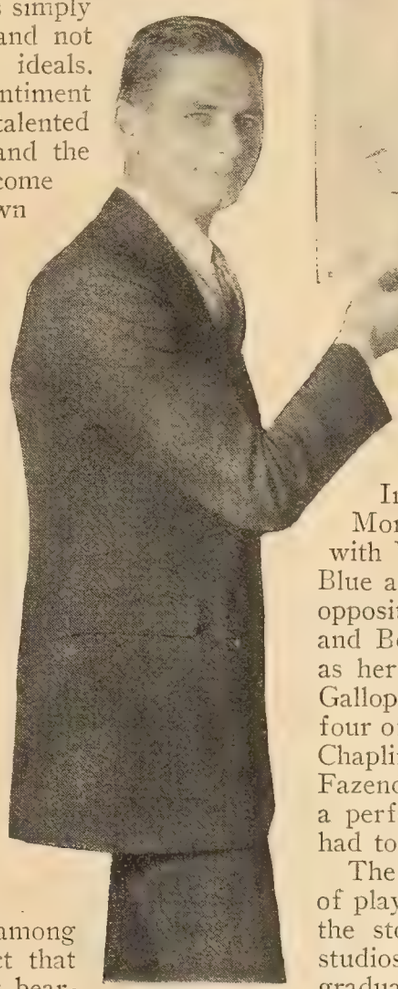
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on the screen during the past season. Anyway, Ernst Lubitsch, who made "Passion," now has with him the man who wrote that scenario; Victor Seastrom is importing his script writer; and Dimitri Buchowetzi, who will direct Pola Negri, is doing his own original story.

The scenario end of picture making has been more in need of sound improvement than any other, and the time for appropriate action would seem to be the present, when the need is for better stories. If the costume dramas of the past year, like "In the Palace of the King," or "Ashes of Vengeance," or even "Rosita," are compared with those fabricated abroad, it must be admitted that the stories themselves have been impossibly hokumish.

Too often, we personally have felt the trouble is the mental attitude of the writer. He hasn't taken his public seriously enough. He has been fearful of censorship and hasn't sought to avoid contact with the censors through clever dealings with his plots and situations. He has accepted the current notion that one has to write down to the crowd to be truly popular, and has been content to regard pictures simply as a source of big financial returns and not as a medium for expressing his ideals. "What's the use?" has been the sentiment of even some of the ablest and most talented members of the scenario fraternity and the large sorority too, and the public has come by degrees to echo this in their own views regarding the stories.

We sense now an era of change for the better. Chaplin's picture, "A Woman of Paris," has been a great mental stimulant, even though the story was recognizedly not all that it should be. It has taught scenario writers quite as much regarding treatment, and perhaps even more, than it has directors. The competition with foreign writers should also be a pepful influence, because these are not so likely to succumb to the to them intolerable conventions. It is hard to tell, of course, how far they will be able to go under the restrictions imposed by the stricter sort of censorship, but at least their work cannot fail to add to a degree to the urge that is now generally being felt toward better stories.



Milton Howe, a member of the Goldwyn publicity forces, demonstrates his ability as a caricaturist.

Quite a commotion was caused in Hollywood recently, especially among the feminine stars, owing to the fact that the only cat entered in a feline show bearing the name of a movie star, was a black tabby called Pola Negri. It looked like very unfair sort of favoritism on the surface, but later on all the girls felt better about it when they learned that the owner had christened her entrant by that name because, so she averred, it meant in the original Russian—"black cat." Pola herself had no opportunity to express her opinion on the happening because she was in Honolulu at the time, but it was granted by her friends that she would have the right on her return to be appropriately temperamental. You will probably recall that Pola had a distinct aversion to cats when she first came to the Lasky studio.

New Aid to Versatility.

Nothing will be more interesting to watch in pictures that are now being released than the effect produced by the new associations of players which chiefly resulted from the shutting down of some of the leading studios during the closing months of the past year. This intermingling of personalities in independent features has been carried even much farther than we indicated in last month's "Highlights" in PICTURE-PLAY when we recited the fact that Agnes Ayres had been lent out by Famous Players-Lasky to appear in a film called "Souvenir," in which Percy Marmont, Mary Alden, George Siegmann and others appear. New contracts have been formed on every hand, for practically everybody was kept busy despite what is popularly known as "the slump."

In "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Bebe Daniels played, for instance, were also cast Norman Kerry, and the comedian, Lee Moran, who used to costar with Eddie Lyons on the Universal program. This was an unusual group because Bebe had been consistently playing in Lasky pictures, while Kerry had been rarely if ever absent from Universal in the past several years. In "Flowing Gold," the Richard Walton Tully picture, Alice Calhoun, who had been continuously with Vitagraph since she commenced appearing on the screen, was cast with Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills. "Welcome Stranger," which James Young directed, numbered Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes, Virginia Browne Faire and William V. Mong among others. In "Captain January," starring Baby Peggy, Irene Rich, Hobart Bosworth and Harry T. Morey assumed leading rôles, and "Revelation," with Viola Dana featured, brought together Monte Blue and Lew Cody. Helen Ferguson had the lead opposite Monte Banks in his first five-reel comedy, and Betty Compson was starred with Roy Stewart as her leading man in "Prison Born," while "The Galloping Fish" reunited once again no less than four of the old-time Keystone players, including Syd Chaplin, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda. Louise said that all they needed to make a perfect cast was the cops. Instead of that they had to get along with a seal and an alligator.

The system of featuring much the same groups of players in different pictures is closely linked with the stock company policy in vogue at the larger studios, but during the past year this has been gradually breaking down. To our minds this is a mighty good thing, for when the new associations are established it has much the same beneficial effect, one might say, as travel in a foreign country and the meeting of new people. It should result in a greater versatility for the players, thus broadening their ability in acting. Furthermore, when they go with these independent concerns they do not usually play the same sort of rôles that have been typical of their careers. Bebe Daniels, for instance, is getting into an entirely new realm in "The Taming of the Shrew," despite the fact that this has been modernized. Alice Calhoun has a part of more character than usual in "Flowing Gold." Louise Fazenda has some excellent opportunities in "The Galloping Fish." On

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Photo copyright by Mack Sennett

Harry Langdon in "Picking Peaches," the first of the new bathing-girl comedies.

Mack Sennett's

He is bringing bathing beauties wild waves off the California shore

By Helen

THE bathing beauty is with us again. New bathing suits, even more brief than before, adorn new forms.

For many moons has the Sennett seraglio been only a memory; the studio tank in which lissome forms once dived and dipped has been empty. Now the tank has been scrubbed and the surprised spiders who had been living there have scampered away at the approach of maidens fetchingly clad in wee fluffs of lace and fur. There the newcomers swim and parade and get camera-wise.

When the first crop of comedy girls bade a lachrymose farewell to their chiffon bathing suits, the sands were bare for a long while. A wave of burlesques of big productions was followed by comedies in which a male comedian was featured. But now!

"I'll say things are different," quoth Sennett, surveying his new harvest with the eyes, not of the artist, but of the practical business man who has catalogued his public's demand and is determined to meet it with supply. "We're reviving the bathing beauty, but not just as she was. It used to be sufficient for the girls to stand around and show off their beauteous curves. The t. b. m. rested his weary eyes upon them and was content. But now the public demands more of comedy than that. It demands logical plots, humorous situations, in which pulchritude is but a background."

He waxed enthusiastic over the new crop, as compared with the old.



Jack White, too, is bringing some bathing beauties to the fore in his comedies. Ruth Hiatt is the leader of them.

"As to beauty, they have the same or better qualifications," he proclaimed, "and, still more in their favor, they don't take everything in quite such a haphazard way as the girls did during the sketchy day of the film's first beach comedies. They have seen what their predecessors have done; they say they will profit by those others' mistakes. They are ambitious to go into drama, but they realize that the publicity in comedy will focus attention upon them."

The first Sennett mirthquake in which the new crop of demoiselles will blossom is titled "Picking Peaches," and has to do with a shoe clerk who tires of his homespun, prim wife and seeks soul edification at a bathing-beauty parade. He falls in love with a masked beauty—only to discover that the lady of the gracious curves is none other than his own fireside mate. Situations of humor, and of sly irony, a few thrills, and Harry Langdon in various laugh-provoking predicaments. And, to gladden the eyes of the t. b. m. wearied with the problem plays and costume fantasias of the season, a parade of beach nymphs.

Comparison of the mermaids of yesterday with the flock of bathing beauties whom the changing tides of fancy are bringing into prominence indicates many differences in the method of their presentation, and in the girls themselves.

Let's recall the girls who used to frolic about in comedies and see where they are now before we begin to speculate about the future of the new bathing beauties. There was Alice Lake, a natural, gifted comedienne who went woefully wrong in drama. There was Phyllis Haver, who did one scene in "The Christian" so powerfully that high hopes were held for her. But these subsequently dwindled and she now decorates Fox's "Temple of Venus." There was Kathryn McGuire, who is pretty and sweet in dramas, where she doesn't have to do much, but who lacks outstanding distinction. Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost made the transition from comedy to drama successfully because they were clever enough to evolve unique personalities. At first they displayed no great dramatic talent but focused attention on their individualities. Those who have failed to make their mark have in some cases been too intent upon seeking to prove their ability to act and have given too little heed

At It Again

back into screen comedy and the are getting wilder as the result.

Ogden

to the actor's complement, personality. Some of the Sennett girls of other days took their savings when the demise of bathing-girl comedies was announced and fared forth to New York to study music and dancing. Alice Maison was the only conspicuously successful one. Some of them just went home and stayed there. In fact, one can find inspiration for a mangled nursery rhyme in their careers:

This little girl went in drama,
This little girl tried to dance,
This little girl drew emotional rôles
Where she hadn't the ghost of a chance.

This little girl took up music,
This little girl stayed home,
Two of the girls won great fortune and fame,
But the other little girls got none.

Of the new crop of beauties, a much higher average will achieve outstanding success, most observers believe.

"Every girl on this lot has an ingrowing dramatic ambition," Sennett told me one day recently. "And they realize we're not picking beauties, as in the old, helter-skelter days; we're picking personalities. Beauty used to be sufficient. Now every girl must have a little part to play, something to do—a reason for her being there—not just dragged in by the legs to embroider the scene with her grace. Our new bunch is really athletic; they have to get their feet wet, and most of them do their own diving and swimming."

Of the new girls Irene Lentz seems to have some of the qualifications of a potential Gloria Swanson. She has a similar ability to set off well extreme clothes, a certain placid, malleable but detached quality, too. Beneath the outward shell of her beauty runs a firm current of ambition, for Irene's trail has been a thorny one. She cares for two little brothers, one of whom is an invalid.

Two years or more ago she won a beauty contest conducted by a Los Angeles paper but, as usual, was not wafted to immediate glory thereby; her progress has been slow. She went through the training of the extra route, the "bit" path, and now to the ranks of the mermaid chorus, where her quiet, dark-eyed beauty instantly rivets attention.

Cecile Evans—dimpled, provocative, a red-headed sprite, has won five prizes for possessing the most shapely limbs among thousands of contestants. At times Cecile, too, gives a vague, fleeting impression of the Gloria of comedy days.



Photo copyright by Mack Sennett

Elsie Farron, Margaret Cloud and Cecile Evans are three of the prettiest Sennett sprites.

Others in the galaxy have promising personalities. Ethel Teare—vivacious, all action, sprightly pantomime. Elsie Farron—girlish, naïve. Margaret Cloud and Evelyn Francisco—pretty as pictures. Lorraine Eason, a statuesque brunette, bears a resemblance in figure to Mary Thurman. The same long, well-modeled lines, the same semiclassical features, but more rounded, of softer curve. She is more self-contained, more poised, than the other novitiates, for, before she entered the films as an extra in James Young's "Wandering Daughters," this Virginia beauty had traveled almost over the whole world and has a certain distinction. The ballroom drama should be her habitat.



Alberta Vaughn, cleverest of the new bathing beauties, will be starred in the next F. B. O.-Witwer series, "The Telephone Girl."

Photo copyright by Mack Sennett

Other comedy producers agree with Mack Sennett that the bathing beauty of 1924 has to be considerably more talented than her sister of former years.

"Instead of beauty and sex appeal, mere pictorial satisfaction, we demand now personality and a certain refinement," Jack White, who is bringing forward several girls in his Mermaid and Cameo laugh reels, summed up his attitude. "The public will not stand for coarseness. The comedy girl to-day must have personality, irradiating charm, a soft, alluring

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Photo by W. F. Seely

Barbara Bedford is a quiet, well-mannered girl who wouldn't stand out in a crowd at all.

Inclining Westward

Belying her dainty looks, Barbara Bedford has ambitions to be a cowgirl.

By Myrtle Gebhart

IMAGINE a slim, quiet girl, with serene brown eyes, who looks as if she belongs between tinsel and lace on an old-fashioned valentine, but who much prefers duck shooting and who adores Bill Hart. Can you? Then you have a mental picture of Barbara Bedford. For Barbara hankers for a ranch, without modern appurtenances.

"All my life my one dream has been of the West, the great ranges described so glowingly in fiction stories, the action and oh!" white hands fluttered, brown eyes blazed, "the adventure of it! Though I was reared in Chicago, I had a taste of outdoor life, for dad always took me to summer up in northern Wisconsin, where we camped out and had grand times."

"All this," indicating the crowded Montmartre café, where we were lunching on a tantalizing array of foods, "it's all right. There's money in the movies and I need money—to realize my dream. But I get bored to death with the crowds and chasing around and everything. I'd rather shoot ducks than dance."

About us, the flower of Hollywood: a laughing throng of Thespians in make-up, chattering gayly. Louise Fazenda, unbelievably lovely, all dressed up in a blue chiffon frock and a glittering headdress for some dressed-up rôle. Charlie Chaplin, his loose sack coat disclosing a plebeian blue shirt with soft collar, conversing with a little redhead and two other men. Beautiful stars and handsome heroes—many too-honeyed words of greeting—a glittering, insouciant crowd. I knew that, beneath the surface make-believe, was some real worth; but there was much that didn't count for a thing.

"I'm saving every penny that I can toward my goal; the biggest, wildest ranch in America. It's got to be primitive, old-fashioned, the West that's so fast disappearing; no modern notions. I want a big range where I can ride and help round up my own cattle; I want half of it to be on a mountaintop, sloping down toward the desert. Now will somebody kindly tell me," the glow faded from her brown eyes and they grew quizzical, "where I'll find a ranch like that in this too-civilized West?"

You visualize a Western heroine as a strenuous, unfeminine creature of constant activity: a quick-on-the-trigger, blowsy-haired, tomboy female. Instead, in repose, one sees in Barbara a quiet-mannered, low-voiced, well-trained girl who wouldn't stand out in a crowd at all, just like hundreds of others whom you pass with scarcely more than a glance and perhaps a murmured, "Nice-looking girl. Wonder where she got that sport suit?"

"Oh, but you should see me riding and shooting!" she insisted when I doubted her asserted wild-and-wooly tendencies. "The next-to-happiest moment in

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The Talk of New York

Countess Zattiany was that in the story of "Black Oxen" and Corinne Griffith promises to cause a similar sensation when she appears in the film version of this famous story

No one could be as beautiful, as charming, as regal, and as intelligent as the fictional *Countess Zattiany,* people observed when they read "Black Oxen." But they were overlooking Corinne Griffith. Fortunately, the producers of the picture were more alert, and secured her for the rôle.







The rôle of *Mary Ogden,* later *Countess Zattiany,* offers as many opportunities for adroit characterization as three distinct parts. There is *Mary Ogden,* a belle of old New York. There is the *Countess* at the age of fifty, wearied with war relief work and the sufferings of her country, and there is the brilliant *Mary Zattiany,* her beauty rejuvenated by an operation, who returns to New York and captivates society.

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of his coat, and then opens the drawer and takes out a *mouchoir.*

Now there is absolutely nothing criminal about this procedure. It is on the surface just as innocent as if he had removed a cigarette from his case and put it in his mouth. But there is so much implied in the ease and naturalness with which *Adolphe Menjou,* never hesitating about the proper place to find it, picks up the article that not the least doubt is left in the minds of the adult members of the audience that there are more than conventionally friendly relations between the bachelor and *Miss St. Claire.*

Acting has a lot to do with carrying out such subtleties, and even make-up and dress may help in establishing an identity.

As soon as Blanche Sweet comes on the scene in her frayed, worn and half-untidy garb, with the sick-looking feather in her hat, in "Anna Christie," you have a notion, at least, of what she has gone through. It doesn't take more than one cigarette, or a few rounds of talk via the subtitles between her and *Marthy,* to convince you that she is an outcast, yet very little was eliminated from this production, as far as I can learn, even in Pennsylvania, but those scenes which actually show people drinking. That the picture was so little altered in New York was surprising to many persons, and this was due, I believe, to a recognition on the part of the censors that, in filming this picture as they did, the producers were making a sincere effort to reproduce the work of a distinguished American dramatist rather than to attract the public by sensationalism.

I was looking at some rushes not long ago from the production of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which stars Mary Pickford. It was directed by Marshal Neilan, who is something of a specialist in neat censor-proof effects. One of the bits that came on the screen disclosed a hanging, and was designed to show with what ruthlessness enemies were treated in the Elizabethan days, when there happened to be a feud between two aristocratic English houses. Convincing testimony had to be exhibited to emphasize the motive for revenge on the part of the victim's friends, so Mr. Neilan threw in a close-up of the man's feet kicking the air and gradually coming to a rest for good measure, thus getting over just a sense of gruesomeness.

Neilan's pictures are full of such things, for he has made many stories dealing with crime, and in any number of these there has been a lot of dirty work in the way of stabbings that is merely suggested. When it comes to the place where somebody is to be knifed, as say in "Fools First," you will notice that the squabble nearly always ends in a curtained anteroom or closet. The hangings shake back and forth for a while, indicating a terrific commotion inside. Then after a brief spell of quiet, the winning party comes out wiping off his knife.

Neilan practically never counters with the censors nowadays, he tells me, even some of the strictest boards. "I have lots of fun with some of them," he told me, "but I haven't had much trouble for a long time. One of the censorship boards just laughs every time one of my pictures comes along, and they say, 'Neilan? Oh, that's all O. K. Let's look at it, but it's a cinch that he'll get by." Which goes to show that sometimes the censors are much more human than is popularly supposed.

I have said something about the significance of animals as symbolic personages in connection with "Greed." I can carry this thought a little farther in mentioning that they are growing tremendously popular for such purposes. One might even begin to suspect some sinister suggestion from the Goldwyn lion, if things keep going as they are.

Cats, especially the black ones, are the most important. They do a lot beside yowl on the back fence nowadays. In "Scaramouche" one slides in through an alleyway just about the time that the *Count,* played by Lewis Stone, is returning home after an all-night party with a dancer, and there is something about the way the cat slinks around the corner that absolutely suggests the cold, gray dawn, and the miseries of an early search for breakfast, so that a title "the next morning" is rendered absolutely unnecessary.

The hyena, it seems, is also a symbol, but not for laughter. He has been used with singular effectiveness in at least one production, namely, "Human Wreckage," which deals adroitly with the *verboten* theme of narcotics, and has been one of the most successful films of the past year. In this instance, the poppy was used to suggest the idea of the drug, and a hyena wandering spectrally through the various scenes, its deleterious, poisonous power.

The crushing of a flower, generally a lily, has long been a symbol for the tragedy suffered by some young girl, and is sufficiently familiar not to need further explication. Expectation of motherhood has been expressed in various ways, but none comes to mind that is more interesting and less susceptible of misunderstanding than that which was used, I think—in Rupert Hughes' production. Here the thought was visualized by the gradual illumination of a picture hung on the wall of the heroine's room of a Madonna. This glowed until all the eyes of the audience were fastened on it, and thus was offered something more than a mere suggestion, for the effect conjured a note of beauty beside.

Symbols are even assuming importance in dramas that have nothing to do with censorship. They are used to carry out all manner of ideas, and sustain all sorts of impressions. In "The Covered Wagon," for example, the very title is a symbol. Whenever you see a covered wagon on the screen it arouses all the pioneer hopes and longings and memories. The whole story literally rests on an inanimate thing.

One of the reasons of the vogue for costume pictures, I feel, has been their comparative safety from censorship. There is such a long perspective on historical events that they do not seem in any way to touch intimately on our daily lives. For that reason the villains seem less like conventional villains, the fights less like conventional fights since they are fought with obsolete weapons, and the love-making less like the love-making of to-day, because it is seen through the curtains and scrims of romance.

There has been some real fire, too, in the love-making of such costume features as "The Fighting Blade," where the vibrancy of Richard Barthelmess was matched with the incandescent ardor of Dorothy Mackaill. All their scenes were in the most exquisite taste, but at the same time they were away above the cheap and convenient flapper manifestations of affection. Too, one must remember that final scene in "Robin Hood," with its delicate sentiment, and charm of moonlight and glittering chivalry, that, carefully analyzed, is in reality very daring.

In Norma Talmadge's "The Song of Love," which, while not laid in the past, has the far-distant locale of the Sahara, Joseph Schildkraut has developed a subtle new technique that is comprised in the gleam of his eyes, and the furtive smiles and gestures in which he engages in the presence of the heroine. In "Name the Man," Victor Seastrom's production, some episodes of white-hot passion are suggested in the most fanciful way, just as they are, I believe, in Elinor

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A Comedy Vacation

Even a yachting cruise couldn't make Al Christie forget his work.

By Edna Foley

EVERY one knows the old story about the busman's holiday and the one about the sailor who goes rowing when he is on leave from his ship, but a motion-picture producer who spends his vacation making comedies is something new. Al Christie is the man whose habit of work wouldn't be shaken off even when he went away for a rest, and the picture he made is called "A Perfect Thirty-six."

It all happened this way. Mr. Christie had invited Bobby Vernon, his comedy star, to go on a two-weeks cruise on his new yacht, and just as the provisions had all been put aboard and their plans made for a nice indolent vacation, he had an idea for a comedy.

Now good ideas are scarce even on the Christie lot, so Mr. Christie ordered the crew to drop the anchor, and he rushed to shore to telephone the studio. Within a few hours he had lights, cameras, costumes and a troupe of players on board. Then they set sail, not for a vacation, but for location work on the briny deep.

Teddy Sampson, who has played important dramatic rôles in the last two years, was glad to return to playing comedy under such pleasant auspices, and there were several of the regular Christie players in the cast.

The whole two weeks were spent in making water scenes on board the boat, and when the company went ashore they started right in making the rest of the picture. They say it's one of the best comedies they have made.

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occasion the out-and-out heroines become vamps, or villainesses; the villainesses heroines, fun makers become bad men, and bad men straight comedians, and the division between the types is consequently not so great as it once was. What is more, even the appearance of some of the players has been changed. You'd hardly recognize them in the make-up and clothes which they wear. In "Against the Rules" we could hardly recognize Leatrice Joy, for instance, because she had been so transformed by a blond wig, while Milton Sills absolutely took us off our feet when we saw his whiskers and turban that he wears in "The Sea Hawk," the Frank Lloyd production, in which he plays a sort of sheik.

Kosloff in Vaudeville.

Of all the dazzling spectacles that we have looked at in a long time the dancing presentation, built around a tempestuous and somewhat torrid Tartar theme, by Theodore Kosloff is one of the most astonishing. Mr. Kosloff offered this on the Coast just prior to Chistmas at one of the vaudeville theaters, and subsequently presented it on tour. He himself dances and does the necessary pantomiming for the portrayal of the leading rôle, but the thing that caught our eye were some of the swirling ensemble effects, in which the dancers whirled about almost at random until they actually dropped to the stage with every evidence of complete abandon.

Kosloff's skill as a dance producer has long been displayed in Famous Players-Lasky features. One of the most elaborate of his terpsichorean creations is to be noted in the scenes showing the worship of the golden calf in Cecil De Mille's "The Ten Commandments," in which several hundred dancers took part. This in a way suggests mildly some of the wild frenzy that filled certain scenes in his presentation of the Tartar legend on the stage.

Our Vital Record.

We find that we have to bring our calendar of domestic affairs up to date again by adding to the list of divorces the suits of May Allison against Robert Ellis, and Francelia Billington against Lester Cuneo. Neither of the actresses mentioned have been seen very often on the screen of late. Miss Allison has been considered for one very big part just lately, but we have promised not to tell what it is, until the deal is settled. Miss Billington is remembered from her work in "The Devil's Pass-Key," the Von Stroheim feature of some two or three seasons ago. Both Mr. Ellis and Mr. Cuneo are actors.

On the side of a new-spun romance we can chronicle the rather charming affair of Bert Woodruff, who will soon be seen in a character part in "Flowing Gold" and Mrs. Addie Sprague. They were married during the fall, after a friendship that dated from their childhood in Springfield, Illinois. Both had been married before, and both had children. Mr. Woodruff was sixty-eight years old, but the bride, as brides will, refused to divulge her age, except as a matter of record, and we have promised not to broadcast the fact any more than necessary.

Pauline and Clara.

A tremendous hubbub ensued over the presence of a large number of stars at the opening on the Coast of the play "Zander the Great," in which appeared Richard Travers, Taylor Graves and other people known in the films. The most striking thing about the occasion was the first public appearance of Pauline Frederick following her return to the West. She occupied the same box as Clara Kimball Young, and they attracted even more attention than Bebe Daniels, who was in another box, because of their presence together. Barbara La Marr, Agnes Ayres, Kathlyn Williams, Billie Dove and her husband, Irvin Willat, were others on whom interest was focused between the acts. Miss Williams was in a box, engaged by Pola Negri, who herself failed to put in an appearance.

Miss Frederick looks utterly different since her visit to New York, for she has changed the style of her hairdress. It is now shingled like a boy's and she once had glorious coal-black tresses that fell clear down to her knees.

The New "Baby Stars."

Every year for the past three, the Wampas, or press agents' organization, have given Hollywood at least one thing to debate about with more or less heat and excitement, and that is their choice of thirteen potential stars. They make the selection of the young comers as the guests of honor at their annual ball, which generally means a sort of social rush for the girls, and also a lot of publicity that their contracts, if they own such, didn't call for, but which nevertheless comes in mighty handy.

The first choice was made two years ago, and included Lois Wilson, Maryon Aye, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Louise Lorraine, Lila Lee, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Kathryn McGuire, Claire Windsor, Patsy Ruth Miller, Helen Ferguson and Pauline Starke. Last year's list included Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Devore, Virginia Brown Faire, Betty Francisco, Pauline Garon, Laura La Plante, Kathleen Key, Helen Lynch, Jobyna Ralston, Derelys Perdue, Ethel Shannon and Margaret Leahy, who, it will be remembered, had a short-lived career as the leading woman in Buster Keaton's "Three Ages," and who has since returned to England.

The girls have been variously referred to as the stars of to-morrow, and the baby stars. The former title seems to have been dropped this season, and they're called definitely baby stars, despite the fact that somebody once remarked that some of the girls on previous lists had lived long enough to be out of their rompers at least. This season, though, the Wampas seem to have indulged in a wild breakaway for the most part to the real flapper set. In fact, the older the Wampas grow the younger they seem to pick their future sparklers.

The selected ones of the present include Clara Bow, Blanche Mehaffey, Elinor Fair, Gloria Grey, Carmelita Geraghty, Margaret Morris, Julanne Johnston, Dorothy Mackaill, Hazel Keener, Marian Nixon, Lucille Ricksen, Alberta Vaughan and Ruth Hiatt, and really we can go quite a ways in commending the boys for their discrimination. We had many more objections to the group of 1923, because it looked very much as if some of the p. a.s had done their best to have their studios represented regardless of the effect on the constellation.

A number of the girls this year were picked because they had backing and were to be well exploited by the companies to which they were attached, which at least reflects a sound commercial principle behind the choice. The ability of quite a few is also well indicated in their recent work. According to our view, a tremendous lot may be expected from Dorothy Mackail, for example, because she has already shown a new sort of dignity and even a certain amount of fire in "The Fighting Blade" and one or two other pictures. She kindles very high hopes for a new emotional screen type, in fact.

Clara Bow is a bright little girl, whom everybody, including Corinne Griffith, who played the lead, is predicting will be a veritable little pinwheel of interest in "Black Oxen."

Lucille Ricksen is already making good as a wistful little character ingénue, with an old-fashioned soul,

in such pictures as "The Rendezvous," while Carmelita Geraghty is our idea of a song with castanets right in the shadow of the old Spanish Alhambra, and Julanne Johnston is going to envision Oriental grace as it should be, but generally isn't, in Doug Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad."

The rest are not so well along, with the exception of Elinor Fair, who is in no sense a newcomer, but can be remembered even from the days of Otis Skinner's "Kismet." The boys, we are told, think she has the chance to venture into the stellar precincts now, and they probably have some secret information on the subject that we don't know about. At any rate, she recently appeared in "Driven."

Blanche Mahaffey, of course, is one of the many "Follies" girls who have drifted filmward, and, for appropriate contrast, perhaps, she is soon to be seen in a homespun part in "Somewhere in Missouri." Marion Nixon is highly recommended by Fox, Ruth Hiatt by Educational, and the rest, including Gloria Grey, Margaret Morris, Alberta Vaughan, who has already received her diploma from the Sennett school of acting and gone into "telephone girl stories," and Hazel Keener, by various other organizations.

Being in a somewhat affable mood we also commend the list to your good nature.

The booby prize ought to be awarded to somebody for not also getting up a list of the Baby Men Stars. Think of all the young Brilliantinos, Bandalinos and Punkerinos that the fans could shoot at then.

The Rainy Season.

Whoops! but we nearly forgot all about mentioning the girls who have wanted to play "Rain" on the screen since the winter came on. Somehow or other, everybody likes to toy with the idea of doing this drab, vigorous and somewhat-shocking-to-the-sensibilities - of - those - who - have-sensibilities success of the New York stage. The only reason, we believe, why it has been considered at all, with the censorship regulations that now exist, is the fair way in which "Anna Christie" got by in many places, though we hear lately that the Pennsylvanians did do a good deal to make its producers wail.

Anyway, the first person who bobbed up with the notion of filming "Rain" was Mary Pickford, but that was probably only an idle thought with her, as we indicated in last month's PICTURE-PLAY. Mary has recently been talking of going abroad, and of having some writers seek out material especially for her plays. Doug, of course, will take the trip with her if—and we think maybe they will this time—they go.

To continue, Betty Compson was the next who would play in the rain —that is, in "Rain." James Cruze may direct this after he finishes making "Magnolia."

Then there is Blanche Sweet, who has the record of *Anna Christie* as a recommendation, and finally—who might you suppose?—but Louise Fazenda. Louise wants to tear herself away from comedying with the seals and the alligators for a while, and actually play a tragic emotional rôle. She's not joking either, and one of the producers believes that she can do the deeply serious stuff. He also told us that she looked astonishingly attractive in what he had seen of "The Galloping Fish," in which she doesn't, you know, play the title part.

Corinne Considers.

Corinne Griffith recently told us a frightfully imposing list of stories that she is considering for future starring pictures, and one of the best of them, if you recall the book, is Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth." We have often wondered why this vivid and unwavering impression of New York social life has not been screened, at least recently, because it could be brought up to date with at least a fair preserving of its wilting atmosphere.

There's talk of making a happy ending, if Corinne appears in the picture, but we hope they don't do this, or if they do change the ending that they make beside the happy one, a sad one, as in the instance of "Blood and Sand," "The Right of Way," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and other films that by their nature demanded a tragic conclusion.

In addition to "The House of Mirth," Miss Griffith is considering "Zira," an old stage play of Margaret Anglin's and "Sonia." She wants to do "Sonia" because it would give her the chance in a Russian rôle, and there seems to be nothing that the stars in Hollywood like better nowadays than to put on one of those

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In the Wake of the Drama

Continued from page 32

to Italy. The line-up was the pious group of worshipers who bowed their head when her name was mentioned on one side and the irreverent crowd who saw just a gray-haired little old woman playing a young girl without make-up. This is no place for me to become involved in the controversy; I may add, however, that there were certain scenes in "Ghosts" and certain tones in the Duse voice which will ring in my ears forever. Here again, however, is another thing that is barred forever from the silent drama.

Then we have had the Moscow Art Theater and John Barrymore in "Hamlet." If you ever have a chance to see those Russians you must leap at it at all costs. To me, it is as if I saw real drama for the first time; they make all other acting seem a little false, a little insignificant. "Hamlet," is a vital, moving and intensely human performance. Walter Hampden has had a thoroughly deserved success in "Cyrano," and "Queen Victoria" and "Robert E. Lee" have both been brought before the footlights as biographical drama. Neither of these has been a box-office success, though the "Victoria" play seemed to me an intensely shrewd and colorful piece of work.

There have been, moreover, no startling "discoveries" of new actors unless you would include a singularly handsome and persuasive young German called Ulrich Haupt who made a living figure of *Prince Albert* in "Queen Victoria." A little girl with lovely blond hair has made a sudden success in "Tarnish," a play by Gilbert Emery. Her name is Ann Harding and they say that the moving-picture people are so impressed by her talent that they have made her spectacular offers for the screen. These even include an offer for the play, though how it is to be adapted, I am yet to learn.

"The Changelings" with Henry Miller and Laura Hope Crews, "Spring Cleaning," with Estelle Winwood and Violet Heming, and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," with Minnie Maddern Fiske, were among the openings which caused more than a ripple on the dramatic surface. But there has been, as I have said, nothing that would send you dancing out of the theater delirious with joy. However, the season is still young and that pretty scene with the enraptured first nighter, may yet be enacted on Broadway. Next month, I will be able to review in somewhat greater detail, the plays which have opened during the first month of 1924.



Strong-man Stuff

Luciano Albertini, a physical marvel, has come from Italy to make pictures at Universal City

Photographs by Freulich

STONE walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." So sang the poet, but the full significance of his remarks was not apparent until Luciano Albertini appeared on the scene at Universal City. Stone walls were just a trifle for this wonderful athlete to jump over, and iron bars up to an inch thick are mere toys that he twists around and ties into knots. Other stunts which are as play to him include leaping from a four-story building with nothing but a little straw to break his fall, and sundering an iron chain about his chest by taking a deep breath.

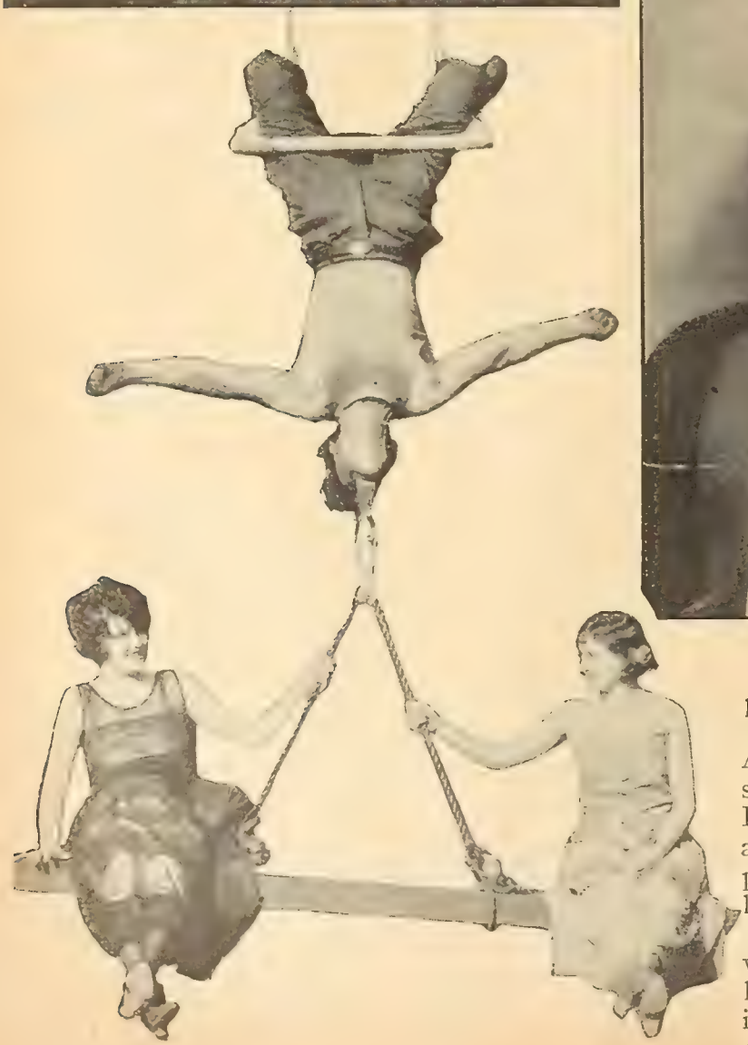


Although outpointed in actual strength by Maciste and other gigantic figures that have been seen in pictures, Albertini can perform feats impossible for them, because of his agility. Despite his enormous strength, he is lithe and quick in his movements.

For some time he has enjoyed a great reputation in Italy as a stunt man in pictures, and during the War he was in charge of all physical-culture work in the Italian Navy. Now, having cast his lot with American pictures, he is also to become an American citizen.

Unlike most athletes of such gigantic strength, Albertini is not muscle bound. He moves lightly and swiftly and can vie with fast runners on the track. He has taken part in many competitions with leading athletes here and in Italy, and while he has been outpointed in actual feats of strength, there is no other athlete who combines his agility with great power of muscle.

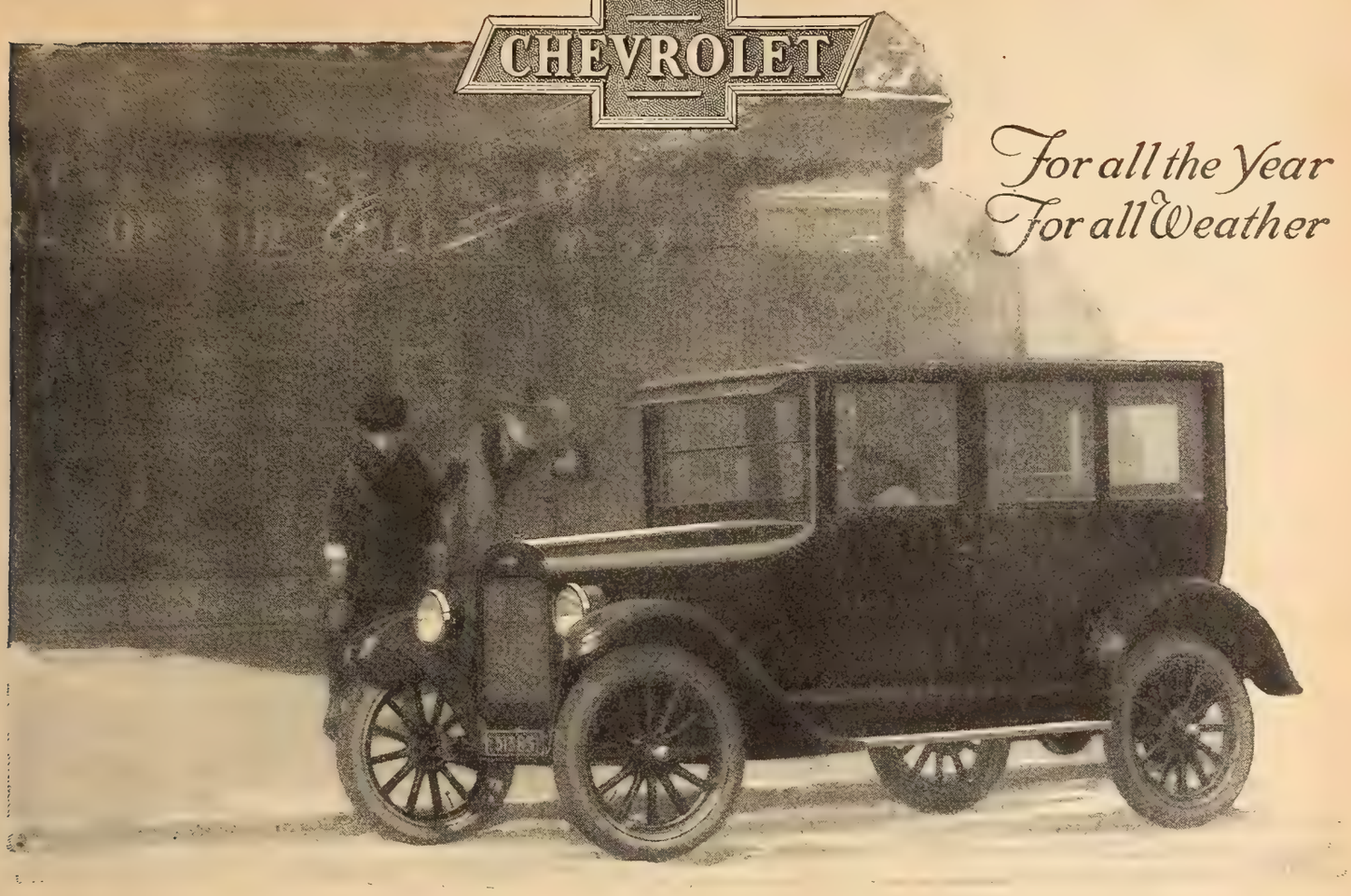
Such stunts as so-called "strong men" perform on the vaudeville stage are child's play to Albertini. At the left he is shown illustrating one of these which he characterizes as easy, but which is featured as a spectacular accomplishment on the stage.



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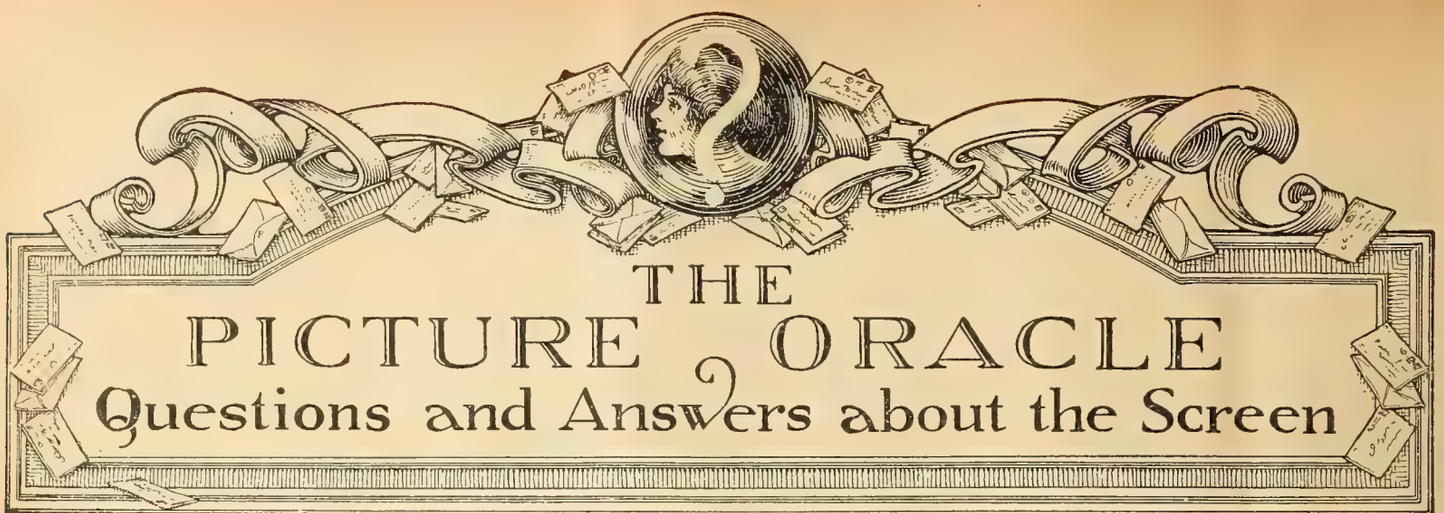
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

GARRETT.—Gareth Hughes had a rôle in "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri. I hate to crush your enthusiasm, but from all signs Gareth is anything but "more popular than ever." All sorts of magnificent predictions were made for him after "Sentimental Tommy," but you know, no matter how good an actor is, he cannot reach the height of great popular or artistic appeal without the right kind of rôles, and the right kind of direction. And Gareth seems to have been unfortunate in not having had an opportunity to do anything outstanding for so long that the discussion he created with "Sentimental Tommy" has faded somewhat from lack of nourishment. But actors of real ability have a way of staging surprising comebacks and making themselves "more popular than ever" if they get just the right opportunity. So perhaps all your hopes for your favorite will be realized some time soon.

EDNA T.—I know I always told you that Marie Prevost was single, but no one else seemed to know that she had a husband for five years, either. In fact, every one was much astonished recently when her divorce proceedings against H. C. Gerke were announced. I can give you only all possible *available* information about the players, Edna, and when they wish to keep their private affairs to themselves I can hardly demand, in the name of the we-must-know-everything fans, that they let me in on stuff that they don't desire to have broadcast. At present it looks as though Marie will marry Kenneth Harlan when both their divorces are final, but you know you never can tell in the movies. Corinne Griffith has divorced Webster Campbell, who used to direct her Vitagraph pictures.

L. PAT.—Lloyd Hughes is married, but Kenneth Harlan is divorced. His wife was Flo Hart, a stage player. I wonder if it would be safe for me to give you that list of screen bachelors you seem to want so badly. But I suppose it's just curiosity that prompts you. There aren't many, but here are some that come to my mind: Richard Dix, J. Warren Kerrigan, Eugene O'Brien, Glenn Hunter, Rod La Rocque, Robert Agnew, Ramon Novarro, Buster Collier, Raymond Griffith, George Hackathorne, Norman Kerry, George O'Hara, and Gaston Glass. Of course, there are a great many more unmarried men than that in the movies at present, but most of them have had matrimonial pasts. You will have to write to Jack Byron again for that photo, I guess, as I don't know of any other way in which you could get it. You get discouraged too easily—it takes some fans ages before they get what they want. Being a movie fan with a correspondence complex is the greatest little patience cultivator in the world—outside of being an Oracle.

KATHRYN S.—So you still think "The Sheik" is the greatest picture you ever saw? Well, that is certainly sticking to a point against strong opposition, but you have a lot of kindred souls among the fans just the same. Sorry I can't tell you the name of the first picture Rodolph Valentino will make for Ritz Pictures, but it is being guarded as closely as a State secret. The only thing that seems certain is that it is a foreign story and will most likely be filmed in Europe. So you think Rudy ought to have Priscilla Dean for a leading lady? I'd love to arrange it for you, but it always hurts me to realize how small my influence is whenever I try to use any of it.

GEORGE F.—Awfully sorry to keep you waiting so long for that cast, but perhaps it will seem almost a pleasant surprise to get it after you had given up hope—subtle Pollyanism, that. But here are the characters for "A Front Page Story:" *Rodney Marvin*, Edward Horton; *Mayor Gorham*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Virginia Hayward*, Edith Roberts; *Matt Hayward*, James Corrigan; *Don Coates*, W. E. Lawrence; *Tommy*, Buddy Messinger; *Mrs. Gorham*, Mathilde Brundage; *Suzanne Gorham*, Lila Leslie; *Jack Pedler*, Tom McGuire.

L. H.—Milton Sills still retains his followers, but since he left the Famous Players-Lasky stock company and started freelancing, he does not seem to have been featured so prominently. Perhaps that is why you have not seen so much about him in the magazines lately. However, he has been working steadily, and his latest appearances are in "Flaming Youth," with Colleen Moore, and "Flowing Gold," a Richard Walton Turry production. Mr. Sills is married to Gladys Wynne, who used to be a stage actress, but who now confines her talents to taking care of Milton and their two children. Milton Sills has gray eyes and light hair, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and is six feet tall. Yes, he is certainly a pleasant person to look at off the screen, as well as on. You should write to him personally for a photograph. It'll be perfectly all right, even though he is married, because the players themselves always take care of picture requests, not the companies.

MORNING GLORY.—So I remind you of a Miracle Man! Well, I certainly feel that I'd have to be one to perform some of the feats fans pick out for me. Maurice Flynn was married, but is divorced. He's an American, and used to be one of the star athletes at Yale. His hair is light and his eyes blue. I'm sure you're all cut up because Antonio Moreno isn't going to be *Ben-Hur*. If the fans have done any of the "begging, imploring, demanding," and so on, of which you speak to the Goldwyn Company to select Tony or any one else but George Walsh for that rôle, it hasn't helped them any, because George it is going to be. But perhaps he'll surprise everybody.

DUDLEY A. S.—You're no trouble at all, Dudley; in fact, most conservative for a movie fan. Here's the cast for "Blood and Sand;" *Juan Gallardo*, Rodolph Valentino; *Carmen*, Lila Lee; *Doña Sol*, Nita Naldi; *Don Joselito*, Charles Belcher; *Plumitas*, Walter Long; *El Nacional*, George Field; *Señora Augustias*, Rose Rosanova; *Antonio*, Leo White.

BOBBY.—Ah, I haven't had a "Bobby" in a long time. I think that *nom de plume* must be going out of fashion with the bobbed hair. No, Ethel Sands is not a screen actress. She is a fan, even as you and millions of others, who had the good fortune to be selected from all the correspondents of PICTURE-PLAY to make a tour of all the studios in the East and those in Hollywood, to meet the leading players of the screen, and to write about her experiences in the magazine. The series ran for over two years, but was finished some months ago, and Miss Sands is back in her home town again, with enough thrills and glamorous memories to last even the most extreme fan half a dozen lifetimes. Anna May Wong is Chinese. She has a picturesque rôle in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Thief of Bagdad." Barbara La Marr is twenty-four, and her present husband, Jack Dougherty, is her sixth.

ANNE.—No, Gloria Swanson is not Marie Prevost's sister, nor are they related. Quite a few fans seem to think that Marie and Gloria look like each other, though I can't say that I notice any striking resemblance. In "The Stranger's Banquet," Rockcliffe Fellows played the male rôle opposite Claire Windsor. Viola Dana, Anne Cornwall, and May McAvoy tie for honors as the tiniest grown-up actresses on the screen now, all being four feet eleven, but when Marguerite Clark capered before the camera she beat them all because she measured only four feet ten. Mary Pickford is no smaller than a number of other players, being just five feet, which is quite a popular height among the film fair. Feminine screen players run to the diminutive, you know, both in height and weight.

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Hollywood Has Another Girls' Club

Continued from page 87

circulating library, which I overlooked telling you about, which makes it virtually compulsory for all girls to read books that are planned for discussion at certain meetings, and by the time all the business and discussion are over, we find our evenings quite, quite full. We do, naturally, have parties now and then. But pleasure is secondary with us. It's business and study first. Later on we intend taking up classic dancing, perhaps languages, and music."

Our Club have been offering themselves up to the muse of dance for the past nine months and after watching several of their classes, I can frankly say there are numerous embryonic Pavlowas in their midst. As to languages, there seems to be only one necessary in the film colony, and while they all have a love and appreciation for music, Helen Ferguson assured me, their attainments chiefly comprise Victrola playing.

It's really quite interesting to observe what a center of attraction the two clubs are. Our Club is now a firm institution in the social and economic life of the community because it has stood the test of time, and great hopes are fastened upon The Regulars because of their sincere, serious intent. And whether they like the expression or not, people feel that they are running in competition to the older club and are mentally daring them to go through with their grave "platform."

In the meantime, Our Club isn't standing still. Its members refuse to recognize The Regulars as rivals, but it cannot be overlooked that they are broadening their activities since the nouveau organization came into existence. They have already broken their "closed corporation" of fifteen by adding two new members, Colleen Moore and Carmelita Geraghty, and ZaSu Pitts probably will accept their invitation to join.

Not only that, Lois Wilson and May McAvoy, two of their strongest members, during a recent stay in New York while making pictures, undertook to organize an Eastern branch of Our Club. *That's* progressing! And if you don't think they are serious about some things, listen to this. One of their members, a charming girl, was just asked to forfeit her membership because she was absent from about six meetings in succession and didn't offer excuses that fully satisfied the girls.

Two clubs in Hollywood. Well, the social life of the younger set is certainly established!



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A Letter from Location

Continued from page 84

frighten me a little even with him, big and strong as he is, beside me.

The Indians have given us all names in their own language; the one bestowed on Mrs. Brower, assistant director Otto Brower's wife, is most appropriate. They call her "the kind woman" and she well deserves the title, for she has been a ministering angel. She was a trained nurse for years and her knowledge has proven of great value here, so many miles from a physician.

Mr. Torrence plays *Naab* and James Mason and Earl Metcalfe his sons; little Barbara Brower is *Dave's* daughter and Ruth Miller his wife. Noah Beery plays *Holderness* and Richard Neill his partner in crime, *Dene*.

Mrs. Torrence visited camp for a few days. What a darling she is. She and Mr. Torrence have been married over twenty years and are so devoted that poor Mr. Torrence was woefully homesick when she had to rush away to attend to some business in Hollywood in connection with the new home they are to occupy with their young son.

I am playing *Mescal,* half Navajo, half Spanish girl, and thoroughly enjoying it.

Mother joins me in sending love to you folks. She is wild about this location trip too. My gracious, I did not know it was so late. There goes taps. Good night.

Yours,

BEBE DANIELS.

Should a Wife Tell?

Continued from page 85

Mine is not the desire to tear away the veil of illusion. These girls take on their glamour once they step before the camera. They assume their picturesque poses for professional purposes. So it is with most professional people. The most dramatic lawyer before the bar to-day, in New York, is a composite picture of the Tired Business Man as soon as he leaves the courtroom. The most magnetic spellbinder in politics at this writing presents a totally commonplace figure as he dines with his wife and daughter at the Waldorf.

There are exceptions. Some of these magnificent creatures of make believe retain a distinct manner, an innate individuality that constantly reminds you that this is Nazimova, or Lionel Barrymore, or Chaplin. Whether you meet Will Rogers at a dinner or on the golf links, the impression will be equally vivid. To talk to so unique a woman as Pearl White for half an hour is never to forget her. To spend an afternoon with Barbara La Marr convinces you that these actresses *are* charmingly different.

But the vast majority, of whom we necessarily see the most, is composed of reasonably modest, smartly attired girls and young women, who, by virtue of screen-proof features and well-proportioned figures, occupy nominally lofty positions in the celluloid strata of dramatic society, girls and young women who are sometimes proficient actresses in addition to being able to wear clothes well.

What marked Alice Terry as different was her unrestrained enthusiasm for her husband, her unqualified praise of his work, with absolutely no mention of her own minor but definite achievements creeping in. When you talk to an actress she usually assumes, quite justifiably, that you expect to hear about her from her.

Alice Terry considered herself simply as Rex Ingram's wife.

Under his competent direction she will doubtless continue to acquit herself creditably. After all, there is no valid reason for her to head her own company, play *Sappho,* or pretend to the throne of Bernhardt, and, let it be noted, no one realizes this more clearly than Alice Terry.

The Confessions of a Fan

Continued from page 26

It is a peculiar thing, but these first nighters are invariably the same at each première. I know most of them by heart. There is, for instance, that enthusiastic lady who always announces each arriving personage at the top of her voice. No doubt the personage feels flattered, but my lady is of somewhat erring vision and frequently mistakes her discoveries, loudly proclaiming that Seena Owen is Myrtle Stedman, or that Alma Rubens is Theda Bara, and so on.

She didn't mistake Pola Negri, however, when the Polish star stole the "Knighthood" opening away from Marion Davies. "Isn't she *ex-*

quisite!" my lady exclaims. "Oh, lovely!" affirms her companion. And though I am somewhat dazzled by la Negri's placque of diamonds I, too, agree vociferously.

I think that my most colossal piece of nerve was the time that I slipped back stage at one of the Actors' Equity benefits at the Metropolitan. Of course I had no business there, and I was admittedly in the way, but the lure of forbidden things had proved too strong, as usual. It was an evening of surprises. I was rather startled to see that Marion Davies had freckles. Also that Norma Talmadge isn't half so eye-filling off screen. But perhaps the biggest surprise was that of finding Jane Cowl extremely beautiful. She was undoubtedly the loveliest thing there; or at least so the back-stage crowd voted her. By the way, Miss Cowl spoke to me! Ah, that divine voice! What did she say? To be painfully frank it was: "Would you mind getting out of my way?" Nor could I blame her, for among the back-stage confusion it was rather hard going, especially as she wore the exaggerated hoop skirt of "Smilin' Through" fame.

At the two Equity benefits I have attended there has been practically the same crowd at the stage door—old actors, mostly, who seem to have the widest acquaintance. It brought something suspiciously like a lump to my throat to hear one of them bewailing his hard luck to Florence Moore, whom he had cornered. "It reminds me of the old days," he said. Those glorious yesterdays! Where would the old actor be without them?

There are always a number of curious children—I suppose I am one myself—who throng around the stage door on such occasions. There is one little girl in particular whom I always see. She is rather a fresh little girl; if she cannot quite place an actor she doesn't hesitate to ask, "Who are you?" One famous actor at the last Equity benefit who seemed to be in exceedingly good spirits informed her that he was "blessed if he knew!"

Of course we inquisitive fans often get snubbed, by unsympathetic policemen and the like—and deserve to. But after all, it's worth the knocks. As one of my feminine contemporaries would remark, "It gives you a heavenly thrill!" And deny it if you will, there is a great deal of romance and glamour about the motion pictures—in fact without these the cinema would be a sad thing indeed—and being a fan is a harmless enough malady.

What matter if it is incurable?





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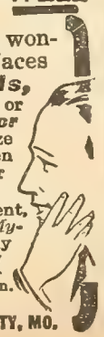
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Mack Sennett's At It Again

Continued from page 93

femininity; she must appear to be gently bred, worthy of respect."

White is featuring, along with his men comedians, Ruth Hiatt, a demure blonde; Virginia Vance, a recruit of less than two years' experience but whose aptitude and earnestness show promise; Hortense O'Brien, a Southern miss who first played extra in "Maytime" and then a bit in "Black Oxen;" and Olive Borden, a peppy brunette, seventeen years old, who came from a Baltimore convent a year ago to start in pictures as an extra. Of these, Olive strikes me as possessing most apparently those qualities of which White spoke, plus a vibrant personality.

Hal Roach is enthusiastic over the possibilities of Blanche Mehaffey, lately of the "Follies," whom he is featuring in a comedy-drama, Laura Rossing, Beth Darlington and dainty little golden-haired Ena Gregory. Of the Christie fold, Duane Thompson, a vivacious brunette, all personality, stands out as worthy of watching.

The old group faced the rather chaotic conditions of the movie growth. Talents ascended overnight; the impossible was achieved with seeming ease. But now conditions have attained a certain stability and lines of progress are firmly grooved. The new girls' eyes are upon the future; they intend to profit by their predecessors' mistakes. And, because of this very practical attitude, because of their personalities as well as their pulchritude, it seems to me that the 1924 renaissance of the bathing beauty promises well for the advance of many of these new mermaids into more pretentious work later, when their novitiate training has been completed beside the ocean's undulating waves.

The Studio Lorelei

Continued from page 74

than feats of characterization. When she goes about the job of acting, and determines to register something or other, her eyebrows become acrobatic in their eloquence, her mouth seems to rebel, her hands affect artificial gestures, and the spectator profits little. To use La Marr to the best advantage is to cast her in a part that fits her. After all, there are many such. In repose she is irreproachable and irresistable.

That she is a puissant personality is evinced by the number of anecdotes one hears in which she is the pivotal figure. Uninteresting or commonplace people are never the topics of conversation.

Returning from abroad, some time ago, she is reported to have had a temperamental clash with Ouida Bergere, the scenario writer. There were words, and frowns, and a gradual stiffening of Miss Bergere's manner. Her aloofness grew icier and icier.

The La Marr ire rose higher and higher. Finally, after listening to a group of particularly high-flown phrases, Barbara exploded:

"Be yourself, Ida Berger, be yourself!"

When Pola Negri was introduced to La Marr it is reported that the imported stella turned a glassy eye upon her visitor and languidly called Sharlie.

Nita Naldi, too, is said to have been unimpressed. During the making of "Blood and Sand," Miss La Marr was tactlessly introduced to the volcanic siren as "the girl we tried to get to do *Dona Sol.*"

"Humph!" said Nita.

But you should have seen the gentlemen overrun the La Marr reception suite that afternoon. In addition to the more important ones already chronicled, there were property men, casting directors, still photographers, and one of the "grips," who wanted to know how she thought the game that day was going to turn out. Hers is a natural, unaffected hail-fellow spirit attempted by many but achieved by few. The atmosphere of her "star" quarters had the same spontaneous camaraderie that marks the dressing room of a college football team. First names were the rule, informality the expected thing, and gayety predominant.

She has trouped since she was seven years old. At seventeen she found herself dancing in vaudeville. She had been dancing for ten years. She was tired of dancing. So she went to Hollywood and, without great difficulty, found a position in the Fox scenario department. It was not long before she was being offered picture contracts, and not very long before she decided to accept them.

And now, among the half-dozen most colorful personalities of the perpendicular platform, stands Barbara La Marr. Personality, let it be clearly understood, has nothing whatever to do with acting. . . . Personality is another name for magnetism.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

rector does to a story can surprise me any more. I wouldn't even blink an eyelash if I heard that 'Icebound' was to be filmed in Spain and 'Merton of the Movies' in Africa. And speaking of *Merton,* of course, you have heard that Glenn Hunter is at last to make it for Paramount. That means that he is leaving the stage production. And who do you suppose may play it on the stage now?"

She didn't wait for me to guess Charlie Ray but went right on.

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He isn't going to make any more pictures for Famous Players. Not that he wasn't awfully good, but his manager wouldn't sign a new contract unless Doug, Jr., got half of all the proceeds of his pictures. And you know, no actor—not even Valentino—can hold his company up that way.

"Glenn Hunter's secretary, a boy named William Murray, got a job in pictures the other day and he filmed so well that he is going to work in pictures all the time, or as often as he can get a job, at least.

"And a lot of dancers are coming into pictures. Irene Castle is coming back to the screen in the spring as soon as she comes home from her latest honeymoon. Florence Walton and Leon Leitrim, her husband, are going into pictures as soon as she finishes a country-wide vaudeville tour, and Lenore Hughes, Maurice's dancing partner, is already in pictures. They say up at the studio that she films wonderfully. It seems funny to me that no one ever thought of her as a screen player before. You can hardly walk up Fifth Avenue without seeing her pictures in a dozen photographers' windows."

"But you haven't told me what she is playing in," I protested.

"Oh," said Fanny breezily, "In 'Blood and Gold,' of course."

"Well, it looks to me as though every one would be in that picture."

"Not quite every one," Fanny insisted. "But the director was really most broad-minded. He let a lot of society people appear in it. He was going to make scenes in the Commodore ballroom after the regular dance of the Saturday Night Supper Club, and when the members learned of it they asked if they might stay and be in the picture."

"That's one society scene that the critics can't say looks like a crowd of starved extras."

"They shouldn't," Fanny admitted, gathering up her things with great dignity, "but they probably will."

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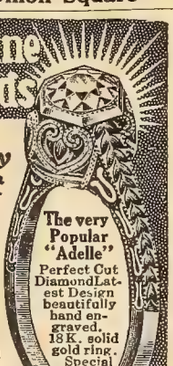
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Making An Audience Edit a Film

Continued from page 43

the heavy played by Arthur Ludwig and another character played by Nat Pendleton, once amateur wrestling champion of the world. Mr. Bennett knew that he could depend on Pendleton to put up a good fight and that is something every audience likes. Every one was intent during the fight scenes, boys were calling "Hit him again!" and up in the loge seats several women shrieked when it seemed that the heavy was about to be thrown over the precipice.

At the crucial moment, Henry Hull in the rôle of the schoolmaster, "a man of peace," stepped forward and persuaded the winner not to plunge the other man to death. At once he lost the sympathy of the audience and shouts of "Oh, you bum!" were heard. Even the part of the audience that wasn't noisy about it disapproved.

Now that scene was an integral part of the plot and couldn't be removed. But what could be done was to cut out other scenes that showed the hero to be perhaps too peaceful. Later on he became a real fighting man, but it would not have done to let the audience lose sympathy with him earlier in the picture.

When the audience was filing out we asked several persons what they thought of the picture. They said, "Simply fine."

Why didn't they tell what they disliked about it? you might ask.

Because they had forgotten.

Curiously enough, people forget their momentary dislike of certain scenes in their enjoyment of a whole picture. That is why it is important for a producer to have people watching and listening to folks in an audience *while they are watching the picture run.* The same persons seeing the picture in its finished form, would like it better than they had at first, though I doubt if any of them could tell exactly why.

Once I attended a "test" run, as these showings are called, with the star of a picture. During a sorrowful close-up of hers the man next to her said to his girl, "Aw, she ain't got any spirit. She's mealy-mouthed."

Now I didn't think so nor did her director, but our verdict was overruled. She had the scene retaken. And her one regret was that she couldn't show the scene over again to that same man to see if his opinion of her performance would change.

Entrechats of Irony

Continued from page 24

The first press agent again.

"Chaplin's 'Woman of Paris.' It defies the conventions. Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"Never mind," I told him, as the third press agent cleared his throat for action. "I understand."

"I only wished to say that here at Goldwyn's they give me a free hand."

All three press agents beamed.

"They expect me to be both director and author. Formerly I never changed a line of the script, once I got it. But here it is part of a director's duty to alter the whole business. I wish that more of the big American writers would write directly for the screen. But they prefer writing the story first and selling the picture rights later. Well, it's the more profitable method."

Seastrom stopped as if surprised at his unaccustomed loquacity. He resumed again, more slowly.

"I like the simple story—divorced from crowds. But—that is not the custom."

He spread his hands in the first gesture he had used while we were talking. The press agents had begun to squirm again.

"The public, Mr. Seastrom—the public, we know, insists on a little high life in the pictures."

Seastrom looked through the press agent.

"The public has been spoiled if it does," he said.

His eyes narrowed and then expanded as he smiled.

"There remains the pleasure of little touches for self-satisfaction—the satisfaction of the man who makes the picture."

"Do you think that things will ever be different?" I asked. "Do you think there is hope of a public that will enjoy what the artist will enjoy making? Of producers who will serve this public with artistic pictures?"

Seastrom was standing up, smiling.

"In Sweden," he said, "we have a motto: Artist, do your work, but do not speak. I have talked too much. Good-by."

In his ice-blue eyes devils of thought were dancing. They flickered up and down, performing entrechats of irony as he held out his hand.

From Mobs to Miniatures

Continued from page 27

those ordered in advance by the scenario writer. They are logical, they are genuine. That quality of wizardry with which Lubitsch invests his screen, makes you believe that Marie Prevost is exactly the sort of sensuous feline who would captivate Monte Blue and draw him from the side of Florence Vidor; and the same values apply to the attraction felt by Florence Vidor for Creighton Hale. It is quite extraordinary, this submergence of the actor into the character. It is hypnotic.

The direction, the simple, natural staging and, most of all, the brilliant acting make the picture the best thing of its kind I have ever seen. It is a comedy of innuendo, of suggestion, with more lightning flashes of intelligence, and bits of inspiration and turns of interest that cause one to exclaim at the sheer cleverness of Lubitsch. Yet I cannot sense that "The Marriage Circle" is staple fare any more than, let us say, the plays of Eugene O'Neill will draw as many people from the suburbs as those written by Winchell Smith and purveyed by John Golden. Lubitsch's picture is caviar—I hope not to the general.

But it is a special sort of effort and will make its strongest appeal to the special audience. A lady in the small gathering I attended declared in a voice that slightly quavered that she couldn't see anything to it. I fear the lady is not without sisters.

Lubitsch himself, since he has been in this country, has heard enough of the box-office angle to know that producers for the most part are alive to its exactions, but he declares, perhaps a bit naïvely, that a picture can be artistic and commercially successful too. At least if the screen is to advance there must be some one with vision enough to produce pictures that need not clean up a million dollars in order to make doing them a joy.

Some one told me that Lubitsch considered Marie Prevost the most interesting actress he had encountered here. I asked him about it and, as might have been expected, he was diplomatic. He withheld superlatives but voiced an opinion from which praise was not lacking.

"She is very, very fine," he said. "I admire her because she can play a bad girl lightly, humorously."

That might have seemed nothing less than derogatory a few years ago when the highest art to be found in screen heroines consisted of being too good for this earth. It is precisely this quality that Lubitsch wants to



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get away from. It is what Alfred Lunt told me he wanted to avoid in choosing his rôles. And, in effect, George Hackathorne said the same. The thoughtful director and actor wants to create human character with its admixture of nobility and baseness, not paper dolls cut separately from the patterns of virtue and vice and labeled heroes and villains.

And it is Lubitsch's belief that acting on the screen, as in real life, should be light for the reason that people, even when moved by profound emotions, do not drag themselves heavily over the scene, emoting like hard-working actors of the old Fox school. It is all part of his credo of repression, of reticence, to which the screen is inclining and will inevitably reach.

An actor himself, Lubitsch demands nothing of players that he was not schooled at one time to give. He was trained in the severest school of the German repertory system and became, in time, a film comedian in one-reel pictures, directing as well as acting them. His first dramatic picture was Pola Negri's "Carmen," renamed in this country "Gypsy Blood," and the picture nearest his heart is, I gather, "The Loves of Pharaoh," because it was mostly cruelly butchered before we saw it.

His description of the original is a glowing narrative and leads one to suppose that after all we have not seen in this country his finest work done abroad.

But Lubitsch is staying on, and with "The Marriage Circle" a gold star of merit, he cannot fail to win a dozen brighter ones.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 72

couldn't act, so they had to take me, being the only thing at hand that would do. When they told me the salary was one hundred dollars a week I nearly passed out, but managed to act almost natural until I got out of the office."

The past five years have been full ones. Several pictures with Alice Joyce. Some with May McAvoy. Small rôles in films for Fox, Selznick, the Talmadges. And now his Paramount contract and the grooming and training for big parts. He has recently completed a rôle in William de Mille's "Don't Call It Love," adapted from "Rita Coventry," and just now is loaned to Ince for a crook film with Lila Lee and Jim Kirkwood.

While earnestly trying his best to acquit himself well, he is consumed with no theoretical notions, other than the usual likes and dislikes of an ordinary boy, has no "line" to hand out. He has no kick against that portion of the world in which his destiny at the moment is cast, but is quite content to play the juveniles for which he is best suited. If as time goes on he proves himself capable of bigger things, well and good. If not——

"I can earn my living lots of ways, if I have to or want to," he says, with a contagious grin. "I don't *have* to be an actor. But I *like* to. If the folks ever say, 'Thumbs down on you, you poor prune, you can't act,' I could —go back to the glue factory!"

But he won't have to, for there's a naïve, wholesome charm about this youngster which augurs well for his future. He has been singularly successful in escaping the awkward period of the actor, the self-consciousness that usually intersperses ineffectual immaturity and the final achievement of poise and ease of manner. The boy you see on the screen in his films isn't any imaginary creature trying to impress you with make-believe action; he is—Bobby Agnew, being himself and having a peach of a time. And therein is the secret of his growing popularity.

Thanks to Mr. De Mille

Continued from page 49

villain. The dividing line between the totally good, the totally funny or the totally bad had not then been erased.

But now things seem to be different. And so Rod, who is neither a typical leading man, nor a comedy cut-up, nor yet again a deep-dyed villain, has at last his opportunity.

The New York critics, by this time, will have rendered their verdicts on his performance. But of greater importance to him is how the public will regard him in this picture. The public isn't accustomed to liking and sympathizing with the man on the screen who crashes through every law of life and God. It may bewilder them a little to find themselves laughing with Rod as he makes fun of religious matters. Heretofore at such moments the public has pursed up its collective lips and rejoiced at the sorry ending of such a bad young man. But Rod's *Dan McTavish* will make that difficult.

For Adults Only

Continued from page 96

Glyn's "Three Weeks." In the case of the Glyn stuff, as say "Six Days," unfortunately, there is always a chance for laughter and vulgarity, because of the author's name being associated in the conventional mind with the prurient type of literature.

It is hardly necessary to say more than that pictures and scenes, such as I have described, do not by their nature appeal to what is popularly termed the child mind. You won't find them so often in the program variety of films. They are not expected to meet with the approval of everybody, or even to be understood by everybody. Their interest is in a large degree for the more sophisticated filmgoer who is now coming into being, and they are to a degree, perhaps, building up a more intellectual public for the screen, for they are a strong contrast to the producers' stock contention that the movies are entertainment for everybody. At the same time, they do not in any sense overstep the bounds of propriety, and rarely if ever descend to a tawdry and reprehensible suggestiveness.

Even in the pictures of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, most of which are regarded as absolutely safe for innocents, is this apparent, although little has been taken away from their complete wholesomeness the while. I think some slight evidences of more sinister drama will be found in "The Thief of Bagdad," where the licentious character of the villainish Chinese prince is exemplified. This is shown not only in his actions, hideous and repellent as these sometimes are in their feeling, but also in the length and sharpness of his finger nails and the cruel slant of his eyes. Were such a personage transferred into the present he would possibly be offensive to the last extreme, but in his fantastic surroundings he merely slides into a safe niche as just part of the generally dazzling scheme.

Doug and Mary have also enhanced the intellectual appeal of their features through their choice of historical and legendary subjects, and the glorious beauty and glamour of their sets. This, however, is another story, although it too reflects the tendencies toward a "for adults only" drama.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 99

big-beaded, glistening, towering, headdresses that are part of certain Slavic costumes.

Charlie's Choice.

Edna Purviance was finally selected as the lead in Charlie's new comedy, which, judging from the reports, will be some sort of burlesque on the stories of the great Northwest.

Some of the announcements regarding the comedy were facetiously printed verbatim in one of the daily newspapers, and greatly amused Hollywood, because of the quaint wording of the comedian's plans.

Somebody said that it sounded very much as if Charlie were proposing to go Warner Brothers one better and produce another "Gold Diggers," and that Charlie himself was some sort of hothouse plant, being moved out into the great open spaces. The announcement said:

"The pick and shovel of the gold seeker, together with all the other implements of manly toil, will replace, for the time, the dandy cane and elegant ease of Charlie's usual environment, and in the invigorating clime of the frozen northland, there is no doubt that he will display the stamina and energy requisite for existence in the vast and silent outdoors."

Regarding Edna Purviance, it mentioned: "The experience gained by Edna Purviance during her filming of the title part of 'A Woman of Paris' will be utilized by Mr. Chaplin himself, and he has decided that she, and no other, will play the part of the gracious lady of the snows—whom he is bound to encounter in his picture adventure."

Which is very coy, certainly!

The Trials of An Actor's Wife.

Tully Marshall is married to Marion Fairfax, the scenario writer, and theirs is a genial companionship. The only time that there is a flaw in the perfect content of their household is when Marshall has to raise a crop of whiskers as he had to do for "The Stranger." His wife likes to have him look his best on all occasions.

One day recently an old friend of his came up and said, "Why, by Jove, Marshall, I didn't know you."

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 60

that might suffer by comparison at a brisker season of the year. Therefore I am grateful to Mr. Carl Laemmle of Universal for presenting two excellent pictures to brace up the slack season. For all-around satisfaction "A Lady of Quality" and "The Acquittal" come off with high honors.

In "A Lady of Quality," Hobart Henley has achieved the difficult task of making an eighteenth-century comedy seem entirely natural and spontaneous. He has taken the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett and produced it with so much charm that the fact that it is a costume picture need not frighten you at all. For one thing, Mr. Henley did not allow himself to be bewildered by settings. The settings aren't at all gorgeous and, compared with its more-expensive sisters, "A Lady of Quality" is decidedly unpretentious. But deftly presented melodrama and gay comedy do more to make it pleasant entertainment than tons and tons of the best settings that could be assembled. Virginia Valli, who is wise enough to make herself so scarce that we never see quite enough of her, plays the rôle of the madcap *Clorinda* and is thoroughly delightful.

"The Acquittal" is based on the play by Rita Weiman and contains at least one excellent melodramatic situation. By some strange accident, the plot reached the screen almost without a change. After seeing some of the hash made of good stories and plays, I half expected to see "The Acquittal" done in film form with the "catch" incident left out. Perhaps I was unusually partial to "The Acquittal" because the cast contains Claire Windsor and Norman Kerry, both of whom are favorites of mine.

Caught on the Fly.

My sincerest hope for the New Year is that the movies will turn out more comedies. For instance, I would have been glad to trade "The Day of Faith," "In the Palace of the King," and "The Shepherd King" for one old-fashioned custard pie comedy. Too much scenery and too much straining for subtle dramatic effects which fail to come off properly has nearly taken the joy out of the movies.

And so I feel that I ought to encourage Sydney Chaplin and Owen Moore in their farce, "Her Temporary Husband." It's a good picture for the tired business man and the tired business woman. It ain't long on art and sometimes it gets a little crude, still it makes you laugh and your neighbors won't annoy you by snoring.

Emory Johnson's picture, "The Mailman," was presented just in time to keep a lot of persons from sending unnecessary Christmas cards. It proves that the poor postman is an heroic person and a wonderful family man. Call it hokum, if you like, but don't laugh it to scorn. Such pictures are the corned beef and cabbage of the screen. Ralph Lewis, a friend from the old Triangle days, has the leading rôle.

"Maytime," in its film version, still carries with it the traces of its origin, a highly popular and rather sentimental musical comedy. You keep waiting for the orchestra to strike up and for Ethel Shannon to burst into song. In fact, the picture actually has a beauty chorus. But you might do worse; you might waste an evening on "The Call of the Canyon," which is another one of those pictures boosting what Will Rogers calls "the great mortgaged spaces." The picture is supposed to convince you that Arizona is a better place to live than the wicked cities of the East, but I came out perfectly willing to listen to the call of the subway. Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw are in it.

I think that "Boy of Mine" will get along without extended praise from me. Only a terrible crab could withstand the appeal of Ben Alexander in a Booth Tarkington story. Assisted by Irene Rich and Henry Walthall, young Ben romps away with a real hit.

"The Man from Brodney's" is scrambled melodrama with such players as J. Warren Kerrigan, Alice Calhoun, Wanda Hawley and Miss Dupont trying to act as though they believed it. The audience on Broadway was extremely impolite to the picture but it may find a more sympathetic reception elsewhere.

"Lucretia Lombard" may come to you under its original title or it may come to you heralded as "Flaming Passion." Theater managers have been given a choice of titles by the Warner Brothers. The joke will be on the audiences who are attracted by the title of "Flaming Passion." Don't let them kid you; there is no hot stuff in it.

A short picture called "Among the Missing," deserves your interest. I hope it comes your way. Also Mae Murray has made another one called "Fashion Row," so don't say I didn't tell you.

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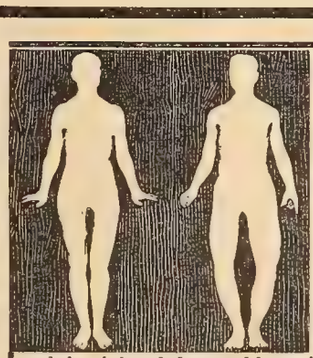
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Inclining Westward

Continued from page 94

my life was when I signed to play Hoot Gibson's leading lady in real, rip-roaring Westerns. My *very* happiest," an intensified tone indicated the difference in the importance of the events, "was when I at last got into a Bill Hart picture. He has been my idol from the time I was a movie-struck school kid.

"Three years ago, when the family fortunes went away and neglected to come back, I came out here, as movie mad as the average girl, determined to work in a Bill Hart film. It was seven months after I registered at his studio—though I played extra with other companies—before I was called. Talk about a thrill! He was so kind to me, helping me and teaching me things, and finally gave me a small rôle. In all, I did extra work nine months. Incidentally, Lambert Hillyer, who directed that Bill Hart film which realized my first ambition, also handled the megaphone on 'The Spoilers.'"

In the refilming of this adventurous tale, Barbara made her rôle of *Helen*, a small, lackluster part in the original version, stand out.

"Aside from my Western inclinations—I know I won't realize them in my work, because the West of the screen is a farcical West—the ideal I am working toward is Norma Talmadge," Barbara continued, choosing plebeian string beans from among the many dishes the obsequious waiter implored us to accept. "I wouldn't want to be called 'the second Norma Talmadge,' even if I were worthy of such a title. What I ever amount to, I want that to be *me*, different from everybody else, not an imitator. But Norma seems to me the best actress on the screen, because she's giving us something real instead of a lot of glamorous illusion.

"There are a lot of things I don't like about all this," again a white hand gestured vaguely, "but principally the show of it all. Perhaps I shouldn't criticize the means of my own livelihood. The work is all right, but outside of that real worth doesn't count for much here—pretense often masquerades as the genuine thing and gets away with it. Now, on my ranch——"

Forty-two minutes later, she was still going strong on that dream. Every cent saved from her family responsibilities is going toward its eventual fulfillment. Proving her common sense, she recently turned in her luxurious motor on a Beverly Hills lot, lacking the required sum for its purchase owing to other investments.

"I'm going to get a cheap little car to run around in. I want to buy and sell real estate, to make more dollars to add to my ranch fund.

"You wait!" was Barbara's parting admonition, in a tone of firm conviction. "You'll see me yet, astride a wild mustang, riding my vast range, or else, with Buddy, sitting on the fence, arguing with my cowboys. I think the greatest tragedy of this country's progress is the way civilization has encroached upon and gradually obliterated the picturesque West. But I'm going to bring it back again, at least upon my own acres. Dreams are given us so that we may work and fulfill them, you know."

So perhaps we may yet see this calm, quiet-voiced young lady bossing a bunch of cow-punchers—and restoring the rugged West of Bret Harte's stories and Bill Hart's films. After all, maybe she'd fit into it better than here in this show-case world of pretense; for, though she isn't a bit wild and woolly, there's something decidedly *real* about Barbara Bedford.

There will always be a place for her on the screen, I think, for character and perseverance are responsible for her success, not luck.

That Little Feeling

By CHARLES GRISWOLD, JR.

There's just a little feeling
That is creeping 'round my heart,
Quite different than I've ever had before—
So I went to a physician
And asked him earnestly
If there was something serious in store!

"We'll try and find the trouble,
Just open up your coat!"
Then he gravely listened with his stethescope.
His grim expression scared me
So I looked at him and asked
If he thought there really wasn't any hope.

"When was it," asked the doctor,
"That you had this feeling first?"
I thought a moment, searching for the truth—
"While sitting at a movie show
And watching, quite content,
A picture with the title 'Flaming Youth.'"

"Well, now I know the trouble!
I've seen that film myself!—
It's queer I didn't think of this before—
You'll find my diagnosis right!
Your bill? Ten dollars, please!
You've simply got a case on Colleen More!"

Is He the Screen's Worst Actor?

Continued from page 21

Valentino asserts that he owes everything to her. She is June Mathis, Goldwyn's scenario editor in chief, a woman of rare genius in discerning talent in any form.

"He's got what we want for *Ben-Hur,*" she told me, referring to Walsh. "I have hundreds of test pictures of practically every available man in the film colony and not one, except this strange Walsh person, looks like a Roman gladiator of the Olympic games, is physically strong enough to drive a chariot, can swim and do all the other feats expected of a *Ben-Hur,* and yet has a face that from the nose up looks as though it belonged to a religious zealot, and from the lips down like that of a man who could love and hate intensely.

"I don't know whether he can act. I don't care. But I do know that he has *everything* we have been searching, searching for and that it only needs to be brought out."

You personally may scorn the idea of his playing *Ben-Hur.* Perhaps you feel that Valentino or Jim Kirkwood or Lloyd Hughes or Richard Dix would suit better. The manner in which productions are to-day made should be taken into consideration, however, while one is prospecting upon who will play coveted leading rôles. Sometimes the players whom you feel are surely going to ruin a picture are the very ones whose performances stand out most prominently. Types are now found for rôles, instead of rôles for personalities. In other words, the actor or actress who is your pet aversion may be type perfect for the rôle that in the old days of casting was given to the handsome male star, or beautiful ingénue, and padded or torn down to fit his or her personality.

I recall how outrageous I thought it was that Jack Kerrigan should be cast in "The Covered Wagon." But reports from all over the country agree on the excellence of Kerrigan's individual performance.

Much the same skepticism was felt about the casting of Wallace Beery as *Richard the Lion-hearted* and Sam de Grasse as *Prince John* in "Robin Hood," and Ernest Torrence in a comedy rôle in "The Covered Wagon." What was the result? Their performances take rank with the very finest of the past year, and I think will not be forgotten for many another year. So you really never can tell. George Walsh may yet prove that he's one of the big actors and personalities of the screen.



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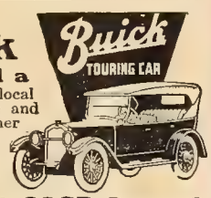


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Mr. Warren: Lingayen, Pangasinan.
Pardon me for not writing you immediately when I received your treatment and your letters. I am glad to inform you that your treatment has caused practically all the pimples on my face to vanish. I will tell my friends about this great improvement and get them to order from you.
Yours. JOSE S. ESPINO.

Removes Pimples In 8 Days

Dear Friend: Colorado, Texas.
I can't thank you enough for Clear-Plex. I have used it eight days and all of my pimples and blackheads are all gone nearly, and my face is smooth and soft. ALMA CORSTENSEN.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

But let us show the world that our admiration for Rodolph is deeper than that. Stick to him, fans, and I am sure that when he returns to the screen he will reward us for our faithfulness with finer characterizations than he has already given us. MRS. FRANK W. PARKER.
North Lea, Lightcliffe, Nr. Halifax, Yorkshire, England.

What a Contrast!

I was just reading an article—an interview with Mary Pickford, which has given me courage to say what has long troubled me. Miss Pickford is quoted as having said: "I personally resent being forced to sit through long vaudeville entertainments when I've paid to see a picture."

In that sentence she has echoed the opinion of hundreds and thousands of fans, and she also adds that "if she were an exhibitor she would have a song at the opening. No long overture to tire the orchestra—but fine musical accompaniments *during the picture*. As it is, some of the orchestras walk out in the middle of the picture and leave you at the mercy of an old organ."

How many times we have all noticed this.

We hate this cheap vaudeville they force us to sit through, and it is up to us to refuse to see it. The money they pay for these acts can be used to better advantage.

A picture which I enjoyed immensely, and which carried Mary's idea, was "If Winter Comes," which played here some time ago, and the exhibitor, whoever he was, receives my thanks. At the opening of the picture he had a short overture—and as the picture was being run a man and a woman sang variations. What impressed me most was the scene where the soldier's mother was dying—this young woman stood backstage and sang a hymn—oh, so sweet and sad. It was so beautiful that even my friend, who boasted of "having no heart," cried.

Last week I saw it at another house, and it was terrible. When the soldier's mother was passing away the girl at the piano played "Indiana Moon." What a contrast! CLAIRE MASON.
258 Shawmut Avenue, Suite 2, Boston, Mass.

The Movies in St. Vincent.

It is rather difficult to make a Western cow-puncher, with broad-brimmed hat and six-shooter, speak Portuguese while drinking Scotch whisky from an American frontier bar, but this has been accomplished, and the pictures shown amid the greatest enthusiasm at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, off the west coast of Africa.

To the people of St. Vincent the exhibition of a motion picture provides the occasion for a gala celebration, bringing out the natives in all their finery and crazy-quilt clothes. Yellow, brown, and coal black, they all flock to see the fascinating spectacle of "people moving on a sheet."

To an outsider, the enthusiasm shown by the natives over the silent drama actors is one of the most interesting sights on the island. St. Vincent is but a small coaling port and inhabited chiefly by West African negroes. Every six weeks a mail steamer arrives from England and included in the mail and cargo discharged are antiquated films, which are shown twice a week until the next steamer brings in a fresh supply.

The islands are owned by Portugal and the language used is a mixture of Portuguese and native tongue. All of the films are of American make with titles and subtitles in Portuguese.

Having been marooned in the island because of a fire aboard the American steamship *Eastern Glade* and in search of entertainment, I chanced to learn of the exhibition of an American movie. The theater, which was a semiopen air, flimsy structure, bore the attractive name of Eden Park. I was unable to find any connection between the park and the name as the islands are as void of any vegetation as the garden of Eden was luxurious.

The admission price for the most choice seats was only two and one half *escudos*, pronounced "skooters," Cape Verde currency. This is less than ten cents in American money. The seats were rough, wooden affairs, very uncomfortable, and stiff. Along both sides of the theater were crude forms of boxes occupied by the élite of the island. A small gasoline generator supplied the electricity for the projector and at times the pictures would almost fade from the screen.

It seemed as if most of the population of the island had gathered for the occasion. Young men were there in white trousers, carrying canes, but barefooted. The girls were all attired in their finest collections of clothes. I noticed one young girl, of a light yellow tint, sweep into the theater with all the majestic splendor of an American society dame. A glittering headpiece circled her brow, a plush opera cloak was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, but her feet were without shoes and stockings.

When the picture was ready to be shown, a whistle, that reminded one of the approach of a subway train, was blown three times. This summoned the loiterers outside and hurried the late comers. All was in readiness. The whistle blew again and the picture flashed on the screen. Alas! The operator had made the mistake of placing the film upside down, so a new start had to be made. This called for another blast from the whistle.

The picture was typical of the American films of the 1910 vintage, with a Western setting, gun play, and rough-and-tumble fights. I did not recognize any of the actors but the greatest character on the silver screen or the most popular matinée idol could never have been received with the enthusiasm or worship shown the unknown American film hero.

The audience hung breathless on every move, although the picture was run with tiresome slowness in order to make it last longer. They clapped, they laughed, they cheered, they shouted, they pounded and stamped, and then turned around and repeated the entire performance. Every appearance of the screen hero brought forth a salvo of cheers. When he folded his arms with stately mien and cast his glaring orbs from the silver sheet, the crowd blustered with enthusiasm. I believe, had he made his appearance in person at the conclusion of the show, the hero would have been crowned king of the island.

At the end of each reel a five-minute intermission was given, when of one accord, all the men in the audience put on their hats, lit their cigarettes and sauntered over to the entrance or to the boxes, which were occupied by the young ladies. These young ladies were the recipients of much attention and during the intermis-

sions had two or three young men each gathered around them. The easy familiarity of the tropics was shown as the young ladies sat talking with their arms around the necks of young men acquaintances.

At the end of the five-minute period the whistle sounded a warning and the picture was resumed. I suppose that it would require too much effort for the natives to sit through a continuous performance, as they are adverse to hard labor. It might have been that some relief was required from the hard seats. This seems to be the logical reason for the frequent intermissions.

The same picture is shown twice a week until a new film arrives. The natives attend each performance and show as much, if not more, enthusiasm as they did when they witnessed it for the first time.

So the American actor on American films brings enjoyment to these simple, childlike people, thousands of miles from the United States, by speaking a language they understand but doing stunts entirely novel and foreign to them.

ALFRED P. PECK.
Cape Town, Union of South Africa.

A Protest.

Recently in one of our local theaters I had the dubious pleasure of seeing "The Drivin' Fool" rushed through so fast that the actors appeared as jumping jacks, and when Harold Lloyd's "His Royal Slyness" was presented, it was shot through with the same velocity. In fact, it went so fast that some parts seemed to us to be left out. And we were right. Imagine our surprise when, on leaving the theater, to note pictures supposed to be taken from the film, but which had apparently been censored, or removed to shorten the picture, posted in a large show frame. Several others commented on the same thing. Now, if that concern thinks it is going to get any further patronage from yours truly or his host of friends it is greatly mistaken. This same thing has happened time and again, I am told. Only one reason appeared: Several patrons were standing, waiting to get in, and rather than pass up a few admissions, they sacrificed the pleasure of the entire seating capacity for the sake of a few dimes. And then managers wonder what is wrong with the pictures.

WALTER J. KRIEG.
1555 Edmund Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Some Personal Impressions.

All roads lead to Chicago. Movie stars, on their way from coast to coast, must stop over for hours between trains just like ordinary mortals; and the inquisitive fans may, if they choose, survey their favorites at close range. To the Chicago fan who cares to go star hunting, there are thrills galore. Away from their Hollywood homes and studio surroundings, the screen celebrities become just men and women who measure up like all the rest of us. Out of the passing parade I can see six stars who interested me more than the rest.

At the first showing of "Robin Hood" in Chicago, I sat within ten feet of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford for nearly three hours, and I studied their every movement. They are worthy of any one's attention. Doug is a typical American, extremely nervous, and a good talker. Miss Pickford is a beautiful young woman, cool and gracious—but she is not the "Little Mary" we see on the screen.

Valentino, when in Chicago, was all that could be expected. No star ever faced a more difficult ordeal than did Rodolph during his stay in this city. With thousands of fans, especially of the feminine variety, worshiping nightly at his shrine, he never once lost his poise and good sense. I heard him state his case, and I hope he wins out.

After conversing with Lew Cody for more than a half hour at the Senate Theater, I cheerfully included him among the few who possess a compelling personality. A regular fellow in every way, he seemed more than anxious to merit the approval of the fans. In addition to his screen talents, Mr. Cody has a fine stage presence.

Pearl White, when I met her at the Movie Exposition a few years ago, was a glorious girl, high-spirited, jolly, and a beauty. She fairly radiated personality, and a crowd of more than twenty thousand shouted their appreciation and praise.

Last on the list, but first in my affections, comes Mabel Normand. It is hard to imagine a screen artist so grateful and sincere that she will entertain one of her loyal admirers in an exclusive hotel—while film chiefs, reporters, and photographers fret and fume in the lobby below. She is the most wonderful girl I ever have met. It is no wonder that Norbert Lusk stated in the October PICTURE-PLAY: "Mabel is irresistible!" Her friendship I prize very highly.

JOHN D. CAHILL.
2101 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Note from Richard Barthelmess.

It isn't always that a letter from a fan strikes so close to the mark as T. C. Van Antwerp's in a recent issue of "What the Fans Think." For it happens that we have already chosen for my next picture a modern story, in which I am to play a youthful rôle.

The public, you know, is made up of many diverse personalities, and so with motion-picture fans. Some like zippy modern pictures, some like costume dramas, some like comedies, some like heavy character productions.

In "Fury" we tried to suit those who wanted plenty of action and a bit of comedy and the spirit of youth. In "The Bright Shawl" we attempted to please lovers of character portrayals, and in "The Fighting Blade" we went in for costumes, swords, gallant men, and fiendish villains.

My next picture, "Twenty-one," is almost collegiate. I do drive a zippy roadster and flappers of the latest, up-to-the-minute 1923 brand are part of the background. Indeed, Mr. Van Antwerp has hit exactly upon my production policy.

I want to vary my schedule as much as possible in the hope that I may give pleasure to all sorts of fans.

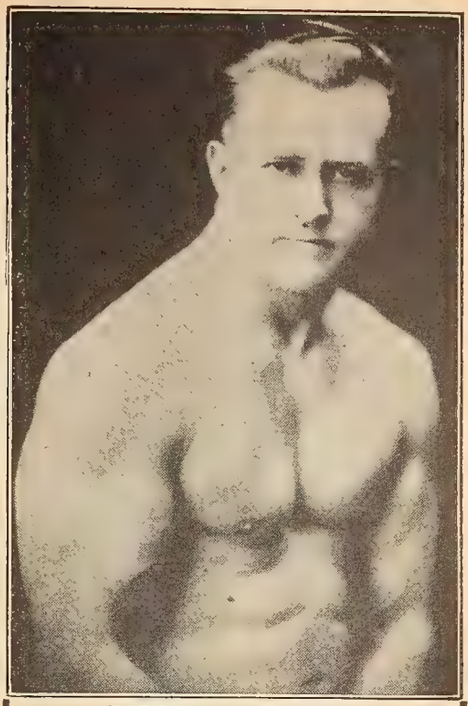
The public is really my only guide and I welcome criticism and advice from those who are pleased to be interested in me.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS.

Smiles.

I remember reading an article quoting Thomas Meighan thus: "Invest in a smile, it pays big dividends." That, the writer stated, was Thomas Meighan's motto. It is a mighty fine one to have and I feel sure that all of our professionals who invest heavily in smiles draw down big dividends in kind thoughts and faithful friends. I have never dreamed that a smile could beget hate until I read "Only a Fan's" letter in the October issue.

In the sixteen years that I have been an ardent devotee of motion pictures I have grown to know many by their smiles, and their possessors have endeared themselves to me forever. I will mention a few of them.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is to-day

If a Jelly Fish Could Slap a Rat in the Face

he would do it. But he can't. He has no arms. Neither does he have a backbone. How much worse off is a man who was given a good backbone and a pair of arms—and won't use them.

NO EXCUSE

We excuse the jelly fish. He never had anything to work on. But there is no excuse for a flabby, round shouldered and flat chested specimen of a man. You were given a perfect framework for a body. You were meant to rule the world, but there is hardly an animal alive which does not show better sense than you do.

CUT IT OUT FELLOWS

Brace up and be the man you were meant to be. Don't try to imitate a jelly fish. Get some pep into you and make a real **He** man out of yourself. Come on and let me help you. I'll shoot a thrill into you that will make your old spine quiver with excitement. I'll build up that chest, broaden those shoulders and give you the huge, muscular arms of an athlete. And that's not all. Your lungs will start pumping real oxygen into your blood, purifying your entire system. Those old cobwebs in your brain will disappear. Your eyes will radiate the life within you. You will have a spring to your step, and every move you make will show new life and energy.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. All you need is a framework and enough ambition left to say "I'm ready. Let's go"! I'm going to put one full inch on your arms in just 30 days. Yes, and two inches on your chest. But that's only a starter. Then watch 'em grow. I'll put pep into your old backbone and build up every muscle on your body so that your own friends won't know you. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Come on then and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Send for my 64-page book
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It is Free

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques.

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"Why Should I Look at the Stage?"

he asked, "when I'd rather watch your lovely eyes?"

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If there ever was a smile straight from Heaven it is the smile of America's sweetheart. Mary never taught herself to smile looking in the mirror at herself; but she looked in the heart of an angel and reflected what she saw. The sunshine of our Mary's smile has encircled the globe, and methinks the angels in Heaven have felt its presence, too.

Douglas Fairbanks has a smile that's good for what ails you. It is a stimulant and a tonic, so is Charlie's. And Thomas Meighan's smile? Ah! there's another smile akin to Our Mary's. When I see that smile I always think of, "Laugh and the world laughs with you." You feel that way in the presence of such a smile—it comes right from his heart and reaches the smile key in your own, and you answer it.

We older fans will never forget Maurice Costello's smile and the merry dimples it brought to his cheeks—he hasn't forgotten how to smile, either.

Harold Lockwood has passed away, but his smile will live always in our hearts, so will dear old John Bunny's. Sure, and it was like looking at the sun itself to look at his dear old homely face wreathed in a smile. Wallie's boyish, sweet smile will never be forgotten.

J. Warren Kerrigan has smiled his way back on the screen and found his place in our hearts—there's a smile that simply gets you.

William Farnum has a smile that warms your heart.

Tom Moore's smile makes you think of "a little bit of Heaven" and every Irish song you ever knew. Bedad! and he could smile the shoes right off of your feet and you'd never know they were gone!

Mary Philbin's smile is a thing divine.

King Baggot's smile is rivaled by the sunlight in quantity only, not in quality.

Ramsey Wallace is another whose smile reflects the sunshine.

Constance Talmadge has a smile that makes you forget your troubles.

In fact, the only one I can possibly think of who does not smile is Buster Keaton.

So, here's to a smile, the universal language; long may our friends of the screen keep on smiling.

MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.

711 Superba Street, Venice, Calif.

From an Admirer of Mae Marsh

I find it almost impossible to describe the greatness of Griffith's "The White Rose," in which Miss Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello starred. Mr. Novello played his part, showing a fine ability to act, but there is an appealing air about sweet Mae Marsh that draws one irresistibly to her. How realistic her part was, and how superb! I sat entranced, wrapped in the beauty of the picture, my eyes never leaving her exquisite little form as she moved about the screen. First I laughed at her funny little capers. Then I tried to restrain a sob as her pretty, pathetic face looked sorrowful, and her cute small lips quivered. Speaking sincerely, I love her, and feel that Miss Marsh is the most wonderful actress on the screen to-day, and know I am most assuredly not alone in my admiration for her. May dear, lovable Mae Marsh have and hold her luck and success always.

LEONA WILBUR.

1317 Sedgwick Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

A TELEGRAPH ROMEO.—Katherine Lewis was born in 1899, and Constance Wilson is about nineteen. Constance recently married a naval ensign, and cut short her screen career almost at its beginning, because she doesn't believe in trying to manage two jobs at once, apparently.

IVAN R.—Sorry to disappoint you, but I don't think you'll be able to get a "sample scenario" of that film, "Sawing a Woman in Half," so that you can discover how the trick is done. The knowledge of how it is done is the valuable part of the act, and the one thing that its sponsors are anxious to keep secret, naturally. Aside from this, it is practically never possible to get a screen continuity of a picture, as these working scripts are the property of the producing companies and seldom pass out of their hands.

K. S.—Of course Tom Mix really can do all those cowboy stunts he pulls in his pictures. You can't fake that kind of thing for the motion-picture camera. Didn't you know that Tom was a cowboy, and a member of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War, before he ever stepped in front of a movie camera?

A FANNY FAN.—Oh, don't waste all that nervous worry on the salutation. Anything'll do. When you don't know how to begin a thing, it's a good idea to plunge right into the middle of it. The "sheik" picture in which Monte Blue tried so hard to look like a dashing bad man of the desert was called "The Tents of Allah." Mary Alden played his mother in it. More heights. Why are you fans so interested in them, I wonder? They are the all-perpetual question in which interest never seems to die down. Well, Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half; Jack Mulhall is five feet eleven; John Bowers is one inch more than that; and George Walsh falls back to Jack's height. I'm sorry I can't tell you which stars require quarters for photos and which do not, but I have no official list of the do's and the don'ts. It's always a pretty safe guess, though, that the more important players, who receive a great many requests, will not mail photos unless some fee is inclosed. They would soon be bankrupt if they sent out the thousands of photos that they do free of charge. But if you are writing to a player who is not so prominent, you have a better chance of getting a photo without an inclosure, and also of receiving a personal answer beside.

GINGER.—I simply can't resist any one who "begs me on bended knee to answer." I am too unused to such humility not to succumb to it. Marie Prevost was born in 1898, Bebe Daniels in 1901, Claire Windsor in 1897, Elinor Fair in 1903, Conrad Nagel in 1896. Since coming to this country Pola Negri has made "Bella Donna," "The Cheat," and "The Spanish Dancer," and is now engaged on "My Man." The concensus of opinion about Pola's work in America so far seems to be that she has forsaken her vivid, lifelike style of acting in order to appear more beautiful, or perhaps she's afraid of the censors.

RUTH R.—Valentino did not play a minor part in Mae Murray's "Fascination." He had left his bit-rôles far behind him when that film was made. It does sometimes happen, though, that a start or prominent player will appear in a scene of another production just for fun, but that only happens when both pictures are made on the same lot, except in such cases as "Souls For Sale," "Hollywood," and other films about the movies in which players from the different studios appear in their own personalities as Hollywood atmosphere. Mary Pickford worked one day as an extra in Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood," the players on the Lasky lot sometimes step into a mob scene in another production, and it is not unusual for a director or members of his staff to perform a certain difficult bit that no one else that is available seems able to accomplish. If you watch closely you may see Marshall Neilan in "The Rendezvous." Emmet Flynn, while directing "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," piloted the taxi that was in the smash-up in that film; and practically every one of the Chaplin staff had something to do in "A Woman of Paris." Charlie himself was the man who dumped the trunk on the station platform; his assistant, Eddie Sutherland, appeared as the chef's assistant in the café sequence, and the masseuse who performed that clever bit was Chaplin's stenographer. So if your eyesight is quick and keen, you may see players flashing for a second in unexpected places.

HARRY C.—The player whose picture you inclosed is Allan Simpson, who played in "Glimpses of the Moon." He is the same man of the collar ad you noticed, as, before going into pictures, his face used to adorn advertising art. There was a picture of him in the September, 1923, issue of PICTURE-PLAY under the title "Some Model Men of the Movies," but I suppose you missed out on that issue. Conrad Nagel plays *Paul* in "Three Weeks," and Aileen Pringle is the tigress lady. If you can't locate a copy of "Three Weeks" in any of your book stores, at least any book dealer can order it for you. Charlotte Merriam is working in features only a short time, but she is not a newcomer to the screen, as she had been cavorting in Christie, Educational, and other comedies for the last few years.

ANTOINETTE M.—I bet I can guess your favorite word. It's "wonderful," isn't it? Anyhow, I'm glad that I come under its flattering influence, along with all your other enthusiasms. Thomas Meighan is thirty-nine, and was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His wife, Frances Ring, used to be a well-known stage player, and is the sister of the famous Blanche Ring, but the wife of the famous Tommy now devotes all her time to being just Mrs. Meighan. Yes, I can understand that the fact that your name is almost like Antonio Moreno's would give you a kindred feeling for him. Tony's next screen appearance will be in Pola Negri's "The Spanish Dancer," in which he plays Pola's lover. This is the rôle that Tony's friends are counting on to establish him in what they consider his rightful but long-withheld place as one of our most dashing romantic actors, so be sure not to miss it.

ELNORA MCD.—I can appreciate that you would "just love" to have a complete list of all of Wallace Reid's pictures and his leading ladies, but he played in a good many, you know, and my space is limited. However, here are some of them. Better cut out the list and save it for future reference, as it might not be printed again for a long time. In "Carmen" and "Joan, the Woman," he was, of course, only Geraldine Farrar's leading man, but in 1918 he started on his series of starring productions. They were: "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," with Lila Lee; "Sick Abed" and "The Dancin' Fool," with Bebe Daniels; "Always Audacious," with Margaret Loomis; "Too Much Speed" and "The Love Special," with Agnes Ayres; "The Charm School," with Lila Lee; "Across the Continent," with Mary MacLaren; "Peter Ibbetson," with Elsie Ferguson; "Rent Free," "The Dictator," and "The Ghost Breaker," with Lila Lee; "World's Champion," with Lois Wilson; "The Hell Diggers," with Lois Wilson; "The Affairs of Anatol," with Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, and Julia Faye; "Don't Tell Everything," with Gloria Swanson; and the last picture he made was "Thirty Days," in which Lila Lee appeared opposite him.

H. K.—I understood your letter perfectly. You write very well for an Armenian who made the acquaintance of English such a short time ago. In another year you'll be shaming some of us natives. Stuart Holmes was born in Chicago, Illinois, and Lon Chaney in Colorado Springs, Colorado. There are no Armenian actors in pictures in this country that I know of, at least not any well-known ones. There is no screen player named Remember Steddon. That was the name of the heroine in the story from which the film "Souls for Sale" was made.

VIOLA M.—How do you achieve such perfection in penmanship? I always envy people who can make themselves understood so well without using a typewriter. You ask why didn't Rex Ingram match Barbara La Marr with Ramon Novarro in "Where the Pavement Ends" instead of Alice Terry? Well, now, I don't see how even any one as prejudiced as you could find Barbara convincing in that rôle of the missionary's daughter. What could they have done about the "pale star" subtitles? In "Trifling Women," of course, Barbara and Ramon were both well suited to the characters they played, and perhaps some time Mr. Ingram will film another story in which he can cast these two together again. The latest film in which Ramon appears is "The Arab," which Ingram is filming abroad, and in which the blond Alice plays the usual white girl of the desert. This probably won't be released for some time, as it is still in production at present writing, and "Scaramouche" continus to pack them in.

DORIS.—Yes, I suppose Ben Lyon could be called "awfully cute" in flapper language, but I doubt if he'd appreciate the compliment. Actors, you know, would rather be praised for their art than for their "cuteness." Ben did such satisfactory work in "Potash and Perlmutter" that he has signed a nice long contract with First National and has gone to California to appear in their productions, so you probably will see a lot of him on the screen in future. His first love was the stage, you know, and although he started in pictures about six years ago he has played in comparatively few screen plays because of his continued stage work, and hence is generally hailed now as a newcomer to the screen. If you're anxious about Ben's description, he is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has brown hair and dark-blue eyes.

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MISS GEORGETTE.—And I bet your own name is Mary or something else that is staid and proper, because your note tells me that you are suffering from a frivolity complex. How did I know? I'm an Oracle. Alma Bennett played in Fox pictures with Tom Mix and William Farnum, and for a time was a member of the Goldwyn stock company, so you see she was not strictly a newcomer when signed by Paramount several months ago. How can you cut Ruth Roland so ruthlessly out of your life after all this time? That's too cruel of you. I'm sure that if Ruth knew how you felt because you never got that photo after sending twenty-five cents she'd immediately dispatch half a dozen. Before you abandon her as your favorite why don't you write and tell her all about your quarter that went out into the night and never has been heard from since.

E. D.—Leatrice Joy, Gloria Swanson, and Marion Davies all have short hair. Leatrice and Gloria had theirs cut some time ago, but Marion just parted with hers when she started filming "Little Old New York," in order to look more natural in the rôle of the boy impersonator. In her new picture, "Yolanda," she gets as far away from that short, straight, boyish cut as possible, because she wears a wig done into two thick golden braids a couple of yards long. Rex Ingram "discovered" Novarro, though he had already played the young lover in Ferdinand Pinney Earle's "The Rubaiyat," before Ingram used him. However, if Ramon were depending on what "The Rubaiyat" would do for him, he would still be languishing, as that poor law-wracked production has not seen the light in America yet.

JEAN LA T.—I wouldn't think of printing your full name, Jean, so don't get nervous. We use only initials, anyhow, even when there are no explicit instructions. Walter Hier's name is pronounced Hi-ers, accent on the first syllable and broad i; you know, just like hires. John Bowers did not play in "The Love Light" with Mary Pickford. In that picture Fred Thompson appeared as *Joseph*. Edward Phillips as *Mario*, and Raymond Bloomer as *Giovanni*.

HORACE T.—There are very few spots in the civilized world where motion pictures are unknown now, but recently it was discovered that a Chinese city with a population of one hundred and twenty thousand had never seen a movie. The name of the city is Amoy, and the citizens not only are ignorant of motion pictures, but they have no amusements at all. It certainly sounds like a wonderful opportunity for film capitalists, doesn't it?

E. D.—Charlotte Merriam appears in "The Swamp Angel," in which Colleen Moore is featured. The title of the latest Marion Davies picture has been changed back to "Yolanda," after having masqueraded as "Mary of Burgundy" for a while. While we're on the subject of changed titles: Pola Negri's newest, which was called "My Man," may be identified as "Shadows of Paris;" Rupert Hughes' opus on divorce has been appropriately changed to "Reno," from "Law Against Law;" and the Famous Players-Lasky version of the novel, "Rita Coventry," which you probably have seen heralded as "Holiday Love," has finally emerged as "Don't Call It Love." This is the production in which Jack Holt and Nita Naldi appear. Kenneth Harlan's next appearance will be in "Poisoned Paradise," from the story by Robert W. Service, and he will have Clara Bow as his partner.

STATISTICIAN.—No, the huge sums that have been announced as the selling prices of famous plays and stories to movie producers have not been terribly exaggerated, incredible as some of them seem. Film producers who pay enormous sums for stories and then proceed to change almost everything but the title, feel, I suppose, that what they pay for a well-known article they will save in advertising. And the system must work profitably, because the high prices continue. The screen rights to "Turn to the Right" were sold to Metro for $225,000. "Way Down East" brought $175,000; "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," was purchased originally by Madge Kennedy for $12,500; she intended to do it herself, but Mary Pickford was so anxious to get it that she paid Miss Kennedy $75,000 for the story; William Randolph Hearst had offered $85,000 in his attempt to acquire it as a vehicle for Marion Davies, but he was too late. Douglas Fairbanks paid $90,000 for "The Virginian," and after holding it for some time finally let it go to Preferred at a profit. Preferred Productions have been paying huge sums for Broadway plays and well-known books, and they have several potential box-office knockouts on their schedule. The play, "The First Year," cost them $100,000. The Warner Brothers have also been splurging, and they are said to have paid David Belasco $100,000 apiece for his successes, "Tiger Rose," "Daddies," and "The Gold Diggers." Mary Pickford is reported to have paid $105,000 for "The Tailor-Made Man" for her brother Jack, but when she sold it to Charles Ray, she got only $90,000 for it. "Ben Hur," the skyrocket of them all, is likely to bring over a million for the screen rights, as, besides the amount already paid by the Goldwyn company, the owners of the play will draw certain royalties from the film after it is shown.

A WISCONSIN FAN.—Yes, Taylor Graves appeared in Jackie Coogan's "Oliver Twist." He played the rôle of *Charley Bates*. You have Valentino's full name all right—now do you wonder that he decided on something easy like Valentino for his screen work? Yes, I certainly have heard of Monte Collins. He has had quite a career—was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and educated in Edinboro, Scotland. He spent something like forty years on the stage, and has performed in everything from the circus to legitimate drama. He is a blonde, has blue eyes, and is five feet six.

ART E.—Thomas Meighan has brothers and sisters—six of 'em. If you're curious for the details, their names are John, William, James, King, Mary, and Margaret, just the same as if they didn't have a famous movie star for a brother. Their father, John Meighan, who used to spend a lot of his time with Tommy out in Hollywood, died just recently at age of seventy-four.

DORIS MCG.—The Fox production of "Les Miserables" was released in 1918. Here is the cast: *Jean Valjean*, William Farnum; *The Bishop*, George Moss; *Javert*, Hardee Kirkland; *Fantine*, Sonia Markova; *Cosette*—at eight years of age—"Kittens" Reichert; *Cosette*—at eighteen—Jewel Carmen; *Marius*, Harry Spingler; *Eponine*, Dorothy Bernard; *Gavroche*, Anthony Phillips; *Thenardier*, Edwin Elkas; *Madame Thenardier*, Mina Ross.

FAITHFUL TO GRACE.—And your loyalty is rewarded. Grace Cunard is back on the screen again, so watch for her in "The Elk's Tooth," which is being made by Renalles Productions.

IRENE RICH FOREVER.—Only that long? Your "sweet Irene's" lattst important rôle is in "Lucretia Lombard," which was made by Warner Brothers from the book of that name, and which will be released by the time you read this. In case you see a picture called "Flaming Passion" advertised in your town, don't pass it up, because you will discover that it is "Lucretia Lombard" in disguise. You see, Warner Brothers are releasing the film under two different titles, according to the locality of the theater. A title like "Lucretia Lombard" means less than nothing to the average movie patron who hasn't happened to hear of the book, while "Flaming Passion" is a sure box-office attraction for a certain type of filmgoer. So the Warners, while respecting the sensitive feelings of that portion of the reading public who howl and moan when their favorite stories are decked out with sacrilegious and unrecognizable movie titles, are still determined that those screen patrons who are not so well read shall not be scared away from the theater because of a title that lacks box-office appeal. The idea of alternate titles has been tried once or twice before, and perhaps that is the way every one's feelings will be satisfied in the future. Irene Rich has two children, who live with her in Los Angeles. Johnnie Walker is married to Rene Parker, who performs in musical comedy.

BROWN-EYED GENE.—So you think I must have a lot of patience? Well, I admit that I have acquired a little since I've been Oracling. It's a most useful thing to have, too. Richard Talmadge is not related to the Talmadge sisters. Constance is the youngest girl, being born April 19, 1900. Raymond Griffith is of medium height, and has brown eyes and hair. "Fools First," a Marshall Neilan production, was the first picture in which he attracted notice. Yes, I think it quite possible that he'll send you a picture.

MIDDIE.—So you want to correspond with other fans, and don't know how to go about it? Well, why not read over "What tthe Fans Think," and then try writing a note to the writer of some letter which especially interests you, either in the way of congratulating him on his attitude, or trying to show him, in a friendly way, wherein he is wrong. Mary Pickford was born on April 8, 1893; Thomas Meighan on April 9, 1884, and Viola Dana in 1898. Beth Sully was the name of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks the first, and "Stephen Steps Out" was the title of Doug, Jr.'s, first picture.

M. L. M.—Lila Lee no longer answers to "single," as she became the wife of James Kirkwood several months ago. They had rather hard luck at the start, as Mr. Kirkwood had a serious accident shortly after they were married, but Lila nursed him back to life again. Now both are well and happy, as the saying goes, and will appear together in a picture for Goldwyn. Gloria Swanson is not married at present, and declares she is finished with matrimony forever. Her first husband was Wallace Beery and her second, Herbert Somborn. Constance Talmadge is also an ex-wife, having been divorced from John Pialoglou some time ago. Constance, too, swears "Never again," but screen players seldom get hopelessly discouraged after one trial, so if you're keen to see Constance with a husband—though I don't know why you should be—there's still lots of hope, I guess.

FLAPPER IN LOVE.—I am beginning to think that the Bert Lytell admirers are the most extravagant adorers in fandom. At least, they are exceedingly reckless on paper. Bert's address is printed in this issue, so you can at least try for that photo you never received, but the lack of which doesn't seem to have lessened your "worship" any. Probably you have already seen Malcolm Oettinger's interview with him in the February issue, called "More Notes on These Actors." If you missed it, you can get a copy by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Some time ago Bert made a personal-appearance tour, and created a very favorable impression generally—he used to be on the stage, you know—but I doubt that he will make another.

MISS GERTRUDE.—None of the "stars of yesterday" you mention is making pictures now. June Caprice is the wife of Harry Millarde, the director, and seems to find her artistic satisfaction in taking care of her young daughter. But perhaps she may make pictures again some time. Vivian Martin has been appearing on the stage for some time now, and I hear no future screen plans for her. Lillian Walker is living abroad, and is doing practically no film work now. She has appeared in tiny parts in a couple of English pictures that were shown in this country, but that's all.

LEONA.—Come right in, Leona. Don't be bashful. Bring your troubles up to The Oracle's desk, and we'll see if we can straighten them out. Wanda Hawley is a blonde by nature, but whether she was a trifle *less* blond before entering pictures I can't, of course, say. Bebe Daniels' hair is dark brown. Bebe's pout is more or less an added attraction—she doesn't *have* to hold her mouth that way. Dagmar Godowsky plays in pictures, but so far has not done anything startling on the screen. Her marriage to Frank Mayo curbed her career for a while, as Frank is one of those I-prefer-my-wife-at-home husbands, but now Dagmar is stepping out again. You may see her in Goldwyn films in the future. Godowsky is her real name. She is the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the celebrated pianist.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Your favorite has just finished her second picture for Cosmopolitan, which is called "The Great White Way," and in which T. Roy Barnes appears opposite her. It is taken from H. C. Witwer's story, "Cain and Mabel," and if you can manage to tear your eyes away from Anita you may discover various celebrities that punctuate the action in the film, among them being Witwer himself, Tex Rickard, Irvin S. Cobb, Damon Runyon, "Bugs" Baer, Johnny Loftus, Johnny Basham, British lightweight champion; Joe Humphreys, "Kid" Broad, and Tammany Young. After that, I don't need to tell you that it's a story of the prize ring. "The Love Piker" was Anita Stewart's first production for Cosmopolitan. I wouldn't tell you my personal impression of it, but the consensus of opinion seemed to be that neither the story nor the acting was anything to get excited about. But "The Great White Way" sounds more promising, and perhaps Anita will soon get back to her old place among the great favorites of the fans.

ANNA G.—It looks as though Tony Moreno's serial days are over now, Anna, and you are pretty much in the minority in wanting him to continue in them. Most of his admirers, you know, have been clamoring for years to have Tony given a chance in really good rôles in feature productions. Now he is under contract to Famous Players-Lasky, and after creating such an impression in "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri, it looks as though fine opportunities are at last going to come his way. ZaSu Pitts is twenty-five. Tom Gallery is her husband, and they have a daughter, ZaSu Pitts, Jr. Betty Compson is not married, but it is rumored that she is going to wed James Cruze, the director.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Allan Forrest, Julanne Johnston, and Lottie Pickford at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston at the Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Huntley Gordon, Clara Bow, Kenneth Harlan, Ethel Shannon, Gaston Glass, Netta Westcott, and Norma Shearer, care of Preferred Pictures, Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Bert Lytell, Marion Davies, Anita Stewart, Seena Owen, Alma Rubens, Ralph Graves, Lynn Harding, and Lionel Barrymore care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Raymond Griffith, Mae Busch, Claire Windsor, Aileen Pringle, Erich von Stroheim, Dorothy Wallace, Conrad Nagel, George Walsh, Frank Mayo, Eleanor Boardman, Kathleen Key, Helene Chadwick, James Kirkwood, and Lew Cody at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

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Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Glenn Hunter, Nita Naldi, and Alice Brady care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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John Barrymore and Walter McGrail at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

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Wyndham Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Irene Rich, Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, Bruce Guerin, Mae Marsh, Hope Hampton, Lenore Ulric, and Florence Vidor at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, California.

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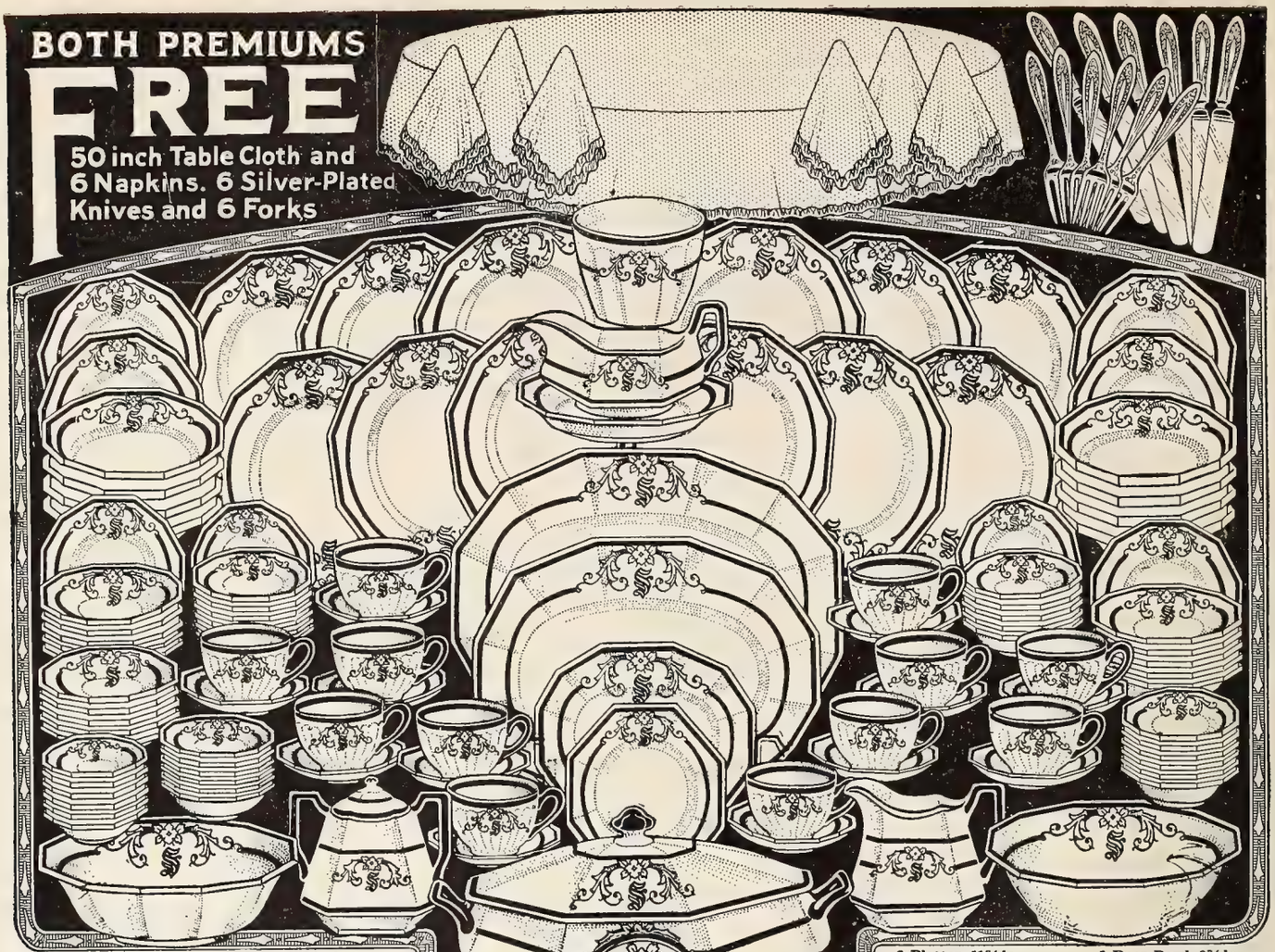
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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1924, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1924, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. **All Rights Reserved.** Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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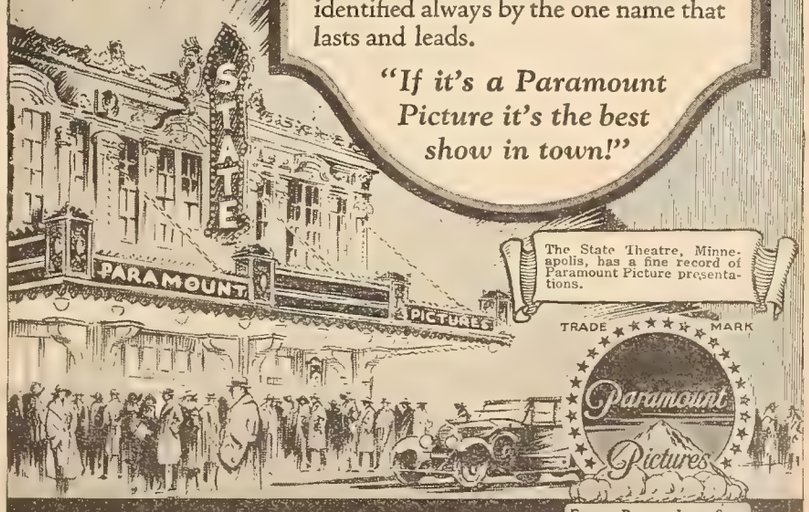
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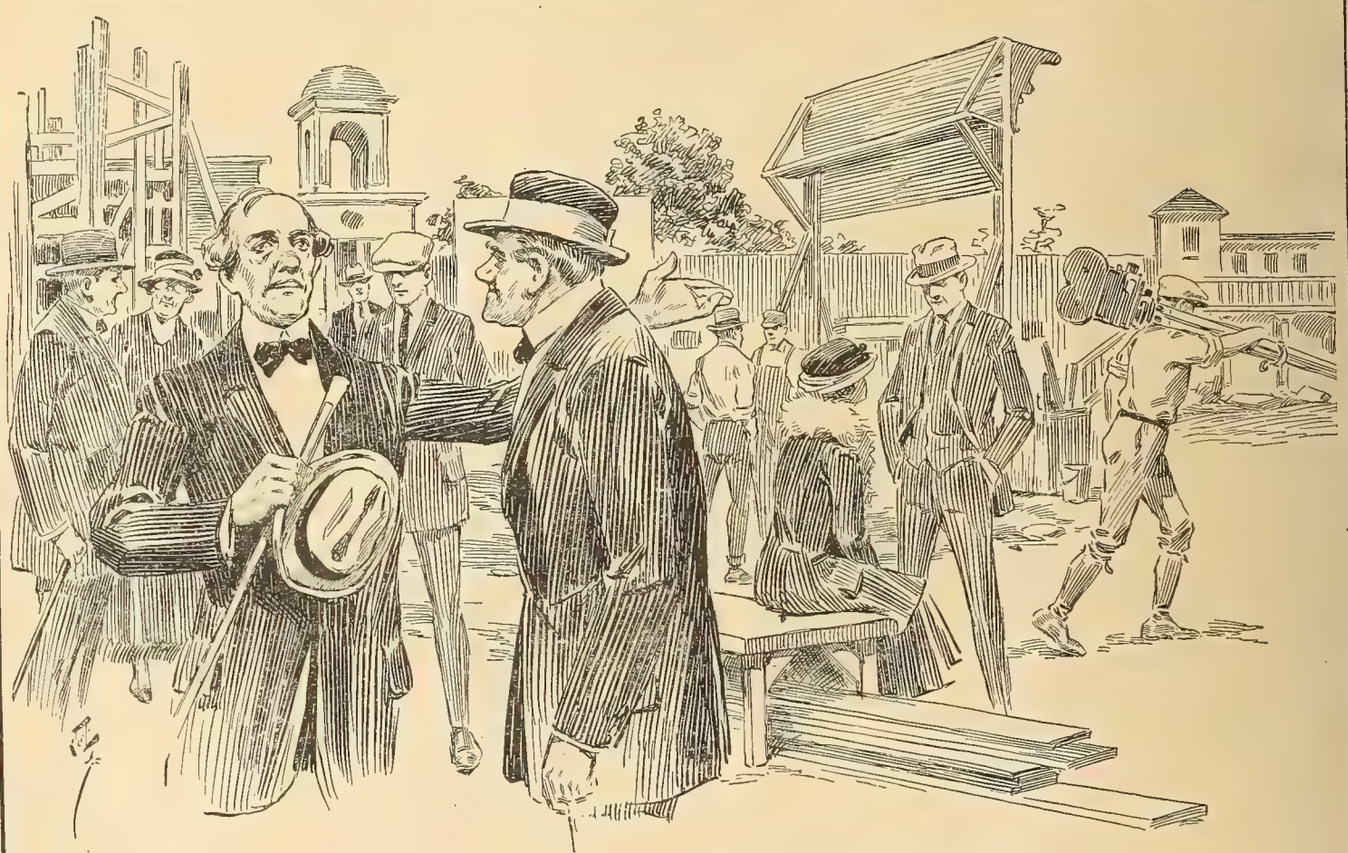


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What the Fans Think



Can the Stars Have No Privacy?

Two things in your last issue compelled me to write this letter. One was "The Confessions of a Fan" and the other was the letter about the blind man and Clara Kimball Young.

Having been a fan myself I can fully understand what prompts other fans to make every possible effort to catch a glimpse of the stars whenever they can. But I think that we often fail to look at it from the stars' point of view, and to realize how embarrassing and, at times, how annoying this can be to them.

One day, not long ago, I was walking up a New York side street, when I recognized Ethel Barrymore standing on the curb. She was watching the approach of some fire engines, apparently as excited and oblivious to all surroundings as a child might have been. Just as I was passing her, three women, ahead of me, also recognized her—stopped—came close to her—and began to stare, open mouthed. Suddenly she realized that she was being stared at. The happy, excited look vanished. She fairly darted for a near-by taxi and disappeared. It seemed to me a pity that she could not step outside the seclusion of her home without thus being rudely stared at.

The story about the blind man was indeed a pathetic one. But has the writer any conception of the thousands of requests that Miss Young and every other star have for acknowledgments of letters, books and the like? If she had had some way of *knowing*, for a certainty, the circumstances connected with the sending of the book to her I fancy she would have made a special effort to see that it was acknowledged. But the public resorts to so many ruses to extract letters, photographs, clothes and money from the stars that I am not surprised when the players become skeptical of the good faith of the majority of requests made of them from strangers. I have read that certain stars, moved by the pitiful appeals made to them, have had several of these appeals investigated, only to find that, in practically every case they were fraudulent.

New York City. MONICA R. RANESLOW.

I have just received your February issue and I must write to tell you that it is one of the best you have ever gotten out—which is saying a great deal. And the fan letters! Oh, what a paradise!

When Ethel Sands was writing for PICTURE-PLAY I actually devoured every one of her articles, as she seemed just as much of a fan as I was, and I *know* that what she saw in the players was what I would have seen had I had her chance. Since that time I *have* seen many of them—all, in fact, that she mentioned in her letter. But whenever I happen to spy one of them on the street I almost involuntarily avert my eyes. I know that many of the celebrities do not like the gaze of the multitude. Therefore, why should they have to assume a "hail fellow" air? Miss Sands says that the crowd felt injured because Marion Davies did not respond to that rude greeting, "Hello, Marion!" on the part of a complete stranger, yet was seen to be friendly to the personal acquaintances whom she met inside the lobby. I approve absolutely of the way she did.

LILLIAN PARTOS.

196th Street at Ft. Washington Avenue,
New York City.

A Pessimistic View of Motion Pictures.

I have read many letters in "What the Fans Think" in which the writers characterized such pictures as "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," "Rosita," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "A Woman of Paris," and "The Birth of a Nation," things of art.

I have never yet seen a movie that has been worthy of the title "art." No doubt they are artistic, beautiful, stupendous, and well defined, but art—*never!* A trail of prairie schooners crossing the prairies—do you call that art? *Rosita,* the Spanish street singer, wooed by a king—is that art? If such things are art, art is vulgar, common, and without depth. Such pictures are not art; they are things of magnificence, mere series of reproductions on art. The actors and actresses of nearly all the pictures of to-day are stiff marionettes walking before vast sets and assisted by intriguing titles. I have been led to see many pictures with the idea that they were worth while, but I left the theater palled and sickened. The stories are chopped to fit the actors, and the result is terrible. Look at "Anna Christie." On the stage it was a tremendous success. On the screen—well, an animated illustration of a degraded girl's wardrobe. I am growing away from the movies because they are just "movies," things of motion. That's all. There is no life in them; they are all things of luxury displayed with disdain and the theater-going public is tricked into seeing them.

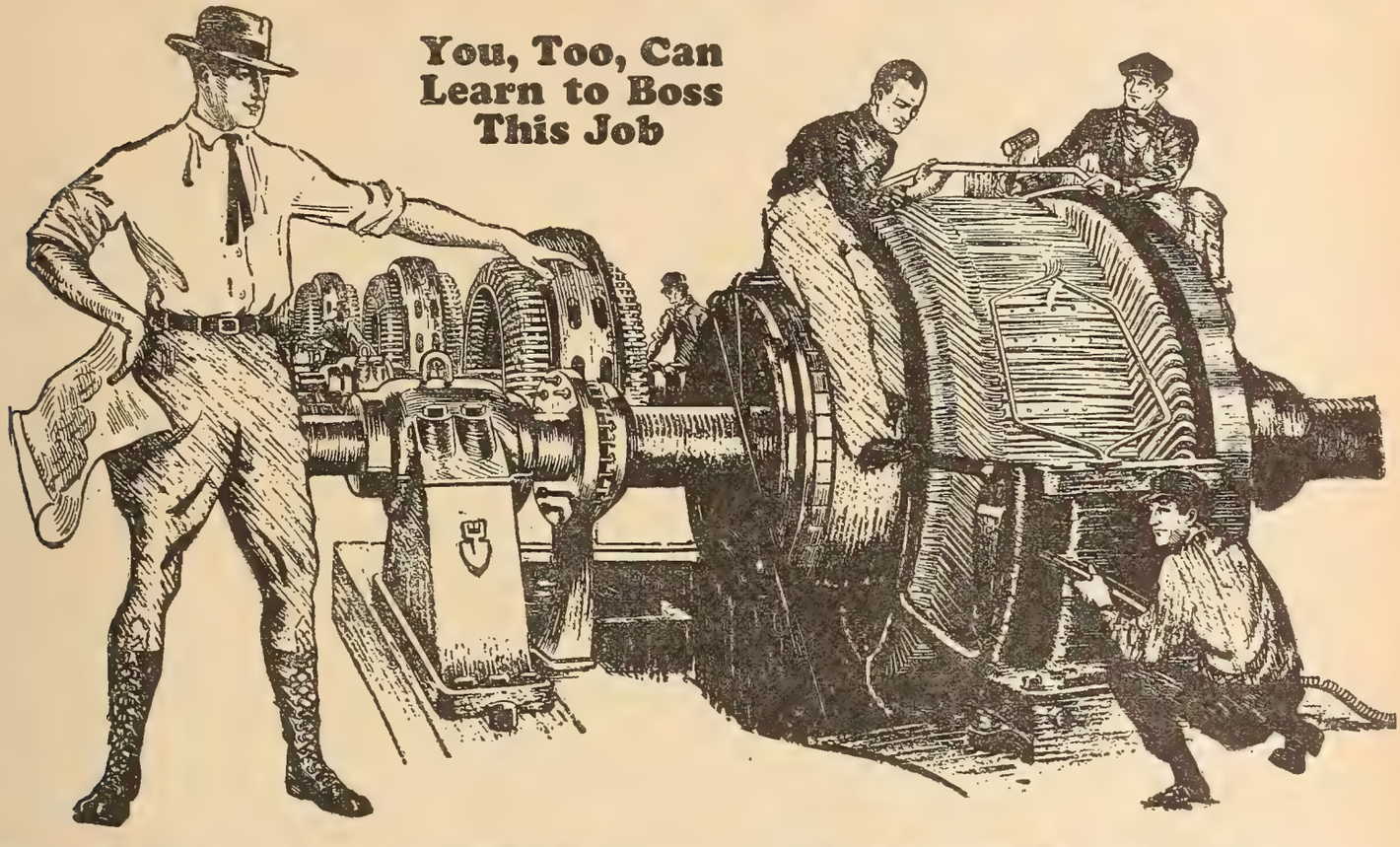
217 West Ninth Street, JOHN W. WENDELL.
Lincoln, Illinois.

Who Can Explain This.

I cannot get over a sense of amazement at the apparent lack of appreciation so many persons living in the smaller towns and cities have for the wonders which the motion pictures bring to them. If the theater-going public in London, New York, Chicago, and other large

Continued on page 10

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The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

(Continued from page 8)

centers, where the best of every form of dramatic art is available, were disposed to be critical of motion pictures, I should not be so much surprised. But New York, for example, has supported "The Covered Wagon" for an unbroken run of nearly a year! And, as Alison Smith pointed out in your last issue, the film version of "Scaramouche" played for months in a theater charging high admission, while the stage version—though well done—lasted but a few weeks. Yet in many smaller towns, where no other form of comparable entertainment is available, the finest film productions seem to be met by indifference or distaste. Can any one explain this to me?

Brooklyn, N. Y. R. W. J.

A Star's Impressions.

The motion-picture business has a strange way of fostering half-baked friendships and unfinished acquaintances. People are thrown together to make a picture, not often through their own selection, but by the choice of directors or casting directors. As it takes from four to eight weeks, sometimes more, to complete the production of a photoplay the players become fairly well acquainted. Then they drift apart, to rival studios and into other productions, or on location in the mountains or on the desert. Perhaps they meet again in another picture, or only to greet one another at social functions or on the streets of Hollywood.

Lasting friendships are sometimes formed, but more often only an impression remains in the minds of these roving people to glorify their stores of pleasant memories. These are the impressions that I thought might be interesting to readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Some of them follow:

Monte Blue: Was the first actor I worked with on the West Coast of this country. When I consider Monte, I think of his nice, boyish smile. When he is not smiling, he is just the opposite, deeply serious. There seems to be something pathetic about Mr. Blue. I believe it is in his eyes, but when he smiles it disappears.

Some people lose themselves in their rôles and merge into the characters they interpret on the screen. Monte does this. He works very hard and gives much thought to his portrayals. On further acquaintance one realizes that this laughing, yet serious, young fellow is quite sensitive. Perhaps that is why his performances always have that touch of fine feeling which makes them interesting.

Thomas Meighan: Like many other young girls of this country, I have always been a devoted admirer of Thomas Meighan—a Tommy Meighan fan. When I played opposite Mr. Meighan, I was almost a newcomer in motion pictures and had never before seen him in person. And, oh! the thrill of having him for my own particular hero, through one whole production! I was overwhelmed and would sit through scenes watching "Tommy," even forgetting to do my own acting. Then I would get panicky for fear he would think me stupid and insincere in my work. However, he was always very kind and helpful. By this time I am able to act and talk quite normally in Mr. Meighan's presence.

Unlike Monte Blue, he manages to be just Thomas Meighan in whatever rôle he appears. A wonderful good nature is one of his greatest attributes. He also emanates a great personal charm abetted by an air of romance. It is easy to forgive this genial Irishman for seeming a little self-centered.

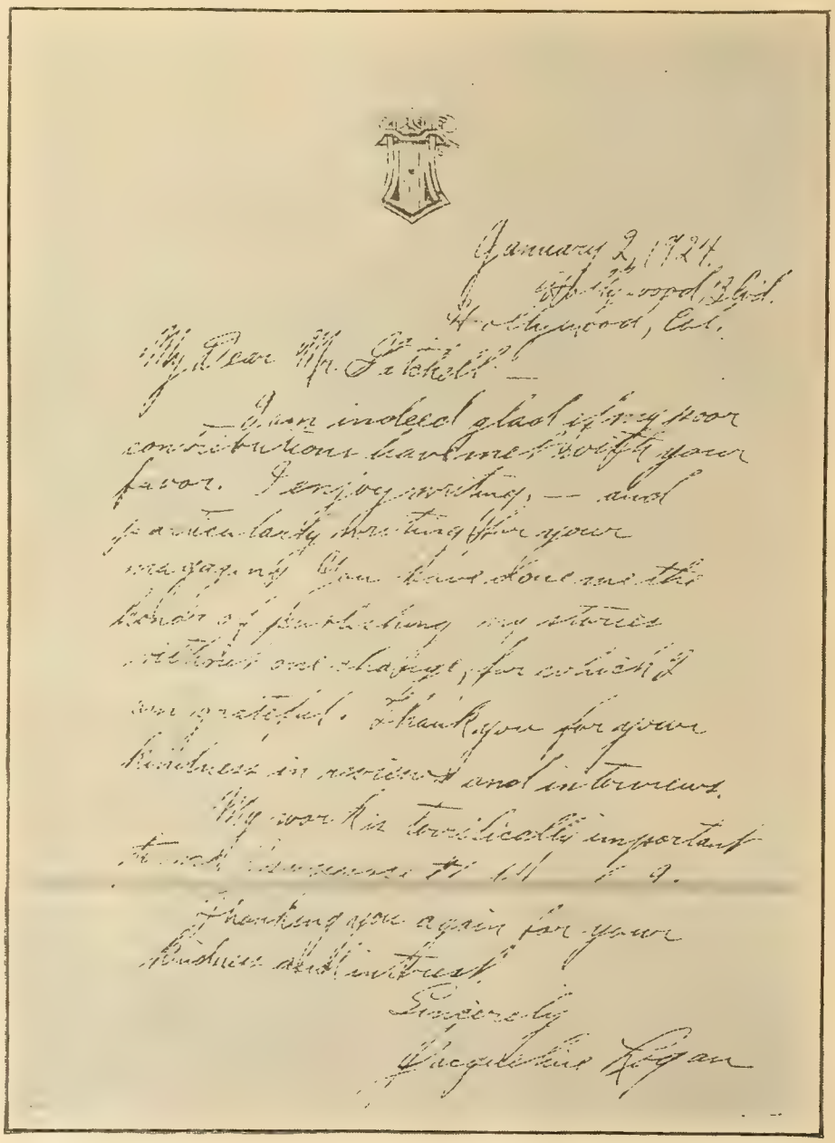
Lon Chaney is one of the most unspoiled and natural artists I have known. He is very sincere on and off the screen. One never forgets meeting Lon Chaney. It seems incongruous that such a nice-looking, pleasant man could be the horrible, yet pathetic, *Quasimodo* of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" or the pitiable cripple of "The Miracle Man." Mr. Chaney impressed me as being very studious. I cannot imagine him idle at any time; I have never seen him so. Each of his characterizations is a work of art, wonderfully perfected in every detail.

The name of Leatrice Joy is, to me, synonymous with "acting ability." I like working with Miss Joy. She is vivacious and very ambitious. To be in the same picture with her is like a friendly battle, with each of us striving to squeeze every atom of thought and emotion into every scene. Miss Joy seems blessed with a variety of moods. She is never happier than when she is given a good, hard scene to struggle with and conquer and pitch squarely into the camera eye.

Being a Southerner, she has a naïve accent which is most becoming to her type of dark eyes and black hair. Miss Joy seems to be more serious and sincere about her work than anything else, although one catches glimpses of a great depth of feeling and character that makes one always long to know her better.

Percy Marmont hails from England, a living dispute of the popular American conception of an Englishman. A keen sense of humor goes hand in hand with a delightfully friendly manner. I consider Mr. Marmont a really great actor. He throws himself whole-heartedly into the atmosphere of a story and has a quick understanding of dramatic situations. Long working hours never seem to change his cheery disposition. He is extremely courteous and considerate at all times.

When not acting, Mr. Marmont appears always calm and easy going. The fire in his screen work comes as a surprise. Altogether, he is particularly nice and interesting.



January 2, 1924.
Hollywood, Cal.
Hollywood, Cal.

My Dear Mr. Jacobs:—

I am indeed glad of my poor contribution and am very happy to have your favor. I enjoy writing,—and I assure you that writing these appreciations of your work and the labor of publishing our stories without cost or charge, for which I am grateful. Thank you for your kindness in writing and in forwarding my poor efforts to the editor of your interesting publication.

Thanking you again for your kindness and interest,

Sincerely,
Jacqueline Logan

Would you like to see what a bona-fide letter from a star looks like? Here is part of one which accompanied the contribution from Jacqueline Logan which appears on this page.

Did you ever see any one bubble over? I think Walter Hiers does. He loves a joke. I suspect he would walk a mile for a laugh—or tease a gorilla if he thought it would cause a laugh.

Walter throws his smiles around as nonchalantly as he would German marks. I do not know of any one in the world who can beat him at being pleasant; he has the non-stop record. Courtesy is by no means the least of this gentleman's charms. (He has been known to offer his street-car seat to two ladies at once.) He always has a humorous anecdote for every one and every occasion. I think he makes a point of this in life.

Walter just bubbles!

Cecil B. DeMille impressed me immediately by his air of forcefulness. It is hard to give an accurate impression of his many-sided personality. When directing, Mr. De Mille makes me think of a general—climbing, pushing onward and injecting atmosphere with his Napoleonic personality. This forcefulness seems softened by a great understanding and a piercing,

Continued on page 12

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

rather satirical, humor. One is forced to respect his very fine and analytical mind.

When not actually at work, Mr. De Mille is a charming, courteous gentleman and a brilliant conversationalist.

JACQUELINE LOGAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

A City Fan's Impression of a Hick Movie.

For two weeks, since leaving Atlanta, I have been sojourning in a little Florida village, which is, to my mind, somewhere "east of the sun and west of the moon," before going on to Tampa, where I intend to take up my residence for the remainder of the winter. Naturally, the first thing I missed were pictures, and, despite being still rather sore at having had to leave town without seeing "The Dangerous Maid" and "A Woman of Paris," I decided to explore the wilds of the Masonic Hall, where films are exhibited every Tuesday and Saturday night.

At the top of a long flight of rough wooden steps, I came to an improvised box office. Over the tiny window was a sheet of paper on which was scrawled "35c. admission." That was, indeed, a bad beginning, for me, anyway, because at the Howard and Metropolitan Theaters in Atlanta, finest movie houses in the South, with fifty-piece orchestras 'n' all that, the admission is no more than this, and in the summer five cents cheaper. However, I paid, and then endeavored to push my way through the usual crowd of countrymen who congregate around the door of the hall on Saturday nights. Before I had taken my seat on the hard benches, I became aware of a deafening, ear-splitting sound, as of cowbells, tin pans, and cheap phonographs—all played at the same time. It was the music—the one-piece orchestra, in the shape of a ramshackle piano and a wild girl who banged away as though she were boxing, which was to keep up its raucous noise until the picture started. . . . The hall itself was big and bleak and bare, with great gaping windows, level floor, a boarded projection box at the back, and a stove in one corner around which most of the audience sat during the film, discussing town gossip and putting wood on the fire, alternately, as the night was very cold. In the center of the stage was suspended a white canvas screen, frayed at the edges and held in position at the bottom by a huge wooden rod that rested on the floor. On either side were remnants of ancient and battered scenery that rose with glaring dilapidation from dark shadows up into the bright light that came from a fly-specked bulb overhead. . . . Finally, the latter was switched out, the beastly piano stopped its racket, and a clicking and zumming and grinding issued from the projection box. A square of light illumined a space at the top of the screen, and coming-attraction slides were thrown across onto the canvas. I've seen lots of movies, but I never saw anything like those. They looked exactly as though they were made of burned glass all streaked and spotted with holes in it, and across the surface was written in a blurred, miserable hand the name of the star, the picture, and the price. And, I'll say it would have taken an expert to read them all. I managed to make out two—"Thomas Meighan in Manslaughter 40c." and "Quincy Adams Sawyer 40c. Great!"

After these, the steady cranking started and "Truxton King" made its appearance. The picture is another Fox atrocity. I knew what the film would be like, but I did not know that I would have the time of my life watching the audience. They were so enthused over everything in the picture, and would make loud comments as to the outcome of the plot, boo at the clinches, thrill and jiggle when the melodrama deepened, and read titles to their heart's content. To me, this was the funniest part of the whole show, and I wish city fans who have never seen a small-town movie could have been with me. There were frequent intermissions, too, when the film would stop and have to be wound again, during which time the piano would be played its loudest, and the people would discuss the film in enthralled tones. By the time the end of the picture was reached five of these had taken place—about five minutes each, but the spectators seemed oblivious to the fact that the continuity of the story was badly jarred and fractured.

The next Tuesday night I went again to see some of Ince's blah, called "What a Wife Learned," and found it run off identically the same way. Perhaps these people are more satisfied with their miserable movie fare than we critical city fans are who have so much in this line, and are still not pleased. . . . I'd give most anything right now to be at the Howard in Atlanta watching Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." You never appreciate home until you leave it.

TRIX MACKENZIE.

Orange Hotel, Inverness, Fla.

For and Against Historical Pictures.

Some one asks in the latest issue if we want more costume pictures. My answer is *No!*

Not that I don't like costume pictures—some of them, anyway, but too much of anything is—well, is too much! When practically every movie theater in your town shows nothing but costume pictures week in and week out for a month, do you wonder that an honest-to-goodness 1924 fan rises to protest? Costume pictures are all right occasionally, but what fan likes to think of the movies as just one grand parade of duels, dangling swords, powdered wigs, and voluminous skirts?

Give us our jazz parties, cabarets, and midnight rides! Many of us may not want to admit it, but we are of them and they of us, and anyway I am sure we'd rather find out how we are *supposed* to live than to *know* how our forefathers behaved. It's much more interesting.

HARRY COHEN.

50 Callender Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Some time ago I read an objection to the number of costume pictures being shown, on the grounds of dullness. Well, I, for one, am thoroughly tired of the everlasting sex drama, startling exposes of the younger generation, married people's problems, tales of the great Northwest, and so forth. If I must see the old themes and plots over and over, I'd rather see them in costume. History is pretty nearly always interesting, except when all the enthusiastic directors happen to pick on the French Revolution at the same time. I sometimes feel like sending them all copies of history books from the stone age onward, with different chapters underlined, just to let them know that there are other periods to choose from. E. R. S.

Montclair, N. J.

Continued on page 14



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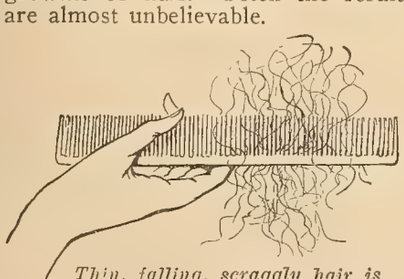
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

I agree with David Jolly about costume pictures. They are beautiful, romantic, interesting, and, when properly directed, intensely dramatic. I enjoyed "Scaramouche," "Ashes of Vengeance," and "The Fighting Blade" more than any I have seen for a long time. Long may they flourish!

IRENE KILGORE.
2806 Eleventh Avenue, Oakland, Calif.

I am getting so disgusted with the so-called big pictures of the day that are being turned out that I must write about it.

Why, oh, why, can't the producers give us a rest from the constant repetition of historical pictures, and, most of all, that everlasting having the actors jumping around trying to spear one another with their swords? What are these pictures? Nothing but display, fencing, and photography. What do the majority of people gain by looking at such antics? They come out of the picture house feeling bewildered and wondering what it had all been about. They should make pictures suitable to the intelligence of the common working mass of people—pictures that deal with every-day problems, such as "Brass," "Alice Adams," "Mothers-in-law," and others on that order. Then people can go out of the theater and feel that their own problems could be worse, and feel that there was a picture they understood. People have to understand a picture before they can get any good out of it and enjoy it.

What class of picture lingers longest in their minds? Some deep bewildering thing that happened two or three hundred years ago, or the pictures of the present day? I think the latter.

MRS. HARRY RASMUSSEN.
Ames, Nebr.

An announcement in the February issue of PICTURE-PLAY that "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" would soon be released prompted me to write this letter and add my plea for more pictures of the same kind.

I am a great lover of the history of America, and I am sure there must be plenty of others that would enjoy seeing the great men of this country in pictures. I do not believe there has been a picture made that would equal in adventure and in struggling against overwhelming odds the life of John Paul Jones. Or where could anything more thrilling be found than the great locomotive chase in Georgia, when J. W. Andrews and his little band of men stole a train in the heart of the South, and right before the eyes of a rebel army? Then there is the expedition of Lewis and Clark; the story of "Old Ironsides;" "the "Ride of Paul Revere;" the writing of the Star Spangled Banner;" the lives of such men as Webster, Clay, Franklin, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Hamilton, and dozens of others. The War of 1812 has never been touched upon in motion pictures; at least I never noticed any pictures of it.

P. E. MORSE.
Box 184, Fremont, Nebr.

Our Hollywood Fan Writes Again.

"Your letter hit the spot with me, as I'm always upholding actresses, and I think a girl, or a man either, can be nice—no matter what profession they follow. We all must recognize that it is perfectly natural for some players to be wild because their opportunities for fast living are obviously so much greater than those of the average person. Nevertheless, I am still an enthusiastic fan—always will be—and I hope I will have the pleasure of visiting Hollywood."

That is from a letter representative of the many I have received in answer to mine in the January PICTURE-PLAY. I was indeed surprised and not a little pleased at the ready response of my fellow fans. I had not expected to be the recipient of such an avalanche of mail, and as it would be impossible to answer all these fine letters individually, I take this means of doing so.

The quoted part speaks for itself. Actors and actresses *can* be good, and on the whole *they are*. I spent eighteen years of my life under the mistaken impression that all persons connected with anything theatrical were necessarily "bad." How absolutely foolish and what a lot my beloved family have to answer for! I have been in Hollywood more than long enough to know both sides of the question, and I have come to have a very warm regard for, and true appreciation of, these big-hearted folk—movie and legitimate.

Many of the fans asked me if I have seen their favorites in person, and as the list is a very long one I have taken the liberty of cutting it down a little.

Rudolph Valentino seems to be the leading favorite, with the Talmadges and Pola Negri next.

I saw Rudolph not so long ago buying some magazines at my favorite drug store. He had a beautiful police dog on a leash—this animal has appeared in some of his pictures, I think—and as I passed close by, it made a dive at me and somewhat upset my equilibrium. Mr. Valentino immediately apologized in a low, well-modulated voice. He looked very young and boyish and very attractive in his sport suit. As he was hatless, I had a very good look at him—patent-leather hair and all. That incident, and what I have since learned about him, impressed me very favorably.

Pola Negri I saw at the opening of Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater. I was already seated when she entered unobtrusively and I hardly recognized her. She was gowned well but inconspicuously and was very pale—her voluptuous, scarlet lips being the only dash of color in evidence. Her eyes are glorious wells of challenge and mystery, and she is undoubtedly magnetic. I doubt very much, though, if any of you would recognize her were you to meet her in ordinary circumstances. She repels attention at first and then compels—a very interesting personality.

The Talmadges are always charming and are great favorites wherever they happen to be. Norma in particular is very lovely and natural and is loved by old and young alike. "The sweetest and most beautiful of all—no make-up—and not a bit upstage," is the general verdict of those who are lucky enough to see her in person—especially on first nights when large crowds gather to look on.

I once stood so close to Ethel Clayton that I could have put my arm around her. It was at an afternoon Symphony Concert in the Hollywood Bowl. She was quietly but tastefully dressed, and looked rather cold and aloof. However, that is the type which sometimes appeals to me, so I did not feel dashed. I am sure that at heart she is a very wonderful woman. Charles de Roche I've seen so often and have even been introduced

Continued on page 116.

Amazing and Supreme Life and Health FREE

The Newest, Surest and Easiest Way to Rejuvenation and Supremacy

By Jungary Russ

THIS extraordinary and Universal Law does not require you to actively do anything or give up anything. It requires no exercise, no time, nor conscious deep breathing—no stretching, dieting, drugs nor medicines.

This natural and supreme Law—must not be confounded with hypnotism, auto-suggestion, psychology, spiritual science, psychic science, mental science, nor with electricity, osteopathy or any other method —mental or physical—ever devised in the past.

No self-hypnotizing phrases or formulas to repeat—no yielding, no recession, no giving up of anything, nothing to study, nothing to actively practice, no books to buy, nothing to memorize, no self-deception—nothing but truth—reality—Natural Law.

Perfect health cures every known and conceivable disease. This Natural Law is guaranteed to give perfect health.

Thousands of human beings die of various so-called diseases, but, all of these die of but one disease—unfitness to live.

Regardless of What Be Your Ailment, It Is But the Effect of Unfitness to Live—Deficient Power of Life and Health

There are twenty-five thousand quadrillions of units—living beings—in each human body. This Amazing Natural Law, when used, makes every one of these units more highly alive, more vital, more powerful, more efficient and thus, more able to render the highest type of service unto self, as well as unto the entire organism. Each human being is only as alive as these units are alive, no more—no less.

This Marvelous Natural Law is pleasant and agreeable. Through it, you positively put yourself in harmony with the forces of Life and thus, you cause them to cure for you, heal for you, work for you, function for you and manifest power and supremacy for you. It makes the Creative principle of life your servant and you the Master of your health, life, conditions and destiny.

Through this startling Natural Law anyone can rid self permanently of every human weakness.

This Unique Natural Law gives immunity from every disease of the inferior life.

This sensational Natural Law produces new and superior arteries, new and superior veins, new and superior heart, new and superior lungs, new and superior glands, new and superior organs, new and superior cells, and a new and superior organism and powers of every kind.

This revolutionary Natural Law contains no disadvantages—it has no drawbacks. Remember it requires no time, no exercise, no dieting, no drugging, no believing, no changing—nothing but advantages and gratifications through and through. It superiorizes health and life—the results are immediate—anyone can use it. I prophesy



that this mysterious Natural Law will drive every disease weakness and delusion entirely from the human race.

I am positive it is destined to banish weakness and delusion from the human race by making supreme health and supreme reality inevitable. Through this rejuvenating Natural Law anyone may have the health and vitality of a lion or a tiger, without the inconvenience of being a wild animal, compelled to live in a wild state of Nature, with all of the inconveniences — the natural law that keeps a lion and a tiger vital and well is now yours, free to use.

Tigers and lions living in a wild state of Nature do not look out for their health —this Natural Law looks out for their health. They do not run from one doctor to another or take pills and powders and try out remedies. They put the responsibility for their health on this Natural Law —you may do the same through this Natural Law.

It is no longer necessary for anyone to spend money for treatments and doctors and drugs and dieting and books and systems and cures and pills and devices, because perfect and supreme health and life are absolutely free through this health-producing Natural Law. Why be weak, why be ill, why be fat, why be thin, when you may, absolutely free, become in every way, perfect and supreme through this sensational Natural Law?

This startling Natural Law yields amazing nerve force, amazing energy, amazing vitality and extraordinary power of every character of mind and body—a new and superior life.

Through this wonderful Natural Law you may have all the benefits of exercise, without exercise or its disadvantages; all of the benefits of conscious deep breathing with none of the disadvantages; the full and complete benefit of every vitamine and organic iron without drugs or dieting; all of the benefits of medicine and drugs with none of the disadvantages of medicine and drugs; all of the benefits of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology, without the disadvantages of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; all of the benefits of dieting and every other kind of treatment, device or assistance, with none of the disadvantages.

Perfect health prevents all disease of an infectious and contagious character—all of the diseases that thrive in inferior organisms. Every disease fails when it attacks an organism fully fortified by this vitality-producing Natural Law.

This creative Natural Law can so energize, vitalize and vivify every one of the twenty-five thousand quadrillions of living beings or units in your body, as to make ill health absolutely impossible, and, at the same time, giving you a new meaning for life, health, power and gratification.

There exists in every living being or thing, a creative, curative, healing, thinking, knowing and acting Force. This force acts only in terms of reactions. This dominant Natural Law arouses within it, the highest type of reactions—all of this without waste of time or any active effort or exercise of any character.

This demonstrable Natural Law energizes, vitalizes and enlivens every one of the living units in the human body. Through this Law you actually harness the creative and living power of the creative force of life. You attain results accordingly as you demand.

It has been discovered that every quality and power and process and function of mind and body arises out of, and springs from, one source. The Law through which this "source" is harnessed and capitalized without effort has also been discovered.

This secret is offered to you absolutely free. There are no "conditions" or "strings" attached to this offer. This astonishing Natural Law is most marvelous, most simple, most subtle and most powerful. It is the Law of creative power.

Remember there is nothing active to do, nothing to study, nothing to believe, no time to waste, no habits to give up, nothing to lose—there is no mystery—it is merely a Natural Law.

If you are not enjoying life to the full—if you are in any way handicapped—if you are not in possession of all the powers of mind and body in the highest degree, you owe it to yourself to at once procure for yourself, free of charge, this surprising Natural Law. Remember that demonstration and results are immediate.

If you wish to feel newly alive, newly vital, newly ambitious, newly and supremely well, send your name today.

This powerful Natural Law creates perfect health just as heat converts rigid ice into yielding water.

It is a perfectly natural phenomenon—demonstrably true, yet so marvelously simple, as to be almost unbelievable.

It transforms the gloom of disease into the bloom of health, as the rays of the spring sun transform the dead soil into a "sea" of luxuriant vegetation. It is destined to revolutionize human health and happiness—Humanity.

Any one—male or female—above eighteen years of age is eligible to receive this marvelous secret, absolutely free.

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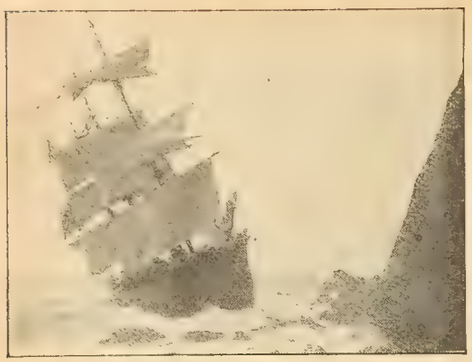
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XX APRIL, 1924 No. 2

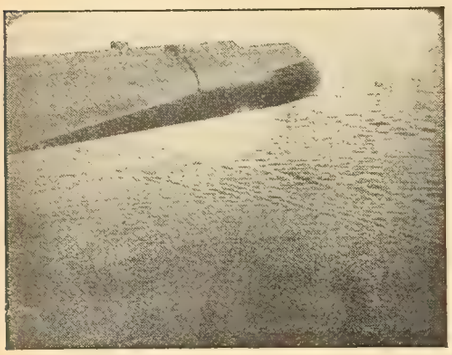


Photo by Henry Waxman

An informal portrait of Anna Q. Nilsson and her husband, John Gunnerson.









Shopping

When the motion-picture director needs a scene which would or a view from some far-away corner of the earth—there's a

By Gordon

GIVE me fifty feet of cute cat stuff—in a rush!"

"Can you send me twenty-five feet of New York sky line?"

These are not orders on a menagerie, nor a million-dollar deal in real estate. They are the actual appeals of harried movie directors to a dealer in picture punches with offices just off Broadway.

Here punches can be bought for a dollar a foot. True stories have been told of fizzling productions which have been saved from the morgue by the insertion of a few feet of film from the punch shop.

This business of providing punches for pictures is not a new one, although its actual working out may be new to a large majority of readers. It covers a period of ten years, since the time it was first conceived and started by M. T. Stone in New York, until now the Stone "library" boasts one million feet of film—with ten thousand punches!

Its system of putting the punch in pictures is simple and unique—the result of demand and supply. Early in 1913 Mr. Stone discovered that a great many scenes are used over and over again in a great many movies. For instance, almost every immigrant picture had occasion to use a short shot of the Statue of Liberty. Every time a homesick heroine returned from abroad there was sure to be a glimpse of Miss Liberty as the boat steamed into New York Harbor.

Why not save each director the cost of going out himself and taking a movie of the statue? That is the question Mr. Stone asked himself. So he secured several hundred feet of film showing all angles of Liberty, and announced to the world that movie directors could get a view of it at so much a foot from him, thus saving themselves the trouble and expense and time of shooting it. And many producers jumped at the chance. Then he found out that views of the New York sky line were always in demand, and shots of Niagara Falls and the Great White Way.

These were the obvious things that movie directors often wished to insert in their pictures to "lend atmosphere." And these gradually led to the addition of other and less-usual scenes.

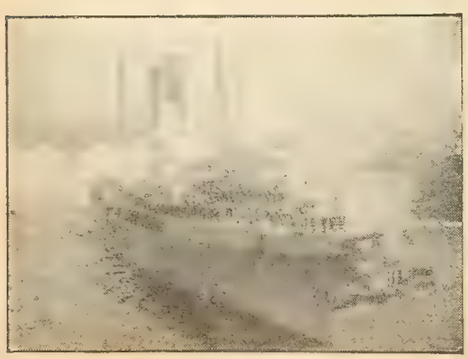
Camera men caught the habit of taking a few extra views of interesting events and bringing the film to Stone to be added to his library. In a few years this man, without moving away from Broadway, was able to supply scenes of all parts of the world. His price for punch inserts, by the foot, gradually increased until now it has stabilized itself at a dollar. Some rare inserts get a dollar and a half per film foot.

Now Mr. Stone is no more, and his big business is carried on in the little office just off Broadway by Mrs. Stone.

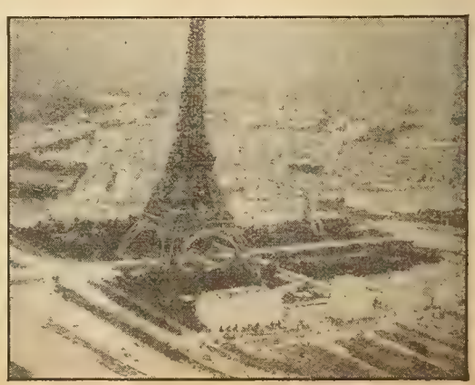
This energetic woman, in the last five years, has put more punches in pictures than any man director in the world.

Her vast storehouse, housing its million feet of film, is located in Hoboken, but at her uptown office she can quote punches to you by the hour with all the glibness and accuracy of a Wall Street broker rehearsing the stock market. It is in this office that she takes her orders, received over the two jangling telephones and by telegraph from Fort Lee or California, as the case may be.

"Yes, I have a good shot of a gypsy camp," I heard her assure one







for Punches

be practically impossible to arrange—such as a train wreck, place where he can procure it already filmed, at a small cost.

Gassaway

producer the other day, when I dropped in to get a line on the punch market.

"My 'convict being discharged from prison' retails at a dollar a foot, Mr. ——, but it is a splendid film. Yes, you can have thirty-five feet of it this afternoon," she informed another inquirer.

Imagine the relief of those directors to discover that they could have a scene for thirty-five dollars, cash on delivery, which might otherwise cost them a thousand dollars to make, including time and the expense of sets, actors, lights and other incidentals.

There is an authentic record of a certain director—not a De Mille or a Von Stroheim, to be sure—who turned out a picture for a company which was admitted to be a failure before it was ever shown outside of the studio. Fifty thousand dollars had been spent on it, and it had no punch.

"What'll we do about this thing?" asked the producers.

"Go to Stone," suggested one of the executives. And go to Stone they did, with the result that the picture became a big success. And how did it happen? By the simple expedient of buying one hundred feet of humdinging railroad wreck for one hundred dollars and infusing it into the lifeless corpse just where it would do the most good. Beside this all they had to do was to make a few retakes to lead up to the wreck, and have a few extra subtitles written. That great wreck scene, as the reviewers characterized it, put over the picture and saved it from the shelf.

This business of the transfusion of blood into anæmic films does not always mean the injection of a punch. Sometimes the producers find that their finished product lacks heart interest. "It hasn't any sentimental appeal," they aver. So off they go to Mrs. Doctor Stone and see what she prescribes.

Sometimes she says, after viewing the forlorn hope: "Well, now I have fifty feet of new dove stuff. If you'll just stick some pigeons in there between where the hero kisses the girl good-by and where the villain comes to get her, I think it will do the work." So the harried producer buys fifty dollars' worth of cooing doves, and presto—there is their sentiment!

Almost every type of animal film is on file in the punch shop. There are whaling scenes, with whales in every imaginable posture. There are hundreds of cuts of kittens, tigers, polar bears, kangaroos, ant-eaters, bees, butterflies and elephants. Every inmate of the Bronz Zoo is represented. Birds are abundant.

With six thousand dollars and a visit to the punch shop I could turn out a film that would look like a seventy-thousand-dollar investment—if I had had to hire actors, camera men, scene shifters, a studio and lights.

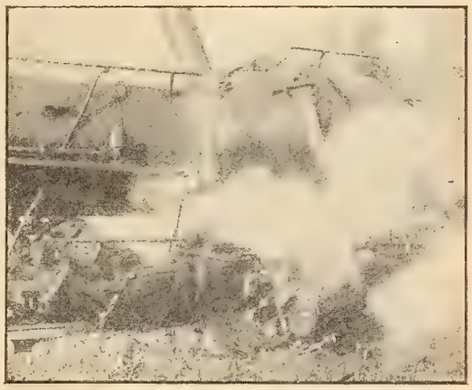
And it wouldn't be a back-to-nature study, either.

In the first place, or maybe the last place, Mrs. Stone can quote you prices on "all kinds of mob scenes." And the best thing about most of her mob scenes is that they are actual shots of real mobs taken by some itinerant camera man who happened to be on the spot when the mob was mobbing, and caught some scenes of it. Not knowing what to do with his film after he took it, like as not, the camera man sold it to the Stone

Continued on page 103

















Carmel—Exclamation Point!

Beautiful Miss Myers is often cast as a woman of mystery in pictures, but in real life she is startling rather than baffling.

By Myrtle Gebhart

AGAINST considerable competition, Carmel Myers has been chosen to portray *Iras,* the Circe of "Ben-Hur," which is to be filmed by Goldwyn. The Egyptian charmer described in General Lew Wallace's memorable tale is a sinuous temptress, with powers of enchantment. Physically, the rôle will fit Carmel—long, graceful lines, slightly petulant mouth, a hint of unawakened intensities.

Yet, in spite of this physical likeness to *Iras,* Carmel is decidedly of to-day; she epitomizes in many ways what a modern girl blessed with individuality may become. Eyes with greenish glints, very frank, scorning pretense. A certain restlessness, a driving power. Carmel has a shrewd way of getting what she wants. Perhaps it is because of her dominant qualities, perhaps merely the stubbornness of her, but strange contrasts have marked her career. She has been up and she has been down and always she will be distinctly one or the other — there are no vague, shadowy middle distances for this exclamation-point of a girl.

"Nerve? Of course"—shrugging. "I'm nobody's little clinging vine. You get just what you go after in this world and nobody fixes cushions for you. That's how I got my first taste of movie acting, out at Universal. I was a youngster in grammar school and during a holiday had gone out there with another girl, hoping to peek through the fence at the actresses. Mingling with a bunch of extras, we got through the gates. I found a make-up box and dolled myself all up, then strutted grandly around the lot, hoping people would notice me and think me a star. A director did—notice me, I mean—and when I said so glibly that I was working for Mr. So-and-so, I made a bad guess. For *he* was the director whose name I had grabbed out of my memory—and I was told to depart and to stay out. I cried all the way home on the street car, think-

Continued on page 111

The Art and the Craft of the Motion-picture Actor

An inquiry into the problems and potentialities of the motion-picture actor with a few theories about acting from which you can formulate your own.

By Helen Klumph



John Barrymore is unquestionably our greatest screen actor. With him in this scene from "Beau Brummel" is Irene Rich who has distinguished herself by the sincere and aristocratic quality of her portrayals.

IF acting is the art of frightening old ladies, then Lon Chaney is undoubtedly the greatest actor in the world. But if acting means something more than wearing a rubber suit and disfiguring your face with putty, then Mr. Chaney cannot qualify."

So spoke Agnes Smith in a recent number of PICTURE-PLAY, and immediately the question rose in my mind, as it probably did in yours—yes, but what *is* motion-picture acting?

Glancing through the reviews in the New York newspapers didn't yield me much information. "She thinks that emotion is something that gets stuck in her throat," was said of one young player, and "Disappointment, rage and a determination to seek revenge were expressed by him in variations of the Daily Dozen" was the analysis offered of another's acting method.

Now these criticisms may seem flippant but they point out the principal fault with much motion-picture acting. It is too much concerned with meaningless externals. There are too many people who are proficient in the craft or technique of motion-picture acting without having any conception of what lies beyond that.

But first let us decide what the job of the actor is, and then we can delve into the way it should be handled.

The work of an actor is ostensibly to represent a given character undergoing certain experiences that have been formulated by a dramatist or scenario writer. The average stage-struck or screen-struck young person says that he is sure that he is destined to be an actor because when he reads a part he feels just like the person described. Unfortunately, that isn't enough. The news reels prove adequately the difference between feeling a part and acting it. No doubt you have had glimpses of royalty in the news pictures and been disappointed in them. Probably you have seen arch criminals who appeared to be shy, confused young men. But send Irene Rich or Norma Talmadge before the camera in regal parts and they live up to the commonly accepted ideas about royalty. Give Ernest Torrence or Raymond Griffith the part of a sly, sinister character and they leave no doubt in your mind as to their characteristics. Acting then, is not feeling, it is representation. At its best it is more than that. The art of the actor is like the art of the caricaturist in that it consists of the ability to bring out high lights of character. The proportions are not altered but the salient features are emphasized so that we are more deeply affected by them.



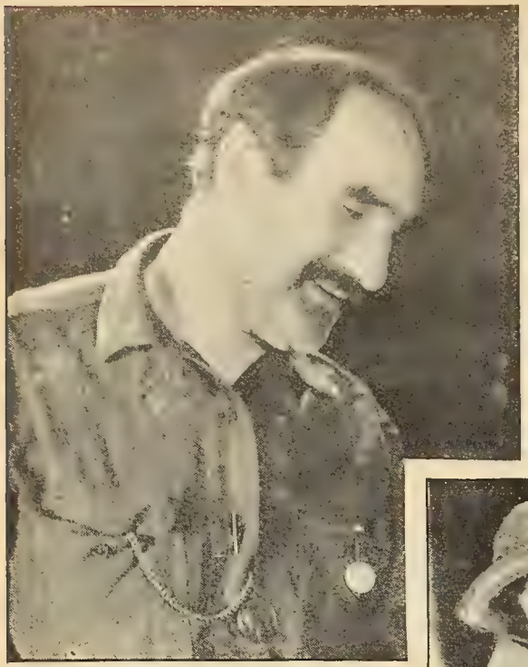
Photo by Freulich

The characterizations of Lon Chaney are usually too much concerned with externals.

The aims of stage and screen acting are the same, but their methods are quite different. In stage acting every effect is intensified in order to bridge the gap between the actor and his audience. In screen acting the camera lens acts as a sort of magnifying glass through which the audience looks. Movements must be simple and they must be spaced somewhat as words are on a typewriter or the only effect will be a blur. Any attempt at pantomime as it is known on the stage or in the ballet looks like meaningless grimacing or "mugging." The throwing of the voice is of such importance in stage acting that the lower half of the face becomes the chief factor in dramatic acting. Changes of expression about the eyes are almost unnoticed across the footlights. But in motion pictures the subtlest acting is done with the eyes, and the lower half of the face is often held almost motionless so as not to distract attention from them.

A stage performance is like a bird on a telegraph pole. He seems motionless until he flaps his wings very hard. A screen drama is the bird seen so close that the twitching of an eye seems significant.

Now granting that the actor's job is representation



Ernest Torrence's acting method is that of a spellbinder.

of other people, just how does he go about it? What is the art of the actor? Is it imitation? Is it mimicry? Is it improvisation? Is it a sort of fierce abandonment to emotion? Is it interpretation? Or is it, perhaps, creation of something of its own?

It is all of these things to a certain degree. One must take into account the fact that every performance is dependent upon the rôle that is being played, the actor's insight into human nature and the particular type he is playing, and his skill as an actor.

If an actor only imitates life, if he focuses too much on studying actual types such as he is to play and too little on his own feeling for the circumstances that created the type, he is likely to give a negative characterization. He means no more to his audience than the average passer-by does to a person in a crowd. In every mob of extras there are people who give excellent imitations of some one or other. But they never quite carry the conviction that they *are* the person portrayed.

Mimicry, likewise, carries little human appeal. There are dozens of amateurs who can laugh, cry, and rant in imitation of our most skilled performers. But they strike no chord of sympathy in your heart. Their emotional fireworks spring from no inner necessity. They express nothing but the virtuosity of the performer.

I was once privileged to see a series of crying close-ups of one of our greatest screen players. No explanation was offered about how they had been made and the people who saw them were a little timorous about admitting that none of the crying scenes moved them at all. When they did admit it, however, they were shown another film in which the same player wept again. This one was appallingly real. She gripped your sympathy, carried you along into her grief, and made you feel the surcharge of misery that forced a flow of tears.

Now the secret behind the making of those particular crying scenes was this: There had been some discussion in the studio about how different players induced tears, and the star had admitted that she could cry very easily but that she never could make a scene that satisfied her director if her tears were not "in character," that is, if they were not a direct result of the sufferings of the person she was playing. The first crying scenes she had shown us were made with glycerine tears dropping from her eyes. The tears looked real enough but there was no emotion behind them. In another film her tears had been induced by listening to sad music. In another she had been practically under the hypnotic influence of her director, who painted for her in graphic language a picture of misery and suffering. In yet another her tears were tears of self-pity for she was thinking of her own troubles. These



Photo by Abbe

Lillian Gish has, to a superlative degree, the physical eloquence that is typical of Duse.



Mary Pickford has shown that she can be subtle and graciously insinuating, but most of the time she follows the line of least resistance and hammers her effects home in a flood of hoydenish charm.



Mary Alden's characterizations are always intense and emotional, but beyond all that they have an illuminating quality of intelligence.

Photo by Bird

scenes all lacked conviction. It was only when the player lost herself in the part she was playing and her tears were a sincere expression of the grief resulting from that character's misadventures, that she gripped and held her audience.

That proves, I think, that in her case, at least, acting is both interpretation and creation.

But is acting the result of creative intelligence or just a certain emotional sensibility? Great acting, to be sure, is usually directed by a keen intelligence, but it may not be the player's own. Certainly if an actor should have to choose between intelligence and sensibility he would choose the latter, for it has been demonstrated hundreds of times that a dull-witted person with a certain aptitude for emotional expression can often succeed in a rôle where an actor of keen intelligence fails.

Perhaps the most famous case of this is that of Shakespeare, who certainly understood the characters he wrote better than any one else did but who never could act any save the minor parts. He is said to have been passable as a spear carrier but downright maudlin as *Hamlet*.

One of the first essentials of an actor is a responsive body, and this too has little to do with intelligence. Keen understanding of the psychology of underworld characters will get an actor nowhere if he is unable to adapt his body to the manners and gait of such types.

Now the art of the actor is so intimately bound up in what we call personal magnetism and personality that it is almost futile to draw any conclusions about what goes into the making of an effective actor. Different actors have different methods but their aim is always the same—to hold the mirror up to nature. The difference between good acting and great acting is that good acting merely reflects nature while great acting adds to the character and to the situation an element of abstraction that might be called the epitome of that experience. There are as many different acting methods as there are great actors. On

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The screen tends to develop actors of a quiet, reflective method and the finest exponent of this type is Norma Talmadge.



Photo by Eugene Richee



Rapidly advancing in skill are Leatrice Joy, Colleen Moore, and Gloria Swanson, and they illustrate widely differing methods. Leatrice Joy's acting is shorn of all superfluous motion, is simple and powerful. Gloria Swanson's is infinitely detailed and suffused with a vibrant personality; Colleen Moore's is, to a marked degree, similar to the art of a caricaturist.

Photo by Bird



Elsie and Laura and Old Tyrant Type

(A bedtime story for tired picture fans.)

By Harrison Dowd

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe



Lora was the directors' joy; she did everything she was told.

As this story is written for fans, tired or otherwise, I shall assume that one of your chief amusements, Boys and Girls, is the picture show.

Now there are Tyrants in the pictures as well as in everyday life. All kinds of Tyrants, even to-day, although there used to be a great many more. And since this story is about something that happened in the pictures several years ago, I shall name the Tyrants that were most prominent in those days. They still exist, all of them, but their power is weakening gradually.

The five biggest Tyrants I can think of right now are Extravagance, Bad Taste, Swell Head, Dim Wit and last, but by no means least, Type.

There has been a lot said already about the first four Tyrants, but, to me at least, not enough about the fifth. That is probably because Type is less brazen in his tyranny over the pictures than the others. He works in the dark, so to speak, and he is a slow worker as well; slow, but sure. That's what makes him all the more dangerous.

Type usually has to wait until some young man or woman makes a definite hit with some director and then grabs him or her and makes him or her, not an actor or actress, but rather what might be called a Type Slave.

Now a Type Slave, Boys and Girls, may go for a long time without realizing that he or she is a slave at all; as a matter of fact, most of them think at first that they are pretty lucky lads and lassies, as they certainly seem to be to the general public. But it's safe to say that those who are really actors and actresses discover after a while that they would give away their pet roadster if they could only escape the Tyranny of Type.

But you've been waiting to hear the story of Elsie and Laura in connection with Old Tyrant Type. You'll excuse me for holding out on you, I'm sure; I merely wanted to introduce him and show you how it is he pulls his stuff, to speak somewhat inelegantly of him. I do that because I think he needs a little plain talk.

Well, once there were two girls, Elsie Elwell and Laura Lowder, who decided to try acting for the pictures. Elsie was the smaller of the two, and was blond,

Dear Boys and Girls:

Before I begin on the story of Elsie and Laura, I want to talk to you about Tyrants, Old Tyrant Type in particular.

A Tyrant doesn't necessarily have to be a person, Boys and Girls. Tyrants can be Things as well as People; They can be Thoughts too, and Feelings.

An Alarm Clock is a Thing; it is also a perfect example of a Tyrant. Then there is that Second Cup of Coffee at breakfast, or perhaps the Third—at any rate, that Extra Cup you know you oughtn't to take. (No, Boys and Girls, this is not an ad. for a substitute.) After that comes one of our best Tyrants, the After-Breakfast Cigarette. Then comes a whole flock of Tyrants: Street Car, Subway, El, Bus, or whatever Thing it may be that drags you to Work, the most unreasonable Tyrant, perhaps, of all. Some people approve of this Tyrant; personally, I've never been able to make up my mind, and that is a Feeling that is likewise a Tyrant.

After Work comes Play, naturally my favorite Tyrant. By Play I mean all kinds of amusement.

but not A Blonde; Laura was tall and stately and decidedly A Brunette. When old Type learned of their decision, he pricked up his eager old ears and asked his brother Tyrant, Bad Taste, what the girls' names were.

"Elsie Elwell and Laura Lowder, brother Type," said Bad Taste.

Type shook his head. "Tell them to change their names."

So Bad Taste appeared before the girls and said, "You ought to change your names if you're going to act in pictures. You, Miss Elwell, should call yourself Peaches Pretty."

"But I think it's a silly name," said Elsie, "and I don't intend to take it. My own name suits me well enough."

This startled Bad Taste so that he nearly lost the diamond-studded ostrich egg which he wore for a stick-pin. But he recovered quickly and turned to Laura.

"How about calling yourself Lora Ladeedah?" he asked with a beautiful big smile. Laura hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Yes, I think it would suit me well. I've always thought my own was a little, well, common." And she looked approvingly at Bad Taste.

When Bad Taste told Type of Elsie's refusal to change her name to Peaches Pretty, Type was very angry and said he'd get her for that. But he was tremendously pleased with Laura, and knew that from then on he would have little trouble with her, at any rate.

The two girls had their first chance to act in a picture called "An Adventuress in the Home." It was in the early days, when directors went around without a single puttee to their names, and their names weren't so much, either.

Lora, being dark, naturally played the *Adventuress*. She looked the part, certainly, with her black hair going wild all over her head and her eyes and lips, when screened, the color of a coal bin at midnight. She did everything the director told her to, walked around all shuddery and mad looking, clutched her imitation pearls, heaved heavily and did frightful things with her eyebrows and eyes, rolling them to the roots of her hair and dropping them to the bridge of her nose and all that sort of thing.

The public went dizzy about her, practically. So her managers hired all sorts of clever but poor people to think up beautiful things to say about her, and soon she was famous and everything.

Elsie Elwell, on the other hand, played the *Poor Little Wife*. She, too, looked the part, but the director said she wasn't sad enough or sweet enough. And she wouldn't wring her hands and cry in the right places, he said; instead she showed plainly that she was pretty darn mad when that snoopy *Adventuress* came snooping into the home.

The director wasn't the only one who was upset. Tyrant Type said that that was no way for a blond wife to behave. Besides, it was liable to spoil the continuity.

So, although the public liked the way that Elsie played the *Wife*, she herself discovered that she wasn't as popular with the director as Lora, and consequently was made to take almost any part that came along.

Tyrant Type said she was foolish to have acted sore instead of sad in the part, and to have refused to call herself Peaches Pretty and to be simply A Blonde rather than Elsie Elwell. It would be so much simpler for her; she wouldn't have to work half as hard. Look at Lora, all she had to do was to heave now and then and behold, there was another fat check.

Well, things went on like this for some time. Remember, Boys and Girls, this was all several years ago, when Tyrant Type was feared and respected by almost every one in the pictures. Then too, there was Extravagance, who was being considered more and more as a pretty important personage in the game. Swell Head was another; he looked after the directors. And Bad Taste would visit the studios every other day or so and make suggestions to the director concerning costuming, sets, society manners, et cetera.

Lora Ladeedah meanwhile had risen to the height of her career. She continued to slither and heave and overwork her eyebrows. Extravagance had seen to it that she piled on the pearls, also the make-up and the ten-foot headdress. He even pursued her in her private life and in time influenced her to build a mansion or two in which it became her habit to pull off some parties that would make King Solomon's look like so many barn dances. She became known as "The Lustful Ladeedah," "The Dame de Luxe," "The Muncher of

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Elsie wasn't so popular with directors, but she convinced the public that she was a good actress.

Our Great Unknown

Maude Adams, who has joined the ranks
ducers, is the most admired and least known

By Helen



This photograph of Maude Adams taken when she was playing "The Legend of Leonora," a few years ago, looks much as she does to-day. Photo by De Witt C. Ward

THERE is no one else quite like Maude Adams.

Try to explain who she is and what she is like and why her coming into the motion-picture industry should be considered a matter of great moment and you have set yourself a baffling task. Maude Adams and the tremendous hold she has long had on the public cannot be explained any more than an exquisite melody or fairy story can be analyzed. One can only record that she had a magnetic appeal that no other performer has had.

Maude Adams is a feeling, not a person, a reviewer once remarked. She is an impression you carry locked in your heart, not a haughty lady submerged in grease paint with whom one shakes hands backstage.

At least three young girls, and probably many more who are gaining fame on the American stage wore down parental opposition to their careers by arguing, "But mother, look at Maude Adams!" A prominent clergyman once refused to take part in a theatrical muckraking campaign organized by some of his brother divines, saying, "As long as Maude Adams is America's favorite actress the stage has not come upon evil days." Hers was a lofty standard, and one that commanded recognition.

For years she was the greatest money maker among American players. Her first season as a star is supposed to have netted her over forty thousand dollars, and later tours are said to have more than doubled that. In all the history of the theater she best refutes the argument that performers who are perfectly proper are not particularly arresting. There was nothing austere, nothing dull about a Maude Adams performance. She was wistful, she was pathetic, but above all else she was joyous and inspiriting.

She will probably always be remembered for her *Peter Pan,* for she not only played it throughout the country with phenomenal success, it was her eerie personality that suggested the play to Sir James Barrie. Playgoers of another generation can recall her *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister," in which she made her début as a star twenty-six years ago, her exquisitely girlish *Juliet,* her *Rosemary.* They can recall too how worried her friends were when they heard that Frohman was going to present her in the trying rôle of *L'Aiglon,* and that Sarah Bernhardt was going to come to America and play *L'Aiglon* at the same time. Miss Adams proved that season that she was more than a winsome, charming girl. Her performance of *L'Aiglon* was not only worthy of competing with the magnificent portrayal by Bernhardt, it was in many ways a more thoughtful, finished performance, according to the critics of that time. In any case, Bernhardt played in New York for a few weeks and then went on tour, but the production in which Maude Adams appeared ran on for months.

"It is a pity," people are saying, "that we are not to have Maude Adams in pictures. What, after all, will it mean just to have her associated with the Film Guild in the making of pictures?"

What, indeed?

It may mean that she can find young people of talent and develop in them that exquisite quality that has made her the most widely known and best-loved of American players. It will certainly mean that we can count on the productions of the Film Guild to set a high standard of entertainment. From now on every Film Guild picture will be made under the supervision of Miss Adams. The first will be "The Puritans," one of the chronicles of America series, and the next "Aladdin," which will be made in natural colors. More than anything else,



Photo by Moffett Copyright by Charles Frohman

A hint of the gay, elusive charm that made Maude Adams so adored is given in this photograph.

Celebrity

of motion-picture pro-
of American notables.

Klumph

however, the coming of Maude Adams into the motion-picture industry means improvement in the actual technical devices by which pictures are made.

It will astonish the world, no doubt, to learn that this woman whose name has always suggested winsomeness and charm is an electrical expert. The leading engineers of the General Electric Company in whose laboratories she has been experimenting for the last four years say that she is a genius. They say that she has real scientific intuition. She works unerringly toward solving mechanical problems that have baffled engineers for years.

Her objective throughout her experiments at the General Electric Company was a powerful incandescent. At the beginning of her work a twelve-hundred-watt lamp was the most powerful that had been made. This was too weak to register both color and motion successfully. She developed a thirty-thousand-watt lamp that permits clear, instantaneous color photography. Her improved systems of lighting also give stereoscopic depth to the film. Technical men say that her inventions are of inestimable value and artists say that they will make marvelously beautiful effects possible.

Miss Adams' interest in electricity is nothing of recent origin. She always studied every detail of production when she was a stage star and often made suggestions about lighting that were valuable. When she was out on the road and anything went wrong with the electrical equipment she would telegraph to an electrical expert describing what had happened and he would send back instructions for correcting the trouble. Miss Adams learned to carry out the most complicated repairs.



Photo by Moffett

A portrait of Miss Adams taken a few years ago.

When her doctors advised her to leave the stage about four years ago and take a long rest, she had no definite idea of going on with electrical experiments. She went down to Pinehurst to visit a friend and it was while she was there that she saw a motion picture. She had always supposed that they would bore her but on the contrary she was so fascinated by the possibilities of this new medium that she went at once to the laboratories of the General Electric Company and began experimenting with lighting and photography. As long as two years ago she had made such amazing improvements in lighting that picture producers urged her to start actual work of production. But Miss Adams was not to be satisfied until she could develop a means of successfully photographing in natural colors. This she has now accomplished and we are promised "Aladdin."



One of her most charming rôles was that of PHOEBE *in "Quality Street."*

Photo by Sarony

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Baby Peggy's Contribution

As the bright, particular star of Principal Pictures Corporation she is doing her bit for the box office

All this talk about bigger and better pictures has not passed Baby Peggy and her sponsors by, so she is now given everything in the way of a big story and a strong supporting cast. "Captain January" is her first star picture made under the auspices of Principal Pictures, and her cast includes such distinguished players as Irene Rich and Hobart Bosworth, to say nothing of the cow, who is one of those clever, sad-faced comedians.





Manhattan's Bright Lights

Anecdotes and observations picked up, not in the studios, but at the clubs, hotels and private parties where the stars may be found in New York during leisure hours.

By Leland Hayward

LOUD cheers have been reverberating of late from the very rocks of Manhattan Island. Thelma Converse has at last really started working in pictures. The newspapers have carried story after story about "Thelma Converse, the Famous Society Picture Star"—the only picture work she ever did was some extra work for a few days. I think the picture was "Enemies of Women." But when she announced that she was entering upon a screen career the papers ate it up. She is really very beautiful, and ought to make out all right. At present she is working with Gloria Swanson in Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "The Laughing Lady." The name of the play has, like most other plays, had its name changed to something nonsensical. She is a dark, sensuous beauty of a very unusual type. I have never seen any one quite like her, or even any one who remotely suggested her. And with her abundant good looks she has the great woman's secret of knowing how to dress well. She is popular both in society—her sister is Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt—and in the theatrical world. Unlike ninety-nine per cent of the society women who get a yen to go into pictures, she is very sincere and earnest about the whole thing, and is willing to work. And she has learned what she never knew a few months ago—that one just can't become a star overnight, and that it's something that must come only with much experience, knocks and hard work.



Thelma Morgan Converse, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt's sister, is playing in Gloria Swanson's new picture.

I had the surprise of my life the other night at a party given by Dorothy Wallace—who played the *Countess* in "Merry Go Round"—at her lovely new apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes. She is taking singing lessons from Madame Novello-Davies, the mother of Ivor Novello, and the madame believes that Dorothy has all the makings of a great singer. She should know, for she is considered the finest singing teacher in the world, having coached Caruso and many others of fame. But anyway, Dorothy is intensely serious about the thing, and has surrounded herself with a large part of the musical world. Eddie Goulding was there, and it finally came out that years ago in England he had studied singing from Madame Novello-Davies. And then, of course, he was made to sing, and surprised every one by having a marvelous voice. So any time that Eddie tires of being about the highest-paid and best scenario writer in the world he can be sure of making a very good living with his vocal cords. Goulding is a great wit, and one of the most interesting figures in the picture industry. I understand he is going to direct "The Fool" for Fox and it wouldn't surprise me in the least if in a few months every one is talking about the great new director Goulding. There seems to be nothing that he can't do.

It has just been announced that Ganna Walska, the opera star, is about to blaze forth as a movie star. Backed up by the McCormick millions she might be able to make a presentable picture. She certainly never could do it on her looks.



Photo by Pach Brothers

Which for some reason makes me think of the funniest story of the month. Some wag called up Peggy Hopkins in her dressing room at the Earl Carrol Theater, and introduced himself as the casting director of the —— Film Company. The conversation, as later reported, was something like this:

"Miss Hopkins, we are casting for a new picture and have a part that we think you would be very interested in. Could you come over to the studio to-morrow?"

"Why of course, I'd love to. How wonderful," said Peggy. "By the way, what kind of a part is it?"

"Why, Miss Hopkins, we have a mother rôle we think——"

Click went the phone—I pity the poor fellow that went out with Miss Hopkins that night.

Peggy's only serious rival as a vampire has just arrived in New York. This young woman is very little known on this side of the ocean, preferring Europe as a background. Her name is Mrs. Jean Nash. Peggy will grit her teeth when she sees the diamond bracelets that Mrs. Nash is wearing. She only wears three on her arm—they take up all the space between the wrist and elbow. I'd like to take one of them and make a movie with the money I could hock it for.

I saw George Fitzmaurice at a party the other night. He is one of my favorite directors off the screen. The reason? Unbelievable as it seems, it's very difficult to make him talk about himself. He is both shy and modest. And a real director.

Fitzmaurice was rather upset about the story he is about to make—"Cytherea," by Hergesheimer. It is a story that is likely to run amuck with the amazing censor boards which infest our country, and difficult to transpose to the screen under any circumstances. But Fitz and his wife, Ouida Bergere, who writes all his scenarios, were stuck when it came to the ending. There are any number of possibilities, and they can't figure out which one to use. "It is like these jigsaw puzzles," said Fitz, "We cannot quite find that little piece that makes the whole thing so easy—after you find it."

He also told me an interesting bit of news. He is using Constance Bennett in "Cytherea." Constance is really a lovely girl, and once she gets started is likely to make good with a bang. She is the most perfect "flapper" or débutante type that I have ever seen. As Fitz said, "It is the part of a fresh society girl that won't stay home and loves to go out dancing all night. I think Constance Bennett will be so good in the part. She is exactly the type, and has much—what you call it?—sex appeal." Acting certainly should come easily to her, for her father is one of the greatest actors we have in this country—Richard Bennett—and her mother is also on the stage, going there by the name of Adrienne Morrison. Connie has had a hectic career,

Constance Bennett, the perfect flapper, has taken up picture work in earnest now and is appearing in Fitzmaurice's "Cytherea."

and her adventures have been largely exploited by the newspapers. She is more or less the original flapper. At one time—after she had passed through the flapper period—she danced professionally with Basil Durant. Then she played in several pictures as a second lead with Elaine Hammerstein. She was also in a Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman opus called "What's Wrong With the Women."

I thought I had run across the newest screen scandal. Day after day I had seen Conrad Nagel in the Hotel Algonquin. And every time I saw him he seemed to be in the process of making love to a most attractive woman. But—it was only his wife. Their devotion to each other is refreshing, to say the least.

Charlie Chaplin was interviewed, quizzed, praised and panned about everything and by everybody from our foremost critics to the chambermaids and head waiters at the Ritz while he was in New York, but all of them overlooked one of the most interesting details about his trip East. One of his chief reasons for coming was to find a new leading woman. What happened was this: the temperamental Mr. Chaplin arrived in New York and in all the excitement of getting his picture under way, being interviewed, seeing all the shows, going to all the parties, buying clothes and such things and seeing all the new dance clubs, completely forgot about his mission for the girl. He was leaving on a Sunday night for the West, and at about lunch time suddenly remembered that he fully intended taking back some new girl. Nothing daunted, Charlie left his delicate repast, and dragging his other guests, rushed out of the Ritz minus his famous cane and hat. All the afternoon he paraded up and down Fifth Avenue, looking frantically for some strange and interesting face. Unluckily, Charlie saw no face that interested him. Once or twice he thought he had found what he wanted, but after stopping and looking 'em over, passed on quickly. Imagine the expression on some young cutie's face if Charlie had walked up to her and said, "Pardon me, but will you go to California to-night to be my leading woman?" And if he had seen any one whose looks he liked he would have done exactly that. And most probably the girl would have gone.

Constance Talmadge also has been East for her yearly visit. As usual she had the time of her life, broke her usual quota of hearts and had herself rumored to be engaged to every eligible man in New York. She and her girl friend, Leonora Hughes, used to lunch at the Ritz nearly every day. They are most attractive together, both being blondes and looking a good deal alike. I wish Connie would stay East, for she is essentially a New Yorker in looks, thoughts and actions. Connie is about the most civilized girl in pictures and Hollywood is much too primitive for her.



Photo by Pach Brothers

Leonora Hughes, Maurice's dancing partner, has just made her first film and promises to make a big hit in it.

Speaking of Leonora Hughes makes me think of something. She has just made her first picture—for Distinctive Pictures—a thing called "Blood and Gold," which Alma Rubens is starring in. I saw some of the "rushes," and think she is the greatest screen find in some time. She has a very striking personality in real life, and it registers remarkably well on the screen. Distinctive evidently think she's pretty good also, for they have just offered her a much larger part in another picture they are about to make. Whether she can do it or not is somewhat of a question, for she and Maurice, her dancing partner, are dancing in Cuba and Palm Beach this winter. They are just about the most popular dancing team in the world. In Paris they have their own club, and this fall they have danced at the Palais Royal. They were to dance there six weeks, but they were such a sensation that the management of the place came to them and offered to double their sal-

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Let Alma Tell It on Herself

A personality sketch dictated by Alma Rubens with interruptions and corrections.

By Barbara Little

EVERY time a magazine publishes an interview with me, I know I'm in for a lot of kidding," Alma Rubens told me as she took a stack of magazines out of my lap and deposited them out of reach. She gave me to understand further that only over her dead body could I read them. "Norma Talmadge read an interview with me once that I thought was simply great—disclosed my finer nature and all that sort of thing and told how I'd been simply wasted on parts that weren't worthy of my talents. And what do you think Norma said? 'How did you hypnotize that bird, Alma?' Even my mother, who pretends to be fond of me, fails to be impressed by the nice things interviewers say."

"Yes," chimed in the aforementioned mother, who seemed quite capable of reading a book, fixing tea, and following our conversation all at once. As Alma explained, the book, at least, wasn't very heavy. "I read in a magazine the other day about how Alma was as majestic and aloof and garish as an old Italian tapestry."

"He didn't say 'garish,' mother; he said colorful. That's not the same thing at all."

"I don't care what he said," Alma's mother went on. "What he meant was that that lip rouge you're using is an outlandish color. Anyway, if I'd supposed that my daughter would ever grow up to affect people like that I probably would have let her strangle in her crib and not spent my nights fussing over her. One of those dirty old tapestries is nothing to have in a simple American home."

"You have no finer nature, no appreciation of the arts," Alma lectured.

"Well, you're in the movies yourself. Anyway, I don't like it when descriptions of my daughter sound like an auction-room hybrid."

At the risk of antagonizing Alma's mother, I must admit that Alma was living up that afternoon to all the glowing descriptions of her that have been circulated. She had on a soft, plain dress of Venetian red—the tone that one rarely sees except in ecclesiastical robes and rare old damasks. Her hair looped a careless frame around her face and her heavy-lidded eyes glowed luminously. The marblelike whiteness of her skin silhouetted against the gathering dusk of Central Park—just beyond the windows—accentuated her look of unreality. She was an illustration out of a book of medieval romance. I would say further that she did not look like a typical movie actress if it weren't for the risk of having some one ask me what a 'typical' movie actress looks like. I have never met a successful motion-picture player who looked "typical" of anything but herself.

"I'd like to be a writer." The announcement was made in a matter-of-fact way, as though she were thinking out loud. Indeed, she may have been, for the three of us were sitting there silently, as is the way of some old friends, watching the rhythmic stream of motor lights as they crisscrossed in a gigantic game of checkers through the roads in the park.

"Writing must be the most satisfactory of the arts. When you've finished, you've not only expressed yourself, you've created something. A person can sing or play, but that achievement is as effervescent as soap bubbles. As soon as you stop, your creation ceases to have life. I'd rather write; that is lasting."

I realize now that I should have said something about phonograph records, but at the time I was not in a quibbling mood.

"You can paint, but the world rarely seems to get around to appreciate a painter until he is dead. And if you act, your work depends on the work of a hundred or more other people and influences. If you act in the movies, multiply that number by ten. Anyway, what do reasons matter? I want to write."

"You shall have your wish," I told her. "Improvise for me now an interview with yourself. Not idealized fan fodder like the ones you've been kidded about, but a frank presentation of your personality, your ideas and your mode of life. When some handsome leading man declares in the films that you are the most magnetic creature alive, the women out in the audience want to know how you got that way. And when people read that 'Among those present was Alma Rubens, cloaked in ermine and wearing a Russian headdress of pearl embroidery,' they want to know why Providence works in such a mysterious way that you got those things instead of themselves. Come on now."

"I'm going to do this in my own way," Alma spoke up spiritedly. "You make the audience out to be unfriendly and overcritical and envious. I don't believe that they are anything of the sort. Look how nice they have been to me. Even when I made some terrible pictures my fan mail kept coming in and every one seemed sympathetic. You seem to think that an interview is like a trained-seal act. The star shows how many tricks she can do that she doesn't display on the screen and then the interviewer goes forth to tell the world about them. I suppose you want me to tell you that I am at heart just a little home body; that I made all the cushions and hangings in this room; that I knitted the bird cage with my own busy little fingers and that whenever I have a day's vacation I put on a bungalow apron and romp around the kitchen baking cookies to take to the dear electricians and carpenters out at the studio who work so hard to make beautiful settings for my pictures. Huh——"

"I'd like to see you try to romp around our kitchen," interposed the pleasantly matter-of-fact mother. "It is about the size of a telephone booth. And besides you're getting fat. It is disgusting the way you eat."

Alma tried to dissuade her Pekingese from chewing my furs and disentangled her canary from my hair, taking great care not to hurt his tiny feet, but with no such regard for my scalp. Only her goldfish refrained

PLAYING "THE FOOL"

No play of recent years has aroused more discussion than "The Fool," which played almost a year on Broadway, and which six companies are now playing in various parts of the United States.

Edmund Lowe has been chosen to play the rôle on the screen for the Fox company. He thinks it a great play; Helen Klumph thinks it sentimental hokum and rubbish. Read their friendly argument about the production next month.

from making the guest feel right at home.

"And you expect me to say something about my books. Well, the ones on the table over there probably have something between the covers, but I couldn't swear to it. An interior decorator suggested getting them because the room needs a touch of color just there. I haven't read these on the window seat, either. They're junk that authors and publishers have sent me, hoping that I'll want to do one of them in pictures. The books I read are scattered all around and the covers are worn out. I won't tell you who my favorite author is."

For the sake of the curious, however, may I interpose that her favorite author is and long has been, Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman, to whom she was married last August. He is the author of "Hagar Revelly," a novel that won high favor with the literary critics and loud condemnation from the censors a few years ago. He is also author-producer-director-supervisor-title-writer and grand mogul of such box-office magnets as "Has the World Gone Mad?" Recently Alma played the lead in a picture of his called "Week-end Wives." Incidentally, he is a brilliant raconteur and one of the most thoroughly likable and unpretentious men I ever met. I won't tell you what he looks like because probably before this gets into print he will look like Adolphe Menjou in "A Woman of Paris." All the most interesting men in New York are conforming to that type this season.

Her favorite author to read has of late been Masefield. She has also read Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" innumerable times. There are moments when she likes the rolling cadences of Ibáñez's descriptions. And why shouldn't she? His "Enemies of Women" brought her considerable glory and she is slated to play his "The Temptress" for Cosmopolitan. Just now she is playing "Blood and Gold" for Distinctive, and next she will play Heirgesheimer's "Cytherea." Talk of the slump never reached Alma, as just at that time she had four big offers to choose from.

"People talk about actresses being dumb-bells," Alma remarked with chuckles breaking her tones as bubbles do champagne, "just because some girls went into movies so young that their schooling stopped with the sixth reader and a denatured version of history. But what about some writers? A nice young Harvard man once told me that I would be ideal for a film version of the Book of Ruth, and I was so pleased over it that I repeated it to a reporter who came to see me. And perfectly seriously she said, "Who wrote it?"



Photo by Eugene Burke

"The great disillusionment of my life was the city of Paris. I had imagined is as a sort of continual performance of the opera 'Louise,' a glorified fashion pageant, and a general convention of the Academy of Arts and Letters. Naturally, I was disappointed. But now I remember Paris in a glamorous haze and I want to go back. We'll make scenes for 'Cytherea' there.

"I'm getting awfully tired of costume pictures—seeing them, I mean. I love to make them. I probably never should have learned to ride side saddle if it hadn't been for those flowing robes I wore in 'Under the Red Robe.'"

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Hot Stuff for Next Summer

For years past motion-picture producers have busied themselves during the winter months shooting pictures whose setting was the frozen North. Endless vistas of snow and ice were looked upon as great box-office attractions for the sultry summer months. It looks as though this would all be changed next summer, for up until the middle of January, when production schedules for the coming summer were pretty well under way, there wasn't enough snow to support even one picture.

Consider the plight of certain directors who were making pictures that simply demanded snow and lots of it. There was D. W. Griffith, for instance, who had counted on having snow at Valley Forge, where he expected to stage many spectacular scenes for "America." He also wanted great cakes of ice in the Delaware River so as to film Washington's crossing with historical accuracy. Other years he would have had snow and ice and plenty of it, but this was an open winter and in place of snow there were tiny shoots of green grass and budded plants. Northward from New York his location scouts went and they even telegraphed to various points in Canada, but the reports came back that instead of ice cakes there were ducks floating on the rivers. Perhaps, in order to finish his picture on schedule time, Mr. Griffith will be forced to cut out these scenes altogether. Or, perhaps he will emulate the promoters of the Westchester Winter Sports Carnival and ship loads of snow down from the Adirondacks.

Mr. Griffith's difficulties are no worse than William de Mille's. He has been filming "Icebound," the Pulitzer prize play, whose action will take place in a New England town that is mantled in snow and ice. It was easy enough to find a town like the one described, but none of them are having any snowstorms this season.

Mr. Griffith and Mr. de Mille would be readily forgiven if they changed the locale of these strictly New England pictures to the Alps or the Himalayas!

Some Views on Art

In the columns of "What the Fans Think" there appears this month a letter from John Wendell of Lincoln, Illinois, which interested The Observer very much and set him to trying to define what art is and what it isn't. Mr. Wendell says that he has never yet seen a movie that was worthy of the title "art." The Observer has seen a few that live up to his ideas of what "art" is.

While pondering over Mr. Wendell's views, The Observer chanced upon a passage in Havelock Ellis' "The Dance of Life," which shed an interesting light on all efforts to define art. He says:

"Thus we see the reason why all people who come forward to define art—each with his own little measuring rod quite different from anybody else's—inevitably make themselves ridiculous. It is true that all of them are correct. That is just why they are ridiculous. Each has mistaken the drop of water he has measured for the whole ocean. Art cannot be defined because it is infinite. . . . Art is only a name we are pleased to give to what can only be the whole stream of action which—in order to impart to it selection and an unconscious or even conscious aim—is poured through the nervous circuit of a human animal or some other animal having a more or less similar nervous organism. For a cat is an artist as well as a man. . . . There is no defining art; there is only the attempt to distinguish between good and bad art."

Nevertheless undaunted, The Observer found considerable interest in getting various people's definitions of art.

A Film Magnate Speaks

"Art!" sniffed a motion-picture magnate, when The Observer brought up the subject. "We've tried it and it doesn't go. What we're going to give the public now is entertainment."

"But," I interposed, a little bewildered, "isn't entertainment art?"

He gave no definitive answer but my impression was that he believed art to be something vague and beyond the understanding of the ordinary man, something muggy with lights and distorted in treatment; oftener than not something distasteful and sordid in subject matter.

"Art," he seemed to be striving to say, "is dust thrown in the eyes of the people by a lot of highbrows who pretend they can see through it."

Some Definitions

Art, according to those who have given it the most careful consideration, is not just that. In the dictionary it is "the systematic application of knowledge or skill to effect a desired result." To others it is a translation by which one thing is expressed in terms of another. Another conception of art is any interpretation of life as seen through an individual temperament. Yet another is "a reaching out into the ugliness of the world for vagrant beauty and the imprisoning of it in tangible form." I think that my favorite expression of what art is, is anything that lights the way through the littleness of human actuality into the greatness of human dreams.

A slapstick comedy can be, and often is, art, where more pretentious offerings are just so much dramatic rubbish. A cane in the hand of Charlie Chaplin is far more eloquent and symbolic than an illuminated cross in the sky of a Fox religious spectacle. Whether a thing is art or not is determined not by its subject matter but by its treatment.

Favorite Picture Players



GLENN HUNTER is still playing *Merton* on the stage, but will not film it until early summer. So screen fans will have to content themselves for a while with seeing him as the boy in "West of the Water Tower."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

FROM the rôle of the exotic tiger lady in "Three Weeks," Aileen Pringle has passed to the part of a middle-aged American wife in "True as Steel," Rupert Hughes' next Goldwyn production.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

HELENE CHADWICK severed her long connection with the Goldwyn company upon completing "Reno," and, after vacationing for a few weeks, will probably join the growing ranks of free lancers.



Photo by Henry Waxman

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, whose first big part was in "Souls for Sale," will again come under Rupert Hughes' direction in "True as Steel," in which she will play a young girl in business.



Photo by W. F. Seely

AFTER years as a Universal star Priscilla Dean, apparently not discouraged by the failures of similar lone hands, has formed her own company, and you may see her soon in Laurel Productions.



Photo by Richard Burke

COLLEEN MOORE, who is still hearing the echoes of commendation for her characterization in "Flaming Youth," will have a somewhat similar rôle in "The Perfect Flapper."



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

RUTH CLIFFORD appears as *Ann Rutledge*, sweetheart of *Abraham Lincoln* in the Rockett film "Abraham Lincoln," which promises to be one of the outstanding features of the year.



Photos by Russell Ball

CORINNE GRIFFITH

The Age of Corinne

Everybody has been waiting for the day of a famous film beauty's ascendancy, and now, at last, it seems to be at hand.

By Edwin Schallert

THIS is the time when poets and rhymers should take up their harps and their lyres and dedicate new threnodies and odes to beauty. They should, at any rate, find a sovereign inspiration if they will but look to the screen. For thereon will shine in full and glorious radiance of appropriately embowered plays the presence of Corinne Griffith.

At last—this is her hour! Long awaited! She has stepped out of the domain of supressing contracts into the magic land of opportunity. She is the mistress of her themes as well as of her wardrobe.

Already, I have caught the clamor of her popularity in the air. It has been heard emphatically, too, within the studios. The ravishing challenge of her beauty has been hurled upon the multitude of film Venuses and Helens. She has given of the kindling charm of her presence to the photo-play goers, also, in "The Common Law" and "Six Days."

A year and a half has wrought a wondrous change. It has mingled fate and growth. New alliances have been established, new adventures have been found, and mayhap even new inspirations have been discovered.

It is difficult, of course, to tell all the details of this sudden evolution of a star, who has long been highly regarded by her many admirers. It is the story more of a career in the shaping than in the making. She is no uncertain and hesitant newcomer, but her day has only now come.

I met her first after the seed of her success was planted. She had just come to California to close her contract with the Vitagraph Company, returning to the place, curiously enough, where that agreement had begun some years previously. She had no definite plans except for the eventual organizing of her own company. Her Vitagraph contract was closed by mutual agreement, three or four months ahead of the appointed time, and although she felt that perhaps she would be lonely in the West, she decided to stay for a while.

She reckoned without the West, however. She did not realize that the fact that her pictures had not shown in the best of theaters in Los Angeles, would have nothing to do with her popularity professionally. In less than a month she had been swept and caught in all the web of a golden age of social life in Hollywood. She was fêted and dined and sought, and ultimately secured for a rôle in an important production.

And that was the beginning.

Literally her career in the colony of the films has been a whirlwind, nor has the reaping, and it promises to be a glad one, been yet.

Her own greatest joy is that she has been able finally to create her own producing organization, and that the first feature, adapted freely from the stage piece, "Lilies of the Field," will soon be screened. That will be the test in a way of what she is to do, and set a new precedent, perhaps, for those who are bent on individual stardom.

I cannot imagine that she entered into this project with lack of foresight, for in her peculiarly shrewd way she laid her plans so well. It is a big thing for a girl to attempt, who has just come out of the commercial wilderness, but she feels that she has been sufficiently long in the open to venture in again.

This is the way she herself put the matter to me:

"I felt that when I left Vitagraph, it would not be fair to my backers to have them start to build up a reputation for me until I had built up a stronger one for myself," she re-

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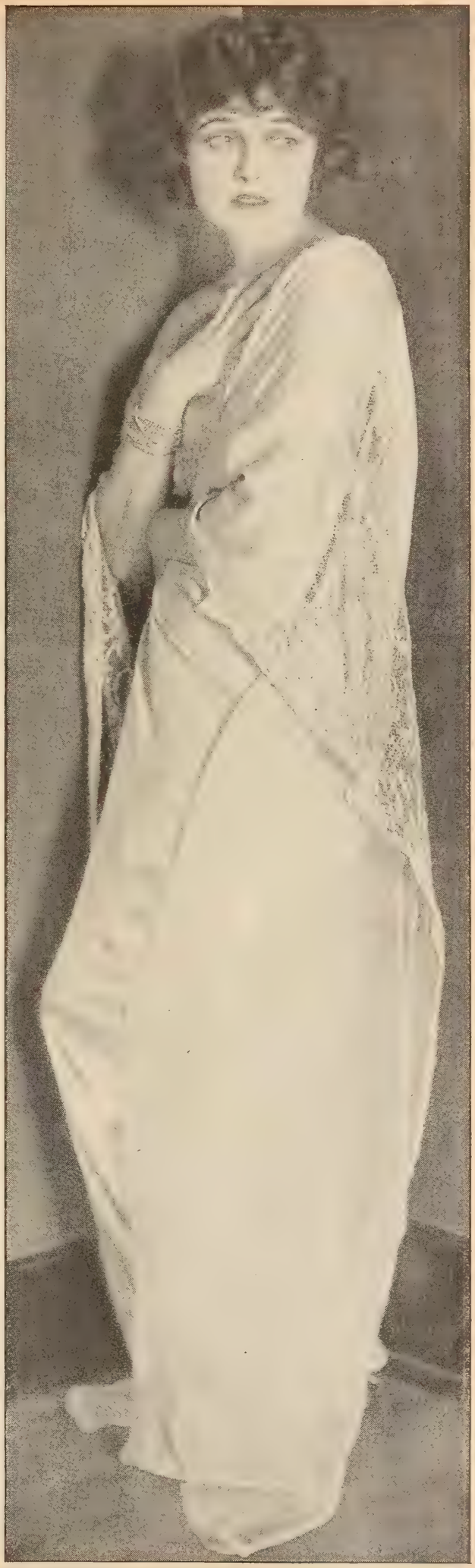


Photo by Russel Ball



One of the Lincoln-Douglas debates is interestingly pictured.



George Billings plays ABRAHAM LINCOLN *and Ruth Clifford,* ANN RUTLEDGE.

It Couldn't Be Done

A few reckless visionaries wanted to film difficulties there were put in their way,

By Barbara

IT was six or eight years ago that the two Rockett boys, working for various motion-picture studios in Hollywood, began to dream of picturing the life of Abraham Lincoln. At that time they were learning the business of motion-picture production as best they could. They had been secretaries, bookkeepers, property men, purchasing agents and assistants to executives in all branches of studio work. They were ambitious, but not in just the same way that many young go-getters in the motion-picture industry are, for their goal wasn't a vast fortune or a company with many prominent stars. They wanted, rather, to build up a company of skilled and idealistic people to make pictures portraying the noblest elements of American history.

It was almost that long ago that Frances Marion, one of the most skilled and highly paid scenario writers in the business, became interested in the life of Lincoln as dramatic material, and began to try to interest producers in making a film portraying his life and times.

It wasn't until two years ago that the three of them decided that the only way it could ever be done was to form a company especially for this enterprise. Financial backing was not to be had from



The death of Lincoln, handled with admirable restraint, is one of the most impressive scenes in the picture.

—So They Did It"

the life of Abraham Lincoln, and the more the more determined they were to do it.

Little

any of the usual sources. No one wanted to plunge on anything so unheard of as a filmed biography.

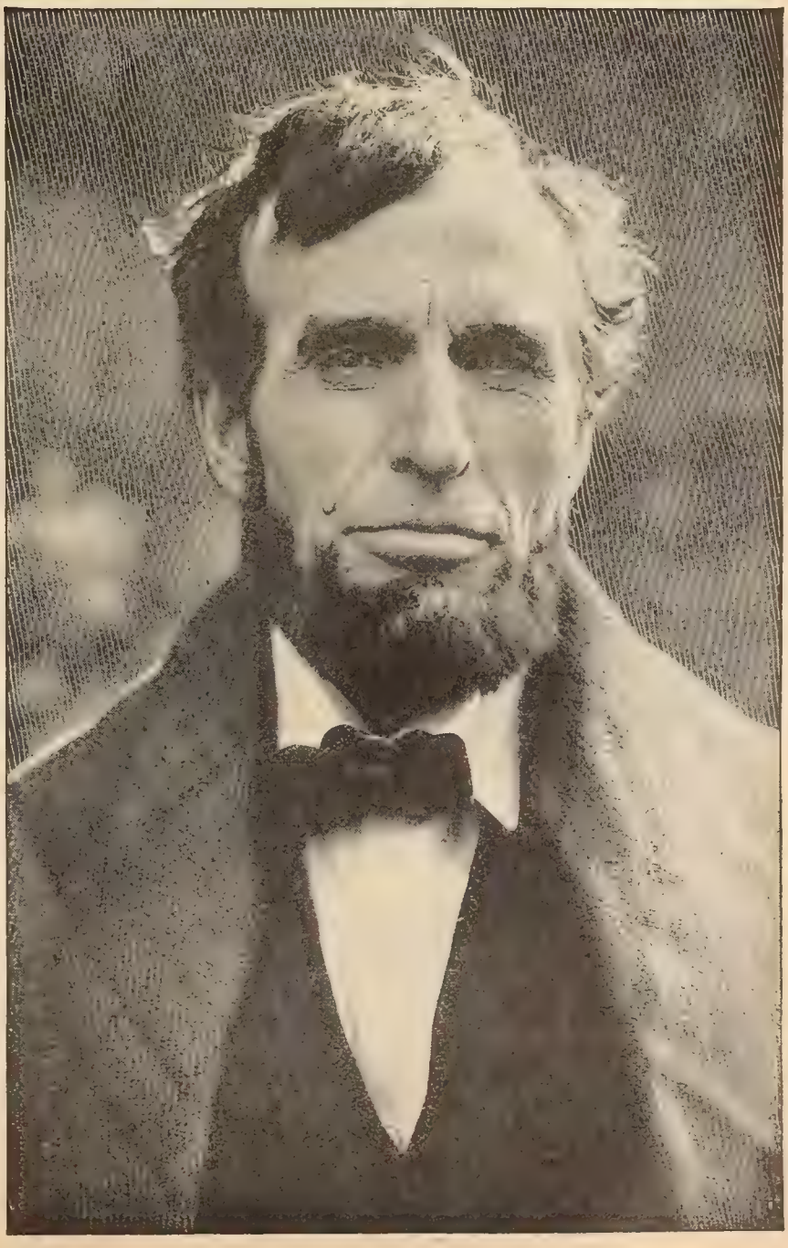
"Just a series of episodes from Lincoln's life, without any drama written in is ridiculous!" old-timers in the industry scoffed.

"As though any one *could* write any more drama into Lincoln's life," these young zealots thought, and went right on with their research work in the face of discouragement.

Somehow, Al and Ray Rockett managed to raise two hundred thousand dollars in small stock subscriptions from people interested in the project, and by dint of careful planning this amount was made to accomplish wonders. It wasn't enough however, and in the midst of production the Rockett boys were faced with the problem of getting more money to finish their picture.

Even this wasn't their worst setback. Many of their big scenes were pirated, weather conditions were bad, their right to use "Abraham Lincoln" as a title was questioned, the director was laid up for several weeks with a broken leg, and in the midst of production, George Billings, the actor who was playing *Lincoln*, was stricken with heart trouble and hovered

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In George Billings, the Rocketts found a man who needed to put on no make-up in order to play ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Among Those

Brief sketches of interesting people



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

A WELL-DRESSED MAN OF AFFAIRS

FOR the fashion-plate ideal of the well-dressed man of forty, the casting directors of Hollywood may henceforth point with satisfaction and considerable relief to Huntley Gordon. One of their worries, at least, concerning the classifying of suitable types is over, for ever since "The Famous Mrs. Fair" completed its round of the major theaters, he has been the pluperfect choice for the comfortable and well-bred man of affairs.

Huntley Gordon reveals nothing that is remotely connected with the ofttimes tempestuous adventure of acting. You might logically suspect him of running a quiet brokerage office, posing for a conventional collar advertisement, or, with a rather appropriate gesture, "Helping Gloria Swanson on with her wraps," all three of which he has done—the last in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—but you would never confuse him with the popular notion of the movie hero, as sponsored by Harry Leon Wilson, James Cruze, or Spike Robinson.

The day that I met Gordon he was surveying the prospects and advantages that were open to him in the Pola Negri picture, temporarily titled "My Man."

He was neatly dressed—correctly. No silk handkerchief protruded from the pocket of his coat, no large diamonds flickered upon his hands, nor did he carry a cane. His slightly graying hair was not bandolined. It was nicely and conventionally parted in the middle, and his blue-gray eyes glowed with an affability that was both natural and sincere.

I liked him tremendously, because he was so unassuming. Had he been younger I should have referred to him as naive.

Gordon's is a story that illustrates in a unique way the reasons why the screen is "so different." It shows the subtlety of the distinctions that the camera sometimes makes in personalities, and furthermore goes to prove that acting, as it is known on the stage, may have nothing at all to do with the business of "looking" when it comes to the silver sheet.

Gordon is a rather singular but perfectly obvious type. That, perhaps, is why he has been so long in actually arriving. He simply couldn't be placed, because the range of his personality was so limited, and so perfectly adjusted to the scheme of the ordinary.

A character actor? Yes, no doubt. But where to put him? Not a single eccentricity on which to base his adaptability to the rôle of the beggar, the butcher or the thief! He was just a nice, attractive chap, totally unfitted for romantic costumes or anything like that, but a perfectly satisfactory drawing-room leading man when the part was not too young.

For years and years, therefore—he has been in the movies about seven or eight—he was indiscriminately assigned to the parts of heroes and villains in an indiscriminate list of plays.

Then he was called to California. Fred Niblo had sent for him, because he wanted Gordon for the rôle of the husband in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." He arrived in the new land with a new hope, knowing the stage play from which the picture was adapted, and feeling rather sure of the suitability of the Henry Miller rôle to his type.

At any rate, the first day out on location he got hold of himself. The change of environment, the experience of working under a new and very clever director, perhaps too a certain antagonism to his presence from the assembled players and extras—especially the latter, according to Gordon himself—all worked to bring about the rare composure that he displayed.

"I knew what was in the other fellows' minds, or at least thought that I did," he said. "They were remarking to themselves, 'What has this fellow got? Why should they send all the way east for *him*, when Hollywood is already full of perfectly good actors?'

Present

some of the most
in motion pictures.

"You know there are lots of cliques out here on the Coast, and I would hate to have to break in if I weren't engaged before coming out. In the past few months I have aided more than one of my friends to return, who found it impossible to obtain work, despite his excellent qualifications, simply because he didn't have the proper introduction of a contract.

"I was better off, fortunately, than they. Consequently I couldn't be so easily bluffed out by the glances that were cast at me. I said to myself: 'The company has sent for me. They think I'm good. And I'm *going* to *be* good.'"

Evidently Fred Niblo and Louis B. Mayer, the producer, felt that he was good, too, for at the close of the picture he was engaged for a definite contract, and not long after scheduled to appear in a good rôle in Reginald Barker's production, "Pleasure Mad." Finally, when Famous Players-Lasky wanted a chap for "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," who should look neither too old to be married to Gloria Swanson, and yet sufficiently seasoned and prosperous to pay alimony to seven other wives, they finally settled, after a long and tedious search —Heaven knows why, when the proper person was so close at hand!—on Huntley Gordon as the man.



Photo by Freulich

REGINALD DENNY'S SUCCESSOR

WHEN Universal decided to give Reginald Denny a boost up the ladder and make him a star in their Jewel features, they looked far and wide for a suitable successor to take his place in the boxing pictures that have been so popular.

They finally picked on Billy Sullivan, the smiling young man whose picture you see on this page.

He is a nephew of John D. Sullivan, the famous world champion heavyweight of a generation ago, and a son of Jerry Sullivan, who was a professional boxer of some note.

Billy Sullivan, despite his family associates with the prize ring, has never been a professional fighter, although he is a skilled boxer, and has appeared many times in amateur bouts at different athletic clubs.

This training prepared him to take the leading part in a vaudeville sketch called "The Star Bout," in which he toured the country, and this, in turn, led to his choice for his present job.

The first of the new series in which he appears is "A Tough Tenderfoot." In it he is supported, as he will be in the subsequent ones, by the same cast that surrounded Reginald Denny.

It is a thankless task to follow in any one's footsteps, and particularly in those of a man who made such an outstanding hit as Reginald Denny did. But Billy Sullivan, with his nice smile and likable personality, seems quite capable not only of pleasing Reginald Denny's admirers, but also of winning many of his own. Particularly, one might add, among the girls.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

CARMELITA—CHILD OF FORTUNE

RECIPE for one very intriguing personality:

Mix the lambent fires and the languorous grace of a Spanish ancestry with the aggressive spirit and the bubbling wit of the Irish, place the concoction in colorful Hollywood, season slightly with distinguished family to add poise, and you will have one interesting and lovely young person named Carmelita Geraghty.

Carmelita is in pictures—heart and soul in them.

Carmelita's mother is of the old Spanish De Casseres family—the "tree" goes back to the thirteenth century, its branches having held the torches of many glittering achievements in Spain's political and military history—and to her daughter she has given a gracious background. And Carmelita's father is Tom Geraghty, who has two claims to fame—one that he is supervising director of Paramount productions and a scenario writer of note, the other that he wears the most weird and yet intriguing neckties in Hollywood. Only an Irishman could get away with the ties that Tom Geraghty wears without a blush.

A child of fortune, indeed. The doors of California's Spanish social world are eager to receive her—and those doors are closed impregnably to the new rich who haven't generations of tradition back of them. She has maids at her beck and call and a lovely home. It is a wonder that Carmelita has not been spoiled. On the contrary she is determined to rise or fall by her own efforts. She insists upon paying her mother board and buying her own clothes, and Mrs. Geraghty, being wise as well as gracious, permits her to do so.

Carmelita is clever. In her acting she has had as yet little opportunity to express her personality, but she has a little way of getting what she wants that is going to mean a great deal as she goes on. Still on the sunny side of twenty, naïve, childish at times, she has bred in her that feminine allure of her Spanish ancestry, which serves to temper with discretion the do-it-or-die spirit of the Irish.

If the director wants a scene done one way and Carmelita, knowing what the girls of to-day would do in a certain situation though the wisest of directors sometimes don't, thinks it should be done another, she does not argue. Ah, no, not Carmelita. One killing glance from those big, brown baby-vamp eyes, the slurring cadences of that soft voice, "Of course you are right, you are so clever and know all about those things—but won't you, just this once to please *me,* let me try it my way too?"

The director humors her—what man wouldn't, with Carmelita focusing her batteries full upon him? The scene is shot both ways; and when both are viewed in the projection room, nine times out of ten her method wins.

"Mother couldn't see at first why I should want to work at anything, when I had all the money and clothes I needed or wanted," began Carmelita, lounging indolently against a pile of cushions, flashing brown eyes and expressive hands italicizing each word. "But, even while I was going to high school, I got tired of being called 'Tom Geraghty's daughter.'"

"Daddy wanted me to write, but I was crazy to act."

It is to her credit that she began as an extra, setting that firm little chin against her father's coaxing that she let him pull a string or two for her.

ONE BRUNETTE AGAINST THE BLONDES

I AM always going into casting offices when they want a small blonde, instead of a little brunette, and they never think of asking me to wear a wig."

Thus Anne Cornwall lamented to me recently, when I inquired how she had been progressing since she played in "The Gold Diggers." You will remember her as the bright little ingénue who made a diminutive hit in the rôle of the shrinking, sympathetic *Violet*. She is the youngster whom *Jerry* and *Mabel* and *Patsy* are always trying to keep from going out into the nasty night, and save from wild and imagined dangers symbolized by fat, money-spending bachelors.

Of course—and as is generally to be expected—Miss Cornwall personally isn't that type at all. When you meet her without costume and make-up she is the sort of girl whom you would expect to be quite capable of taking care of herself without any sisterly chaperonage. What is more, she is married, and has been for several years, to Charles Maigne, the director, who, being also an ex-cavalry officer, should be quite capable of protecting her himself.

The Maignes are delightful people, and they have a home right in the midst of Hollywood's studios, just about a block, in fact, from where Miss Cornwall played in "The Gold Diggers." "I used to be able to put on my ballet costume each morning and run right over," she said.

Miss Cornwall began her picture work rather ambitiously several seasons ago, the culmination being the ingénue lead with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead." You doubtless remember the feature. It told a story of the Civil War days, and gave Mr. Barrymore a chance to be fairly young, and middle aged, and finally gray headed. Miss Cornwall didn't try to keep up a similar pace, needless to say, but she offered a very sweet and sincere performance that many will recall.

She was also in several features like "Prunella," the "World We Live In," and "The Firing Line," from the Robert W. Chambers novel. Later she came west to Universal, and played in a series of films, and that was where she met Mr. Maigne.

When they married she left the screen, to go back only when the temptations of the boom and the still cherished hopes for a career became too insistent to be opposed. Furthermore, her husband has encouraged her, and thoroughly and seriously believes in her ability—as husbands in the films often do—although he himself has never directed her since their marriage, preferring doubtless, that she should make good on her own.

On her return last spring she played a small part in "Ashes of Vengeance," and then in one or two lesser features. Finally she was engaged for "The Gold Diggers," and despite the lively competition for honors, in which Louise Fazenda, Hope Hampton, Alec Francis and the others took part, she came out close to the top.

She is small of stature, and though there may be a livelier demand for miniature towheads than the shadier type, just at the moment, she is so bright and clever, and has so much of the zip and go of Norma Talmadge, say, whom she diminutively resembles, that I think she may have a future of more than ordinary promise in the smarter kind of picture now coming into vogue.



Photo by James N. Doolittle

CONCERNING HARRY CAREY

WHAT has happened to Harry Carey?

That is a question that more than one fan who recalls the pleasant memory of some of his performances during the days when he appeared in "Overland Red," "Man to Man," "The Fox," and other pictures of the beloved Western vagabondia for Universal, has been asking. There has always been a sympathetic something about his personality that none of the other stars of the outdoor movies possessed, and his best films have comprised not only the strong-arm six-shooter stuff, but have also been colored with a bit of solid sentiment and idealism that in their way were distantly akin to the writings of Bret Harte.

In order to relieve any suspense that may exist concerning his present status and whereabouts, I may recite the fact that he is shortly to be seen in his first production under a new contract, called "High Dawn." In this he will depart from his hobo rôles to an extent



by playing a city crook adventuring, and in the end reforming, on the plains. This is probably his contribution to the propaganda for the good effect on a bad constitution of getting back to nature. For further enlightenment concerning this movement, you may look up, if you feel absolutely compelled to do so, the fresh-air writings of Gene Stratton Porter, Zane Grey, and other members of the whole-wheat school of writers.

Carey has invaded the shadow screen only at irregular intervals of late. He has suffered a loss of popular favor, like many other stars, through the poor quality of his stories, but the distributors of pictures still refer to him as "a good bet."

Incidentally, but none the less importantly, there has been an addition to the Carey family. This is a little girl, called Ella Ada. She is Carey's second child, and he refers to her as "a perfectly wonderful kid," even though she is as yet not able to fulfill his idea of a youngster's romping life as epitomized in the "he's-a-whirlwind" antics of his boy who is now nearly four years old.

Carey never had the youthful background that would identify him with Western characterizations. His pose, to be sure, is that of a singularly rough-cut individual, and should you meet him casually, you would think that he had spent all his days breaking bronchos and herding steers. In actuality, however, he belonged to a prominent New York family, his father having been a judge. The nearest Harry ever came to going on a ranch before he settled in the West, was attending college to take a law course. Subsequently he went to sea. Once he felt the lure of pictures, he made up for the experience he lacked by buying a big place in the country at some distance from Hollywood. This seemed to provide the necessary atmosphere for the sort of rôles he was playing, and he has continued to live there to this day.

THAT RIDIN' LANDIS KID

A BEWILDERING mixture, Cullen Landis. A star-gazing poet and Western boy-hero, his blood thrilling at the exploits he enacts, make-believe though they be.

At twenty-eight there's something eternally boyish about Cullen. The implied belief that all this excitement of the Western movie is real to him, endows even the impossible melodramatic pictures in which he has appeared recently with a semblance of plausibility.

"Like Westerns?"—incredulously. "Why, I love 'em! Down in Tennessee, when I was a kid, all I read and thought about was 'wild West stories.' Oh, boy, but I ate 'em up!" Somehow the intensity in his voice was oddly out of keeping with its Southern drawl. "Wanted to be a detective—that's why I got a job reporting on a paper—I'd been reading how reporters followed clews and found criminals.

"Now I'm crazy about these Western pictures. Love to ride and fight. Besides, they make money. Don't kid yourself the public wants highbrow photo plays. Maybe the minority does, but the box office is what counts. I always ask, did a certain picture make money? Well then, it's a good picture, no matter what the critics say."

Cullen has knocked about the studios for years; before he started acting, he was prop boy and assistant and held almost every subordinate job on the lot.

"I learned a lot about character portrayal when I played on the stage here a few weeks ago with Miss Marjorie Rambeau in 'The Valley of Content.' A wonderful artist—and she told the stage director to let me work out my rôle in my own way. In the past that has been one fault with the movies, the director tryin' to boss the works, tell you how to do everything. But now they're letting the actor use his brains sometimes.

"This picture I'm in now, Charles K. Blaney's production for Vitagraph, 'One Law for the Woman,' taken from one of Blaney's old melos, is full of hokum, but d'you know I almost believe in it myself! Hero goes blind, fights the villain, escapes, his faithful

horse finds him, they roll down a cliff, in the excitement he recovers his sight in time to rescue the girl as the mill is blown up, fade-out kiss, horse registers jealousy. Great stuff, that, touches the heartstrings and the imagination. It's what the sit-by-the-fires dream of doing themselves."

Cullen is undoubtedly one of the most popular actors on the screen.

High-keyed, restless, that spirit finds outlet in many and constantly varying activities. Sports of all kinds, making automobiles out of odd heaps of junk, organizing newsboys' baseball teams and playing with them as though he were one of them.

"Next I'm to do 'Magnolia,' Booth Tarkington's play, for James Cruze—a romantic Southern story. And after that, my own production, 'The Ridin' Kid from Powder River.' Every time I start to produce it something happens to the financial backing and the thing falls through. But I'll never give up and now it looks like I'll really get to do it the first part of 1924."



THE MACHINE-GUN OF THE MOVIES

JUNE MATHIS is the machine-gun of the movies.

As editorial director of Goldwyn productions, Miss Mathis must oversee the preparation of all continuities besides completing her own script for "Ben-Hur," must supervise casting, settings, costuming, actual filming, titling, editing of all pictures. Every day she sees the rushes of each director's shooting to stamp with approval or criticism each foot of film. Her position, with its responsibilities, requires infinite tact.

A truly remarkable woman, June Mathis. Brilliant, magnetic, forceful, ruthlessly keen, a born fighter. She spars like a man but is herself essentially feminine.



"When I was a child my father and his men friends made a pal of me," she explains her almost uncanny ability to bridge the gap between the attitudes of the two sexes, seeing generalities with the vision of a man and details with the mind of a woman. "I learned early to get my own way tactfully, not by parading wounded feelings."

Her girlhood on the stage made her canny; she learned to fight, ruthlessly but quietly, for the things her growing clarity of vision told her she must have. Seasons with James K. Hackett and Pauline Frederick, with the Shuberts and with Julian Eltinge, for two years the lead in "Brewsters' Millions"—this schooling taught her much about acting and the psychology of public appeal. Her decisions are instantaneous.

"Hunches, or instinct rather, based upon experience and knowledge," she explains. "The moment I saw Valentino in a play I knew he was *Julio* in 'The Four Horsemen.' I went to bat for him and won."

Recently she emerged victorious in another battle—George Walsh to play *Ben-Hur*. The wisdom of that choice is yet under the fire of criticism; but as her judgment has seldom erred, possibly in this point too she is uncannily right.

The Screen in Review

Critical comment on the latest releases.

By Agnes Smith

Caricatures by Walter Kinstler

FOR almost a year word has been coming from the Coast about the progress of a picture called "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," produced by Al and Ray Rockett, two young and inexperienced venturers in the film world. It looked for a time as though the picture would have to be abandoned and as though a shortage of money would leave the Rocketts with nothing to show for their trouble but an unfinished film and a lot of good intentions.

However, the picture was completed, somehow or other, and the Rocketts, accompanied by Frances Marion, who wrote the scenario, brought the picture to New York to present it before a cold, hard world. A hideous fear gripped their souls because, if the picture couldn't get a presentation on Broadway, there would be nothing left for them to do but to clutch the film to their hearts and jump off Brooklyn Bridge.

You can't blame them for being frightened. The Rockett brothers aren't a bit like Cecil B. De Mille, the great box-office director. And I am telling you the story of their precarious time with "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" just to prove to you that an ounce of sincerity is often better than a million-dollar drawing fund at the bank.

"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is now being reckoned in the same category as "The Covered Wagon." It is being held up as an example of what the movies can achieve when they really put their mind to serious things. It has already gone down as one of the best pictures of the hopefully young new year.

The greatness of the picture lies, not in the usual qualities of movie success, but in the greatness of its subject. It is almost a complete biography of Lincoln and the first authentic film biography I ever have seen. In this it starts a new line in film story telling. Heretofore all historical pictures have been dramatic in their construction; they have relied on a few incidents backed up with spectacular scenes to convey their idea of historical characters. They have never taken the pains to trace the character and the development of a great man.

"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" begins with the birth of little *Abe* in the log cabin in Kentucky. It shows him as a gawky, studious boy and then as a young country store clerk. It tells of his early romance with *Ann Rutledge* and, surely, this is one of the finest love stories that has ever been shown on the screen. It gives you too, thank goodness, some idea of his remarkable humor and his quick wit. Even now, the old folks out in Illinois can tell you what a wisecracker young Abe was.

And then comes Washington and the tragic Civil War. *Lincoln's* soul was in it but his heart was against it. He was capable of calling out troops to fight the Confederate States but, unlike any modern war barker, he wasn't capable of working up any orgy of hate against his enemy. It was this curious weakness of Lincoln that saved the country from lasting and terrible bitterness between the North and the South. And the incidents on the screen which depict this rare nobility of *Lincoln* are the most inspiring that ever have been filmed.



Gloria has discovered a new style of acting as well as a new style of dressing—and both are extremely effective.

In writing of "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," I am purposely speaking in superlatives. In the past too many critical superlatives have been wasted on extravagant settings, scenes of spurious appeal, the romping of young ingénues and the hokum of the "box-office directors." And so, it is no wonder when anything so rare as a completely and thoroughly sincere and worthy picture comes along, the reviewer has to look around for a new and more emphatic set of superlatives.

The idea of a film biography is a new one and it has been splendidly worked out. The character of *Lincoln* is in the foreground every minute and only incidents that in some special way concern *Lincoln* are shown. And so the film hasn't the weakness of those historical films which have gone in for spectacle merely for the sake of spending money on big scenes. Probably the economy of spectacle in the picture was forced upon the producers, but I wish other producers also had run out of money in the middle of their historical pictures and thereby forced the cast to do a little acting.

There are no "names" in "Abraham Lincoln;" in fact, most of the members of the cast were unfamiliar to me. This, of course, added tremendously to the illusion. A man named George Billings, who had never acted before, played the rôle of *Lincoln,* but I cannot think of his performance as acting in the usual sense of the word. He gives you the impression that he *is Lincoln.* At first I was disturbed by Ruth Clifford as *Ann Rutledge,* mostly because I had seen Miss Clifford in other movies and the illusion was temporarily spoiled.

No one should miss seeing "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln." It is one of the real inspirations of the screen.

To give full credit to those who are responsible for the picture; it was produced by the Rockett brothers,

directed by Phil Rosen and written by Frances Marion, with Miss Marion and Harry Carr in charge of the titling and editing.

Shipwrecked on Plymouth Rock.

From the great moral lesson of the Rockett brothers it would seem that all one needs to make a picture is a carload of sincerity and a couple of cameras. If such were the case "The Courtship of Myles Standish" would also be greeted with cheers and American flags. For undoubtedly Charles Ray was sincere and, oh, so terribly earnest, when he set out to show that the Pilgrim Fathers weren't such bad fellows after all. But back in the mind of Mr. Ray lurked the unassailable belief that, after all and in spite of many dismal pictures, he is still a movie star and that, as a star, he is of considerably more importance to the great American public than the obscure John Alden.

Consequently when you leave "The Courtship of Myles Standish," you have no picture of John Alden; all you have is a memory of Charles Ray dressed up as a Puritan and acting like the leading man of a stock company.

The sad part of it is, "The Courtship of Myles Standish" was boldly announced as a successor to "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon." Well, it simply isn't, that's all. It is, for one thing, intensely dull. The only really worthy part of the picture comes at the beginning, when the pirate crew of the *Mayflower,* aided by a picturesque storm at sea, throw a little pep into the proceedings. Mr. Ray constructed a replica of the *Mayflower* with all the reverence of an antique dealer. Honestly, it is so real that it would make any member of a first family feel absolutely at home.

To me, the most serious drawback of the picture was its lack of illusion in the backgrounds. The landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock looked like a snow scene built with cotton under a Christmas tree to give the kiddies a treat at Christmas. The bleak New England winters looked like comfortable studio settings, and I am still trying to puzzle out why the Indians who ran around with no clothes on enjoyed good health while the Pilgrim fathers, bundled in English clothes, died off by the hundreds.

Mr. Ray and his director, Frederick Sullivan, have made the common mistake of picturing the Pilgrims as rather insipid and dull persons instead of a vital, fighting sect. The character of poor old *Myles Standish,* for instance, is merely a boob middle-aged lover, while *Priscilla,* as played by Enid Bennett, looked exactly like a nice, sleek plump young matron who, come rain or snow, was bound to keep her hair in curl.

I hate to condemn the picture so thoroughly because I realize that it is a production that means much to Mr. Ray and that he was immensely earnest about it. But it is too smug to be good history and too lifeless to be good movie. In addition to Longfellow's poem, which is the basis of the story, Mr. Ray says that he read forty-two books of early American history. But I think if he had taken his company to the rocky shores of New England instead of trying to reproduce his genuine codfish atmosphere in California, the oldest inhabitants would have been able to imbue him with a sounder feeling for his story.



Conway Tearle, as a "young newspaper man" in "Black Oxen."

Glorifying Broadway.

"The Great White Way" is the first good comedy I have ever seen of life in that section of New York which believes that Kansas City is somewhere near the Grand Cañon, that Fannie Brice is the greatest actress in the world, that breakfast is eaten at one o'clock in the afternoon, and that if you aren't seen at the first night of the "Follies" you don't belong. The picture, as the advertisements say of it, is a story of New York's Main Street.

Well, boys and girls, this fillum has positively everything and it is full of class and pep. It's all about a pug and a musical comedy cutie who begin by ritzing each other and then fall in love. The romance has hard sledding on account of the interference of a couple of yeggs who are out to get the fellow and a big butter-and-egg man who is angel to the show in which the girl is appearing. It takes you to the races, it shows you the New York fire department in action and it shows you some rehearsal scenes at the "Follies" which are just like home sweet home.



Glenn Hunter gives an earnest and effective picture of GUY PLUMMER *in "West of the Water Tower."*

And, oh yes, Cosmopolitan obtained the use of the staff of the New York *American* to appear in the newspaper scenes and all of the cartoonists and editorial writers are trotted out and made to behave like movie actors. Now that "Bugs" Baer has gone into the movies, Will Hays will have to work hard to earn his money. The city editor, who has an important part in the story, is played by Harry Watson, a vaudeville comedian, who acted so much like a real city editor that he made the first-night movie reviewers extremely nervous.

Just as all the film celebrities appeared in "Hollywood," so do all of Broadway's finest appear in "The Great White Way." Since Tex Rickard, the fight promoter, made his screen début he has been besieged by offers from producers. Ned Wayburn, the Ziegfeld dancing master, also does well in a character part, that of a hard-hearted man turning chorus girls into a dancing chorus. Arthur Brisbane showed signs of camera fright, but he will improve with more experience. Bugs Baer, too, deserves another chance.

Oscar Shaw, a young musical comedy actor, makes his début in the picture and plays with so much zest for comedy that I shouldn't be surprised if you'd hear more of him. T. Roy Barnes, too, is such a realistic press agent that he made me shudder. It was a gruesomely true-to-life performance. As for Anita Stewart, evidently all she has been waiting for is a good comedy part, because she proved that a long series of foggy pictures haven't dimmed her native gifts.

All in all, I think that "The Great White Way" will do much to reconcile the rest of the country to New York. E. Mason Hopper directed it, while Luther Reed, author of the scenario, and H. T. Witwer, who wrote the story, deserve a nice big bunch of American beauties for the best set of humorous subtitles I have seen in a long time.

Wayward Grandmothers.

Any one who doesn't want to see "Black Oxen" is two degrees below human. For, just think of it, Gertrude Atherton's sensation novel of the beautiful lady of sixty who turned into a leading member of the younger set by methods best explained by Mrs. Atherton has been transferred into a film which is calculated to make the winter of 1924 one of the happiest that the poor old theater managers ever have known.

It all goes to prove that there is nothing like having an idea for the scenario before you go ahead and make your picture. You may not think that Mrs. Atherton's novel is great shakes as literature but you'll have to admit that the lady was enterprising when she turned all the newspaper talk about rejuvenation into the plot for a best seller.

So here is all the amazing story of *Mary Zattiany* on the screen and told so faithfully and with so much regard for the "big points" of the story that you cannot help admiring First National for its shrewd sense of what the public wants.

There is only one obvious mistake in the production. Corinne Griffith, before regaining her youth, is much too old a countess. Ladies in European society don't look like village grandmas when they pass their sixtieth birthday. They merely become a little tired, a little worn and a little wrinkled. However, the rest of Miss Griffith's performance was little short of brilliant. She managed to look perfectly beautiful, but, at the same time, she never let you forget that she really was an old woman enjoying a strange second youth. Her eyes, and sometimes her arms and shoulders, looked a bit weary and, at times, there was an uncanny hint of age in her face. And all this is surprising when you consider that Miss Griffith has a long way to go before she reaches thirty. Conway Tearle, as the young newspaper man, neither looked young nor like a newspaper man. Outside of that, he was all right. Clara Bow made the flapper something beyond all reason and therefore true to type. It was a good performance. And Kate Lester gave a magnificent picture of the sort of elderly Manhattanite who goes in heavily for black jet.

Making an Honest Man of Homer Croy.

Such a holler as went up from the press of New York when "West of the Water Tower" was shown to the local wise guys! Without exception every one of the critics agreed that Famous Players had made some drastic changes in the book.



Pauline Frederick returns to the screen in "Let Not Man Put Asunder."

Well, and what of it? If you have read the book and if you know anything about the rulings of the State censors, I ask you what could Famous Players have done? Obviously, much of Homer Croy's narrative had to be deleted. It was strong stuff, my friends. And obviously a fake marriage had to be substituted and much of the trend of the ensuing happenings altered. There was nothing to do but break the proud spirit of Homer Croy as a realistic novelist.

Unfortunately the stuff that has been ladled into the plot is the oldest sort of movie hokum and so the story, which gets a great flying start, breaks in the middle. It is entirely too apparent just where Homer Croy's story stops and where the narrative inspired by the censors begins.

The picture contains some good acting and also whole stretches of inferior acting. The best performance is given by Ernest Torrence, who plays the rôle of the frantic father of the unfortunate *Guy*. Glen Hunter, as the boy, gives an earnest and sometimes unusually effective picture of unhappy youth. As for May McAvoy, she went through all sorts of trying experiences and, through it all, showed less emotion than the heroine of an old Griffith picture saying goodby to her canary before going out for a walk.

However, the one thing that really disappointed me about the picture was that there is only a single short glimpse of a water tower.

Boiling Lew Cody.

One of the world's greatest illusions is that Rupert Hughes has a sense of humor and therefore, no matter how bad the plots of his pictures are, there is always something funny in the titles and action. The audience which sat through "Reno" in New York laughed but twice, once when a child in the theater yelled, "I want to go home," and once when Lew Cody, in the interests of art, fell into a geyser and was shot several hundred feet in the air.

"Reno" is the story of the complexities of the divorce laws of our various and not so United States. It proves that you may be legally married in one State, not married at all in another and a bigamist in a third. Certainly this is rich farce material but Mr. Hughes spoils everything by peopling the story with the most unbelievable set of persons I have ever seen flicker through a story.

I don't know why Mr. Cody was the person selected to fall into the geyser. George Walsh was in the cast, too, and only a matter of a subtitle would have brought him to the brink of the geyser. But no, Mr. Hughes must go and sacrifice Mr. Cody, who isn't a bad actor. But it's great sport, seeing him shoot right up again into the air just as though he were too wicked even for a geyser. If you don't want to see all the picture, drop into the theater just in time for this scene.

And Don't Call It Rita Coventry.

William de Mille is the most intelligent director now subjected to the crude atmosphere of the studios. Believe me, he is so intelligent that he can take a perfectly good story and remove the kick from it before it has been on the screen for five minutes.

When he set out to put Julian Street's novel before the movie public, he decided to be just as intelligent about it as possible. Consequently, many of the details of the action are fashioned after the style of "A Woman of Paris"—only, as the fellow says in vaudeville, a long way after.

In polishing up epigrammatic subtitles and inventing cute details, Mr. de Mille completely overlooked the point of the story, which is that *Rita Coventry* was a prima donna and therefore not like other girls. Of course, Mr. de Mille tells us in a subtitle that *Rita* is a singer, but of the florid temperament and the still more florid background of the opera singer's life he gives us only meagre hints.

Nita Naldi must share the blame with Mr. de Mille. Nita doesn't look like a prima donna and neither does she act like a prima donna and nothing can turn her into a Garden or a Farrar. Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt and Rod La Rocque are also in the cast.

The Ever-welcome Mr. Hergesheimer.

Something of the same qualities that made "Tol'able David" a success also make "Wild Oranges" decidedly worth seeing. Both pictures were adopted from stories by Joseph Hergesheimer, and Hergesheimer is one of the most filmable authors in the field. Like "Tol'able David," "Wild Oranges" has a fascinating background, plenty of rugged melodrama that has what one might call a psychological twist.

The story concerns a girl who has spent all her life in the swamps of the southeast. An hereditary taint of fear keeps her spellbound—a sort of enchanted princess. The girl and her grandfather are dominated by a half-witted maniac of murderous tendencies. The story tells how the girl is freed by a man who himself has been made a spiritual prisoner by tragedy.

It is a fascinating tale and has been beautifully told by King Vidor, who has set it in backgrounds of bewitching beauty. The picture has suspense and touches of horror; in fact, Mr. Vidor has captured the exact Hergesheimer atmosphere.

The always praiseworthy Virginia Valli again gives a lovely and sensitive performance, while an actor named Charles B. Post is a tremendously vivid figure as the maniac. Frank Mayo seemed to me the weakest member of the cast, while Ford Sterling again proves that many of the best actors in pictures received their first training under the tender guidance of Mack Sennett.

Ou La La Gloria!

It looks as though Gloria Swanson were abandoning her reputation as the best-dressed star on the screen. For Gloria has discovered a style of acting as well as a style of dressing. She tried it out in "Zaza" with so much success that, apparently, nothing is going to stop her. And I like the new Gloria with all her strange mannerisms, her exaggerated comedy, and her flights into Mary Pickford sentiment. True enough, she is more French than the Parisians, but there is something engaging about the ginger and pep that she puts into her scenes.

"The Humming Bird" is the latest playground for her new style and, under the direction of Sydney Olcott, she performs miracles of comedy that would have been impossible for the Gloria of the Elinor Glyn period.

As a story, "The Humming Bird" represents an American playwright's idea of life among the apaches of Montmartre. The Montmartre of the picture is convincing enough so far as the backgrounds go, but the apaches and their goings-on belong to the ten, twenty, thirty school of French fiction. Just for good measure, the war is dragged into the story of the girl thief who meets ze grand Americain and goes out to win the war for France.



Lew Cody's fall into a geyser is one of the high spots in "Reno."

Bad Luck for the Czar and Mickey Neilan.

After seeing "The Rendezvous," a woman I know went to an oculist to have her eyes examined. She came away from the picture with no definite idea of what had happened on the screen and thought that her eyes were failing her. However, she ought to be reassured; I haven't met a person yet who really saw "The Rendezvous." I'm sure that I didn't.

Mickey Neilan's latest picture is a bitter blow because much was expected of it. It had a good plot and a good cast, but somehow or other the story failed to register. In some scenes it looked as though Mickey were shooting no particular story and in other scenes it looked as though whole episodes had been left out of the plot.

It is too bad that Mickey selected a Russian story, for something tells me that Mickey has quaint notions about Russia and the Russian people. He slips a few ikons in the proper corner of the rooms, uses a few big Russian stoves and calls it a day. It is about as funny as a modern story of America would be if filmed by a Peruvian company.

Conrad Nagel, as an American soldier in Russia, looks like a representative of the Y. M. C. A., while the actors who are supposed to be Russians, act as though they were in the thick of an imitation Graustark story. Lucille Ricksen is lovely and childlike and has much of the quiet reticence of a European girl. But her chances for acting are slim; however, one is grateful that Neilan

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Henry Hull appears in the title rôle of "The Hoosier School Master."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. Because its Biblical prologue is the most spectacular achievement of the motion pictures. It is beautiful, massive, and thrilling. Cecil De Mille's most stanch admirers also like the modern part of the picture in which Nita Naldi, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, and Leatrice Joy appear.

"Among the Missing"—Pathé. A one-reel dramatic thriller made by William Nigh and played by himself and Lucille La Verne. One of the most genuine and gripping of screen dramas.

"Anna Christie"—First National. A picture without heroes or heroines in the usual sense. Just a sincere transcription of the Eugene O'Neill play with its brutal, sordid atmosphere intact. Blanche Sweet gives a truly great performance in the title rôle.

"A Woman of Paris"—United Artists. A serious picture directed by Charles Chaplin, in which the old story of the unprotected girl who goes to the big city is given fresh, natural treatment. Adolphe Menjou gives a distinguished portrait of a man about town.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. Thrills and thrills and thrills with horror, mobs, and colossal sets to back them up. Lon Chaney does some of his hardest acting.

"Little Old New York"—Cosmopolitan. A charming picture of quaint yesterdays in the metropolis. Marion Davies emerges in this as a comedienne of the first rank.

"The White Sister"—Metro. Lillian Gish as a lovely young girl who enters a convent when the world seems to have lost its attractions for her. Photographed in Italy, it abounds in exquisite backgrounds.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. Following a wagon train of early pioneers across the Western plains. An impressive and inspiring historical drama.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Our Hospitality"—Metro. Five reels of adroit Buster Keaton humor—somewhat thin at times, but priceless at others. There is a cross-country trip in one of the earliest railroad trains that is wonderful, and a thrill finish that is startling. Natalie Talmadge plays the lead and makes people wish there were more Talmadges to play on the screen.

"To the Ladies"—Paramount. Another James Cruze production, which guarantees that it is deft, amusing, and unhackneyed. Edward Everett Horton and Helen Jerome Eddy play the leading rôles.

"The Acquittal"—Universal. A first-rate melodrama with Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leading rôles.

"Name the Man"—Goldwyn. Ample proof of what these ambitious foreign directors can do. Victor Seastrom has taken a Hall Caine story and made it human, and he has brought out hitherto undeveloped depths in Mae Busch. It isn't a pleasant story, but it is vital and gripping.

"Six Cylinder Love"—Fox. A merry little comedy that plays with the idea that it isn't the original cost of a high-powered automobile but the upkeep that tries men's souls. Elmer Clifton has directed it ingeniously.

"Long Live the King"—Metro. Jackie Coogan's contribution to the movement toward bigger and more costly costume pictures. Jackie almost gets lost in the shuffle, but occasional glimpses of him are worth waiting for.

"The Lady of Quality"—Universal. The most tasteful and restrained of all the costume pictures. It gives one no feeling of an enforced Cook's tour and the characters—principally Virginia Valli—are appealing and human.

"Her Temporary Husband"—A rollicking farce with Owen Moore and Sydney Chaplin that is good for a lot of laughs. It teaches no lesson, points no moral, and is just good, unpretentious entertainment.

"Fashion Row"—Metro. Mae Murray a little different than usual. She masquerades as an emigrant girl for a while.

"The Mailman"—F. B. O. Good, sturdy, substantial film fare with all the sentimentality and hokum the film will hold. Ralph Lewis plays the noble hero.

"Under the Red Robe"—Cosmopolitan. One of the more costly and less dramatic costume pictures. The picture is lovely to look at, and Alma Rubens and Gustav von Seyffertitz do their best to make up for the deficiencies of the rest of the cast. The story is of the time of Richelieu and the royal affairs of France.

"The Eternal City"—First National. More dazzling beauty and another foolish scenario. The Roman backgrounds are beautiful and the swirling mobs are thrilling. There are stars and stars and stars, but you can't see the rest when Barbara La Marr is on the screen.

"Scaramouche"—Metro. Rex Ingram brings the days of the French Revolution to life with pomp and glory and a reckless spirit. Every moment of the picture is beautiful and much of it is thrilling. Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, and Lewis Stone head the cast.

"Boy o' Mine"—First National. A Booth Tarkington boy story delightfully played by Ben Alexander, Irene Rich, and Henry Walthall.

WORTH SEEING.

"Tiger Rose"—Warner Brothers. Just another story of the Canadian Northwest, with Lenore Ulric investing her rôle with a certain amount of gypsy charm. It is melodramatic, and the scenery is beautiful, but most of us have seen it all many times before.

"The Shepherd King"—Fox. A Biblical film staged in Palestine that should have been wonderfully impressive, but instead it is like a third-rate operatic performance. The picture is florid and overdecorated.

"This Freedom"—Fox. Too much agony and grief for an evening's sheer entertainment. The picture was made in England, so the backgrounds are unusual and interesting. The story concerns the decay of the home when mamma goes out to work.

"The Dangerous Maid"—First National. Constance Talmadge's plunge into the costume drama. She is bright and amusing against heavy odds, but according to most people this picture marks the low ebb of the costume craze.

"In the Palace of the King"—Goldwyn. Another of the more spineless costume dramas. The cast is large and the sets are larger, but nothing ever seems to happen.

"The Slave of Desire"—Goldwyn. A fantastic story that just fails to be enthralling. Balzac's story of "The Magic Skin" that granted all its possessor's wishes, but shrunk as each wish was fulfilled. George Walsh, Carmel Myers and Bessie Love are in it.

"The Light that Failed"—Paramount. Kipling's story gone sadly awry. Percy Marmont is convincing as a hero, but Jacqueline Logan, in a minor rôle, runs away with the picture.

"The Day of Faith"—Goldwyn. A story that started out apparently with the idea of teaching brotherly love, but its message gets weak-winded and dies by the wayside. It is unconvincing on the whole, but it has its good moments. Eleanor Boardman and Raymond Griffith are in it.

"The Call of the Cañon"—Paramount. As most of the boys and girls have learned, Zane Gray believes that the great open spaces breed noble men and pure hearts and the city fosters meanness and vice. If you don't agree with him, even Lois Wilson and Richard Dix won't be able to convince you.

"Maytime"—Preferred. A pretty, sentimental little piece adapted from a musical comedy. It shows traces of its origin, and you keep wishing some one would sing.

"Unseeing Eyes" — Cosmopolitan. The most snowbound of all the great frozen North pictures, also the most melodramatic. Lionel Barrymore, Seena Owen, and Louis Wolheim play the leads.

"Twenty-one"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in a light little comedy that is not up to the standard of his recent offerings. Dorothy Mackaill plays opposite him, and is charming and appealing as usual.

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan rhapsodizes over recent exploits of her film favorites and flaunts a few of her preferences and prejudices.

By The Bystander

NO one will ever forget Gloria Swanson's house warming," Fanny announced exuberantly, as she surveyed everything on my table and helped herself lavishly.

"Perhaps a few of us who weren't asked will," I remarked icily. "But tell me about it. Who was there and why and what house did she warm?"

"I've half a mind not to, tell you," she said, and went right on. "It wasn't a house at all but a new dressing room on wheels that they move around the studio from set to set. The inside of it looks just like an exquisite boudoir pillow. It is all satin and lace, and mirrors. Gloria had a special panel put in beside her mirror for the guests at the house warming to autograph. Obviously, not more than two people could get in the house at once and there must have been about a hundred people there, so the house was placed in the center of a huge garden set—from 'Zaza,' I think it was—and we all sat out there at little tables. There was dancing to a Paul Whiteman band and some woman sang. Most appropriately she rendered 'Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses,' just as one of Gloria's servants staggered in with an enormous basket of orchids. There was a low garden wall that separated the set where the party was held from the rest of the studio, and all afternoon the studio carpenters and electricians hung over that and watched the party.

"Some man took one look at Gloria's gorgeous little dressing room and remarked that it was a good thing Valentino hadn't seen it, because if he had he would have demanded a pink velvet covered wagon to dress in.

"Stephen Benet and F. Scott Fitzgerald and a lot of young poets were there; Rebecca West, the English novelist, Rosa Ponselle, the opera singer, Fanny Hurst, and several of the leaders of the National Women's party—I wonder if Gloria is taking an interest in politics—and dozens of newspaper and magazine writers. Every once in a while some one would stick up a camera and start grinding. That picture ought to be screamingly funny, for no one was made up for it but Gloria and Lois Wilson and Richard Dix. They wandered over from the set where they were making



Nobody need worry about Gloria Swanson drifting back into clothes-horse parts even if her next picture is called "A Society Scandal."



Photo by G. Maillard Kessler

Constance Talmadge will probably get the much-coveted rôle of IRENE *after she finishes "The Goldfish."*

'Icebound.' Lois had on a funny little homespun dress and cotton stockings. She looked so real and wholesome that she made most of the guests look like these wax models you see in shop windows. And Richard Dix! In a flannel shirt and high rubber boots, he is splendid.

"I cannot understand how such a pretty girl as Lois can think of such a variety of ways of making herself look plain. In 'Icebound' she is rather homely again and not at all in the way that she was homely in 'Lulu Bett, or 'What Every Woman Knows.' It isn't make-up either, because she doesn't go in for nose putty and that sort of thing."

"Well, I wouldn't worry about it if I were you," I assured her. "It's a gift not many girls would need in private life."

"Lois has been expecting for weeks to go up in New England to make the exteriors for 'Icebound,' but the location scouts haven't found any snow yet, so it looks as though she would stay in town long enough to see all the new plays. I went over to the studio to see her the other day and she showed me the most realistic frost that one of the property men had put on the window panes. It was made somehow from spun sugar and cobwebs. Isn't it wonderful what those property men think of?

"Gloria is just finishing 'A Society Scandal'—but don't worry. It isn't just one of those old-fashioned dressed-up pictures of hers. It's got as much pep as 'Zaza,' they tell me. Anyway, Alan Dwan directed it and it always seemed just as though they were having a party while they were making it and not working at all."

"Rod La Rocque rushed East to play a part in it and so did Ricardo Cortez, but the minute their last scenes were shot they took the next train to Hollywood and started working on a picture out there. You never do know who's where, the players flit back and forth so rapidly. Look at Virginia Valli. She came East a while ago for a vacation and to talk over her starring plans with Universal. But after she had been here only a few days she was borrowed by Thomas Meighan's company and rushed off to Florida to make scenes there. When she gets back to California she is going to play the heroine of 'Damned.' I wonder how the censors will like that."

"Casting her for that part," I suggested idly, "is rather like putting Conrad Nagel in 'Three Weeks.' The only way to make an inflammable story censorproof is to cast some one in it who is beyond reproach — or who looks it."

"Your theory is interesting," Fanny granted, "but I hope that censors



How such a pretty girl as Lois Wilson manages to make herself look so homely for her part in "Icebound" is more than Fanny can understand.

don't drive producers to following it to extremes. We might have Mary Carr playing *Salome,* Mary Astor playing *Cleopatra,* and Baby Peggy playing *Thais.* They might even go so far as to cast Jackie Coogan as *Casanova* or *Machiavelli.*"

"I wish they would. At least it would be a novelty."

"Have you heard about that million-dollar suit against Famous Players-Lasky Corporation?" Fanny changed the subject abruptly, having finished her remarks on it. "Jim Bridger's daughter has brought suit against them for the way her father is portrayed in 'The Covered Wagon.' She objects because the old man is shown drinking whisky and flirting with a couple of squaws. She says that it has imperiled her social position."

"Well, what is one woman's social position to all the thousands who have adored that old man in the picture?" I asked.

"Nothing. And you should read that a writer in the Helena, Montana, *Independent* said about it. He said that: 'If any libel has been done to the memory of old Jim Bridger, it is to allege that he did not have spunk enough to drink raw red liquor and pinch the voluptuous squaws until blushes showed through their well-smoked skins.' That, I suppose, is an example of what the real rugged West thinks of its former heroes."

"Well, for my part," I observed, "I wouldn't trade a place in any society for the way Tully Marshall plays that marvelous old plainsman.

"Oh, well, people are funny. After Frances Marion had spent a year and a half studying Abraham Lincoln's utterances so that all his subtitles in the Lincoln picture would be things that he had actually said, somebody criticized the titles for not being up to her usual standard! You just can't suit people when you start putting historical personages on the screen.



Photo by Woodbury

Wherever Betty Blythe goes in Europe she runs into old friends from Hollywood.

"The same holds true," Fanny launched into a dignified lecture-platform manner that somehow contrasted strangely with her dangling earrings and jangling bracelets, "of characters in widely read books. Sydney Franklin has wanted for ages to make 'The Age of Innocence,' but imagine how horrified people would be if he miscast the part of the interesting foreign girl. Fortunately, he saw Jetta Goudal in a picture and realized that he needed to look no further. I hope when he comes to make it she won't be tied up on a contract to some other company.

"And that reminds me, I had a note from Jetta Goudal a few days ago. Do you remember my telling you that she was going or had gone to California to make pictures? Well, I was wrong. She wrote to correct me. And she took exception to my saying that she displayed a bad temper at the theater. Well, perhaps she didn't.



Photo by Freulich

Virginia Valli came East for a vacation but she just couldn't resist making a picture with Thomas Meighan.

"And I got another awfully interesting letter from a girl out in Kansas City. It wasn't intended for me but for the editor



Blanche Mehaffey has finished her first picture for Hal Roach and all her fellow-graduates from the Ziegfeld "Follies" are planning to go to the first showing.

of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. She told him she hoped Mother Ashton would give me poison. She wanted to put me out of the way so as to give some one else—preferably herself—a chance to get acquainted with the stars. I know just how she feels. Every time that I read an interview with a star who has never been to New York and whom I've never met, I am simply downhearted until I meet her.

"Take Irene Rich, for instance. I've adored her ever since she made 'Rosita,' and I began to despair of ever meeting her. And then, finally, just after New Year's, she came to town and I met her at last. She is just as charming as you'd expect, and that is saying a lot. She reminds me of Elsie Ferguson, except that she is younger and more vivacious.

"Mrs. Rob Wagner, the wife of the man who is directing Will Rogers' new comedies, you know, came East with her. Their trip was one amusing experience after another. In the first place some one had the brilliant idea of giving dinner dances in the dining car of the train they came in. It was all very gay and sociable and quite like shipboard.

"The engineer did all he could to make it seem more like shipboard by making the train roll and pitch until the passengers in the upper berths were almost jolted out into the aisles.

"Irene Rich must have been born with a wonderful sense of humor because working in movies hasn't been able to kill it. The other day while we were lunching at the Plaza the orchestra played the Volga Song of the Boatmen. She said, 'Excuse me, girls, that's my cue to cry,' and her eyes welled up with tears. Why do they play such mournful music in places where people go to enjoy themselves? It is hard on every one but particularly on motion-picture players who associate sad music with their hardest emotional scenes.

"Just before Miss Rich came East she was engaged for a picture called 'The Woman Who Sinned.' She was all thrilled over it because she heard that for two or three weeks the company was going to work on a palatial yacht anchored over at Catalina. She was just congratulating herself over her good luck when it occurred to her that as usual she would probably be cast as the good wife and some other girl who was playing the title rôle would do all the scenes on the yacht. And she was right. That is one of the disadvantages of always playing good women on the screen. You don't go on nearly such interesting location trips as the girls who play sirens.

"Speaking of trips," Fanny rattled on without ever stopping for breath, "did you know that Hope Hampton had given up making pictures for a few months so as to take



Edith Allen who made such a hit in "Scaramouche" is hereafter to be called Hedda Lind, and is going to be featured in a series of pictures.

a Mediterranean cruise with her husband? And I hear that Constance Talmadge is trying to buy the screen rights to 'Irene' from her.

"Norma has finished making 'Secrets' and is here with her husband for a vacation. After they have seen all the best plays they are going to Palm Beach on Irving Berlin's yacht for a while. I should think that Constance would feel simply desolate at being left behind.

"Had a letter from Betty Blythe the other day and she says that everywhere she goes in Europe she meets old friends from Hollywood. She saw Alice Terry and Rex Ingram in London just before they went to Africa to work on 'The Arab.' She found a lot of actors vacationing at Monte Carlo. And in Paris the very first person she ran into was Claire Windsor. While Claire and Bert Lytell and all the rest of Edwin Carewe's company were working in Biskra, who should join them but Rubye de Remer! She is motoring around Europe wherever her fancy dictates, but she is beginning to feel an urge to make pictures again. I wish she would. I always liked her so much. And besides when Rubye is in New York there is no excuse for ever being lonesome. You can always find a good crowd up at her apartment.

"Alma Rubens isn't going to Paris to make scenes for 'Cytherea' after all. Somebody repented the foul deeds that had been done to the scenario and decided to stick closely to the book after all. So the picture will be made in Cuba and California.

"Alma and Marion Davies went to the opening night of 'The Miracle' and they looked so lovely that lots of people on whom the show palled just sat and stared at them. I always used to think that Lady Diana Manners was about the most beautiful person alive, but I don't think she compares with either Marion or Alma. Her beauty is so cold. Alma and Marion ought always to go places together because they are such contrasting types that they show each other off.



Photo copyright by Edwin Bower Hesser

Mack Sennett thinks that Madeleine Hurlock is the most beautiful girl on the screen.



After six years of almost uninterrupted work in pictures Irene Rich has come to New York for a rest.

Photo by Richard Burke

"Speaking of beauties, there is a reviewer on one of the New York papers who says that the only real beauties on the screen are May McAvoy, Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith and Jacqueline Logan. I wonder how many people would agree with him. And Mack Sennett says Madeleine Hurlock is the most beautiful girl in pictures."

"No such list is complete without Claire Windsor, Betty Compson and Florence Vidor," I objected. "And probably others. Can't think at the moment who

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The Picture of the Future

A peep at the possibilities which recent technical inventions have opened up for the screen.

By Don Ryan Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

IT is growing more evident every day that the motion-picture industry or art or amusement enterprise or whatever you prefer to call it, is on the edge of something. There are pessimists who pretend that it is on the edge of a precipice.

At any rate there was sublime significance in the slump that hit Los Angeles, the capital city of moviedom, last winter. It was evident that production of a certain variety was at the end of its rope. "Bigger and Better Pictures" had proved a two-edged slogan. Producers realized there was no sense in building higher sets all the time, in an effort to outtop the other fellow's. The public was getting decidedly blasé about costumes and big sets.

Everybody in Hollywood knows now that it is a zero hour with the movie enterprise. Something is just around the corner, waiting to come in. What will this something be?

It is my rooted belief that it lies wholly within the power of the men who are making pictures to determine what the dawn of a to-morrow shall bring. There are two alternatives, it seems to me, at this present cross-roads:

Pictures may return to the cheap thrillers that they were in nickelodeon days; or,

They may be raised to the pinnacle of a new and distinctive art by the employment of a technique peculiar to the camera.

Three years ago I saw "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," that fantastic Teutonic excursion into the realms of insanity. I went out of the theater with something resembling a pale light breaking over me.

That light has been growing brighter ever since, and within its arc some very definite conclusions have taken form.

My whole line of thought was crystallized, as the college lecturer says, when, on a day last August I went to see another freak picture. When I got the card announcing a preview of the new spectacular production, "Secrets of Life," I tossed it away with the thought, "Another parody on human existence."

But a few days later I got a telephone call from my friend, Walter Anthony, general hired man of the movies, who, I understood, was at that time engaged in adapting to the screen the literary works of Harold Bell Wright, America's beloved novelist.

"We have a new kind of movie out at the Principal Pictures studio," said Walter. "It's called 'Secrets of Life.' If you'll come out I'll show it to you."

"Any blondes in it?"

"No."

"Any brunettes, any vamps, any dear old mothers, any cute kiddies, any he-men leads, any business men saved from ruin by their wives, any historical characters portrayed?"

"None of those."

"How can you make a movie without 'em?"

"Come out and see. You don't have to worry about the actors. There isn't an actor in the picture."

"By George! That's the kind I'd like to see. I'll be right out."

In the black projection room, waiting for "Secrets of Life" to be revealed, Walter Anthony explained.

"Louis H. Tolhurst has invented a powerful light that is heatless. By means of it he was able to make microscopic studies of insects for the camera. First I'll show you the bee."

On the screen came the picture of the interior of a beehive. The "winged citizens" of this "swarming citadel," as Walter described them in the subtitle, were magnified to the size of men. Looking at them as equals in size gave me an entirely different attitude towards bees—one of immense respect and consuming curiosity about their habits and personality.

The curiosity was promptly satisfied. I saw how the work of the hive was allotted to honey gatherers, nurses for the larvæ, and so on. The bee discipline was striking. And the treatment of the queen bee by her subjects most respectful.

"All labor is performed by females in this admirable world," read one of the subtitles by my cynical friend.

He told me he had enjoyed writing the titles for the insect picture much more than the ones he wrote for Harold Bell Wright.

The next reel showed spiders. Drama! A fly caught in a web and there, deliberately preparing for her dinner, the spider—a great, gray ball of venom as big as an elephant it was on the screen!

They showed a close-up of the spider's face. I thanked my lucky stars I wasn't the fly.

The next instant the spider leaped. The poison tentacles were sunk in the victim, which ceased its buzzing and lapsed into unconsciousness while the spider drank its blood.

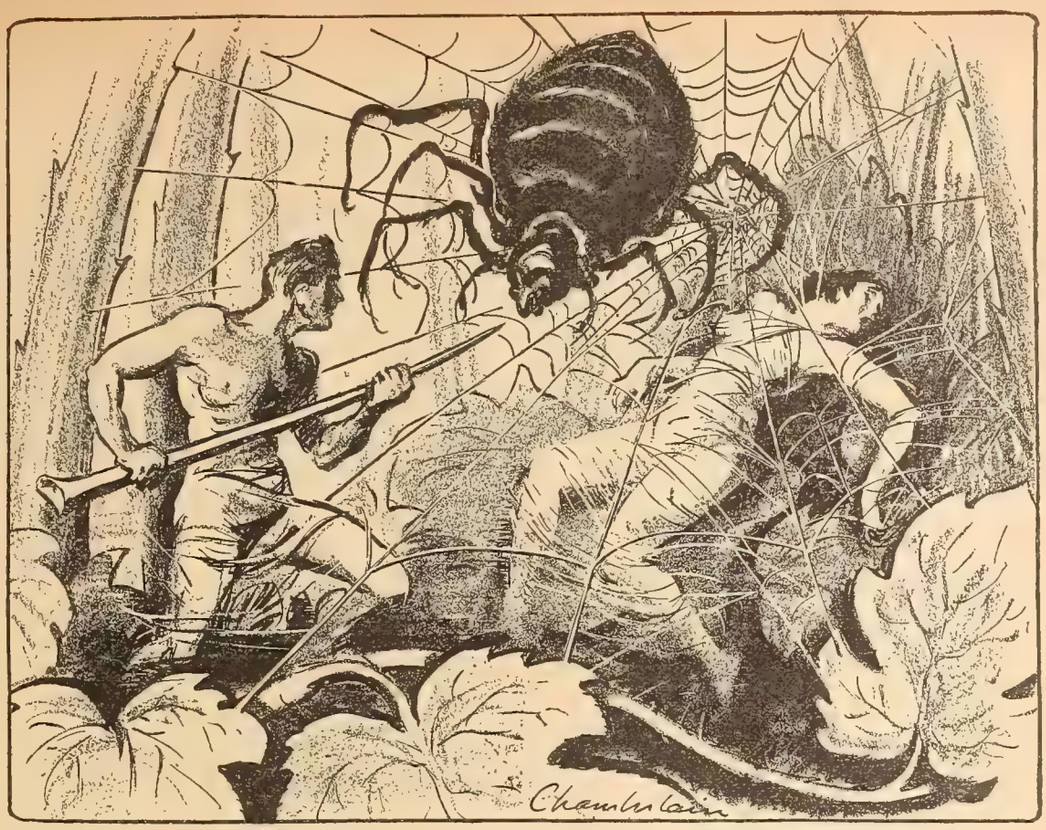
There was drama—drama real, stirring, fantastical. I got a



The public is getting blasé about costumes and big sets.

bigger thrill from the spider and the fly than I ever did when the golden-haired heroine was flung from the high cliff.

Then came a touch of comedy—comedy and astonishing information combined. Tolhurst, in the picture, set down on a table a miniature spinning wheel. To the reel he attached an end of silk that was protruding from Madame Araneida Anthropoda. He turned the wheel and the unwilling spider spun a thin, moonbeam thread—which you could see winding on the reel—spun it for a length of two hundred and eighty feet without a break.



It is the author's belief that the recent technical inventions may offer the producers hitherto undreamed-of possibilities for imaginative pictures.

Most interesting of all were the ants. On the screen the tiny ant hill became an acropolis. Striking engineering works were visible, white roads wound up and down. And along these roads hurried an army of workers—the strongest creatures, comparatively, in the world.

The ants grasped boulders in their powerful jaws and dragged them swiftly up the hillside. We watched a platoon unearth a great timber and hustle it out through the entrance of the ant hill—a feat comparable to forty men dragging a log of the Giant Forest over a rough uphill road for a distance of eighty miles in two minutes' time.

We saw how different work was allotted to different groups. We stared into the royal chamber, where the queen of the ant hill sat in state, surrounded by a vigilant bodyguard with antennæ constantly waving, so that no commoner might brush against the sacred person.



All this took on a new interest when the insects were as big as horses. It was unavoidable that I should speculate on what directed the energies of this well-disciplined army. How did they all know in what direction to move that twig which I had seen them swiftly drag away? All the ants had pulled in one direction at the same time. Who gave the commands? For commands there must have been.

Did each ant think for herself? Or is it possible that the insects possess a group mind? Could instinct alone cope with the individual engineering problems which vary for every boulder and for every timber?

I asked Walter if he knew. He said he didn't. I presume the scientists do.

At any rate they were fascinating—these secrets of life in an insect world. More fascinating than a movie-ized version of the secrets of Hollywood—which we all know anyway.

I left that projection room with a new conception of the possibilities of moving pictures as a distinct form of art. The nebulous thoughts born of "Dr. Caligari" were now full grown and dancing within my brain.

Jules Verne, I reflected, had nothing but his pen. But he accomplished intriguing fantasies that fired the imaginations of thousands. They fire the imaginations of thousands to-day, although the things that were wild imaginings in Jules Verne's stories are now nearly all accomplished facts of science.

What would Jules Verne do with Tolhurst's light? With Tolhurst's light, the microscopic lens, and the miracle of double exposure—that distinctive and unrivaled feature of cinematic art?

This is what he would do, I reflected. With double exposure and the Tolhurst light, the French story teller to-day would be able to make vibrant realities of his stories about insects the size of men or men the size of insects.

Instead of a fly in the web of the spider we should have the beautiful heroine entrapped, her golden hair floating over the silver web, the ghastly gray ball of the spider looming up on the other side of the picture, creeping nearer, preparing to spring. . . . A rare shot that would be—a thing of allegorical significance—a creation that would thrill with its combination of beauty and horror.

Racing along as I trudged homeward, my brain evolved a complete Jules Verne scenario by the time I had reached my own doorstep.

I called the thing "Garden Perilous" for a working title. Two young persons in love are thwarted by the girl's father, a scientist, who gives them a drug, shrinking them to the size of insects.

Ensues a series of adventures in the garden of the scientist's house. The couple, dressed in the silk of a spider web—yes, the same web from which the hero rescues the girl, slaying the spider with a thorn as a lance—take refuge in an ant hill.

Within the winding passages of the insect metropolis they find an extensive furnished apartment, inhabited by another scientist, a rival of the girl's father, who has also diminished himself and is living with the ants, making a study of entomology.

This old fellow has gained some kind of control over the ants—here the group mind idea is worked up—and, desiring the girl for himself, he sets a regiment of the insects against the poor young hero. But the latter makes use of the inhabitants of a disaffected ant hill. Thrilling battles take place. The wicked old scientist is worsted and compelled to deliver up the secret that enables the young people to regain human size and—fade out.

This is the simplest and most elementary sort of plot—a straight adventure story. Think what could be done with the same idea, working it up with the graces of satire and symbolism, grotesquerie and humor, combined with the swift and surprising action that would be the natural outgrowth of the situation into which we have imagined our actors.

Well, there's the idea—Jules Verne's and mine. The movies are welcome to it if they care to use it.

But will they use it? Will they make use of this or any similar idea for making the motion picture something different from other art forms—from the art of the speaking stage, for instance?

Somebody is going to do it—somebody—some time. And I am moved to remark in the poignant phrasing of the billboards: Eventually—why not now?

Why should the movies remain slaves to stage tradition, spending unlimited money in an effort to outstage each other, when an entire new realm of production, unlimited in its possibilities to interest the big audience that is waiting, lies undeveloped to their hand?

It would cost much less money to make a picture combining Tolhurst's insects with human actors than it would to make a picture like "In the Palace of the King," which was an unsuccessful effort to transfer F. Marion Crawford's novel, written before movies were invented, to the screen. And I am convinced that the result would be a hundred times more interesting to everybody. Because it would employ the distinctive technique of the camera and because it would unleash the most powerful of human possessions—the human imagination.

Among a Company of Writers

whose purpose in the main is to praise the movies and those connected with their making, Don Ryan stands out as a sort of advocatus diaboli, who is consistently pointing out their shortcomings.

He is keenly interested in pictures, but never so much in their achievements so far as in what he believes lie within their future possibilities. He is—if not their best pal—one of their severest critics, and, as such, does not expect that every fan will agree with all of his beliefs.

We believe, however, that the suggestions he offers in this article are prophetic of a new development which will be seen in some of the pictures of the near future. Douglas Fairbanks, we understand, has done something of this sort in "The Thief of Bagdad," which perhaps will be the forerunner of other pictures along the line of Mr. Ryan's suggestions. And it will be interesting, in the next year or so, to watch for other developments along this line of fantasy which recent technical inventions have now made possible.

The other day I was talking to a man who by no stretch of the imagination could be called a highbrow. He is a business man in fact, a college graduate, but possessed of no frills. In other words, he is an average American of the well-to-do class. Movies were mentioned.

"I don't go very often to the movies," he said. "Having once satisfied my curiosity and convinced myself that they really move—which happened about fifteen years ago—there is no particular reason why I should sit for hours watching them doing it.

"If I see a film version of 'Romeo and Juliet' advertised, I know without going in that *Juliet* will be a snappy blonde and *Romeo* a good-looking boy from Dubuque, who, just two brief years ago, was guiding the plow with much more benefit to his hungry countrymen than is derived from his present employment.

"And I know that instead of committing suicide in the last reel, the lovers will fade out in a clinch with the benevolent features of old *Mr. Capulet* and old *Mr. Montague* beaming from the background as they look on with their arms about each other's shoulders.

"Of this much I am certain. There may be a variation or two. Either sweet little kiddies or a cute basket of puppies may be introduced in juxtaposition to *Juliet* to let the audience know that she is a nice girl who loves helpless things. But this variation is a minor point. I know just what course the picture will take, whether it be 'Romeo and Juliet' or Ibsen's 'A Doll's House.'

"Therefore, as I remarked in the beginning, why should I go to see it?"

Well, why should he? Why should anybody go to see a film version of something that has been done better in a book or a play or a short story?

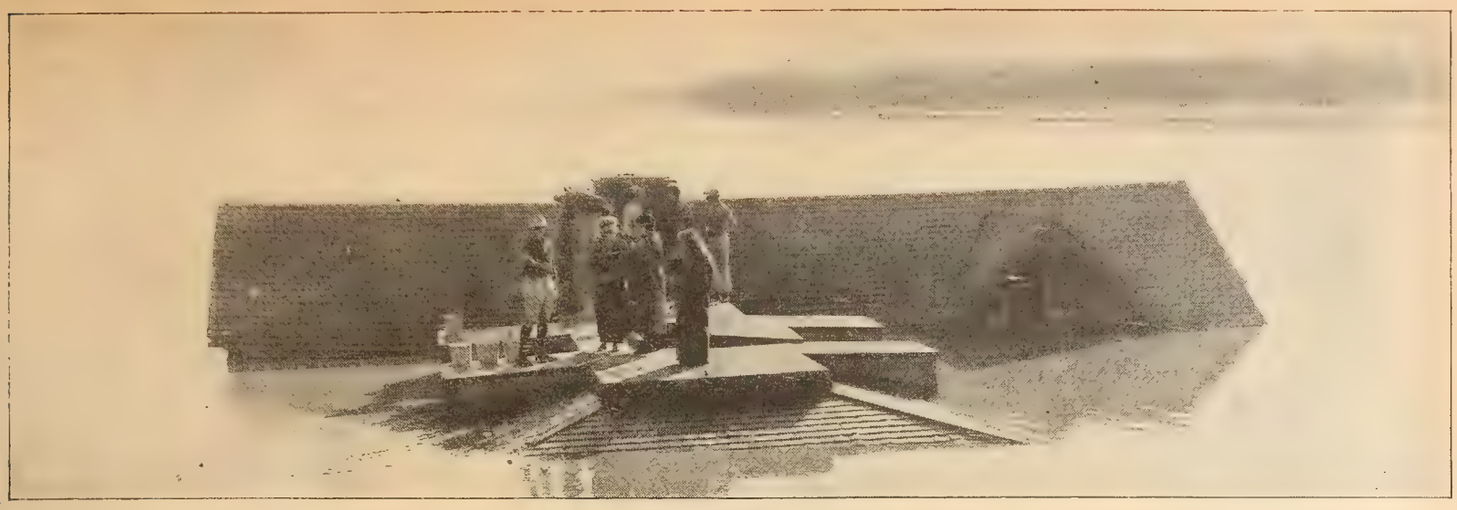
Why should the movies slavishly follow the technique of a spoken stage which has less to do with the art of the cinema than painting, for example?

Why should the movies continue to commit the nuisance of filming cheap novels written with a wary eye out in advance for the screen rights, such as "Flaming Youth?" Or commit the more grievous sin of filming books not fit for screen purposes because they prove popular, of which class "Main Street" is a horrible example?

Maurice Tourneur once said to me, "When we can begin to think in pictures instead of words, then—ah, then, we may be able to make passable movies."

The range of the camera, thanks to the immense technical development in motion pictures, is illimitable. No boundaries hedge that vast, fair empire of the imagina-

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A Letter from Location

Louise Fazenda writes of her experiences while filming unique location scenes for "The Galloping Fish."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Yuma—(On top of a roof in the middle of the Colorado River.)

DEAR MYRTLE:

I concluded that unless I took the wherewithal right with me on the house top you never would get a letter, for we leave the hotel at seven and do not get back until seven in the evening and being in the open all day, with our hard work and all, I sometimes go to sleep in my bath. Still it's an experience, but as usual I'm neglecting most of my correspondence. I suppose I'll die with lots of things undone. I'm like that.



You know, of course, that I'm here with the Ince Company making location scenes for "The Galloping Fish." Usually on trips like this with four women along, the situation after a week or so becomes a bit difficult, to say the least. But, strange to say, we get along famously, so all is calm along the Colorado. Truly Shattuck, playing one of the parts, was foresighted enough to bring along numerous squares of handkerchief linen to be hemstitched. So that has helped keep us good-humored on our house tops, for after we hem 'em we can wash 'em—there's plenty of water, in fact nothing else but.

Myrtle, you never saw so much dirt in your life—fine river silt that gets in one's hair, ears, and fingernails, and acts as if it had found a permanent home. During the fourteen-mile ride to and from the dam where we're working, the dust is so thick we ride the whole way with towels over our faces. It's a funny way to earn a living!

My, but it gets warm. I sent for some thinner clothes. I don't think I'll have mamma down because I know she couldn't stand it. The first few days we brought lunches from town but got so tired of them that we got a cook to fix our lunches and set up a sort of camp out here.

Poor Bubbles, the seal, was certainly surprised to see the Colorado—it would be quite a shock to any one, much less a seal. You know, Bubbles is the star of the vaudeville act in the picture and I "support" him. Bubbles has had a very sheltered life, so, to sort of compensate him for the dreadful experiences he is undergoing on this location trip—all for the sake of his art, as cold cash means nothing to Bubbles—his owner sent to Santa Barbara for a wife for him. She arrived at the freight office here, looking things over in quite a surprised way, much to the amusement of the Mexicans and Indians. Bubbles still eyes her a bit dubiously but we all have hopes that love will stir his bachelor heart. When I last saw him he was flopping around in front of her juggling a ball on his nose—which may be one way of winning a wife.

You told me to be sure to see any prehistoric ruins or antiquities in the neighborhood. The only ones I can find are the natives themselves. The agent told me these are the laziest Indians in the U. S. They don't even do any bead work, so I can't learn how, and besides I wouldn't have time because we work Sundays too.

There is a Mexican village just over the line about twenty-eight miles from here and the whole crowd has been over twice. They have bars and gambling of all kinds. It was very dirty but rather interesting to see.

The funniest thing happened the other evening. We girls went into the café to eat before we took our make-up off. Of course, our faces are colorful, to say the least, with our vivid lips and the colors above our eyes—I'm using green and the other girls blue—and as we came out the door a huge Indian buck was passing in his bare feet and blanket. (Excuse mistakes, I'm

Continued on page 109



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

Lady Diana Manners appears as the MADONNA *in "The Miracle."*

On the New

A glance at the offerings in Broad ulations about the ones that may

By Alison

WHILE considering plots and playwrights, it occurs to me that Olga Petrova started off with a decided advantage in the writing and acting of drama. Her own life has been as dramatic as any scenario and much more interesting than most. She was born in Warsaw but left home as a young girl "because," says her biographer, "her father firmly believed that daughters were no more than dolls and on a lower strata than men"—an idea unfortunately not confined to Warsaw.

She headed for England, where she found a job as the only woman reporter on the London *Tribune*. This career did not end with journalism; in fact it embraced nearly all of the seven arts, including music, for she won the gold medal of the London Academy for her work as a pianist and is even now giving vocal concerts on Sunday nights when the drama does not flourish in New York. Every film fan remembers her work on the screen, a series of vivid and surprisingly logical pictures which she dominated as to direction. But of late years, her life has been devoted to the writing of plays in which she has usually taken the principal rôle. The latest, called "Hurricane," opened not long ago on Broadway.



Werner Krauss, known to film fans through his work in "The Golem" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," plays an important part in "The Miracle."

In regarding this play, it is important to keep in mind her early escape from the history of her girlhood. There is, of course, no actual resemblance between her home in Warsaw and the Texas farmhouse in which this play opens. But Madame Petrova's first energetic impulses were stirred by what she considered the unjust tyranny of the "dominant male," and those early impressions have never left her. The struggle of woman for justice in a man's world has been the theme of many of her books and most of her plays; it is particularly marked in this one.

So in "Hurricane" we have the impetuous, misguided outburst of a young girl against a life in which she sees her own mother done to death by a brute of a father. From that moment, she resolves to revenge herself on a world of men and she succeeds admirably though the hurricane of her existence sweeps her through sordid surroundings into the very depths of tragedy. And, of course, at the peak of her triumph, she finds the one man who means love and not revenge—and finds him too late. It is a curiously uneven play, often melodramatic, often surprisingly cool and reflective. The lines are filled with caustic digs at the male of the species which are designed to make domineering husbands writhe in their orchestra seats — provided they recognize themselves in the picture, which I doubt.

Altogether, an interesting, provocative play—

York Stage

way playhouses with a few spec-
later be seen in film form.

Smith



Photo by White Studios

George Cohan is making his annual appearance in "The Song and Dance Man."

though nothing to run home and tell the children about. Nevertheless, Madame Petrova's acting as the heroine is far above her craftsmanship as a playwright. She gives a passionate, whirlwind picture of the rebellious girl, making her so real and sympathetic a character that many of her most flamboyant situations seem logical. I have the greatest respect for Madame's determination as a writer of plays, for many of them are far better than the average output on Broadway. But her acting is so far above even the best of her literary work that one can't help wishing she would hew to that line and let some specialized dramatist—Somerset Maugham, for instance—write her plays.

A Miracle Occurs.

The first time I heard Max Reinhardt's name mentioned in connection with a film was when "The Golem" arrived in New York. At that time I considered "The Golem" the best motion picture ever made, and I may add that I have had no reason to change my mind after all these years. There were vague rumors that Reinhardt had been on the lot when it was being made in Germany—not exactly directing, you understand, but just hanging around, giving an occasional idea out if any one should ask him. I remember also when "Dr. Caligari" first came out and every one was raving about Werner Krauss, who played the weird old doctor, some one volunteered the information that he was one of Reinhardt's boys. That was three years ago and "The Golem" and "Dr. Caligari" are unhappily only a memory. But the first Reinhardt stage production has reached this country and taken New York by storm.

You know how you feel when a play has been advertised for months and months and postponed again and again. You start off to it with an air of weary impatience as if you were daring the management to make you laugh or cry. I think most of us felt that way about "The Miracle." But this attitude dropped off like a cloak as soon as we entered the Century Theater—or rather the Century Cathedral, for that gilded and ornate interior has been transformed into a stately church which oddly enough suggests age, although the sound of the hammers had hardly ceased when the play opened.

It has high mysterious arches of stone and windows of dim stained glass and such a general atmosphere of piety and awe that it was something of a shock to see the audience—or the congregation—in evening dress. And in this mystic atmosphere there developed a folk drama of ancient days more lovely and more sincere than anything a first-night audience has ever gazed upon before.

Its theme is the old legend which has been used often before by dramatists—the most notable example being the drama of "Sister Beatrice," by Maurice Maeterlinck. A young nun is lured away from her convent by the glitter of the outside world; she passes through wild and bewildering adventures and finally, reduced to rags and starvation, crawls back to the quiet nunnery, hoping to be thrown a crust of bread as the lowest and most wretched of penitents. But the nuns, her sisters, greet her as if her saintly life had never been interrupted, and herein lies the miracle. On the night of her departure, the Blessed Virgin, taking pity on the erring one, steps down from her niche as a statue in the convent and takes the nun's place, unobserved by the sisterhood.

It is a folk-tale full of beauty and human sympathy and Reinhardt makes it come to life before your eyes. There is no describing or estimating at what cost and exertion he wrought this miracle—through scenic de-



Photo by Richard Burke

Margalo Gillmore plays one of the phantom passengers in "Outward Bound."

vice, in imaginative direction, in lights and music and people. As for the actors, one reviewer said that half the population of New York City was in the cast and the other half in the audience, which about sums up that opening. By some magic of his own, he contrives to have the mobs of people passing up and down the aisles, almost mingling with the audience and still preserving the illusion of a strange and dreamlike world.

You cannot think of any of these actors as stars in an ordinary drama. Some have more prominence than others—Rosamund Pinchot, for instance, was a figure of amazing and wistful beauty as the nun. She is the niece of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania—a young and magnetic girl who had never appeared before any footlights until she stepped into this extraordinary production. There is also Werner Krauss—not recognizable as *Dr. Caligari*—Rudolph Schildkraut and Lady Diana Manners—the last in the rôle of the *Madonna*, about which such a stormy battle was fought. But you cannot think of these as achieving any real personal triumph; they are shadowy figures conjured up by a master's hand and that hand Max Reinhardt. In this miracle of transformation, Norman Bel-Geddes also had his share through the marvels of scenic illusion. And, for the collossal work of transferring the entire spectacle to this country, the final palm goes to Morris Gest, who, through the "Chauve Souris," the Moscow Art Theater, and the performances of Eleanora Duse, has had more influence on the stage in this country than any single producer that recent years have known.

Soon after the opening of "The Miracle," the following headline appeared in the daily papers: "Cosmopolitan Hires Reinhardt at $260,000 a year," it carols and goes on to explain that this reckless company had engaged this master producer to direct the pictures for Marion Davies. After the impressive mood of "The Miracle," this was what you might call an anticlimax. However, miracles can be worked on the screen as well as on the stage and the results of this five-year contract should be awaited with eagerness by theatergoers as well as film fans.

The Sainted Joan

It is reasonably safe to prophesy that "The Miracle" will be the outstanding triumph of the stage year. Certainly nothing has appeared as yet to compare with it and the only productions equal to it in importance are the Duse plays and that curious and moving treatise which Bernard Shaw called "St. Joan." Those who dislike the philosophical meanderings of Mr. Shaw may insist, of course, that "Joan" is not a play at all; that he simply collected another group of his pet theories on the universe and put them into the mouth of the martyred maid of France.

Certainly "Joan" does not follow the usual climaxes of what is generally expected to take place before the footlights. If it were done into a moving picture it would be mostly subtitles. But these subtitles would be so full of significant side lights on this episode in history that it might be more dramatic than the ordinary picture of action. I, for one, would like to see the experiment tried.

"Outward Bound."

In all the first night furor over the Reinhardt production, one reviewer, after a solid column of lyrical praise, wound up by saying: "All the sorcery of this spectacle produces nothing in the theater that is comparable to a good play. We were interested all the way through in the Reinhardt masterpiece, but not for one moment interested as we were interested in 'Outward Bound.'"

It is true that if "The Miracle" is the masterpiece of its season as a spectacular pageant, this play which crept quietly into the Ritz Theater will have its own position when the successes and total losses are checked up at the end of the year. It was written by Sutton Vane and had a long triumph in London; a detail which might at first prove disquieting to its producers, for our idea of success does not always correspond to the theories across the pond. But the reviewers and the audiences thus far have been deeply moved by its curious developments.

Its action takes place in the smoking room of an ocean liner, a perfectly natural and ordinary scene with a group of the usual tourist-marked passengers. By degrees, however, there comes creeping upon you the realization that these passengers are a bewildered lot and at an utter loss as to where they are going or how they arrived on the ship; moreover they are doing their best to hide this bewilderment from each other. And at the end of the first act, the truth reaches you with a creepy sensation which begins at your spine; these passengers have all died on earth and the ship is the one we all must board some day and be carried to a port unknown.

There is no tracing in words the development of this strange plot or its uncanny effect on the audience. It is a theme of profound pathos and significance and has been developed by the author with a subtlety which sets it apart from anything I have seen in the theater. Fortunately for him he has been blessed with a group of actors who understand his theme and share in this same subtlety. Alfred Lunt, Leslie Howard, Margalo Gillmore and Beryl Mercer are among the phantom passengers, and they play their rôles with that perfect naturalness without which a play of the supernatural would be lost indeed.

"Outward Bound" leaves you with a haunting sense of its meaning which hangs about your daily life long after you have seen the play. And this, more than anything, establishes its unusual place in the record of the season, for most plays you are only too glad to forget five minutes after you have left the theater door.

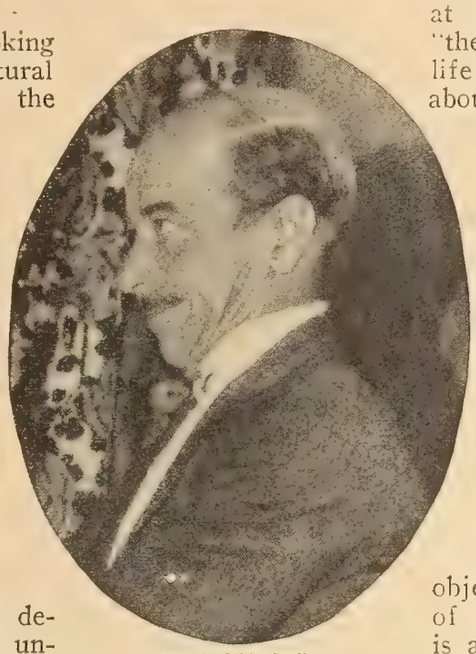


Photo by White Studios

The real laurels of "The Potters" go to Donald Meek.

"The Potters."

I begin to realize that the openings for this month on Broadway have had more than their share of soul. There have been, however, several amusing comedies designed for that class of playgoers who will explain at length—you can't stop them—that "there are enough serious things in real life without going to the theater to hear about them." For this jovial group, I can cheerfully recommend "The Potters." It is a genial little play of family life in a Harlem flat pieced together out of an interminable serial by J. P. McEvoy in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"The Potters" technique is much like that of any good movie. It is a series of scenes in which a mother, father, daughter and son wander through amusing and sometimes exciting adventures. It is filled with the good old hokum; jokes about fountain pens and Pullman cars, folding beds and Fords and all the other timeworn objects which flourished in the comic strip of the Sunday papers. But with it all is a fresh vein of satire on the average American family and a really rapid ingenuity of plot which leads you up to a familiar situation and then twists the idea into something surprisingly novel. Pop gets caught in a wildcat oil scheme, daughter elopes and is pursued in the traditional manner—this is all the oldest stuff, but somehow the two ideas are merged together at the end in a surprise which brings down the house in roars of laughter.

The cast is, for the most part, excellent but the real laurels of the evening go to Donald Meek. He is the reincarnation of the long-suffering, harassed American

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Photo by Francis Bruguière

Those who dislike the philosophical meanderings of Bernard Shaw may insist that "Saint Joan" isn't a play at all.

Hollywood High Lights

Early springtime flares from the Western citadel of picture production.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WITH the glittering gilded chariots of *Ben-Hur* leading, the new season of cinema production is developing into an exciting road race, and the pessimistic who predicted that 1924 would see finis written athwart the big flashing pictures, have been steadily bumping off the running boards.

Last year, it was history that interested; this year it is mostly geography, and the girls in the film flapper set have had to secure an entirely new assortment of lesson books to keep up with the times. They incidentally are scanning the time-tables and the road maps quite zealously to find out what is the best route to Egypt or Italy, and wayside points, and discover whether they can take a run home for Easter, Fourth of July and other holidays, via an airship or otherwise.

The exodus of the New Year was started when James Cruze of "The Covered Wagon" fame took a company down into the State of Mississippi, along the banks of the Father of Waters, to film "Magnolia" from the Booth Tarkington play. This was the first production made by Paramount, following their shutdown in the West, and the cast which enjoyed the honor of reopening the new campaign included Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Noah Beery and the erstwhile bathing favorite, Phyllis Haver, who is now drawing some rather lambent parts.

Simultaneously with the reopening of Famous Players-Lasky, the Goldwyn studios were making arrangements for sending abroad the players for the one and only "Ben-Hur," and George Walsh, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, Gertrude Olmsted, Kathleen Key, and others were expected to leave about the first of March.

The choice of Bushman for the rôle of *Messala* was the topic of conversation in the social and professional circle for many days, because it is the first time within the recollection of anybody that he has done anything really approaching a mean part. He has been off the screen for several years, and it is regarded as significant for his future, as well as clear proof of the changing styles in acting, that he should be selected to play the villain in "Ben-Hur." He himself seems to relish the idea exceedingly, and there is no doubt that he cuts a very keen figure in the Roman garb.

The players in "Ben-Hur" will probably be abroad for six months or a year, and as the cast is exceptionally large, this may cause the removal of quite a large slice from the talent of the Coast. Many members of the company will perhaps be selected from the newer comers, and some will be picked abroad, to be sure, but at the same time the more prominent who do go from Hollywood will be absent for quite a long while from the screen.

The backgrounds for this and other productions will reflect a new mood in the settings of pictures. It is very likely that a large number of these will be made in the outdoors, or at least in localities where the architecture is sufficiently novel and authentic to be interesting on its own account. So, soon you won't be able to see the scenics for the scenery in the features.

There is a tendency to break away as far as possible from the lavish and expensive studio settings, and to avoid the garish sort of gingerbread that made some of the costume films artistic flops. These costume features are not in the discard, by any means, but they will be made with a greater emphasis on the permanent charm of nature. "The Sea Hawk," in which Milton Sills plays the title rôle, is an excellent instance, for practically all the work on this is being done aboard some specially constructed pirate galleys on location off Catalina Island. "Manon Lescaut," which Ernst Lubitsch has announced as his next feature, may offer some of the attractive atmosphere of New Orleans, and much of the allure of even Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which is soon to be released, lies in the visions which it gives of verdant and somewhat pastoral picturesqueness.



Saturday night, and "Sing-Sing," Viola Dana's Pekingese, is about to get his weekly scrubbing.

More Stellar Absentees.

If any two people really deserve a rest, after a strenuous year of endeavor, they are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. The same is true for Norma Talmadge. Miss Talmadge has been in the East, enjoying a yachting tour with her husband, Joseph Schenck. They were invited to go on a cruise to Florida with Irving Berlin, the song writer.

Miss Talmadge is going to make about three pictures this year, the first of which will probably be "The House of Youth," by Maud Radford Warren. This is a modern story of the somewhat lighter emotional sort.

Doug and Mary are, of course, to be present at the premières of their new pictures in New York, and then will likely carry out that long-contemplated plan of theirs for a trip abroad.

Though fans may not realize it, a picture like "The Thief of Bagdad," which has been more than six months in the making, is a severe strain not only on the pocketbook of a star, but on his energies. Doug feels the need of recuperation.

We have looked at some of the rushes on the production,

showing Doug frolicking about with the invisible cloak, and making magical armies appear, and they are the most astonishing photographically in their effects that we have ever seen. It is safe to say that the fan who misses this particular picture will have committed a crime that should be punished by taking away from him the privilege of ever writing another letter to the department of "What the Fans Think."

Wears Crown Lightly.

Now that we have talked of the wanderings of the stars away from Hollywood, it is only fair to mention that the most triumphal homecoming in many a day was that of Colleen Moore, who made such a big popular success in "Flaming Youth." Miss Moore is now the one and only possessor of the flapper championship rights, and just to prove that she was going to live up to the part she brought home a whole repertoire of fetching gowns to match the demands of her rôle in "The Perfect Flapper," in which she is now starring.

Long have we watched Colleen and wondered when her great day would dawn. We never suspected that it would be in such a flip and frivolous story as "Flaming Youth," or that she would become the bobbed-haired and rolled-stocking queen, and since she has acquired the throne we are just a little suspicious that Colleen is wearing her crown at a capricious angle that indicates she doesn't take the type she portrays very seriously. What is a poor girl to do, though, when the majority of interviewers insist that she is an authority on the morals and manners and diet of the younger set? They give her absolutely no rest, and if the pace keeps up, John McCormick, her husband, probably will have to take her on a vacation to Labrador, where the women wear sealskin trousers, and the temptation to talk about flapping consequently doesn't exist.

A New Idol!

The distinction of being the most popular star in Hollywood during recent weeks, goes not to any of the marcelled or bandolined leading men; it belongs in great part to Will Rogers, who has been playing to tremendous popular success in his picture, "Two Wagons—Both Covered." This is a burlesque, you know, on "The Covered Wagon," with Rogers doing the rôle of *Bill Jackson,* the scout, and also mimicking the portrayal of J. Warren Kerrigan. The remarkable thing is that in one or two shots Rogers looks enough like Torrence to be his double, and he simulated Kerrigan to the extent of having his hair nicely curled.

We've always felt that Rogers was most appealing when he played sympathetic characters such as *Jubilo,* but he may really strike a vein in his satires that will be popular throughout the country.

It certainly pays to look like your sister. So, at least, says Helen Taylor, who is thus related to Estelle. When it came to selecting a dancer for the elaborate prologue to "The Ten Commandments," in which Estelle Taylor played *Miriam,* Helen was the choice, because she had to look somewhat like the character on the screen. There's a chance, too, that she will shortly be seen in pictures, which adds a further note of proof to the fact that the films are getting to be more and more a family affair.

A Select Club

Just to prove that a real aristocracy can be established in pictures, Blanche Sweet has made known her intention of starting a D. W. Griffith Alumni Club, composed of the girls who owe their discovery to the noted director. Eligibles in the West include Constance Talmadge, Bessie Love, Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge and others, and such famed and popular Eastern stars of the "D. W." school as Lillian and Dorothy Gish, will also be requested to join. Carmel Myers, who is also a Griffith discovery, is another moving spirit in the formation of the club.

Even to this day it would be difficult indeed to find a director who has contributed so much to the silver sheet in times gone by through the new faces that he has brought out. His eye for winners has been exceptional, and though many others have attempted to make a success with newcomers, most of them have given it up in despair. At any rate, D. W. still has the bulk of the sweepstakes and several cups to his credit.



The pirate craze has reached "Our Gang." Here is Mickey Daniels and Mary Kornmann in "The Buccaneers."

Things to Look Forward To.

What Valentino's pictures will do to men's hair this year.

The day when titles will mean what they say.

The reinstatement of ukulele and the hula dance through the filming of "The Bird of Paradise."

Ben Turpin and Will Rogers in a revival of "Damon and Pythias."

Zane Grey.

Lustre More General.

The question of whether they are really receiving as much for their money as under the old star system of picture making may never worry the fans, but it does strike us as a rather propitious time to point out the excellence of some of the casts that you will shortly see on the screen. These are in general evidence that the producers do not plan to skimp in their choice of actors.

We find among others grouped together, the following:

Barbara La Marr, Lew Cody and Percy Marmont, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew;" Aileen Pringle, Huntley Gordon, Norman Kerry, Eleanor Boardman, Louise Fazenda, Raymond Hatton, William H. Crane, and others, in Rupert Hughes' story, "True as Steel;" Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Myrtle Stedman, Charlie Murray, Phyllis Haver, in "Lilies of the Field;" Matt Moore, Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller and George Fawcett in "The Breaking Point," which Herbert Brenon will direct; Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, Warner Baxter, Robert Agnew in "Those Who Dance;"

Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Michael Varconi, the Hungarian actor, who has played in some of the more important films made abroad, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Charles Ogle, Anne Cornwall and Shannon Day in Cecil B. De Mille's feature, "Triumph."

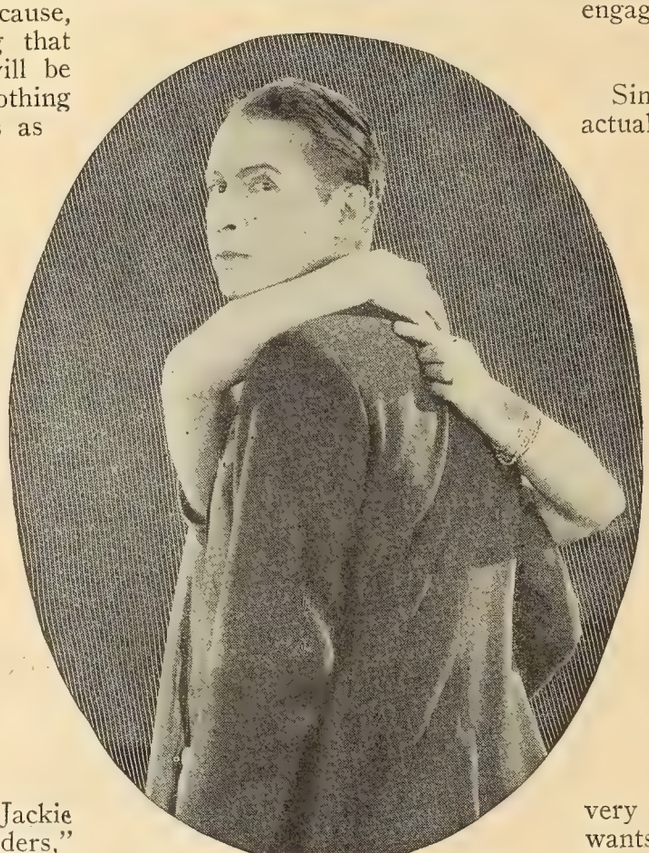
Not all of these, to be sure, are the glittering sort of would-be successful stars, who were tremendously press agented a few years ago, but the quality of their work has established them as the worth-while players of the screen. For the most part, too, their salaries are gaining, and you can be sure that when actors are grouped together as in these pictures, the producing costs are anything but light. Better leading rôles, too, are constantly being won by such actors as Milton Sills, Adolphe Menjou, and others who are not of the conventional young and handsome type. Too, the more competent actresses who have a range of expression, Miss Sweet, Irene Rich, Miss Stedman, among others, are keeping splendidly in the forefront.

Dangerous Competition!

And now the players who are demanding extra-high salaries had better look out. Because, if they don't, the next thing that will happen, some producer will be making a big feature with nothing but dogs and horses and cows as the stars, or perhaps one featuring insects only, and not the human kind.

New talent is being developed with such astonishing rapidity from the animal world that it may well cause fear and trembling to enter the heart of the old-time trouper. In one recent picture, "The Galloping Fish," as many fans no doubt by this time know, major honors are said to go to a seal, with an alligator also very prominent, and Baby Peggy has had to share some of her laurels in "Captain January" with a pelican and a lobster, and by lobster we're not referring to her leading man.

We hear, too, of a new dog star rising to fame in Jackie Coogan's "The Boy of Flanders," not to speak of a donkey and a cow. Serves Jackie right, we say, for changing the title of the story from "The Dog of Flanders" to "The Boy."



Whose arms are these around Monte Blue's neck? You'll find out when you see "The Marriage Circle."

Talk there is, too, of reviving the insect circuses that used to be made some years ago. You may remember the films in which potato bugs and caterpillars and beetles used to perform stunts. Louis H. Tolhurst, who has filmed several Educational features, depicting the professional and artistic activities of the ant, the bee and the spider, which have been intensely popular, has in one of his latest pictures succeeded in getting a fly to juggle a cork ball with his feet, and soon he promises, without any discomfort to those who may attend the proceeding, to develop the acrobatics of the flea.

Mae Surprises.

Nobody who has ever watched Mae Murray dance and prance her way through one of her dizzy jazz-maniacal Cinderella fantasies would ever believe that this capricious and effervescent star could ever settle down to such serious business—that is, we suppose it is serious business—of making speeches before a dignified and parliamentary woman's club.

The strange thing is that the talk was a big success. And we are not depending on the press agent's word for this. Because an astute club woman, who was present at the meeting, told us that Miss Murray was a tremendous hit.

In a sprightly little talk she told the members all about pictures and the effects of censorship, and where it should stop and where begin. And when she was through they liked what she said so well that they elected her to their organization, and so now, among her other enterprises, she is to take as active an interest as possible in the club work.

Paying the Piper.

Yes, yes, the large salaries of the picture stars have certainly generated a healthy spirit of optimism. Consider, for instance, the lawyers who are now busily engaged in making out the income tax.

The Oracle Speaks.

Since he recently stated that the actual work done by an actor was worth only five hundred dollars a week, and that any overplus was due to his box-office drawing power, Conway Tearle has come to be the popular mouthpiece of what's what in screen acting. So more lately we approached him as an oracle and asked him how many expressions the average player was capable of using before the camera. To which Tearle replied with facetiousness, but a trifle of vigor as well:

"One."

How many fans will agree?

(Elza, who is more of a genuine fan than Edwin, thinks that the above is a very undiplomatic allusion, and wants it distinctly understood that Edwin with his somewhat cynical turn of mind was the one who wished to have it printed.)

Hatchet Under the Sod.

Golden dreams of great success are entertained at the Paramount studios for Pola Negri, now that her destiny is once more being guided by one of her European directors. To be sure, this is not the famous Ernst Lubitsch, maker of "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," and "One Arabian Night," but at any rate it is a gentleman with an imposing-sounding foreign name. He is a Pole called Dimitri Buchowetzi, and as Miss Negri has very strong leanings toward Warsaw herself, one may feel sanguine over the community of their interests and thoughts. Besides, Buchowetzi directed the feature called "Peter the Great," which excited feverish praise in critical circles when it was presented in New York. He is also the author of "Mad Love," in which Pola starred, though

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Marion—the Extremist

She was an incompetent actress in poor stories that were excessively upholstered, but she jumped from there into the meagre ranks of highly skilled players and now is acclaimed as one of the best.

By Leland Hayward

THE average story of a screen star's rise to success has, by this time, become rather conventional; the start in extra parts, the long hours of drudgery, the despair of ever succeeding, the first chance in a small part and then seeing it in a movie house cut to almost nothing, the struggle up to parts of importance, the grand chance in a real part, the quickening of interest by the public and finally the blossoming out into a star with all the trappings that go with it.

The story of Marion Davies is of a different sort; from almost her first appearance in pictures she has been a star—in name at least. She is one of the flock of "Ziegfeld Follies" girls who has gone into pictures. There have been many of them—Mae Murray, Martha Mansfield, Justine Johnstone, Katherine Perry.

Up to about a year ago the chief characteristic of Miss Davies' pictures was that they were terrible. Lavish, extravagant, beautiful sets, the best stories that money could buy, marvelous directors and supporting casts but nevertheless—terrible. The reason? Miss Davies simply wasn't an actress. Beautiful, attractive, sweet, but an actress—no, indeed. And all the wiseacres along the Rialto stated quite frankly that she never would or could be anything but a nice, sweet girl who hadn't the remotest idea of how to act and that it was foolishness for any one to think that she could ever develop into anything. Miss Davies never got sore, or if she did, never showed it. When she would meet her harshest critics, she would treat them as though they were her long-lost friends. Some were unkind enough to say that she hadn't an overabundant amount of brains.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

She is now at work on "Janice Meredith."

And then "When Knighthood Was In Flower" was produced, and in the parlance of the street it was a "wow." The critics rubbed their eyes and looked again. The girl actually did act! It was unbelievable, but it was true.

This fall, "Little Old New York." Its history is too well known to be repeated. Records broken everywhere and one of the greatest personal triumphs ever registered for a star. Besides being a magnificent actress in the part of *Patricia O'Day*, Miss Davies showed herself to be a comedienne of the first part.

I saw Miss Davies not long after the opening of "New York." I thought then, as I do now, that it was one of the best pictures I had ever seen. And the thought of any one else playing the part of *Pat* was incredible. Miss Davies fairly *lived* the part. And that, I believe, is the highest compliment that can be paid an actress. After congratulating her on the picture, I asked, "But where and when did you learn how to act?"

"I don't know," she said. "I either had to or quit. I wasn't foolish enough to think I could go on making the kind of pictures I had been making. There is an end to everything. When I first went into pictures it was commonly thought that all that was necessary to make a star was to put the name up in lights,

get a lot of publicity, and make some pictures. I guess I'm the best example that such an idea is ridiculous. 'Knighthood' is the kind of part I like—but I had a really marvelous chance in 'Little Old New York.' I'm Irish, you know, and I've always wanted something with some comedy in it. I've contended from the beginning that if I ever did anything it would not be in vapid girlie parts, but something with a good deal of comedy in it. And I think I've proved my point. But tell me the truth, did you *really* like the picture?"

"Of course I did," I assured her gravely, "I wouldn't say I did if I didn't. You know, it's the first picture you've ever made that I could sit through and enjoy."

She laughed. "I don't blame you. They were pretty bad, weren't they?"

Which reminds me of a story that is typical of Miss Davies. But first it is necessary to say that at times she has a little idiosyncrasy of speech—not exactly a stutter, but rather a slight hesitancy on the first word of any sentence she speaks. It was several years ago, and Miss Davies was making a picture down at Miami in the winter. One day she was at the beach taking a swim with a crowd. A little old lady—one of those sweet old ladies that one sees so seldom nowadays—came up to her and said,

"Oh, Miss Davies, you know I have heard so much about you, and have seen photographs of you everywhere, and read about you in all the papers and magazines, but do you know that I just never have happened to have seen a movie with you in it? But the next time I see a picture of yours advertised I am certainly going to go and see it."

Marion looked at her sweetly and then said, "D—d—don't. I'm r—r—r—rotten!" Of all the people playing in pictures whom I know she is the least conceited and the most natural. And she has a real quality of sweetness and consideration for people. She is terribly shy. In a crowd of people, she is almost as silent as the Sphinx, but when one is lucky enough to know her at all well, one discovers with amazement that she has a most engaging sense of humor.

Any one who has conversed with a great many of our picture luminaries will agree with me when I say that it is an overwhelming relief to find one picture star who does *not* think she is the greatest person walking on this side of the grave. It is truly amazing how that little word "I" is so firmly fixed in their minds. It's an obsession with many of them. But Marion is unaffected about the whole thing. If you try to talk about her, she'll shift the subject, and the first thing you know you're discussing the relative merits of roller coasters at Coney Island.

All this is probably explainable by the fact that Miss Davies possesses a keen sense of humor. It's a saving grace to any one, but most particularly to a highly successful cinema star. The Irish are notorious for their humor, and Marion has more than her share.

Seena Owen and Alma Rubens both work a good deal at the Cosmopolitan studio and they are Marion's two closest girl friends. The three of them keep the studio in a constant state of hub-dub. Whichever of them gets to the studio first is sure to wreck the other's dressing room. If Marion finds her room in a state of dilapidation she'll take no chances but wreck both Seena's and Alma's. It's hard on the maids, but lots of fun.

The famous beauties of the screen may have faces that are one-hundred-per-cent screen perfect, but some of these off the screen give forth about the same percentage that a first national bank allows on saving deposits. But through Marion screens "like a million" she's even prettier off the screen. She has a high coloring, that is, of course, totally lost in pictures. It's a broad statement, but I think she's just about the loveliest girl off the screen of the whole bunch. And she *does* know how to dress. I have observed that a woman's taste in clothes is in direct ratio to the amount of time she spends in New York. And Marion makes all of her pictures right here in "Little Old New York."

I have seldom seen a person who did everything so whole-heartedly. When making a picture she does nothing else. People at the studio say she's the first there in the morning and just about the last to leave.

Between pictures it's the same way. Everything that she does is done with tremendous enthusiasm. One of the delights of her life is Coney Island or anywhere else that specializes in roller coasters and such affairs. A friend of hers told me that one night she, Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schenck, Mme. Elinor Glyn, and some others went to Venice, which is the amusement park of Los Angeles. They chanced upon a huge slide, about fifty feet high. You skid down it into a huge bowl, and the trick is to get out. Naturally enough, many disastrous things can happen on the way to a woman's apparel. Norma and the others went through it all right, but the madame was a little shy about the thing. Any one who has ever seen the madame can well understand why. Finally some unsympahetic soul—just who is a deep secret—gave her a push, and away she went, plunging into the abyss below.

"Honestly," my informant, who was in the party, told me, "it was worth your life to see her come flying down that slide, with her skirts above her head, yelling like an Indian and almost scared to death. She'll probably never forgive us for taking her to Venice."

Marion has a lovely home on Riverside Drive very tastefully done. Rare antiques everywhere, soft and soothing colors and little personal touches that make or break a home. If one nowadays speaks of a picture star and her books it is good for a laugh almost anywhere, but one can truthfully go into raptures over Miss Davies' library. It's a hobby with her and she has some of the finest books in this country. All the standard sets of classics, of course, but with the finest bindings I have ever seen. And unusual, out of the ordinary writings that show many hours spent in wandering about musty old bookshops. The better current novels, such as "The Four Horsemen," she has specially bound in rare vellum.

The general style of the house is Georgian—however, some of the rooms are French, notably the library, which is a perfect copy of a room in the palace at Versailles. Miss Davies has taken the basement of her home and made it over into a projection room so that she may see her pictures and others at home. It is a beautiful room, with soft chairs to rest in while viewing the great cinema. Almost any picture looks great here.

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STEALING THE STUNT MAN'S STUFF

Every fan who is well informed about the methods of picture making knows all about the stunt men who double for the stars when feats of skill and daring, for which special training and experience is necessary, are called for.

Of late, developments in the technical side of picture making have made it possible, in many cases, to eliminate these risks—and incidentally the services of the stunt men—and at the same time to obtain just as thrilling scenes.

Edwin Schallert will tell you in our next issue how this is done. In the same issue he will relate a conversation between himself and Conway Tearle about the art of the actor. What Tearle has to say on this subject is both interesting and illuminating.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MARION DAVIES





Photos by Shirley Vance Martin

When "The Goldfish" was performed on the New York stage it was characterized as "slight but charming," but now that it is coming to the screen with Constance Talmadge in the leading rôle it will probably develop into a riotous farce. Constance plays a jazzy young woman who bangs a piano in a Coney Island dance hall. Later she grows socially ambitious and sheds her young husband in favor of a richer one, but of course she is a good girl at heart, and it all comes out right in the end.



Photo by Russell Ball



The ever-delightful Anna Q. Nilsson had scored many triumphs on the screen before "Ponjola," but, ironically enough, her ruthless shearing of her golden locks for that rôle aroused more interest than her acting had ever done. Here she is pictured as she looks in real life, now that her close-cropped hair is growing again, and also in the wig that she wears in "Flowing Gold."





Griffith's

A few advance glimpses of the gigantic historical film on which D. W. Griffith has been working for several months give a hint of its scope and power.



One of the most terrific battle scenes Mr. Griffith has ever staged is his representation of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Every care was taken to make this scene historically correct, and eminent historians coöperated with Mr. Griffith in achieving this result.





"America"

A simple but impressive ceremony marked the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and this Mr. Griffith has endeavored to reproduce in staging the scene before the camera.



The simple, drowsy little town of Lexington in peace time had a quiet charm all its own. Its air was languid, and the townsfolk idly gathered at the tavern to swap stories of the countryside and pass the time away. The picture at the left shows how Mr. Griffith has visualized this.

Through

Photos





Few people will recognize in these pictures of a nerve-ridden, shell-shocked patient and a homely spinster, Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy, who have always been admired for their good looks. These pictures show them in "The Enchanted Cottage."



Love's Eyes

by Bangs



When love comes to these poor unfortunates they look beautiful in each other's eyes. "The Enchanted Cottage" is a tremendous love story, and in it May McAvoy is said to surpass even the work she did long ago in "Sentimental Tommy."











With *Ben Hur*

Following the long-awaited announcement that George Walsh was to play the title rôle in "Ben Hur" it was announced that these three players would have the other featured rôles: Francis X. Bushman will play *Messala*, the villain; Gertrude Olmstead will play *Esther*, and Kathleen Key will play *Tizrah*.

The Story of An Average Girl

Not a fairy tale of sudden success, nor one of bitter defeat. But if you have any aspirations for the screen, this girl's career will interest you, for it probably is about what would happen to you, if you have as much pluck as Lela Sue Campbell.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE story of Lela Sue Campbell might well be the story of Any Average Girl.

For the things that happened to Lela Sue—the discouragement and initial failure, the reality which replaced the glamour in her excited vision—might happen to any girl who seeks film fame. A little prettier than Any Average Girl is Lela Sue, perhaps, just as in all towns there is one of whom everybody says admiringly, "She ought to be in the movies!"

"That's what they said about me back home in Little Rock," began Lela Sue, when I asked her about her struggle for silver-sheet recognition. "So I submitted my picture in a beauty contest and was chosen a winner. The film company went to pieces financially and could not live up to its agreement, but finally the magazine arranged with another company, Universal, to try me out, and I reached Hollywood, wild with plans. I wasn't idiot enough to think I would be starred right away, but it was only a question of a little time, of course."

Lela Sue's lips twisted ever so little in self-rebuke, but the laughter gleamed in her brown eyes—it's fine, I thought, that a girl can see her illusions burst, one by one, and still retain that dogged determination to get something good out of it all, until she can look back upon those early heartaches, not from the peak of great achievement, to be sure, but from the middle distance of understanding and definite promise, without losing utterly her faith in herself, in her destiny. Perhaps Any Average Girl might not have stuck it out the way Lela Sue has; a good many, similarly placed, have gone crying home to the folks and knocked the movies.

"I was seventeen—and spoiled," she went on. "My parents and my five big brothers have always let me have my own way. The first and perhaps the most difficult awakening which every girl going out on her own must meet is the realization that people—outside your own family—don't give a darn what happens to you. I could have died that first year for all Hollywood cared." Her lips set and into her eyes came an echo of that force that had impelled her on.



Lela Sue Campbell has had a long, uphill fight. She has not yet reached the top, but she's determined not to give up.

"They weren't particularly unkind here they simply didn't notice me. Universal gave me a chance in a small rôle. I didn't do it well, of course. I felt, like almost every movie fan, that I was a born actress. I knew I had that feeling inside of me—but I couldn't express it. I was awkward, self-conscious, impossible. It seemed terribly blunt and heartless when people told me that I did not have an exceptional 'screen personality.'

"Other illusions had to go. The glamour in which the movie folk are supposed to live was torn to shreds. I saw the hard work, the real life, the petty quarrels, the wonderful sacrifices that many of them make for their careers and for others, too. At first it bewildered me, but later, in the cold light of truth, many were even more likable, some not so at all.

"Sometimes a player would help me, tell me things. Few of the more famous ones will bother with a newcomer. They haven't time, they realize we must hoe our own rows, as they had to hoe theirs. Then, too, their own crowns are perched too insecurely on their heads—screen faces change and it is only a very splendid girl star who will take a chance on bringing into focus one who may become her competitor.

"But I knew if I quit and went home people there would say, 'She tried to be a movie actress and didn't make good.' So I asked them at Universal to let me try to learn to act. They put me in stock, to play 'bits,' filling in the gaps—better than extra work because the pay was certain, but I didn't have a chance to ruin any big picture! I played in comedy, Westerns, was featured once, but mostly in inconspicuous corners.

"My struggle wasn't one of poverty, for I had my small salary, and my family, while not approving of a

career, would never have let me want. It was the way nobody noticed me that hurt, the heartache, the loneliness. I would glue myself on the sets, studying the work of the different players, spending almost every bit of recreation time in the theaters here seeing pictures over and over, trying to reason out for myself what I needed to learn. I began to understand vaguely that one reason I couldn't act was because I didn't know a thing about life, about real feeling. The feeling I thought I had was just exaggerated imagination. You don't need actually to do wrong things to be an actress—but you certainly must know human nature, why people do things, motives, character—in order to make your actions on the screen seem real. What do these seventeen-year-old girls know about such things?

"Being a beauty-contest winner hindered rather than helped me. Everybody just smiled and shrugged—though one director kindly said he would try not to hold it against me! I learned to keep it a stark secret."

In a way, Lela Sue's story is similar to that of Eleanor Boardman, another contest winner, in that fame and fortune did not immediately follow her arrival in Hollywood. But Eleanor had, even in those days of her first ineffectual efforts, a certain glimmer of personality—and a firm little way of knowing what she wanted and how to get it. Everybody ignored her; alone in a corner she felt neglected, injured—and sooner or later that very pretty helplessness was bound to attract notice, to win sympathy for her cause.

But Lela Sue lacked that inherent pathos or the ability to assume it. Though of fragile build—she had always been delicate—somehow, perhaps through having had her own way at home more or less, she did not have that downtrodden air which attracts sympathy. She carried her hurt within her heart; she could not unconsciously—or did not know enough consciously—to parade it. Hence nobody bothered with her. It is Hollywood's

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The Real Richard Dix

Only a person who has known him when "off his guard" could have written this intimate picture of one of the best-liked men on the screen to-day.

By Caroline Bell

WHY is Richard Dix about the only young man on the screen now whose popularity approximates the homage tendered the matinée idol of days gone by? And why do his performances leave us with a vague feeling that he has somehow failed to realize the heights of which we think him capable?

He is the only one of to-day's players whose popularity approaches that of the lovable Wallie Reid. They are in some respects very alike—the same restless vitality, the same love of fun, the same generous impulsiveness. Could Rich displace that mantle of consciousness which he wears before the camera, he would very likely come closer than any of the film fraternity to filling the vacancy left by Wallie's passing.

It is not egotism that makes him self-conscious. He cares less about his own appearance than any actor I have ever met. In no way does he strive actually for effect. It is merely that, when on parade, he feels the restraint of the youngster who, while in his own vivid dreams of imaginary exploits acquits himself with glory, is suddenly placed in the spotlight and given an opportunity to show off—and becomes tongue-tied, strangely ill at ease.

Rich is still pretty much the small boy play acting before an audience and, something of the vastness of the undertaking swamping him, is on his good behavior. A decent, thoroughly likable young fellow, in the camera's focus those traits are overemphasized, he seems conscious of the watching eyes, of some small voice that seems to be whispering, "Rich, do well by us." He earnestly, and perhaps too apparently, tries; and in so doing, much of his own irresistibly interesting, volatile personality is shrouded by the nebulous cloud of The Perfect Leading Man.

For that very reason he does not always give the best impression of himself to a casual interviewer. He isn't shy or reserved or introspective as is, for instance, George Hackathorne. It's just the hangover of boyish self-consciousness, the fear of making a fool of himself, that draws the real Rich into a sort of shell when he is up for public consideration and analysis. You have to know him off stage, to be with a bunch of jolly young folks of which he is the central motivating fun force, to appreciate him. Then he loses that restraint; kidding, all restless energy, dancing, talking, singing—oh no, he can't carry a tune but he will persist—a wholly delightful companion.

At formal dinners and such, though whispering that his high collar feels darned uncomfortable and he'll be glad when the agony is over, he is outwardly a bit stodgy, like a Booth Tarkington juvenile hero at a dress-up party, determined to do his duty by the folks at all costs. One sees, then, Richard as the correct young man who subconsciously drapes his own personality in a mantle of unaccustomed dignity. He has yet to acquire in his work and in his contact with the public, either directly or through the medium of interviewers, the ease of the actor who can be himself, can give free rein to his own personality.

"I can't help it," he tried once, in that futile way we all have when we attempt self-analysis, "but when I'm up for public inspection I feel like a Shriner on parade. It seems so darned silly, showing off that way."

But out of focus, on a picnic, on the set between scenes, eating a ham sandwich at a lunch counter or out at the Plantation—even on an "off" night when the place is like a graveyard—then you have the Rich who is Hollywood's favorite boy.

Only once did he feel a rôle so deeply, so poignantly, that, even though it was far more æsthetic than his own character, strangely enough something of the real Rich glimmered through. That was in "The Christian"—and it expressed a dream of years.

When he was playing in those amusing but frothy Goldwyn comedy dramas, he first gave vent to that slumbering ambition in my hearing. As is the way with him, his seriousness struck him at an odd moment. The scene of the revelation was not a correct luncheon table, where actors are supposed to bare their souls to inquisitive writers. We were up in the air, literally, skimming swiftly over the beach cities in a plane piloted by a skillful friend of his. Suddenly he interrupted his shouted comments on the people way down below—some sort of foolishness, I forget what—to exclaim, above the din of the motor, clenching his fist vigorously,

"If they'd only give me something with meat in it, something I can get my teeth into!"

For a moment that purely physical magnetism of the man who wants action, depth, and feels those forces stirring within him wasted on frothy nothings, was in control. An instant later it was gone and his eyes were twinkling at my fright as the plane zoomed and dipped.

How well he acquitted himself in "The Christian" you know; it was the one high mark of his acting career. But still those slumbering fires, only that once expressed, are clamoring for another chance to imprint upon the screen some of that depth of feeling which Rich will seldom admit. Usually he derides his own better qualities—"That's all apple sauce. I'm not half as good as they say I am," he says naïvely.

At odd times he gives voice to his own uncertainty; the next moment he is kidding, or wildly enthusiastic over some new book. At present it happens to be "The World's Illusion," which Ingram is to film and Ingram, Rich thinks, is the greatest genius of the movies.

While only amused by flattery, genuine feeling strikes a responsive chord in his heart. One evening not long ago, at the Plantation, he broke off humming the orchestra's foolish ditty to recite, with a surprising well of feeling in his eyes, a poem written and sent him by a "lifer" in a penitentiary. The meter of the rhyme perhaps was not so good, but the thing was gripping, stark in its realism of a soul that longed for freedom. Every bit of its tragedy he put into the simple recital—and that led him to a discussion of character, motives, showing a boyish certainty of himself, of what he would or would not do, and yet a wonder, too, if he would really acquit himself well if ever actually tried by some quirk of fate.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

A moment later—gay, bantering Rich. It made me feel inexpressibly annoyed with the films that they cannot somehow convey those chameleon, interesting qualities of the real boy, the way he jumps from high lights of drama—the unconscious expression of those wells of emotion within him—to light shades of fun, instead of forever giving him to us as the staid, correct, impeccable and sometimes frightfully impossible hero.

Of late, it has been his misfortune to be cast in several very mediocre pictures in which his work, despite his capable handling of the too-heroic rôles assigned him, has done little to increase his prestige as an actor, though to be sure his fan following has been loyal, regardless of the "sneezing pictures." That is Rich's term for the particularly bad ones because once, in a wedding scene, an impossible script demanded that he turn from the altar where he was being wed to perceive his true love entering the church door and—sneeze.

Rich argued with a certain nabob of moviedom that it is not quite the thing to sneeze at weddings. One just doesn't. One controls all such impulses. But the nabob was adamant, having some strange notion that sneezing would "prolong the suspense." So Rich obligingly sneezed and so did the two young almost brides and the picture was not hailed as a masterpiece.

"'The Ten Commandments' is by far the finest thing De Mille has ever done—and I don't sneeze once!" He was triumphant over C. B.'s masterly handling of this lofty theme, even though his own rôle is impossibly upright. "In spite of the fact that Will Rogers says

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How Doug Gets that Way

Or, better perhaps, how he *keeps* that way. For this rapid-fire impression of Fairbanks by an enthusiastic young actor upon his first visit to Doug's studio gives you a very good idea of what you would see—and of how you would be impressed—on a visit there yourself.

By Ralph B. Faulkner



IT was a solid piece of luck that got me inside the high fence around the Fairbanks unit of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. Frank Sheridan, veteran trouper, dropped in to say "Good-by," and he took me in with him.

Well, I got inside the fence that shuts in the eighteen-acre lot. There has to be a fence. If there weren't Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford would have long since been pulled apart by souvenir hunters.

Inside it seemed odd to see the slender spires of queer, fantastic Oriental palaces and the turrets of sturdy English castles thrusting three hundred feet up into the California blue almost side by side. The Oriental sets were, of course, for Doug's "The Thief of Bagdad," and the replicas of English castles were for "Dorothy Vernon."

It's a fascinating place—a complete film city, with a big central building where the interiors are made, and a crowd of workshops, paint shops, carpenter shops, and a big electric power plant. But it wasn't buildings I had come to see. It wasn't electric dynamos. It was another sort of dynamo. A human dynamo named Doug, beside whom every one looks only half alive.

He entered with a whoop. He leaped on Frank's back. No matter how often you've seen Fairbanks on the screen you are not prepared for the radiance of this living, laughing fellow. "Red roses, straight from the heart," as the Finns say. That's Doug. And I'm no star-struck miss from Iowa, either. I've done nearly everything from lumbering to trouping, and I've seen a lot of men of all sizes, colors and shapes. Doug Fairbanks is a man, a regular man, and you feel it the minute you see him.

He isn't so very big; not a giant, anyway. He stands five feet ten, when he stands, which isn't often, for he is more like quicksilver than anything else. His face was as brown as a cavalry saddle from the outdoor life he leads. He has a smile that actually flashes. It's a boy's smile. It's the sort that can't be counterfeited. It says, "I'm myself, Doug Fairbanks. No bunk, no bluff, no pose. I like people. I want them to like me." This was my first impression of Fairbanks in the flesh. I gained it while he was pounding the daylights out of Frank and telling him how glad he was to see him.

I couldn't help harboring a wonder how Doug Fairbanks would treat a young stranger, just breaking into pictures. How would this star, this millionaire, this husband of one of the most beautiful and talented women in the world, this man who had carved himself a unique niche in the world of pictures, treat an ordinary, everyday young actor? I soon found out.

Frank introduced us. Doug gave me a grip that would have wrung an orange dry, said a few words and in a minute he made me feel that he was an old friend of mine. There was none of this "I am Doug the Great—you may look at me, if you wish" sort of stuff about him. He was simple and friendly and interested. He wanted to know about my work. He wasn't patronizing or "upstage."

"Let's go out on the lot," he said, in that quick, enthusiastic way of his. "Got some trick apparatus; want you to look it over."

We went past the giant sets that had taken months to build and I forget how many thousands of tons of cement, lumber, et cetera. We heard a yelp. A ten-year-old kid was being pursued into the lot by an irate gateman.

THE TORTURE ROOM

That is what they call the studio projection rooms where the players, directors, and executives gather to see each day's work run off while a picture is being made. Edwin Schallert has been collecting anecdotes from the players on how it feels to see these "rushes," and to hear the criticisms that so often are a necessary part of these gatherings. It will appear in an early issue.

"Oh, Doug," cried the kid, "I saw you in 'Robin Hood' last night!"

"How'd you like me?" asked Doug.

"Fine! Great! Oh, Doug, can I come in?"

"Well," laughed Doug, "you seem to be in. I guess we'll let you stay. But you must try not to be a pest."

The kid stayed and he was a pest, and Doug knew he would be a pest. But he treated that kid as cordially as if the kid owned a fleet of Rolls-Royces and a string of theaters.

A gang of us, including the kid, and an ebony-finished fellow six feet six tall, who plays in the picture, went to the space where the athletic producer had set up some of the strangest looking apparatus I had ever seen. Doug didn't say a word about the big job he is doing in pictures, but talked like a schoolboy about his "meets" and his stunts for keeping fit. No prize fighter trains for a championship bout any more thoroughly than Doug trains. He's always fit. He hates fat and he hates flabbiness.

I was something of an athlete in college and have followed athletics keenly, but Doug taught me some new ones. There are no prizes in his meets. The apparatus is all his own invention. You just follow the leader—which is Doug—if you can.

Peeling off his coat, Doug grabbed an iron ring that hung from a twenty-foot rope, took a short run, jackknifed as he swung to clear the ground, let go, arched his body and sailed feet first over the cross rod of a pair of vaulting standards about twelve feet high. He alighted on his feet.

Then he went to a contraption that was a combination of horizontal bars, built in the shape of a rectangle, eight feet long, five feet wide and five feet high. Doug ran, dove over the first bar, grabbed the second and swung under it. His sinewy body shot out on the other side, and he marked the place where his feet landed. He laughed. "Beat my old record by half an inch," he said.

He has all his visitors, if they have any athletic skill, try these stunts, and he is delighted when they beat his records. It spurs him to greater efforts, he says. He seems to be more interested in being "high man" than in winning film glory. I'd hate to be the man who would try to get in right with Doug by throwing one of these contests. The men on his staff aren't that sort at all. They are alert, athletic young fellows, and if Doug beats them at any of the stunts, it is because he is better, that's all.

Raoul Walsh, who was directing Doug, was a college football player, and a good one. So was "Chuck" Lewis, an assistant director. The air around Doug is always crisp. I was told that "dopey little shrimps" came out there to work with him and he soon had them kidded into trying his stunts, until some of them became cracks at the vigorous games.

"All Class A men," said Doug, proudly of his staff. "That means they can go through the whole series of stunts without missing."

He told me what the stunts were and I agreed that anybody who could do them deserved to be ranked "Class A" at least.

"Want to see the fastest game in the world?" asked Doug.

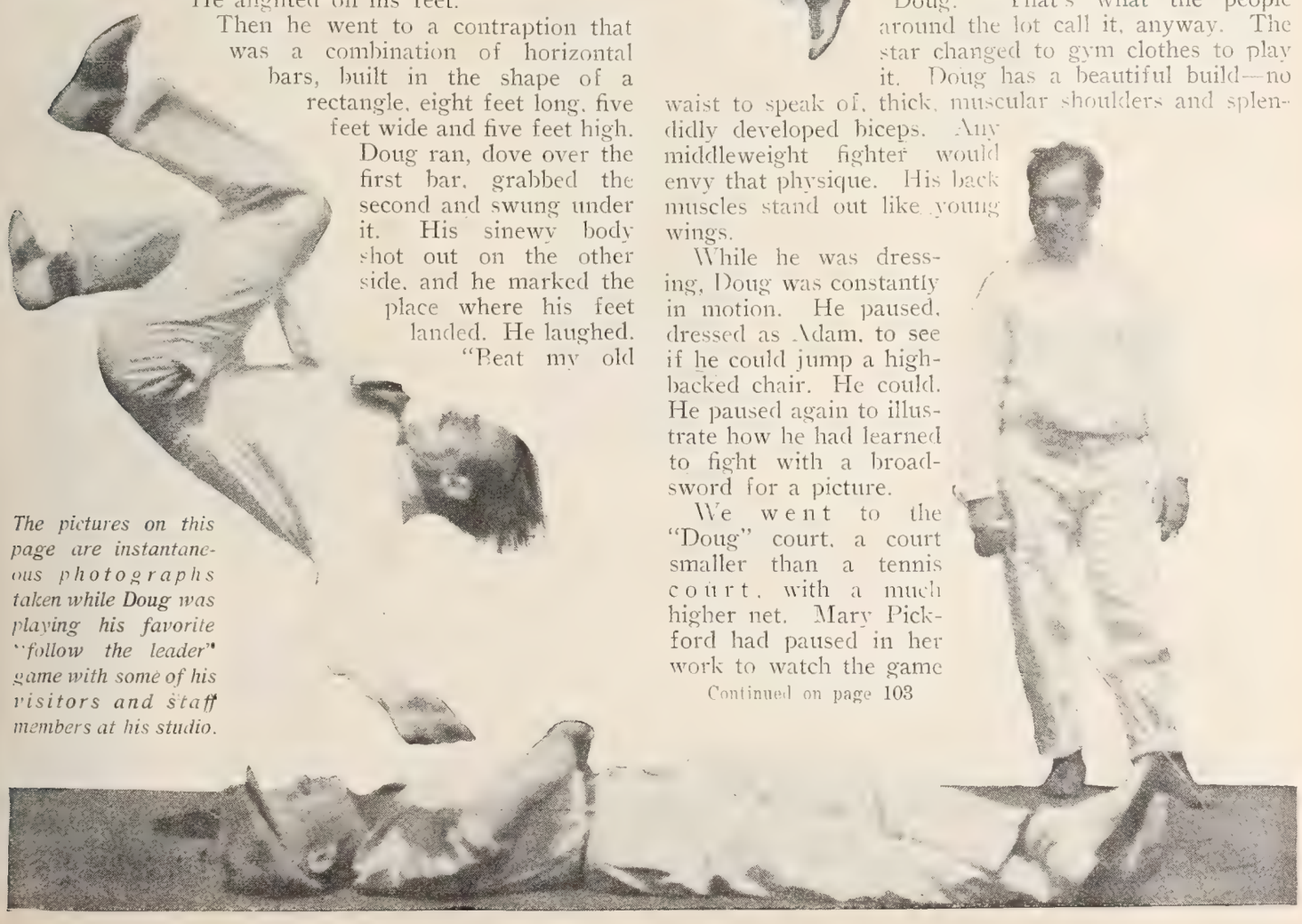
We went on the run to his dressing room. You always do things on the run with Douglas Fairbanks. His dressing room is a house that looks like Dempsey's training camp. It is full of shower baths, a plunge, and athletic clothes and equipment.

The fastest game in the world is "Doug." That's what the people around the lot call it, anyway. The star changed to gym clothes to play it. Doug has a beautiful build—no waist to speak of, thick, muscular shoulders and splendidly developed biceps. Any middleweight fighter would envy that physique. His back muscles stand out like young wings.

While he was dressing, Doug was constantly in motion. He paused, dressed as Adam, to see if he could jump a high-backed chair. He could. He paused again to illustrate how he had learned to fight with a broadsword for a picture.

We went to the "Doug" court, a court smaller than a tennis court, with a much higher net. Mary Pickford had paused in her work to watch the game

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The pictures on this page are instantaneous photographs taken while Doug was playing his favorite "follow the leader" game with some of his visitors and staff members at his studio.

The Wear and Tear in Comedies

Even the worst-dressed men in the movies spend a lot at the haberdasher's. In their case ruining a suit a day helps to keep the audience's gloom away.

By Helen Ogden



Charlie Chaplin keeps on hand three duplicates of his famous suit of clothes, six derbies, and a lot of canes.

THE question that bothers most comedians is not what costume to wear in a picture, but how many of them. If a comedy begins to get rough—and how many of them don't?—the leading man's costume will have to be duplicated over and over. And while he may be merry enough before the camera, he is apt to acquire sudden pains when he views his haberdasher's bill. For the nondescript clothes that comedians wear are not cheap. Sometimes they are more expensive than his regular clothes.

Harold Lloyd always has on hand six duplicates of every suit worn before the camera and keeps as souvenirs the remains of the clothes of which his dangerous predicaments have taken their toll. In addition to his own black and blue marks, there was little left of three suits worn in "Safety Last" but the tailor's label.

Buster Keaton's business suits—that is, those worn in his pictures—are made at a cost of fifty dollars each and at least four duplicates are made for each picture. He also has an equal number of his little pancake hats, which cost four dollars, and of his shoes, made to order at twenty-five dollars a pair.



Larry Semon usually ruins three of those hick suits of his in every comedy he makes.

Sometimes the entire quota of reserves get ruined and production has to be held up for days because some comedian's trousers are not in a fit state to greet the public. Though his wardrobe at home may house numerous suits of the latest cut, he may have to wait around with a darkened studio and expensive cast running up the overhead while a tailor duplicates the essential parts of his costume.

Buster wore out all his extra trousers in "Day Dreams," though the coats suffered little and were worn in other films. In this picture two suits were torn on the ferry wheel, while in "The Electric House" the revolving stairs took their toll of two more. "The Boat" was another costly production, his baggy suit setting him back one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the original and fifty dollars for each of the duplicates.

The haberdasher won't starve as long as Al St. John continues frolicking for the films, either, as those delicate plaid shirts of his cost twenty-five dollars each and one rarely lasts more than three days.

Of all the comedians Charlie Chap-

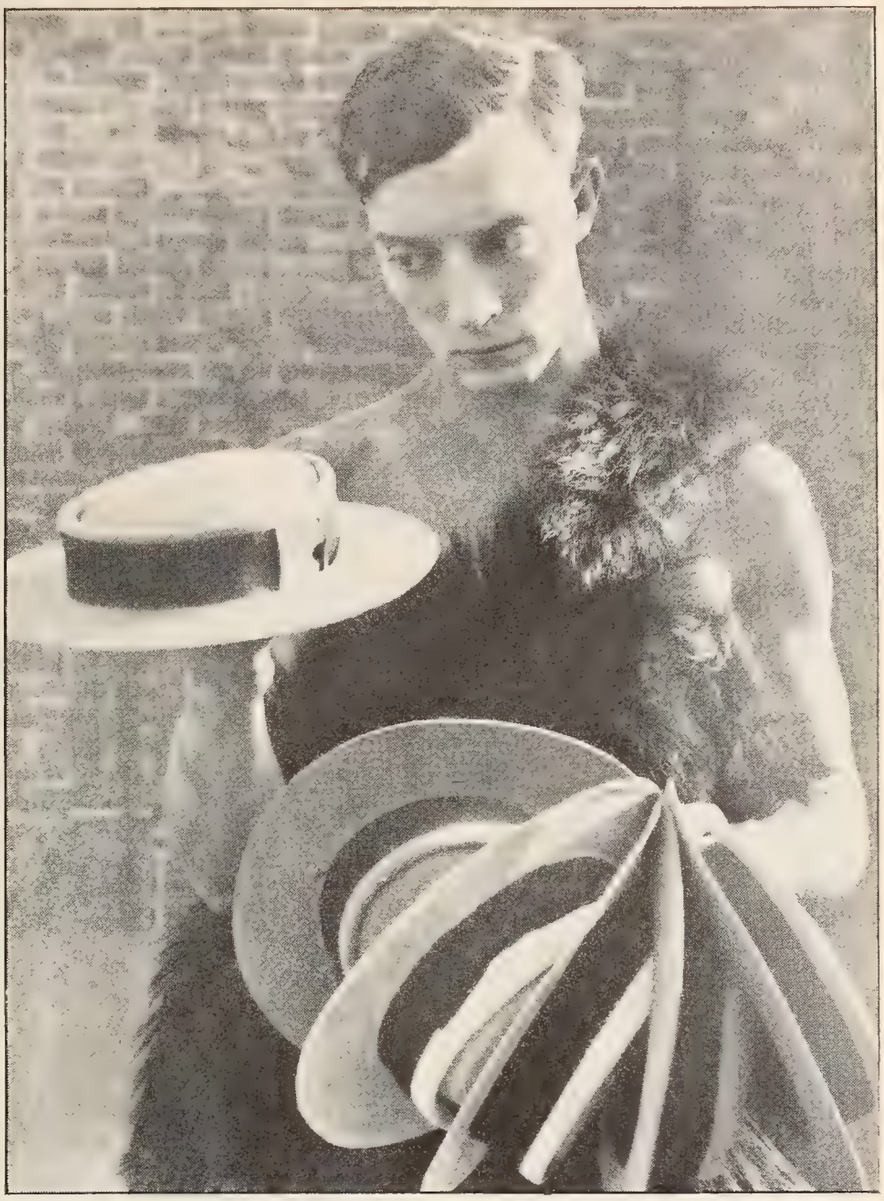
There is almost as much wear and tear on Buster Keaton in his comedies as there is on his clothes.



lin alone boasts but little expenditure on costumes, the large, flowing garments he wears usually being purchased from second-hand shops. He keeps on hand three duplicates of the suits and six derbies, the former costing but a few dollars and the latter fifty cents each. His canes are quite inexpensive and are bought in half-dozen lots, as they frequently are broken, but the big shoes are the identical ones in which he started his celluloid career. They have been faithful, those shoes, and Charlie regards them with paternal solicitude. After each production—and sometimes even during the making of a picture—he has them resoled and repaired until you can hardly find a spot of the original leather left.

This pair of shoes is the only instance I know of where a film actor has worn the same article of clothing in every picture for years, and it is Chaplin's hope to continue wearing them until his retirement, when they ought to be placed on exhibition in some museum along with Napoleon's sword, Madame Pompadour's wig, and other articles of historical interest.

Larry Semon's suits are made to order by the same tailor who makes his off-stage clothes and cost forty-five dollars each. His derbies fare worse than any other part of his costume because they are always getting hit. But the worst wear and tear in his pictures is on him. He was in the hospital for several weeks because in making "The Hick" he jumped from one silo to another and the ground came up and met him en route.



Those little pancake hats of Buster Keaton's cost four dollars each.

HELPFUL HINTS

By Rose Pelzwick

You want to write a movie, and you haven't got a plot?
You're surely up against it, for there ought to be a lot;
Why don't you take an old one—use a standard plot as start—
Elaborate and twist it in the way it suits your art.

The old distiller's daughter accidentally meets a man,
She sees that he is wounded and she tends him as she can;
They learn to love each other, and for weeks he lingers nigh,
When one day dad discovers he's a governmental spy.

If the city suits you better, you can have some rich man killed,
Detectives find his fountain pen with chloroform was filled;
The office girl confesses, in hysterics then she goes,
And tells how death came on him as the fumes went up his nose.

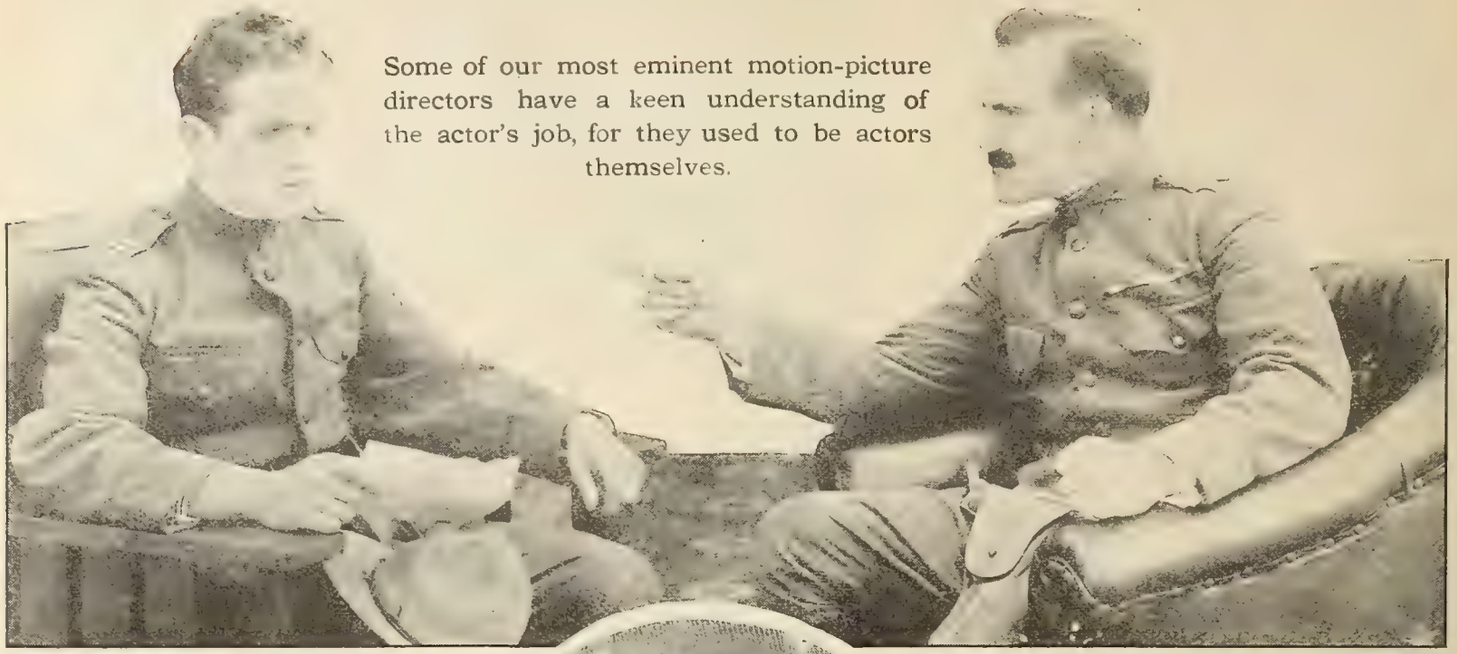
You're bound to cause some heart throbs when a tiny little band
Of pioneers set out from home to seek some promised land,
As they say, "Good-by, God bless you," and without a teardrop shed
Turn their faces to the westward, bravely facing what's ahead.

Historic plays are popular—strong drama's bound to win,
With heroes battling for their lives, and saints that turn to sin.
Fools that were, and still will be, and Western "bad men" thrillers
Can always be depended on to prove themselves good fillers.

You ask me which succeeded, and which suited me the best,
Which brought me fame and fortune and permitted me to rest?
Somehow the stupid editors who haven't got the knack
Of telling what's original, keep sending all mine back!

Their Filmy Past

Some of our most eminent motion-picture directors have a keen understanding of the actor's job, for they used to be actors themselves.



The picture above shows Marshall Neilan and Donald Crisp as they appeared back in 1912 in a Famous Players-Lasky picture called "The Commanding Officer." Alice Dovey, the star of the picture, has dropped out of public life.

The oval center picture shows Rex Ingram, taken in the days when he specialized in playing artists and other temperamental rôles.



How many fans remember that it was Elmer Clifton, director of "Down to the Sea in Ships," who played Lillian Gish's brother in "The Birth of a Nation?"





Elmer Clifton also writhed effectively through "The Fox Woman," a Fine Arts picture that starred Seena Owen.



John Robertson, Richard Barthelmess' present director, played in such classics for Vitagraph as "His Wife's Good Name."

Continued from page 43

counted. "That was the reason I accepted various picture engagements first. They were all good features made by large companies, and I was certain that they could not possibly do me anything but good. Even in 'Six Days,' I now feel that I was successful. The critics have all been lovely to me.

"I was afraid for a time that the love scenes in the dugout, which caused some unfavorable comment, might reflect on me, but they didn't. They wanted us to act out that episode in just the way that Frank Mayo finally had to do it. I simply couldn't play it that way. I knew that the situation was going to be false, and I feel that Frank did too, but he didn't have the chance that I did to avoid the false note. I sought to remain as passive as possible while all the violent love making was supposed to be going on, and that saved me, I believe, from criticism.

"The only bad result that I can name is that the report has gotten around that I am temperamental. It all started from that, and from some talk that was spread around by some one who wanted me to have a reputation for possessing a flighty and obstinate disposition, believing that it would be for my good."

On the occasions when I have met her, I have always felt that Miss Griffith exhibited not the least sign of such a pose. If she has a pose at all, it is perhaps the languid and languorous one, conjuring the spell of the South, and that is always with her.

When she talks of herself, it is in a simple detached way. There is in her voice at times the petulance of a child. It is the same sort of petulance that quivers around her half-opened lips, concerning which all the experts on feminine attractiveness have sung raptures.

Certainly there is something about her that naturally inspires impassioned rhapsody. It is more noticeable when she glows among the shadows of the silver stage than when you meet her in person. I have caught it, too, at night, once as we were walking away from the studio set, and when her face was outlined in the vague lights coming as if from nowhere, for these seemed to illuminate all that was intangible about her beauty.

The evanescent quality of her personality is no discovery of mine. Frank Lloyd, who directed her in "Black Oxen," remarked it to me, when he said that it was remarkable how different she was on the screen from what she sometimes appeared on the set. "At first, I was not sure whether I was securing the effect that I wanted or not when she acted," he declared, "but when I went in to see the rushes it was simply marvelous the way her personality seemed to come out and the feelings registered. It is something that is almost impossible to explain."

Personally, I have a notion that the strange and somewhat uncanny way in which her radiance shines forth in pictures may be traced to the languor that I have described, and that becomes in a way calm and reserve when she is actually playing.

You know, possibly, that a great deal of the more intimate sort of acting is reposeful. The least ineffective motion or gesture becomes confusing, and sometimes for this reason one who is in a sense phlegmatic can, before the camera, if skillful, make obviously apparent the least sign of animation.

I do not mean by this that Miss Griffith is naturally unemotional. That would be hardly true. Her work is full of the deepest sort of vibrations, and her magnetism, as for example when she first came on the scene in the artist's studio in "The Common Law," ofttimes draws the bulk of attention to herself. What she does is full of life and the living of life, yet you never feel for a moment but that she has more forces in reserve, and that she has never quite thrown herself headlong at her audience's feet. Nor would the results be effective if she did.

Corinne is bound, of course, to be a romantic figure. No one could help being who plays the highly colored and deeply sympathetic rôles that seem in store for her. Men and women both will worship her for the mystery that she suggests, for the strange thing that producers are wont to call sex appeal. She has this in a measure that is greater, I think, than that of any other popular actress of to-day. It is irresistible when combined with the sort of spiritual balance that her reserve seems to indicate.

As it is generally known that she secured a divorce from her husband, Webster Campbell, who directed her in a series of pictures before she came West, wild tales have commenced to go out of Hollywood about the way men have gone mad over her. I would not dispute these as potentially true, but I do feel that she herself is not wildly interested.

"I don't think that I will be able to look on marriage with quite the same eyes for a while," she told me. "I was really hard hit. I worshiped the very ground my husband walked on, and for several months after I came to California, although I knew this was probably the end, I did not want to believe it. I lived on the hope of a readjustment, but I found later that this would be impossible. And so eventually I secured my divorce at my old home in Mineral Wells, Texas, where nobody was in the courtroom and even the bailiff was deaf."

No—the future for Corinne is in a sense impersonal. That is, for the time being. We hear rumors, to be sure, of an engagement between her and Walter Morosco, and she does not herself deny that he has been "very fine" and a "rare and true friend," but marriage to her mind belongs to another and far-distant time.

Whereas the present, glowing and mayhap glorious, is devoted to the shaping of her career.

Marion—the Extremist

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I think every one that knows her admires her courage. Many people would have been sour at the whole world if they had had to face all that she has, or would have quit in disgust. It is hard enough to struggle along with failure, all by oneself, but with the whole world looking on and making unpleasant comments it is doubly hard. No one knows the heartaches and struggles Miss Davies has gone through, and no one ever will—she doesn't delight in telling her troubles to every one.

When you consider the general verdict that was passed on her early productions, and her part in them, you may be able to realize the courage she must have had to begin her work in "Knighthood;" for had she failed in that lavish production, the failure would have been doubly conspicuous, and the cause of much more comment, than in the case of any of her previous pictures.

And now she faces even greater responsibilities, for Cosmopolitan has engaged Max Reinhardt, who is generally regarded as the greatest theatrical producer in the world, to direct her forthcoming productions following "Janice Meredith," which is now being made. Under his direction no one knows how far she may go. Any one who has improved as she has in the past might achieve almost anything.



A simple but arresting morning frock of old-fashioned alpaca cloth trimmed with bands of Roman braid suggests naïveté.

Saying

Mae Busch expresses her individuality background for her personality. And would do well

Directed by



Peggy Hamilton.

AT tea recently in one of the fashionable hotels of Los Angeles, we were discussing the subject that is nearest and dearest to all feminine hearts—clothes. But before we could become comfortably launched into our discussion we had to retire to one of the far corners of the salon to avoid many distractions, and these distractions were the very thing we were trying to talk about—clothes. All about us we saw ill-chosen, ill-fitting, ill-worn clothes.

It is woman's instinct, not to say her interest, to bring out her personality through her gowns. Yet how few



really achieve this end. There are, indeed, enough instances to prove that women try hard enough, but their results invariably indicate that they are guided by impulse, rather than discretion, in choosing gowns that express their own, distinct individualities.

At a table opposite us, for instance, was a young débutante with four girls of her own age, somewhere around twenty, and a young matron, probably twenty-eight. Without exception, each of those girls was dressed in the height of fashion, but without a modification of present styles to suit her type.

One of them had a nose of extraordinary length and eyes that were of a light hue, and which, because of the general contour of her face, looked peculiarly small. Instead of wearing a dark-faced hat of wide brim and sweeping line that would have softened her features and given distinction to her nose, she unwisely selected a snug-fitting Oriental toque with a sacred serpent of Egypt jutting from its center as an ornament, and practically resting on the bridge of her nose. The effect, instead of being modish, was ludicrous and caused considerable comment from adjoining tables.

Another girl wore a dark seal jacquette, heavily trimmed with monkey fur. A handsome wrap, to be sure, but entirely too mature for a lass of eighteen summers. And with this costly garment, she had dangling from each wrist at least eight or ten bracelets of various colors, studded with cheap, colored glass that looked as if they had their origin in the five-and-ten-cent store. Each time she raised her cup her bracelets jingled an obbligato to her conversation, and she might as well have sounded a fire gong for the attention her jingling jewelry junk attracted.

There are in public and social life so many instances of the badly dressed woman that when one steps into view who wears clothes reflecting taste, judgment and style she is entitled to be the inspiration for poet and painter.

A luxurious, but practical, three-piece suit is made of black charmeuse and trimmed with bands of lynx.

it with Frocks

in her clothes, as well as making them a pleasing the woman who, like her, has an irrepressible spirit, to follow her example.

Peggy Hamilton

Whenever I think of a woman who has distinct style off the screen, as well as on, Mae Busch comes to mind. For this reason Miss Busch consented to pose for PICTURE-PLAY a few gowns and costumes that she is very fond of and ones that are typical of her wardrobe.

If you have seen her on the screen, you will recall that she is a combination of ultrasophistication and genuine naïveté. In personal life she is much the same, with her personality high-lighted by a certain irresponsible, irrepressible spirit and a lashing wit that is ever stimulating. Her hair is wavy chestnut, which she wears in a smart shingle, her eyes are blue-gray and her features very regular. She is often described as a vivid type, due possibly to her alive, almost dynamic qualities.

It would be quite natural for her type to choose gowns of daring line and flamboyant hue. But Miss Busch shows a good sense of values and wears clothes of somber colors and fashioned along the most simple lines. In this way she achieves a dual purpose. The dark tones, very often black, form a striking frame for her gay, alert personality, and the long, simple lines of her frocks, gowns or wraps emphasize her natural grace. Thus, there is nothing to cloud her individuality.

A rich, dignified, yet very practical three-piece costume is the black crape charmeuse trimmed with deep bands of lustrous lynx which she wears in an accompanying photograph. The dress is a straight, two-piece, sleeveless garment with its only trimming a narrow belt of self material joining the waist with skirt, and a band of lynx for the hem. Any woman who is capable of making her own clothes could fashion this stunning gown. Tiny sleeves may be inserted but the sleeveless dress, particularly with a cape of same material or luxurious wrap, will again be extremely popular for spring and summer wear.



For formal afternoon receptions Mae Busch's wardrobe includes this lovely gray velvet suit extravagantly trimmed with silver fox.



Miss Busch is one of the few women who understand that every swing of a sleeve, every swirl of a skirt expresses individuality.

The wrap she wears is also a striking affair cut in two pieces with the broad drapes of sleeves cleverly inserted in the arm pits. The beauty of this costume, of course, depends entirely upon the quality of its material and the lines, but particularly on how the wrap is carried. So much depends upon this one point. Carrying an interesting wrap like this one is an accomplishment in itself, and Miss Busch is one of the few women who understand that every swing of the sleeve, every drape of the skirt indicates a mood.

Another luxurious, but exceedingly simple three-piece costume—a type, by the way, which Miss Busch strongly favors and duplicates, with minor changes, from year to year—is of

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All Will Rogers' Fault



Ena Gregory, Stan Laurel's leading woman, sat down and tried to figure out how he does it.

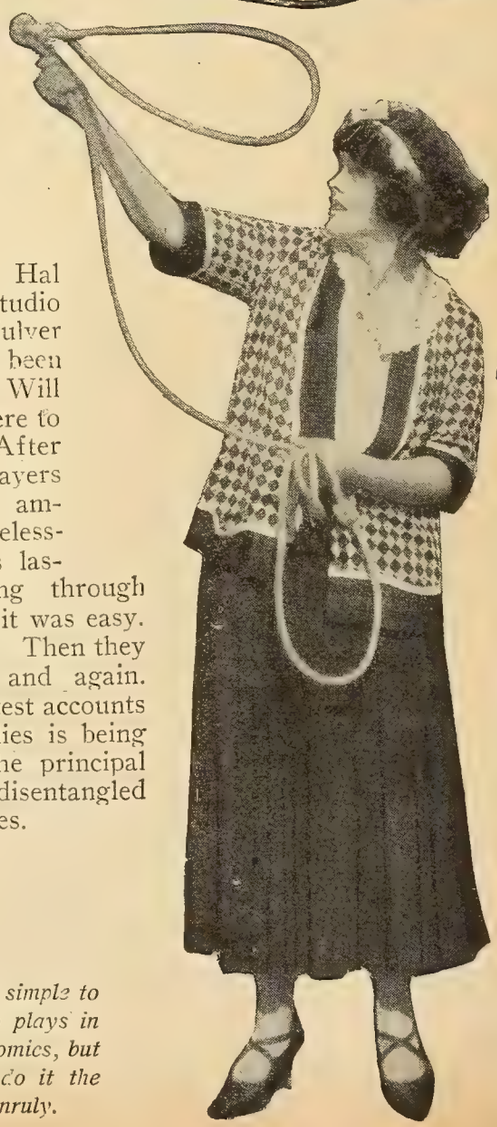


Marie Mosquini is Will Rogers' leading woman, and we wouldn't be surprised if he had given her private instructions in handling the lasso. At any rate she shows up the others.

LIFE on the Hal Roach studio lot in Culver City has never been the same since Will Rogers went there to make pictures. After the other players had seen him ambling in, carelessly swinging his lasso and jumping through it, they decided it was easy. So they tried it. Then they tried it again and again. According to latest accounts work on comedies is being delayed until the principal players get disentangled from their ropes.



It all looked quite simple to Frank Butler, who plays in the Spat Family comics, but when he tried to do it the rope became unruly.



Blanche Mehaffey as a "Follies" girl had plenty of chance to watch Will Rogers, so she knew how to start the rope a-twirling.

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Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

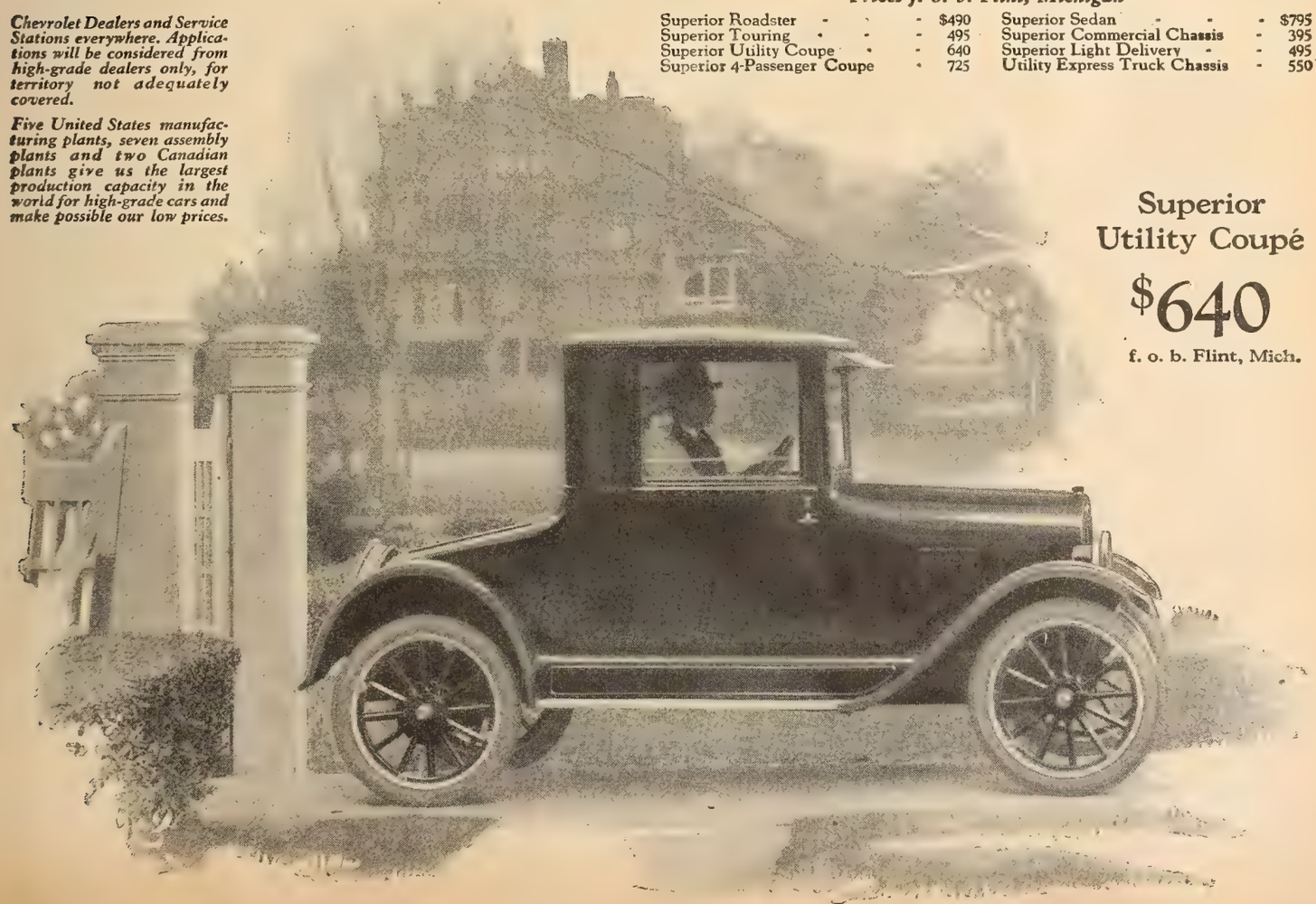
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Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550



Superior
Utility Coupé

$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

On the New York Stage

Continued from page 69

father, whom most of us know to be the greatest combination of hero and martyr in the world. He looks like the figure labeled 'The Common People" in the political cartoons, and his acting has just that touch of genuine pathos without which no comedy can be effective. The play is also remarkable for the most engaging pair of kid sweethearts I have seen for years—Raymond Guion and Helen Chandler, who deserve a Booth Tarkington comedy all to themselves.

"The Song and Dance Man."

George M. Cohan has emerged with his annual comedy which always follows his annual announcement that he has quit the stage forever. This time it is amusing enough to make that threat really alarming. "The Song and Dance Man" is vastly entertaining, though I haven't yet been able to decide how much is due to the star's own writing and how much to his acting of a rôle in which he has given himself his best opportunity for years.

It is a stage story and the song and dance man is an ambitious but hopeless performer who goes through the years still hoping for the triumph that never comes. The climax comes when he realizes that the young girl whom he loves is a star of the greatest genius while he himself has no talent at all. Here again is the underlying touch of pathos which makes comedy real, but Cohan has overdone this almost to pathos, or would have if his acting could not pull the lines out with a jerk whenever they seem about to descend into slush. The cast has been deftly chosen and the entire production has that smoothness and spirit with which Cohan can so glibly finish up a play.

"The New Poor."

We have been asked to weep so long at the sad fate of the titled Russians in this country that a comedy about them is rather refreshing. Cosmo Hamilton has written this airy little play about four aristocrats from Moscow who find employment in a New York family of the nouveau riche. Of course the daughters fall in love with the handsome butler, footman and chauffeur, and the son of the house is captivated by the charms of the new chambermaid. Underneath the usual complication which would carry this plot is a vein of satire which gives it just the touch of somewhat malicious spice. Lynn Harding and Lillian Kemble Cooper share the acting honors in a very gay little play.

Among Other Things.

"Mary Jane McKane," "Kid Boots," and the Andre Charlot "Revue" are about the most important of the group that say it with words and music. None of these is up to the standard of "Sally" or "The Night Boat" of other years, but as most musical comedies go, they are excellent. Of the three, the Charlot show is the most interesting. This is chiefly because of its novelty, for it came straight from London and is as English as crumpets. It brought over a new collection of English jokes which curiously enough set their American hearers into fits of laughter. You don't have to understand "Punch" to get the point of this comedy.

Leo Carrillo has arrived in a sentimental comedy, "Gipsy Jim," which is one of those things about a wandering gipsy who drifts into a quarreling family and sets everything right. It is glorified by that remarkably clever little actress, Martha Bryan Allen, as the beautiful heroine. Laura Hope Crews and Grace George are together in a play by Laurence Eyre—a pair of middle-aged twins, a millionaire wife and a woman of the slums, who are sisters under their skins. It has moments of real comedy. There has been the usual drama of negro life called "Roseanne," in which the spirituals of a religious revival were the best part of the show. Also the inevitable play of the Blue Ridge Mountaineers is best represented by "Hell-Bent Fer Heaven," in which Augustin Duncan makes the religious theme really thrilling. Altogether, however, the output of ordinary plays has been something below fair-to-middlin' this month. Most of the applause must be exhausted on the headlinders.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 72

this was not so good, and he is filming a modern story now called "Men." The title is sufficient indication, no doubt, that Pola is to play a vamp.

The case of the foreign stars and directors has been rather perplexing up to this time. They have all been very pompously heralded, but their first associations with American enterprise have been disappointing. It looks now as if Lubitsch had been the first to shake the traditional dust of hokum from his feet after stumbling a little in "Rosita," and get away with a real winner in "The Marriage Circle." The presentation of this picture in Los Angeles augurs well for its popularity, especially since it is a comedy.

Pola was present at the première, and sat directly in front of her former director, and when Will Rogers, who was master of ceremonies, called on her to stand and bow, she tendered Lubitsch the bouquet of flowers that she was carrying, and shook him by the hand. Needless to say, the impression made was thrilling, especially since it has been frequently reported that there were differences between the two since their arrival in Hollywood, arising over the departure of Lubitsch from the Lasky fold, which precluded the possibility of his directing Miss Negri, at least for the time being. The bouquet tribute at the theater was considered as meaning that all was well between them once more, and now some hopes are being entertained that Lubitsch may even direct Pola again.

Barbara's Progress.

Barbara La Marr may now be named as Nazimova's successor. At least she has fallen heir to a picture that at one time madame contemplated making. This is "The White Moth," which Maurice Tourneur is directing.

In this latest film she portrays an exotic dancer—yet another note of variety added to her gamut during the past year. She has played successively a somewhat luxurious enchantress in "The Eternal City;" the emotional Spanish housewife in "Thy Name Is Woman," and the Alaskan dance-hall favorite, the "lady that was known as Lou" in an adaptation of Robert W. Service's poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

All of these rôles have been much better suited to her incandescent personality than such parts as she had in "Poor Men's Wives" and "The Eternal Struggle," which her growing popularity has enabled her to avoid.

For the first time within human recollection Cecil B. De Mille is to make a picture without any fancy allegories or prehistoric cutbacks. "Triumph" is reputedly one of the simplest features he has yet attempted, and Barrett Kiesling, C. B.'s lyric press agent, glowingly and pridefully mentioned to us the fact that "Triumph" was nothing more nor less than the story of a tin can. The facts are that the plot deals with modern industry, and the effort of meeting modern business problems

Continued on page 115

Love Mid the Frenzy of the Oil Fields!



WHEN the oil wells burst aflame two hearts found happiness in the fight against death—an epic of oil from the pen of the famous novelist, Rex Beach, and declared to be a greater picture even than "The Spoilers"—a story filled with dynamic action, adventure, love and romance.

Richard Walton Tully

presents his screen version

"FLOWING GOLD"

The Famous Novel by

Rex Beach

Directed by

Joseph DeGrasse

BIG ONES COMING

Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc., presents

"LILIES OF THE FIELD"

featuring

Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle

from the novel by William Hurlburt and directed by

JOHN FRANCIS DILLON.

Thomas H. Ince

presents

"GALLOPING FISH"

with Sidney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, Lucille Rickson. Directed by Del Andrews, under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince.

NORMA TALMADGE

in "Secrets"

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck; written by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton; based on Sam H. Harris play "Secrets;" Directed by Frank Borzage.

RICHARD

BARTHELMESS

presented by Inspiration Pictures, Inc., Charles H. Duell, president, in the

John S. Robertson

production, written by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

"The Enchanted Cottage"

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

A First National Picture

From Sennett to Sob Stuff



It isn't only beautiful bathing girls who have graduated from the Sennett comedies and gone into drama. From the slapstick studio there have also emerged some grotesque comedians who afterward distinguished themselves in more serious characterizations. There is Dale Fuller, for instance, who used to appear in comedies as she does in the photograph at the left. At the right she is shown in one of the leading dramatic rôles of "Greed."



One of the outstanding characters in Goldwyn's "The Day of Faith" was the crook played by Charles Conklin. Who would have thought, as they looked at this burly, sinister figure, that he once hurled custard pies with verve and abandon?

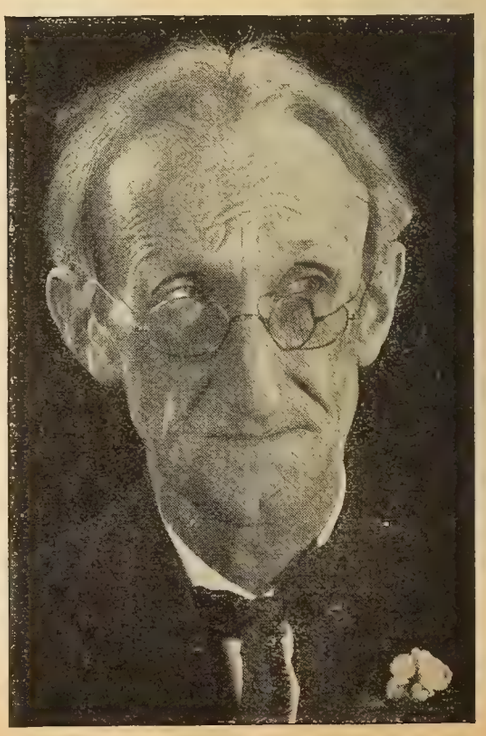




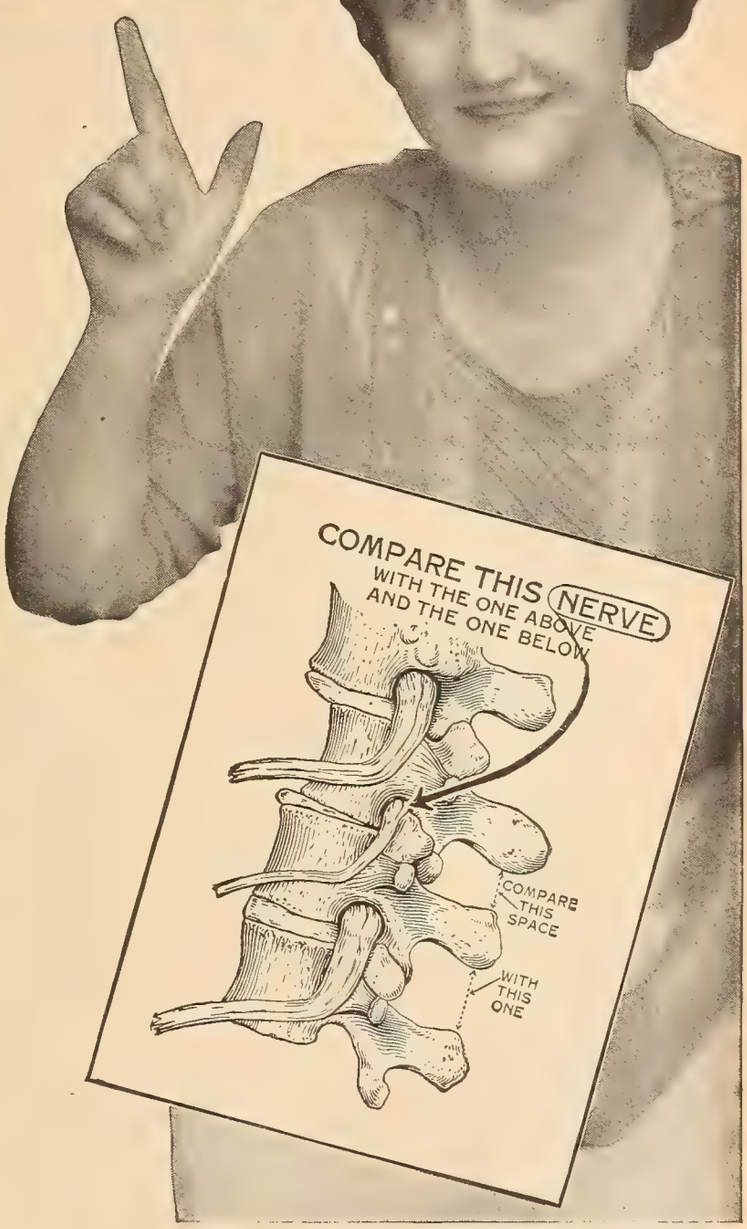
Charles Conklin, as he was in those dear, dead days of slapstick. The stiffly waxed mustachios, the slightly large derby hat, that in some miraculous way seemed to survive the most terrible catastrophies—are but fond memories now.



Frank Hayes is the third of this trio that came from Sennett's, and are now all on the Goldwyn lot. In the old days he played an old maid in the Sennett comedies, made up as he appears at the left. At the right he is shown in more serious mien as he appears in "Greed." There is no better training, directors say, than comedy. Judging from the recent appearances of these three, it must be true.



HEALTH



Results from the Adaptation of the "Power Within" to the Stress of Environment

IT IS a question of relativity. Disease is the result of supernormal stress or of subnormal resistance.

When the nerve, over which the "power within" sends its adaptative impulses to the cells, is impinged by a subluxated vertebra, the "power within" cannot adapt the organism to the stress of environment and we become sick.

To regain health it is necessary to turn on the power of adaptation—resistance.

To turn on the power, the impingement must be removed from the nerve, in order that it may again function normally.

To remove the impingement the misaligned vertebra must be adjusted, and this adjustment of the vertebra is the work of the chiropractor.

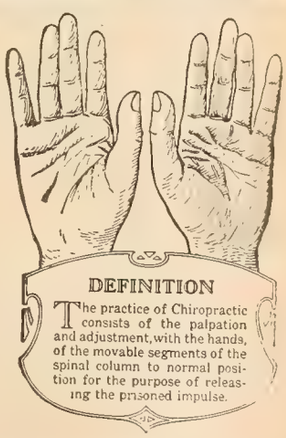
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UNIVERSAL CHIROPRACTORS' ASSOCIATION

Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.



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Continued from page 84

way to give only what is demanded —and the demand often must be subtly, schemingly, made.

Lela Sue didn't know the ropes, how to use effectively those graces which are every pretty girl's. Her five big brothers had taught her to be straightforward about getting what she wanted. Of the circuitous bypaths of innuendoes, she knew nothing. She was unskilled in verbal fencing. The experiences which befell her, the disappointments and heartaches of seeking film fame in competition with many more beautiful girls and more scintillant personalities, are those which might face any ordinary girl.

Most of you girls have visionary ideas of what would happen if you should come trailing out to Hollywood in all the glory of a beauty-contest winner, haven't you? 'Fess up. You'd dazzle 'em with your acting, you'd soon be a featured player? You may think you would, but the chances are a thousand to one that you'd do what Lela Sue did—nothing at all remarkable. Her talent—her recent achievements have proven that she has it now indubitably—was then in such total eclipse as to be invisible and apparently unearthable, as they tell me at Universal that she failed to show anything auguring future greatness. Which is not surprising, when one realizes that only in extraordinary cases is God-given talent so conspicuous as to be immediately expressive; often the impulse is there awaiting training; it lies dormant until circumstances and schooling in the technique of some particular art mold it into shape.

So it was with Lela Sue. So, most likely, would it be with most of you. Disappointments that fired but the stronger that dogged determination —her one trait which might even then, had busy Hollywood the time or the inclination to delve for worth, have augured future success.

"I may never win stardom. But the things I have learned are of more value to me personally and as an actress. I was but one of thousands of girls struggling for a foothold in the movies. One less wouldn't even have left a ripple on the surface." There was no bitterness in Lela Sue's words, rather they mirrored a common-sense viewpoint, for with experience has come the realization that nothing really worth while comes without effort, without suffering of one kind or another. "That's what hurt—I was oversensitive, exaggerating every little thing, as most spoiled home girls do. The first thing any girl must learn—in the movies or in any place in the business world —is to separate the personal from the business, to forget her own feelings."

After six months of grueling stock work, when Universal wisely kept her in small rôles so that her hopes would not be raised again only to be blasted by her own lack, while she assimilated, got the best kind of trouping and training, Lela Sue decided it wasn't worth a candle, even if one could find somewhere within oneself the magic torch with which to light it. So home she went. But, pampered again by her five big brothers, still she couldn't be happy. So she came back.

"It seems as though something just pushes me on. I won't quit. I've just finished my best part, in Robertson-Cole's 'Born of a Cyclone' —not a big rôle, but something that shows me I am slowly getting ahead, gradually learning to act. By practicing dance steps and walking gracefully, by studying the actresses, by forcing myself to go out places even though I was lonely and nobody noticed me, I've overcome my screen awkwardness; I'm beginning to understand people a little and why they do things, to lose my own petty problems in the life all about me, and to put some of this into my work. Some day I know I'll be a *good* actress."

Lela Sue's personality is still a little indefinite. It is the spirit back of her struggle that interests me. Personality is impossible of description; upon it many celluloid careers have sprung into glory; without its iridescence an actress has but little appeal. Though pretty, candid, interesting in a normal, ordinary way, one would not select Lela Sue from a crowd here in Hollywood, where beauty blooms on every corner, as being worthy of more than passing notice.

But that thing that spurred her on, that kept her shoulders straight and her chin out when her first dreams were punctured by disillusionment, is beginning to express itself more tangibly, to be a definite part of her. I never realized before that personality could be cultivated, but have regarded it as some God-given gift to the more fortunate. Now, after studying this prototype of Any Average Girl, I am inclined to wonder if that chameleon thing called personality can't be cultivated. Perhaps unconsciously, impelled by the determination to achieve this thing which the cinemese have so radiantly, this Little Rock girl is developing personality.

Individually, from the standpoint of her silver-sheet accomplishment, Lela Sue Campbell has yet to make her mark; but as an example of how circumstances, environment, influences, and above all that inward determination, can mold the malleable clay of immaturity into a more definite promise, she is interesting and well worth watching.

"To the thousands of movie-struck girls who long to be actresses, I would say," she spoke seriously, "if there is anything else in the world that you can do and be happy doing, that you are suited to, do it. If you have any other talent, encourage it. But if the one thing that you feel you *must* do is acting, if there is something in you that forces you on, that won't let you quit, if you are willing to see every bit of the glamour torn from your eyes and to settle down and learn the trade of acting—for that is what it is, in its outward form —I'd say, come ahead, provided you have enough funds to live on for at least six months and to buy a ticket back home if necessary. And if you at last decide to quit, don't blame the competition, blame yourself for not being a sticker."

If I have shattered some of your illusions by telling you of what befell Lela Sue Campbell inside the gates of Hollywood—what might happen to you if you should seek to storm its portals with your own youth and prettiness and lack of training—I hope that I have also shown you that Any Average Girl, if she has enough grit, *can* eventually win in the movies.

THRILLS

By Billie Rainsford

There are lots of thrills in the picture game,
There's a dozen or more that I could name;
But all the thrills that have come my way,
Couldn't compare with the one to-day.
I sat like a sinner awaiting his doom,
In the forbidden projection room,
I quaked inside, for I never had seen
My face before on the silver screen.
I watched, I waited, and looked about,
And thanked the Lord that the lights were out.
Then I grabbed the man that was at my side,
"Oh, Look, it's me, it's me," I cried.
It was gone in a flash, but oh, the thrill;
I can feel it yet and I always will.

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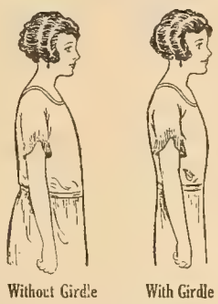
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AT last! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waist-line lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

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Without Girdle — With Girdle

Improves your appearance instantly—works for you every second of day to reduce the excess fat.

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Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines!

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The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

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Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

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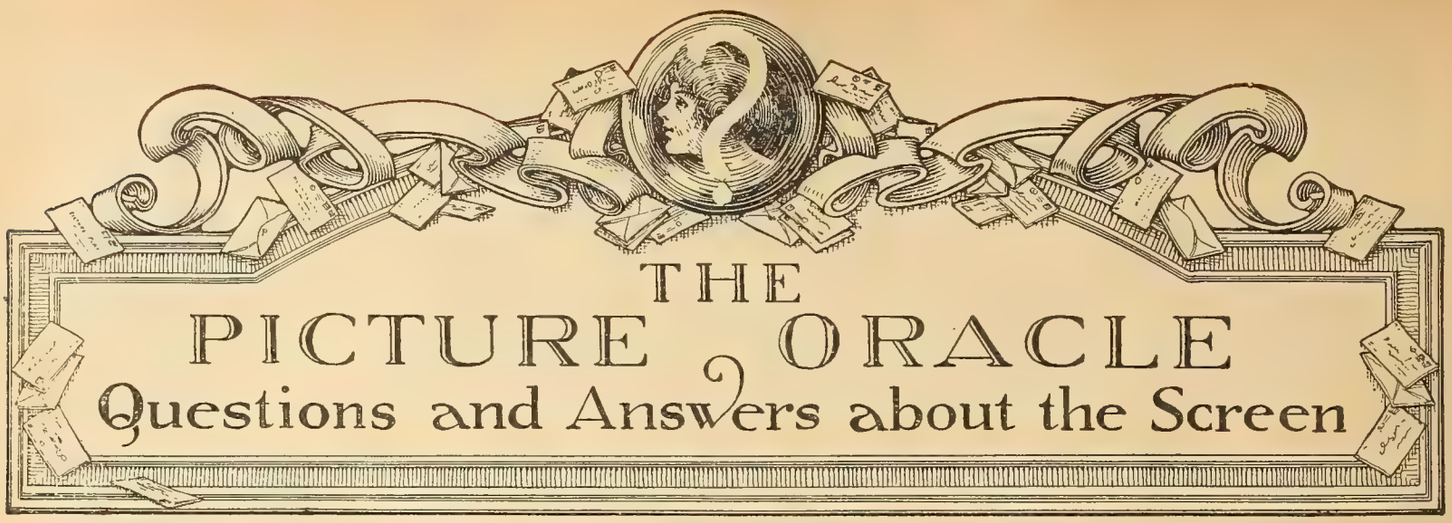
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

FATHER.—The film, "Columbus," which you mention must be the one produced by the Yale University Press in the series "Chronicles of America," which are being released by Pathé. This series will deal with various dramatic events that have marked the history of America, and should be valuable not only for the entertainment value of the pictures themselves, but for the accuracy and authenticity of historic detail, as the Yale University Press has spent months and months in research work for the productions. Beside "Columbus," just one other of the films has been released to date, and that is "Jamestown." But if you and your son wish to keep up with all of them here are the titles of some that will be brought out presently: "Vincennes"—this deals with the historic campaign of George Rogers Clark against the British stronghold of Vincennes during the Revolutionary War; "Daniel Boone" will follow that; then "The Frontier Woman," which shows the heroic part played by women in the pioneer life of America; and "Peter Stuyvesant," which deals with the Dutch settlement on the Hudson. "Wolfe and Montcalm" and "The Gateway of the West" will be other releases in the series. "The Gateway of the West" introduces George Washington as a young officer of the garrison of Fort Necessity in 1754.

OLD-TIMER.—You are right. That old play "Chris," which you saw some time ago, and in which Lynn Fontanne appeared as *Anna,* was written by Eugene O'Neill, and, in fact, is the very play which emerged last season as "Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord in the title rôle. The play failed as "Chris," but when Mr. ONeill rewrote it with *Anna* as the central figure instead of her father, it won the Pultizer prize and all the fame and success you have heard about. It's too bad you missed the revamped play, but having seen Blanche Sweet in the picture you have seen the next best thing, as her performance is generally conceded to be about the finest that could be accomplished on the screen, and the play itself was very faithfully translated into film terms.

CRITIC.—Edwin Schallert's list of the ten best pictures of 1923, which was published in the February issue, was, of course, compiled from the artistic standpoint of the professional critic. The list submitted by Trix MacKenzie, which was printed in The Observer in the March number, showed the preferences of a typical fan with strong personal prejudices for certain players. It is true that neither of these lists are representative of the selections of the public as a whole, as shown by box-office returns, but the *Motion Picture News,* a trade magazine for exhibitors, has compiled a list of the best pictures for 1923 from the reports of exhibitors all over the country. This list is made up from only one angle, that of the box office, and shows the average percentage value of each picture. There are fifty-two pictures in the list, but I will give you only those in the first ten percentages. They follow: "The Covered Wagon," ninety-eight per cent; "If Winter Comes," ninety-seven per cent; "Little Old New York," ninety-six per cent; "Robin Hood," ninety-five per cent; "Enemies of Women," ninety-four per cent; "Merry-Go-Round," ninety-four per cent; "Circus Days," ninety-four per cent; "Rosita," ninety-three per cent; "The Spoilers," ninety-one per cent. The following tie for eighth place with ninety per cent: "Human Wreckage," "Safety Last," "Anna Christie," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The White Rose," "Scaramouche," and "Ashes of Vengeance." There are three with eighty-nine per cent—"Daddy," "Within the Law," and "Flaming Youth;" and those that gain tenth place, with eighty-eight per cent, are: "The Eleventh Hour," "Why Worry," "Knighthood," "The Green Goddess," "Down to the Sea in Ships," and "Long Live the King." To save you the trouble of hunting up your last issue, I'll give you Mr. Schallert's and Miss MacKenzie's lists again. Mr. Schallert's: "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," "A Woman of Paris," "If Winter Comes," "The Girl I Loved," "Merry-Go-Round," "The White Rose," "Little Old New York." "The Green Goddess," and "Rosita." And here is Miss MacKenzie's: "The French Doll," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "Zaza," "Ponjola," "Dulcy," "The Cheat," "Safety Last," "Long Live the King," "Woman Proof," and "The Shriek of Araby." And now you can have a beautiful time reconciling the three of them.

HENRI.—Arline Pretty played the rôle of Betty Compson's blond rival in "The White Flower," and the storm center was Edmund Lowe. Miss Pretty has a part in the Metro film, "The Fool's Awakening," in which Harrison Ford, Enid Bennett, and Mary Alden also appear. Edmund Lowe has been playing on the stage for the last few months, but has signed a long-term contract with Fox, so you probably will see a lot of him in the future.

E. M.—Yes, age has a good deal to do with success on the screen, especially with girls, unless one goes in for character work. Twenty-four is rather old for your friend to begin, even if she "has great dramatic ability and never took *one* lesson." You see, the average player starting at the bottom has to figure on three or four years' apprenticeship in small parts before reaching the prominence of leading and featured rôles. For that reason, producers like promising beginners to be about seventeen or eighteen, so that they will still be able to play youthful rôles for years after they have acquired their training. Twenty-two is just about the deadline for inexperienced screen aspirants. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, and your friends may prove to be one of them if she gets as far as Hollywood, but beside the handicap of her age, she will find the place so full of experienced players, even for bit rôles, that ten chances to one she will get no nearer a studio set than the casting office. Better tell her to stay in her own town, which is just what every one in Hollywood and the movie industry is telling the thousands of would-be Thespians who are continuing to rush out there in spite of advice to the contrary, only to find their screen hopes smashed and their pocketbooks empty.

BROWN EYES.—Who told you that Anna May Wong wouldn't write to Chinese fans? I am sure that she would be very glad to get a letter from a fellow citizeness, and to answer it. Try her and see. Some other Chinese players on the screen are Winter Blossom, Etta Lee, Sam Kim, and James Wang. The Japanese actors include Jack Abbe, Sessue Hayakawa, Tsuru Aoki, Yukio Aoyama, and Togo Yammamoto.

HIGH-SCHOOL BOY.—Yes, J. Fenimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales" are being filmed. The picture will be made as a serial by Pathé, under the title "Leatherstocking," and George B. Seitz will direct it. The rôle of *Deerslayer* will be played by Harold Miller, that of *Judith Hutter* by Edna Murphy; David Dunbar, an Australian actor, will appear as the Indian *Chingachgook,* and Laura Winston will be *Shebear.*

ALWAYS GEORGE WALSH.—George Walsh did not swim the English Channel last year, but I understand that he is going to try it some time soon. "The Slave of Desire" and "Reno" are the latest pictures in which he appeared, and he is now going abroad to appear in "Ben Hur." The Goldwyn Company expects to spend about a year there, filming scenes for that production, so you see it will be a long time before you get a chance to see your darling George on the screen again, so make the most of "Reno" and "Slave of Desire."

Continued on page 120

How Doug Gets that Way

Continued from page 87

a minute. Doug patted her shoulder as he passed. Just then a colored worker, trying to watch the two famous stars and his job of plastering a castle at the same time, lost his balance and did a comedy tumble into a bed of plaster. He came up white. Doug and Mary were among the first to rush to his side to see if he were hurt. He wasn't. He was grinning.

"Say," said Doug, "in my next picture I'm going to have you do a fall like that. Will you?"

The dark-skinned plasterer nearly burst with pride, and said "Yassuh, yassuh, yassuh," at least a dozen times.

Doug played his new game with three other sturdy men. It is played with rackets and a cork ball, something like a shuttlecock, and the ball can be walloped with tremendous force over the net. Back and forth it flew, and you could hear Doug's cheerful shout "Good shot!" when one of his opponents drove the ball over to a spot where Doug could not reach it. Doug and Raoul Walsh are the championship team.

It came time to go. Doug had changed to his tweeds and was discussing some angle of his current picture. He was the same animated, interested, alert man that a few minutes before I had seen slamming the ball.

"Come in, any time," he called to me. "I'm always getting up some new stunts. It's good sport, don't you think?"

It is good sport, and Doug Fairbanks is a good sport.

Manhattan's Bright Lights

Continued from page 31

ary if they would stay on a few weeks longer.

They are tremendously popular personally. Some of the picture people I have seen there time and time again, are Constance Talmadge—generally at Leonora's table—Dick Barthelmess, Owen Moore and his wife, Katherine Perry, Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, Eddie Goulding, Gloria Swanson, Thelma Converse, Eileen Percy, Anita Stewart—no telling who else has been there that I haven't seen or recognized.

Alma Rubens is the most enthusiastic admirer of Leonora's screen work that I know. And Alma is seldom wildly enthusiastic about anybody or anything.



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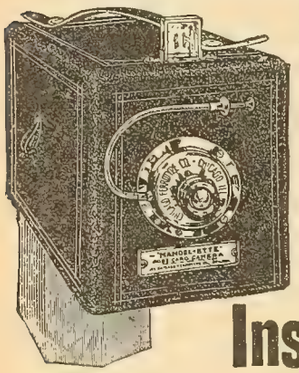
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The Real Richard Dix

Continued from page 85

'The Ten Commandments' won't be a success because nobody has ever read the book, I think it is going to surprise people. It has a sweep of dramatic reality. Even the pictorial qualities have verity, instead of the usual glamorous illusion; the whole thing is marvelously realistic and I think it will start De Mille along a new line in which he will subordinate his genius at spectacular effects to a vital theme."

Generously, Rich gives full praise for the best work of the cast to Rod La Rocque, in the human rôle of the unscrupulous son who awakens to his own unworthiness. In his part, as usual, Rich has to be too impossibly upright, though De Mille has permitted him to shade the rôle a bit.

"If I could only be a regular fellow instead of a wholesome hero on the screen," he often groans. "I have to be so upright that I feel like posing in a corner of the living-room, draped with batik, waiting for somebody to evoke melodies from me. That stuff's all apple sauce."

Perhaps it is a mark of honor, and then again it may be a belated effort to help Rich lose some of that screen wholesomeness, anyway they have given him the dressing-room suite at the Lasky studio formerly occupied by the suave Valentino. Maybe they realize that in him they have a potential gold mine, if his proper metier can be found, and in a vague way are trying this and that to bring out in Rich more definite, individual qualities. Though he swears solemnly he is trying dutifully to be immersed in the ex-Valentino inspiration, so far I can't see that it has had any effect.

Again they sought to give him a romantic air in the minds of his public by having him pose in those heroic athletic pictures, doing his daily dozen. Rich took one look at the wispy B. V. D.'s and beat it.

"Nothing doing. If I've got to take off my good old blue serge to be romantic and intrigue the lady public, I'll stay ordinary and wholesome."

He lives in a Hollywood bungalow with his mother and his special pal, his kid sister, Josephine Victoria Dix, whose working title is Jo, and his life is pretty much a counterpart, despite his insistence to the contrary, of the wholesomeness he portrays on the screen. He is almost boyish in his adoration of his mother. Not long ago, when she was away on a visit, he came over, told me to go and bury myself somewhere—and proceeded to appropriate my mother for a ride! "Gee, you've got the sweetest little mother, almost as good as mine," he chuckled, as they stepped out to see the sights. That incident explains Rich better than can words of mine.

Jo is his leavener. "A great one to take the starch out of a fellow," he often says, with a wide grin. When that restlessness stirs in him and he italicizes everything he says, a bit of Jo's admirably done disdain tones down his vitality, keeps his feet on the ground, his head out of the clouds.

His great idol is Lewis Stone, who not only is a splendid actor and a charming, likable personality but also because Stone, in his fine, clean manhood epitomizes those things in Rich which he disclaims as "apple sauce" and yet which are the basic rock of his own character.

"As a kid, I was crazy about Lew Stone," he said one day, the glow of real idol worship in his eyes. "When I was twenty-one I followed him in stock at the same theater and got the greatest thrill out of acting where he had acted before me. Just recently I met Lew personally—he's playing my elder brother in 'The Stranger,' with Betty Compson—and I have found him in every way the cleanest, finest man I've ever met."

Richard is under contract now with Paramount and too often has been cast into the stereotyped portrayal of Ye Upright Hero. Lately they have been experimenting, searching for that nugget of real talent which unquestionably he has, giving him heman rôles, still a bit too much the perfect specimen, in "To the Last Man" and "The Call of the Canyon."

It is rather difficult to say just what his metier is. Certainly he has too much depth of feeling for the light, frivolous things in which Wallie Reid imprinted his charm of personality; and yet his real self, could it be stripped of its camera consciousness and brought to play in all its changing colors, is too light, too whimsical, to indicate that his niche might be the raw meat of action drama. If they could but strike the happy medium between the two extremes—find rôles for him without exaggerations, help him to shake off that public garment of self-consciousness—there is little doubt that he would quickly become the leader of the film fraternity.

Our Great Unknown Celebrity

Continued from page 27

Nothing could offer more gorgeous opportunities.

Fans will never know Maude Adams as they know other personalities connected with the making of motion pictures. She lives like a recluse and in her work she remains quite aloof from all but her fellow-workers. She has not had a photograph taken for years. Since the days when she became a Frohman star she has never granted an interview. Once a reporter on a New York newspaper was told to get an interview with her or lose his job. He waited outside her house until she came home from the theater and then went up and spoke to her, intending to explain the situation to her. With her reputation for kindness and charity, she could not refuse him, he believed. "Miss Adams!" he began excitedly as he rushed up to her. He never went any further, for one glance from her big wistful eyes and losing his job was as nothing compared to bothering her.

The public has not always been so considerate. Many times visitors have forced their way into the grounds of one of her country homes and waited there for a glimpse of the star. Once, it is said, she hid for some time behind a clump of trees but she had to flee from there for her pack of dogs which are always with her in the country found her and came yapping at her, giving her hiding place away.

Because she was always taxing her strength, she frequently had to take prolonged vacations. Sometimes she rested at her home in the Adirondacks, sometimes it was her farm on Long Island that attracted her. But after a few days of inactivity she would start making plans for remodeling her house and soon the place would be buzzing with carpenters and builders. She is interested particularly in Elizabethan architecture, and her home on Long Island is built like a baronial castle with a big central hall.

Once, failing to find rest and relaxation at home she went abroad and made arrangements to be admitted to a convent at Tours as a boarder. There living the simple life of the nuns she found rest and quiet. It is said that when the mother superior learned that her quiet visitor was an actress, she said to her, "No, I am not shocked. I am sure that you were a good woman before you were an actress and I am sure you are a very good actress."

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of the convent were so restful that Miss Adams later took refuge in a convent near New York City when she wanted to slip away from the world of the theater. About a year ago, she gave her valuable estate on Long Island to this order in gratitude for their kindness to her.

Her bedroom at home is fashioned after the little cell-like room at Tours, except that the religious pictures and symbols are lacking. Miss Adams is not a member of any religious sect.

Frail though she is, Miss Adams is known as an indefatigable worker. When she was touring in "Peter Pan" she had a special train built with a complete stage in one end so that the company might rehearse while traveling. Outwardly, it was like any other coach, but inside it had the most comfortable quarters for the company and ample room for rehearsing.

For years society made futile efforts to lionize Maude Adams. She never accepted invitations, however, and never received callers. One of her few intimate friends was the sister of Richard Harding Davis. With her she once traveled up the Nile and camped on the Lybian desert. Even there Miss Adams did not remain inactive but searched out ancient parchments, seeking to find for her library the oldest play manuscript in the world.

During his life Charles Frohman, Miss Adams' manager, took the responsibility for keeping the public away from any personal contact with her, saying that he had forbidden her to meet any one. It was well known, however, that the decision was Miss Adams' own.

People have ceased to expect her to be as other public characters. They accept that in Maude Adams we have one of the most sincere, most genuine, and most valuable personages in America. And so the public grants her one wish, that she be left alone just to do her work.

Shopping for Punches

Continued from page 19

library and she filed it away in Hoboken for future reference, or until such time as some hurried director was in sore need of a mob at a dollar a foot. Maybe the mob had appeared in a news reel last year. What of it? Next year it has lost its identity, and becomes just a good, general mob.

Having spent a small part of my six thousand for a mob scene as a working basis, I should then build my story around that, adding bits of film here and there from the Stone shelves, until I had my picture—plot, atmosphere, ingénue, and all.

And the best part of it would be, that I could choose my actors from all over the world—and they would be beyond price. When Eric von Stroheim made "Foolish Wives," he hired expert actors, at large sums, to play the parts of world notables, such as the Prince of Monaco (Monte Carlo), the American ambassador, and so forth. At Stone's I could get films of the real prince, and the ambassador and the King of Siam, if I wanted him for a "bit."

I could have the kaiser, the crown prince, King George in a hundred poses, Taft, Poincare, and Carranza.

My choice for a hero could be Pershing, for I think there are more available shots of him than any other living notable.

And I could take my plot by the hand and lead it around the world. In the punch shop there are scenes from Paris, Bombay, Ireland, Havana, England, New Zealand, Turkey—oh, those harem scenes!—Rome.

I could make my hero a cotton picker, an olive king, a sugar planter or a harvester, as I chose, for there are complete footages of all the industries the world is heir to.

And there would be no dearth of famous views. In my picture I would stir the memories of travelers (which is sure-fire success) by some quick shots of the Thames Embankment, the Houses of Parliament, Yosemite Valley, the Grand Cañon and Riverside Drive.

When the picture threatened to sag for want of human interest, I would cut in fifty feet of "a small excursion boat deck filled with passengers in silhouette"—as it is listed in the archives of the punch shop. Then I would use a piece of "forested mountains with snow" and a flash of "men in conference at table."

As is bound to be the case where miles of film are collected from every imaginable source, there is much which is "verboten" at Stone's. Scenes taken during the war, for instance, cannot be released, at least not yet, as they show actual trench warfare and doubtless are too dreadful. Some of the scenes there of Roosevelt, Wilson, and others, can never be shown, because they are too intimate.

But if there is practically anything you can picture, even in your most startling dreams, I'll bet you'll find it at the punch shop.

Let Alma Tell It on Herself

Continued from page 33

"Yes, you wrecked many a happy home by your riding in that picture. All the girls who live near Stamford, Connecticut, and go riding in Laddin Rock Farm are determined now to jump that ditch you went over or die in the attempt."

"Well, I'm naturally adventurous," Alma remarked, sinking back further into the cushions and languidly rattling two or three diamond bracelets together.

"Yes, you're adventurous," I told her scornfully. "Do you remember the day we were lunching at the Ritz and some one told us that the first women taxi drivers had just appeared in New York? We decided it would be a great lark to go for a ride with one of them. When we finally located one on Fifth Avenue in the midst of a gaping crowd you shut me in the taxi and announced that you had decided to walk."

"At least, that proves I'm not intimidated by the press."

"I wish you were, and I'd make you go on with this interview in more dignified fashion."

"Oh, you mean talk about bigger and better pictures. All right." She leaned forward smiling but the flippancy passed from her tone as she spoke.

"I hope that a lot of motion-picture directors will try to imitate the spirit of Charlie Chaplin's 'A Woman of Paris.' The result won't be as stimulating as his picture was but at least it will be an improvement on the old imitations of something less good. I am heartily tired of pictures that are nothing but a sort of Cook's tour. Isn't the public weary of them? Rambling through several centuries and half the world doesn't make my idea of a story.

"Mr. Chaplin has shown what can be done in pictures. All the others have to do now is follow his lead.

"I think that Albert Parker is a tremendously interesting director. In 'Blood and Gold' he is having us play scenes naturally instead of always facing the camera. In my first scenes my back is turned. You don't know what a joy it is to work with some one with the courage to let you do things like that. Most directors think of their sets as rooms with only three walls and with all action distorted to face the space where the fourth wall ought to be. Mr. Parker gives the illusion of people being in a regular room with all four walls."

"Keyhole drama," I suggested.

"No, realism," Alma corrected.

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Alma uninterrupted. Costumers who demand time for fittings, photographers who want a chance to take her pictures, friends who want to invite her places, packages of books. "We need two thousand more photomailers, Miss Rubens," from her secretary and, "Have you time to autograph some pictures?" "You're to go down to the studio to see 'Weekend Wives' run off," from her mother. "They aren't through cutting it, but it's in pretty good shape, I guess."

"I'm going to tell Dan that I think the cutter is infatuated with him and is trying to ruin me. She has chosen all the worst shots of me to retain in the picture," Alma remarked quite without conviction as she got up languidly and walked into the fur wrap her maid was holding for her.

I won't tell you how gorgeous she looked, for then this would cease being Alma's own interview. But go to see her in "Blood and Gold." There, as here, she speaks for herself, only more eloquently. The camera is a better medium than the typewriter.

Elsie and Laura and Old Tyrant Type

Continued from page 25

Males," and all that sort of thing. "Elsie always managed to find plenty of good parts, and that's about as much as could be said at the time. A critic or two—by that time there had begun to be movie critics—wrote enthusiastically about her, to be sure, but Swell Head saw to it that no director ever read what the critics wrote, and if he did—providing he could—he must never pay any attention to it.

Tyrant Type by this time was frankly put out at Elsie's refusal to be A Blonde. And that wasn't all she refused to do, either. She refused to put on more than just so much make-up or more than one string of pearls; real ones left her by her aunt. She didn't have to use glycerine for her sad scenes; as a matter of fact she seldom registered tears. As for clothes, of course she never refused to put those on, but she was stubborn about choosing her wardrobe, and insisted on dressing exactly as the person whom she was supposed to be would dress, not as A Blonde.

And once . . . think of it! . . . she put on a dark wig and played a naughty lady! The directors looked at each other, and each dropped an open jaw. One didn't do that sort of thing in the pictures, really you know. One cultivated a good old English accent at this stage of directing. And when they saw how the public ate up that particular picture, their jaws began to resemble something very like a permanent fly catcher. They actually forgot their accent and went about muttering something that had to do with the fickle public.

Now here's where the public comes into the story, Boys and Girls. It isn't that the public is fickle at all; I wouldn't dare say so even if it were true, because you are the public. In this case it was that the public—this was before your time—was getting sense, and getting sense isn't being fickle.

Every one has a right to one's own change of opinion. And getting sense obviously includes a change of opinion. What you once considered to be the real goods turns out to be only a near-imitation at times. That is what is known as observation.

Well, the public had observed that though Lora Ladeedah could certainly heave a haughty chest, it was Elsie Elwell who made them really loathe the naughty lady, although she was playing that sort of thing for the first time.

A second picture called "A Heart of Platinum," in which Elsie played the *Bad-lady-who-wasn't-really-bad-after-all,* convinced the public that as an actress, Elsie was really good. As for Lora, they decided that as an actress she had been really good looking.

As for Old Tyrant Type, he flew into such a rage over Elsie's success that his health went back on him and since then he has been less than half as powerful in leading astray young men and women who want to be actors and actresses.

To-day Lora Ladeedah, once more Laura Lowder, is playing ingénues in the Marbletown Stock Company. I went to see her the other day, and enjoyed her work very much. After the show she talked to me for an hour and said some things about Old T. T. that weren't so horribly ingénue, after all.

Elsie Elwell has her own company and plays whatever rôle she chooses to. I went to see her also one day last week; she was working on a big mob scene. There must have been nearly a thousand extras, all told.

And there, waving an invisible megaphone and shouting in an inaudible voice, and altogether much less important than he imagined himself to be, was little old Type himself, unconscious of the fact that he was no longer Tyrant!

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 65

writing this under difficulties, for the house top gets the shimmies every few minutes.) At sight of us he stopped dead still and stared, his eyes popping. It occurred to me that he probably thought we had war paint on and was ready to swing his own tomahawk.

We are so tired of eating at the Chinese café that I hunted up a Mexican woman who has agreed to cook us a whole Spanish dinner tomorrow night in her home. I had a rather difficult time explaining because my Spanish is limited, to say the least, but we finally made each other understand. She really seemed pleased and I think we will have a lot of fun. We will have abondegas (soup), gallina mole (chicken with chili), frijoles con casa (beans with cheese), enchiladas, chorizo (can't guarantee this spelling, but you say it like three gulps and a sneeze—anyway it means a hash of meat and chili) and chocolate. Doesn't that sound grand?

I got my first thrill on the river yesterday. The men are all on one roof and we women on another and float down over the falls. They divide us, just as at country churches they used to seat the stalwart protectors on one side of the aisle and the weak sex on the other. I am lying on the peak of the roof and the other women are down below in a sort of hatchway, supposed to be a skylight. This river is muddy and full of submerged, water-soaked logs—when caught in small whirlpools they suddenly stand end on end. They were pulling us upstream, but the current is so strong that the peak I was on broke away from the rest of the house and one of those darn logs came right up through the side, breaking through the shingles. Everybody is so crazy about getting into the movies, I guess even the logs in the Colorado River have got the germ. I'll admit I was scared because the current is so swift one can hardly swim except close to the shore. I wish I could say that I was brave and regarded my imminent doom with fortitude, but the truth is, I was all goose-flesh and felt darn funny in the pit of my stomach. I thought I was a goner. They came out and got me in a motor boat, so the sun still shines.

I hope you can read this scribble, but I'm sure you won't mind under the circumstances. Thanks for the books—they will help a lot. Think I'll be home sooner than I expected. Hope you're well.

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The Art and the Craft of the Motion-picture Actor

Continued from page 23

the stage, Bernhardt has long represented the greatest exponent of the theatrical, violently emotional type of acting. The method of Duse is the other extreme, as it portrays the essence of life without heightening it. Bernhardt's method has been called "purple" and contrasted with the "gray" method of Duse. On the screen we have no performers whose methods can be classified as easily as that. Mary Pickford's is a curious combination of both and so is that of Lillian Gish. Mary Pickford's appeal to the emotions is perhaps more constant than that of Miss Gish and to that extent she is more like Bernhardt. Furthermore, she lacks that eerie quality of grace and purely physical eloquence which is typical of Duse and which Miss Gish has to such a superlative degree.

The screen, by its very nature, tends to develop actors of a quiet, reflective method rather than highly theatrical ones. But within the ranks of screen actors are found performers of diverse methods.

Good acting is often skilled acting unillumined by the magic glow of personality. Classed as good acting would go all those triumphs of the make-up expert and the costumer by which an actor completely transforms himself. The ability merely to submerge one's own personality and take on another's is not great acting. The result may be lifelike but only as a reflection in a mirror is lifelike. Great characterization includes more than that, it includes interpretation of the character played.

The difference between good acting and great acting is somewhat the same as the difference between an illustration for a story and a painting. The first merely carries out the thought expressed by a writer. The latter is a creation in itself.

The question of just what is the greatest acting is often raised by our readers. Should an actor so submerge his own personality that each characterization of his is distinct from all others? Should one see only the material created by an author brought to life or should the personality of the actor shine forth?

The actor who submerges his own personality savors to me too much of a trickster. I believe that in every worth-while artist there are certain individual qualities that should determine the quality of the terms in which he expresses his art.

Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Blanche Sweet always play themselves, although their rôles are diverse. I believe much of their work to be great art. William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks play themselves with variations and I do not consider their characterizations art. There is too much of a prepared and set formula to their work. One has no sense of their method being a fluid thing which adapts itself to each new undertaking. One feels rather that the parts they play are adapted to the limits of their acting method.

Perhaps the most satisfying explanation that has ever appeared of why the great actor's own personality is always present in his characterizations was written by Mary Cass Canfield in an article on the art of Duse which appeared in the New York *World*.

She says: "Beyond external gifts, graces and acquisitions there is the thing which we fundamentally look for in all art—the thing that lies beyond facility and technique and which we can only call personality. It is a fallacy to claim that in each part the great actor metamorphoses himself, achieves a trick transformation, is a quick-change artist. Under no matter what felicitous outer disguise, what intelligent outfitting of himself to suit circumstance and mood in a rôle the great actor preserves his essential self, his profound instincts and reactions and choices and is great by virtue of something indestructible in himself, a personal vision to which men turn with their everlasting thirst for the new word, the message that has not been heard before. We shall find in his work a personal quality as authentic and undisturbed and continuous as we feel in the fine creations of plastic art. Velasquez remains relentlessly himself, whether he is painting a brocade or a human face and in the same way the interpreter of genius wears this or that part as a mere outer garment on the pondering, seeking, urgent reality which is his spirit. He provides us with the stimulating spectacle of that phenomenon forever incalculable and yet unchangeable which we name personality."

Carmel—Exclamation Point!

Continued from page 20

ing I'd never have another chance to get in the movies."

But later when Griffith sought her father's help in preparing Biblical data for "Intolerance," the flashing beauty of Carmel caught his eyes, with the result that she joined his stock company. A gradual ascendancy, until stardom seemingly crowned her. Only briefly, however, for the absurd, mediocre pictures in which her name was high lighted almost sounded her career's death knell. Then for a time Carmel disappeared —another "has-been."

"They made me too much a type," she explained the vagaries of her ups-and-downs. "Always Italian, Russian—odd characters. I couldn't act well enough to put them over—and they wouldn't let me dress up. I knew I could win my way back if they'd let me resort to fine feathers to help 'carry' me. Fred Niblo finally gave me a tiny part in "The Famous Mrs. Fair.' Then in 'The Dancer of the Nile,' 'The Slave of Desire' and other recent pictures, I've been a sort of demi-vamp—a female sinful but subtle; human, not overexaggerated, as the sirens usually are.

There's too much stressing anyway on the screen. It may be drama, but it isn't life. Take love—it is the pivot of the story; you can't take it or leave it alone, you have to have hysterics over it or sacrifice your life for it. And one of the ironies of real life is that, if we're honest with ourselves, we must admit it isn't quite such a matter of life and death. The person whom we believe to be so indispensable to our happiness proves a while later, to be quite unnecessary.

"The only thing that really counts is your work, your ambition to get to the top. There's too much silly nonsense about our acting and our lives anyway; it creates a false illusion. I can't be something I'm not; I won't try to be. I'm going to make something of this Carmel Myers person that is me, or I'll quit."

Carmel's personality has few uncertainties. She bursts upon you, somehow like a streak of color, a bold radiance, to like or dislike immediately. From her comes a flame of individuality, electric, vitalizing. You cannot ignore her. She has potentialities for exceptional feeling—but seldom would she let those feelings make a fool of her.

"In 'Poisoned Paradise,' for Preferred Pictures, I'm a 'lady with a past,' but such an adroit, clever person, with delicate ways of showing she isn't quite as bad as she seems. A bit of sly comedy, innuendoes. Fine clothes have served to focus attention; I've brought myself back to notice; now it's up to me to prove myself by acting."

There's a brain beneath that glossy black hair—not a highbrow brain, perhaps, but one that thinks in the terms of modern problems. There is a tenacious quality in these greenish eyes, in those capable, firm hands. She needed time to learn to act, and knew the power of appealing garments with which to accent her physical charm. Now that the chiffons and pearl shoulder straps have once more focused attention upon her, Carmel is determined to make use of the acting technique in which she has been schooling herself, that *Iras* may be humanized, made appealing, the while magnetic.

There is a subtle quality of leadership, a dominant streak, that causes her to stand out from the flock of other girls. Hers, one feels, are broad colors; hers indubitably the central, cascading spotlight.

The Picture of the Future

Continued from page 64

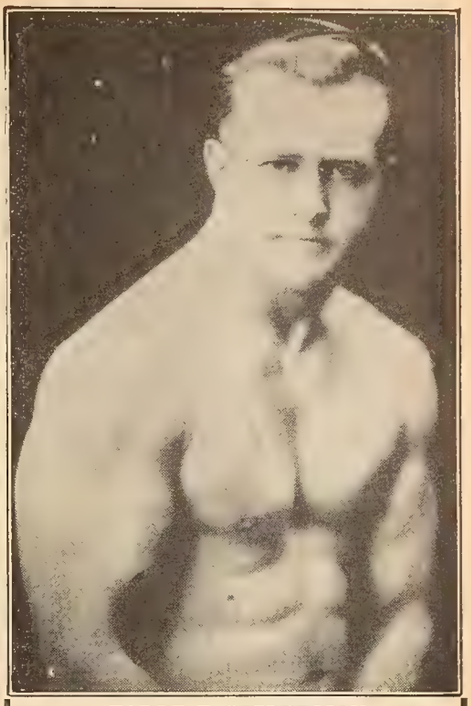
tion where lies the true *metier* of cinematic expression.

The camera can show as realities the imaginings of Edgar Allan Poe. The camera can show thoughts emerging from the brain and taking shape in actions. The camera can show the hinterland of dreams, where shapes of monstrous ugliness and incomparable beauty are born, live, fight, love, and die.

The camera is not limited by life on this planet, by brick and steel, by flesh and blood. The camera has wings. It can soar beyond the skies.

If somebody will only cut it loose —cut it loose from the stakes of convention to which it is helplessly tied.

The man who has courage and foresight to use the knife and loose the tether will probably make a great fortune. This making a great fortune will be only incidental. The liberator will have the satisfaction of being the Michael Angelo of a great new art—the true and living art of the motion picture of the future.



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before you start to fight? Do you need this kind of treatment to bring you to your senses? If you are that kind of a fellow, the chances are strong that you are going to get it.

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HOHNER HARMONICAS

Saying it with Frocks

Continued from page 93

wedding-ring panne velvet, trimmed with extravagant silver-fox collar and cuffs. This outfit is preferably for formal afternoon receptions or teas or certain informal dinners. With it she wears a medium-sized, richly draped velvet turban of the same shade of gray as the costume, which is neither too small nor too large, to fit into the deep standing collar of fur.

Miss Busch's quality of naïveté is well defined in the accompanying picture showing her in a most engaging morning and shopping dress, called the tomboy suit, but which she describes as a "clever trick." It is long and straight, short sleeved and cut in two pieces from very new, but very old-fashioned alpaca cloth. Its collar is the youthful Buster Brown, tying with long ends of narrow black grosgrain ribbon, and the deep hem of the skirt, the pocket, sleeves and head opening in the blouse are all trimmed with bands of Roman braid.

A short, dull-black kid jacquette, or one of the new five-sixth-length coats in camel's hair with panther trimming makes the proper coat accompaniment for this type of dress. Simplicity should be the keynote of the entire ensemble, including a small, close-fitting hat such as Miss Busch wears, which happens to be made with a brim of ivory squares set in checkered design, but which any clever girl could duplicate, making the brim of any fancy ribbon interlaced.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 61

they would be, though. It's reckless to make general statements about people in pictures. Some one—and usually a mob of people—is sure to disagree with you."

"Yes, think what a lot of discussion Samuel Goldwyn caused by saying that there were only thirty-three good actors on the screen. Failing to get him to commit himself on who the thirty-three are, a lot of people have started making their own list. I can think of dozens of interesting players, but I cannot think of more than fifteen skilled actors."

"And I suppose now you will be less tactful than Mr. Goldwyn and tell who is on your list?"

"Well, I would have," Fanny admitted, "if you hadn't spoken in just that way. By the way, have you heard that Clara Bow fell over a precipice while she was working on 'Poisoned Paradise' and got quite badly hurt? Wonder if some one who didn't care for her performance in 'Black Oxen' pushed her."

"You can't incriminate me," I declared haughtily. "I was three thousand miles away. But speaking of that picture, at least fifty thousand people have remarked, 'I wonder who is playing the part of the poison.' If you do it, your life isn't safe. It is almost as passé as remarking that Goldwyn must intend to make 'Ben-Hur' a comedy.

"That reminds me—did you see in the newspapers that bandits had stolen Will Hays' mail? They expected to find secret papers about Hollywood scandals——"

"And I suppose all they found was letters protesting against George Walsh playing *Ben-Hur*."

"Yes, and letters asking if it is really true that Lois Wilson is engaged to marry Richard Dix."

"Well, is it?" I chimed in brightly, proving myself one of the Great American Public.

"That's their secret," Fanny insisted mysteriously.

A few minutes later she was raving enthusiastically about her two latest discoveries quite as though it were a brand-new experience for her to find some one on the screen whom she liked. One of them is Blanche Mehaffey, a "Follies" beauty whom Hal Roach is presenting in comedies, and the other is Edith Allen, who played in "Scaramouche."

"We musn't call her Edith Allen any more, though," Fanny announced pompously. "From this day forth she is to be called Hedda Lind, because Whitman Bennett, the producer who is going to feature her in pictures, thinks that is a better name for her. She is Scandinavian, though not at all the usual Scandinavian type. She is brunette. She took the name of Hedda because *Hedda Gabler* is her favorite Ibsen heroine, and Lind because Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, was a friend of her grandmother's.

"The first picture she is to be featured in is 'Virtuous Liars,' and after two or three others she will be starred if she has made a big hit.

"And that reminds me," Fanny went on in the manner of an arch-conspirator. "I know of two young

Continued on page 114

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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 112

actors who are going to be starred by one of the biggest producing companies within the next few months. Every one is going to be thrilled when they hear it."

"I am willing to be thrilled now," I announced.

"But I am sworn to secrecy. Of course, if you stopped to think that the most sensational picture of the year is 'The Ten Commandments,' and then thought of the young actors who made big hits in it, well you *might* arrive at some conclusion about who the rising stars are. But I can't stop to tell you any more about it. Rudolph Valentino is starting work over at Famous Players' Long Island studio on 'Monsieur Beaucaire' and Sidney Olcott has invited me to come and sit on the side lines whenever I like. I think I'll just move over there. I've heard that he is going to have a marvelous supporting cast—Helene Chadwick, Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels—and Valentino himself has never looked so well before.

"And as for his wife"—Fanny's tone was getting positively maudlin—"when she comes over to the studio to supervise the details of production, it is just like the coming of an empress.

"If I were a young actor who wanted to get ahead, I'd try to find a brainy wife like Natacha Rambova."

"But you probably never could," I hurled after her departing form. For the next few weeks, if you want to find Fanny, just look for a moonstruck young woman at the edge of the set where Valentino is working.

"It Couldn't Be Done—So They Did It"

Continued from page 45

near death for days. Finding an actor to play *Lincoln* was no easy matter in itself. A mere impersonation, such as stage actors often present with the aid of nose putty and facial make-up, would not do. The camera is too searching for that. And it was a tremendous task to find just the right types and locations for certain rather primitive scenes.

Throughout their difficulties and in the face of the most terrible discouragement, the Rockett boys and Miss Marion did not falter in their purpose. They kept their vision clear. In "The Screen in Review" in this magazine you can read of the result of their sincere endeavors.

One of the most frequent criticisms of the movie business is that every one is in it for money. It has few reckless visionaries. It has no artists who are in the work simply because they love it and because they have some great idea which they are striving to express. Motion-picture producers do not ask their artists to give their vision of beauty to the world; they send questionnaires to exhibitors asking what the public wants, and then they proceed to stifle their product into the limits of what they consider public demand.

The producers don't want to risk their money; they want sure-fire stuff.

Now any one with a practical mind will admit this is all as it should be. It is good business.

But what would the movies be if there weren't any young, ambitious visionaries like the Rockett boys to break the barriers of prejudice and bring something new and fine to the screen?

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 55

didn't choose a typical Hollywood flapper for the part. The only touch of humor is liberally supplied by Sydney Chaplin.

Also Accounted For

"The Extra Girl," presented shortly after Mabel Normand's chauffeur put an abrupt end to a little New Year's party, is Mabel's annual picture for Mack Sennett. Poor Sennett always has just one film starring Mabel on the shelf just as the welfare societies are wondering whether or not to allow her to continue her career.

It is an unhappy fact that "The Extra Girl" is Mabel's weakest picture. Mabel herself is good; she always is. She knows comedy perhaps better than any woman on the screen. She has a way with her and a style that it is impossible to imitate. But in spite of Mabel, "The Extra Girl" is not big-time entertainment. It is old-fashioned, it is short on new ideas,

it hasn't the speed and snap of the best Sennett stuff.

Although I am prejudiced in favor of comedy, be it ever so rough, I cannot say much for Harry Langdon, the new Sennett find. He doesn't belong to the royal family of Sennett geniuses. But, of course, I am terribly sorry to blight his career right at the beginning.

"Big Brother" probably has already found its way to your theater by this time. So why need I tell you that it is good? It is a delightful story of that section of New York which speaks of Thoid Avenue and of persons who know that cops are something more than handsome street corner ornaments. Tom Moore and a child actor named Mickey Bennett do much to make it charming. "Three Miles Out," with Madge Kennedy, probably has come your way too, if you're lucky, for it is good comedy melodrama. The story was written by Neysa McMein and it has a neat touch of originality.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 96

upon the two leading male characters. All of which won't be half as weighty as it sounds, if we know C. B.

We are particularly interested in the production because it will introduce a very talented Hungarian actor named Victor Varconi, who appeared some time ago with Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock," foreign-made, and also more recently in "The Queen of Sin." C. B. espied him in the latter picture, and tried to secure a contract with Varconi, but for some reason or other this proved impossible. Later on, Varconi succeeded in coming to Hollywod, and as he knew Mr. De Mille by name, found his way into the presence finally of the director-general of Famous Players-Lasky, who was so elated that he immediately signed him up for one of the three featured rôles in "Triumph."

Now it is Baby Peggy who has upset the equilibrium of all the high-priced stars in Hollywood by having her face insured for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Nothing in the contract says anything, though, about having it lifted, which is considered the best insurance in the world by many of the girls on the Coast who are fair, fat and thirty.

It was quite to be expected, of course, after her performance in "Name the Man," that Mae Busch should sign another long-term contract with Goldwyn.



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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

to him that he has become quite ordinary to me. There is a little café on Hollywood Boulevard where he often goes for refreshment, and as I am often there myself there's a cheery "Hello, there!" two or three times a week. He is very friendly and just "one of the bunch." I suspect he is something of a gay Lothario, for he is with a different mademoiselle every time I see him. Altogether he is a very charming fellow, though I do wish he wouldn't dress quite so much like an Apache.

Malcolm MacGregor is delightful, and I know that lots of you girls would fall in love with his real self as well as his screen self. He is very good looking and has nice dark eyes and is as natural as can be. I've seen him at close quarters more times than I can remember, but I have not had the pleasure of talking with him, though a funny little incident occurred not so long ago which might be interesting. We were both in a certain drug store, and I was glancing around at the pictures of stars which decorate the walls, when I leaned over that I might see better the picture of a young man, which was partly hidden by a poster. This move on my part attracted Mr. MacGregor's attention and he looked, too, and then our glances met and we both laughed. It was a picture of himself!

The last time I saw Mae Murray she was looking very tired—no doubt from making all those—er—ah—strenuous pictures of hers—strenuous on the heart, of course! Anyway, Miss Murray is very small and her lips are not quite as beestung as they appear on the screen. She looked chic and rather cute in a close-fitting turban the night I saw her. There was more than the turban, of course! She was with her attractive husband, Robert Leonard, and they were both busy greeting old friends, among them big, handsome Tom Santchi. It was at the formal opening of "The Covered Wagon."

Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are very diminutive and pretty, in a cute, baby way. They are almost identical with their screen selves, and Viola's eyes are just as large and effective. They were coming out of a market, laden with parcels when I saw them. Even stars must eat! I later saw Shirley looking boyishly sweet in a knickerbocker suit, and I was very thrilled and missed a few heart beats when she looked right at me and smiled rather shyly. I was the only person around at the time for her to look at, so I know that smile was meant for me.

Now, then, that leaves Mae Busch and Wallace Reid. I have seen them both. There is a little crack in the Lasky Studio fence and through it I watched Wally at work on his last picture. Another time I saw him dressed for a part, in silk hat and evening clothes, and he looked very handsome and the same lovable Wally the fans knew. It was just a glimpse, for the car he was driving quickly turned the corner on which I was standing. He will always remain "just Wally" to me.

Mae Busch is a paradox. I fancy that it is because she is very self-conscious that she appears haughty and aloof. I don't know what she saw through my head, but when we passed each other on the boulevard and our glances met she looked clean through me rather arrogantly. She has a perfect right to look through a person if she can and if she wants to, of course! I am recording my impressions. How do Leatrice Joy and Agnes Ayres act off the screen? Now how do you think? I haven't seen Miss Ayres, but I have seen Leatrice Joy, and she is very charming and, I assure you, acts just like any other well-bred human being.

Now for the final. One girl asked me what her chances for obtaining work in Hollywood or Los Angeles are. She writes that she has been planning to come here for a long time, and wants to know if I can advise her. The general verdict is *"Stay away from Hollywood,"* and my own experience and observations tell me that that is the best advice. Of course this girl wants office work, but I strongly suspect that her real ambition is to try her hand at the movie game. She *might* get work, but I would not answer for it; it depends very much on the individual. Hollywood is a wonderful, wonderful place, and the dream Mecca of all the world, apparently, but it can't give jobs of any kind to all those who are flocking here by the hundreds day after day! And believe me when I say that it requires lots of pull, constant struggle, and many heartaches to achieve any kind of success in the movies.

ROSE EDWINA BUSH.
6524 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

What an Outburst!

I think the best way for me to start the new year right will be to unload a little of the irritation which has been piled up on my patience, and which will no doubt give me a fit if I don't tell somebody about it soon.

Will somebody please take all the movie children, except young Coogan, and lead them into the Red Sea? I will offer one quart of wood alcohol to the person who will feed Strongheart, Brownie, and Joe Martin each a good, strong dose of rat poison.

To the bad man who will oblige me by shooting George Melford, for butchering "Java Head" and "The Light That Failed," I will present the original jawbone of Samson's ass.

And, in closing, I think I shall stop reading PICTURE-PLAY because of printing that idiotic article by one of C. B. De Mille's unbalanced henchmen, wherein he only likens De Mille to Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Disraeli all lumped together; and even then C. B. is supposed to be just a bit superior to these crude forerunners.

On second thought I believe I will give you another trial. You have Don Ryan to thank for this. He wrote my opinion exactly of the Great King of Them All. Only, of course, he wasn't quite rough enough with his adjectives to suit me. Still, it is the best thing of its kind so far written about him, and I enjoyed it to the last period.

I hope I haven't been too violent. My feelings have been outraged by so many unreasonable, senseless, vapid, stupid, boorish, boresome, and altogether disgustingly tiresome crudities of the screen, that I've had to blow off a little steam to keep from bursting.

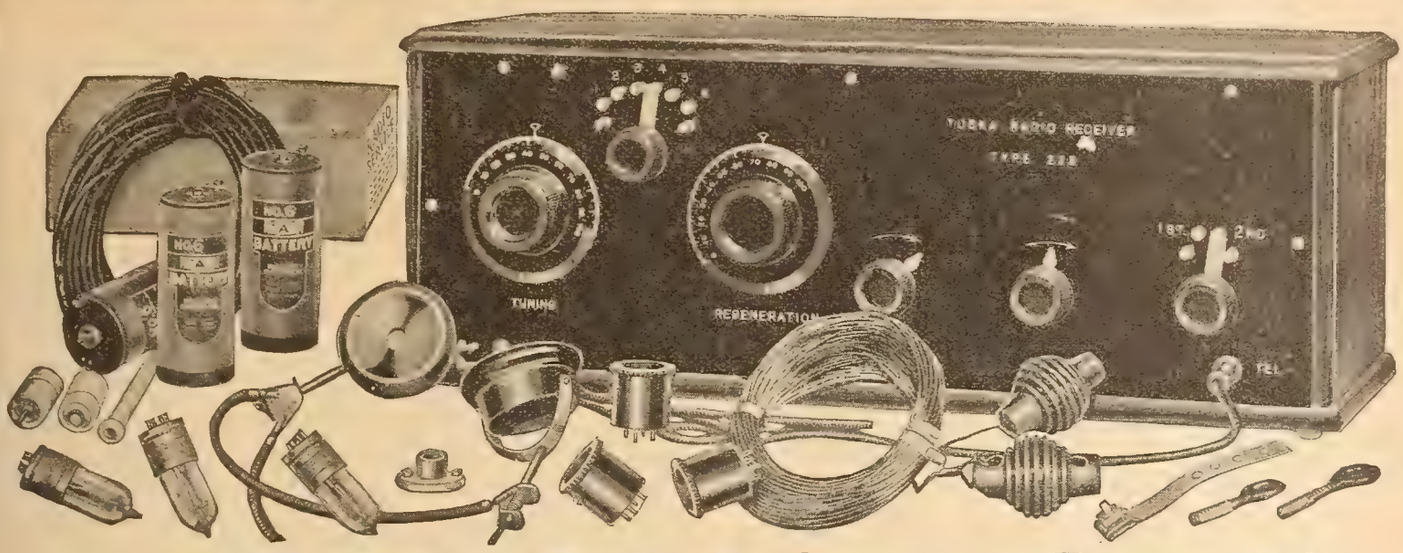
I average almost two hundred and fifty feature pictures a year. They are my favorite and only recreation. Thus I think I have some right to voice my opinion. M. SOLOMONETTA.
23 Catherine Street, Dayton, Ohio.

We Need Cecil De Mille.

I would like to say a few words for Cecil De Mille. Let us not be too severely critical. I am sure he gives the public

Continued on page 118

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 116

what he thinks the public wants. If, after his pictures are released, the public in dismay criticizes them harshly—yet in almost direct contradiction the box office shows such satisfactory results—it should realize that De Mille tried to please us. We do not want all the pictures to be like those Mr. Cruze, Rex Ingram, Von Stroheim, or Allan Dwan give us.

So let us deal more considerately with that man who has given us such a wonder picture as "Manslaughter," and that deep feeling one of a few years back, "Something to Think About." I, for one, am impatiently awaiting his "The Ten Commandments," and I'll wager half the civilized world is, too.

We need Mr. De Mille. He gives us, at any rate, novel entertainment.

MRS. OLIVE DODD THOMPSON.
527 Cherry Street, Helena, Ark.

What Constitutes a Good Play.

Do those who are constantly writing to your department criticisms of plays and players know what constitutes a really good play? In my opinion we ought to know what a good play is before we call other plays bad.

I have a letter from Douglas Fairbanks in which he sets forth his views of a good play, and always when criticizing a play I try to follow his outline. In part he says:

"If a picture holds your interest, if the people and places seem absolutely real to you, if your emotions are stirred and you are temporarily oblivious to everything but the story which the screen is carrying—then it is a good play. And if, after seeing it, you feel better for it, if your own thought has been stimulated, if you see things from a new angle—then it is even a better picture. Usually, your best judgment will come several months after you have seen the play."

I think that if some fans would wait a week or two before sending in their heated comments, about half of them would change their minds during that time, or at least not have so severe a criticism.

It is certainly most foolish for any one to write in and say: "I don't like So-and-so because I just don't—I really don't know why. I know many fans will not agree with me," et cetera. Such a criticism does no one any good. The star referred to cannot improve on such a criticism and admirers of that star are, of course, thrown into a rage. Let us offer *real, constructive* criticisms.

RAY E. HARRIS.
542 South Main Street, Woodstock, Va.

A Boost for Ralph Lewis and Johnnie Walker.

After seeing "The Mailman" four times I must have some way to express myself, so I am choosing this way. It was one of the finest pictures ever produced! You can always depend upon Ralph Lewis to give us a real performance. His "Westbound Limited" was another one of the pictures that make us appreciate what these men who risk their lives for us daily are doing for our country.

I want also to take this opportunity to express my thoughts of Johnnie Walker. The finest pictures that I have seen were made so by his acting. And how he resembles our big Irish star, Thomas Meighan. Probably that is why I like him so well. He has Glenn Hunter "beat a mile," so let's hope we see him in bigger and better rôles, for he is certainly deserving of them. I am not talking about his looks either. It is his actions and acting. He was good in "Children of the Dust,' but he was *supreme* in "The Mailman!" I have never admitted crying during a picture, but when he was playing "Daddie, You've Been a Mother to Me," I could just hear the tender strings of his violin, and I certainly did cry. I am proud of it, too.

(MISS) H. E. STYLES.
2920 H Street, Sacramento, Calif.

Let's Have Refined Pictures.

I really think it is a mistake to show such pictures as "Nice People," for it does not set a good example to our young people, girls who are inclined to smoke and drink. Some of our most intellectual and supposedly refined women do these things and get away with it, but there is a large majority that resents this.

A short time ago I was in a large city and went with a friend of mine to the best hotel for lunch. There were four young women in the dining room waiting for their lunch, and all of them were smoking cigarettes. The dining room was full of men and you could see them sneering and making fun of these women, and before lunch was over I was terribly mortified to think I was there. I have talked to several men in regard to women smoking, and find that they do not approve.

Miss Colleen Moore and her husband were in Minneapolis the week before Christmas, and had an article in the Minneapolis paper saying that they were married for good, and I only wish more people in their vocation felt the same way, for I am a great movie fan. It seems to be that whenever I pick up a paper I see that some actresses or actors have just got a divorce, and it makes me very much disquieted. Of course there are lots of other people besides the movie people who get divorces, but we do not hear so much about it. If the movie people want the public to uphold them and respect them they should have more regard for the marriage ceremony. Things like the William Desmond Taylor murder, the Roscoe Arbuckle trouble, and the shooting of the Denver oil man do not help the movie people. When we hear those things is it surprising that we wonder what kind of lives those people live?

A TRULY MOVIE FAN.
Minneapolis, Minn.

I want to say one word about the "muchly wronged" younger generation. We young people learned a headful from the "modern" novels and press attacks and startling exposes of the movies; we learned to do things we shouldn't do, because everybody fussed about them so much that the impressionable younger generation thought such things fashionable and up to date. Having done the damage, novelists and movie producers tried to remedy it by giving us more vice with a moral tacked to it. Now, any decent child, fairly well brought up, knows what is right and what is wrong, but if he sees with his own eyes all sorts of indulgence and evil doing, and sees others imitating it, isn't it quite natural for him to follow others? So let's have clean books, cleaner newspapers, and movies cleanest of all, because movies have the greatest influence. R. E. H.

Orange, N. J.



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'I didn't do a thing to supplement my course with Wallace—no Turkish baths—no starving, nor patent foods or drugs—I just got thin to music as the offer said I would. It was delightfully easy. Today, my bathroom scale said 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!'

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

MRS. I. W. S.—What quaint notions some of you fans take! I don't know why it should be *so* important that you know the screen actors who have dimples in their chins, but I always try to oblige my clients. Let's see, there's Bryant Washburn, Eugene O'Brien, both John and Lionel Barrymore, Mitchell Lewis, Noah Beery, Robert Gordon, Lew Cody, William Russell, Cullen Landis, and Norman Kerry. How does that list please you?

JUST ANN.—Ah, so simple. But you don't write like an Ann. Something like "Lenore" would be more your style, I think. However, that isn't getting you any nearer to Norma Talmadge's history, is it? Norma started in pictures at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn when she was fourteen, and has been working steadily in them ever since, without any long vacations or excursions into stage work or other side lines that some players take for the sake of variety. So you are keen about Eugene O'Brien as a leading man for Norma, too? They seem to have been about the most popular team in pictures, and you will have the opportunity of seeing Eugene opposite Norma again in her latest picture, "Secrets."

INVESTOR.—Don't, if you have any desire to hold on to your money—and who hasn't—invest it in any movie company that you never heard of before, no matter how glowing the promises for quick returns are or how many prominent people are supposed to be interested in it. In years past, many persons inexperienced in movie matters lost anywhere from a few hundred to hundreds of thousands of dollars by putting money into movie companies that sometimes never even got as far as producing a picture. In cases where a film or two was actually made, they were so poor that they were never released. There hasn't been so much of this particular method of fraud lately, because people have been warned so often and are now pretty generally cautious. But every once in a while a new scheme will bob up, more ingenious than the old ones, and a number of persons are bound to be taken in by it. I know nothing about the particular company you mention, but I would advise you to keep away from it, and to find some other safer means of making your dollars grow.

EDNA F.—The plump girl that played with Wallace Reid and Lila Lee in "Rent Free" was Gertrude Short. She has been in Hollywood all the time, but has not been cast in productions very often. You may see her soon, however, in "The Man Life Passed By," the Metro film in which Percy Marmont has the leading male rôle. Miss Short stared her professional career at the age of five, when she appeared on the stage with Nance O'Neill in "The Golden Fleece." She is a sister of Antrim Short, the stage comedian; Hassard Short, the playwright and director is her cousin, and Blanche Sweet is another cousin of hers.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Marion Davies, Anita Stewart, Alma Rubens, Seena Owen, Lionel Barrymore, and Louis Wolheim, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, Adolphe Menjou, Norma Shearer, Bruce Guerin, Irene Rich, Lenore Ulric, and Hope Hampton at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss and Alfred Lunt, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Jacqueline Logan, Pola Negri, Cullen Landis, Charles de Roche, Richard Dix, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Rod La Rocque, Thomas Meighan, Ernest Torrence, Edward Everett Horton, Vera Reynolds, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, Leatrice Joy, Mary Astor, Betty Compson, Bobby Agnew, Theodore Kosloff, and Theodore Roberts at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Pearl White at the Eclair Studio, Paris, France.

Reginald Denny, Herbert Rawlinson, Hoot Gibson, Virginia Valli, Mary Philbin, Baby Peggy, Eileen and Josie Sedgwick, Laura La Plante, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, and Helen Holmes at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Wyndham Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Nita Naldi, Glenn Hunter, Gloria Swanson, and Edward Burns, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenma Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures, Incorporated, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Mae Busch, Raymond Griffith, Conrad Nagel, Aileen Pringle, Eric von Stroheim, Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Frank Mayo, and Patsy Ruth Miller at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Barbara La Marr, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Mitchell Lewis, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pat O'Malley, Laurette Taylor, Enid Bennett, Malcolm MacGregor, Ramon Novarro, and Viola Dana at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

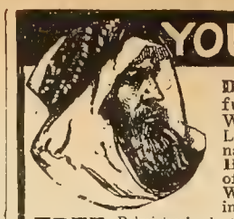
Clara Bow, Kenneth Harlan, Huntley Gordon, Gaston Glass, Ethel Shannon, and Harrison Ford, care of Preferred Pictures, Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Norma Talmadge, Wallace Beery, Jack Mulhall, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, and Milton Sills at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Charles Jones, and John Gilbert at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Johnnie Walker, Ralph Lewis, and Warner Baxter at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, Lloyd Hughes, Madge Bellamy, and Douglas MacLean at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.



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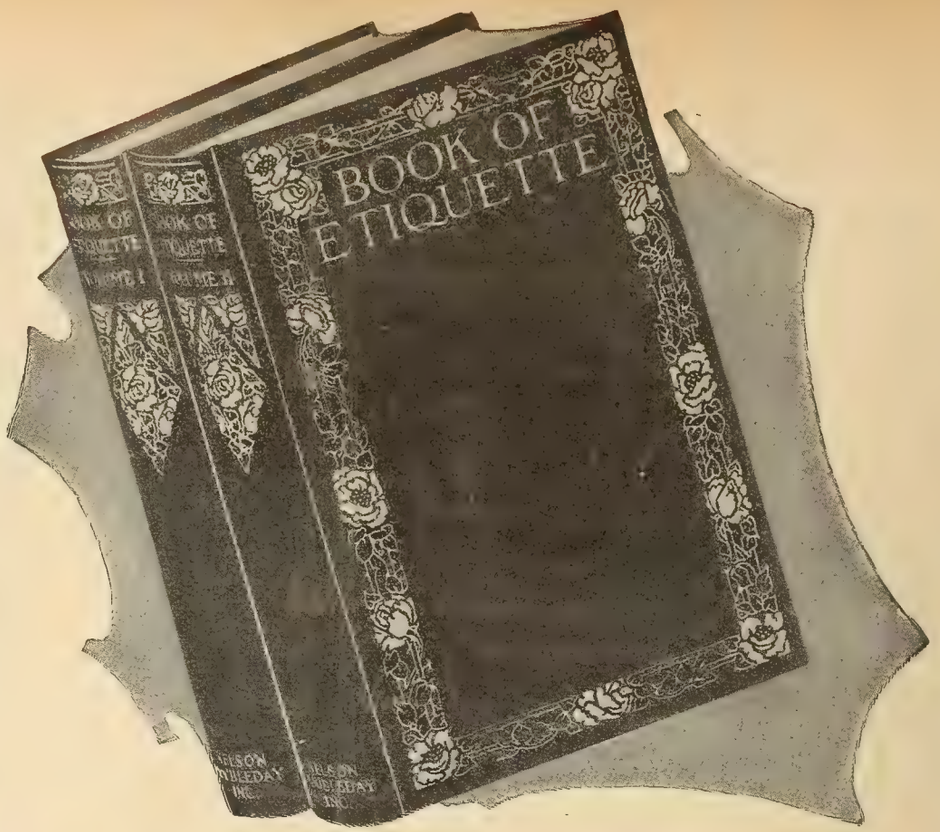
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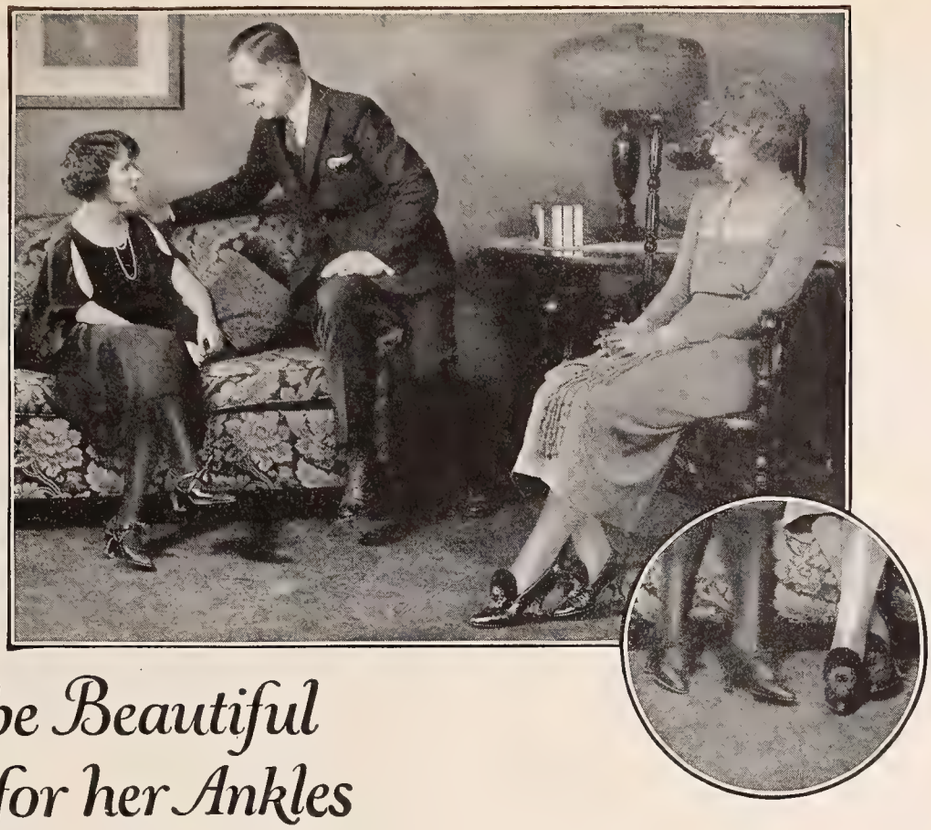
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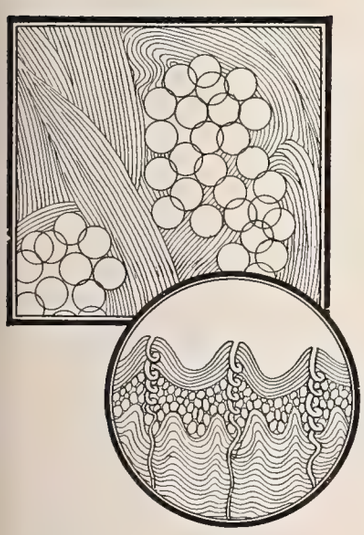
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PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

MAY 1924

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The Best Magazine of the Screen

Vol. XX MONTHLY No. 3

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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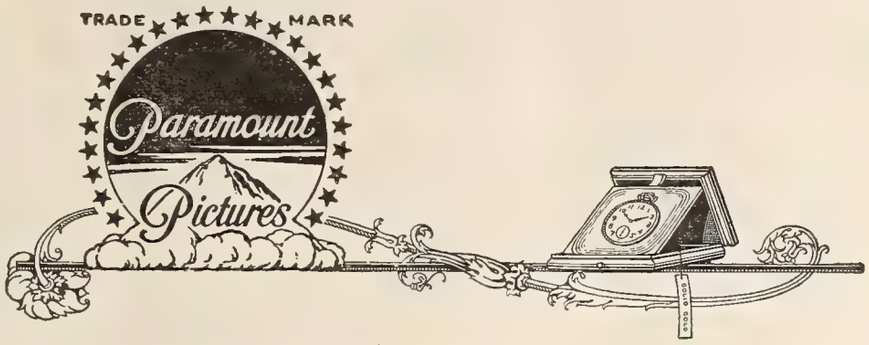
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NEW YORK CITY

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Mary Pickford has made "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" her most elaborate and costly production. Except for portions of "Rosita" it is the most grown-up of all her rôles. Will she continue to play such parts or will she go back to portraying the ragged, impulsive, impish child — the type of rôle in which she scored many triumphs? The public's verdict on "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" will decide. This picture is the deciding factor.



With "Robin Hood" Douglas Fairbanks established his leadership among producers. In conception and execution it was a model of semihistorical, costume drama that has not been equaled. Now he has brought to New York his latest production, "The Thief of Bagdad," which promises to usher in a new era of fantastic, imaginative drama, as Don Ryan tells in an article in this issue. It definitely stamps him as the movies' artistic trail blazer.

Both of these pictures are soon to open in New York and next month's PICTURE-PLAY will contain reviews of them in Agnes Smith's usual brilliant style. They will make film history, not only in themselves but in the way they influence the production plans of other companies. Don't miss reading about them. The next PICTURE-PLAY will also contain accounts of what Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks did in New York—where they went and what they saw—what they thought of New York and what New York thought of them, as seen through the eyes of Leland Hayward, conductor of PICTURE-PLAY's fascinating new department, "Manhattan's Bright Lights."

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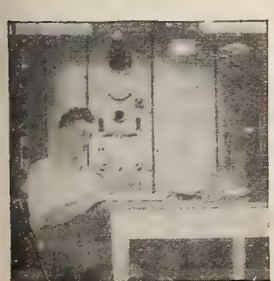
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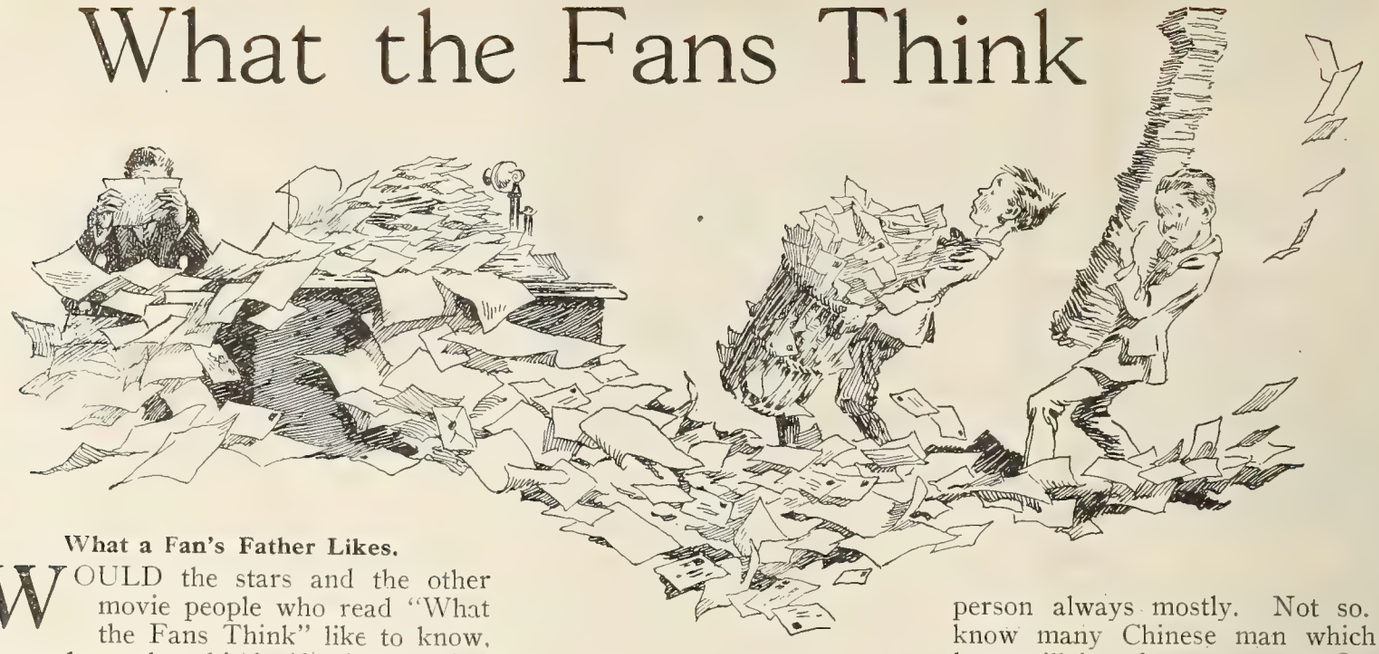


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What the Fans Think



What a Fan's Father Likes.

WOULD the stars and the other movie people who read "What the Fans Think" like to know, I wonder, what kind of pictures and movie actors the fathers of us fans like best?

Our fathers are rather important persons, for they furnish most of the quarters we drop in the box office every week, and since they are too busy to write to this column—and they probably would not do it even if they could—I am going to tell what I have observed. I am going to use my father as an example, for I have discovered that his likes and dislikes are very much the same as those of other fathers.

First of all he does not care for "sob stuff," though he appreciated very much such pictures as "The Old Nest" and "Humoresque." Some of his favorite pictures were "Penrod and Sam," "Twenty-three-and-a-Half-Hours' Leave," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "The Four Horsemen," "The Birth of a Nation," "Robin Hood," "Tol'able David," "Ruggles of Red Gap" (he laughed so hard at that one that all the people around us were prostrate, too) "To the Ladies," "Grandma's Boy," "Safety Last," "Our Hospitality," and "The Covered Wagon."

There was great rejoicing among the male members of our family when Bill Hart's first picture since his return to the screen was shown in our town.

Ernest Torrence is easily my father's favorite actor. How he did enjoy him in "The Covered Wagon" and "Ruggles of Red Gap!" Other favorites of his are Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Mary Alden, Douglas Fairbanks, Edward Horton, Helen Jerome Eddy, Ben Alexander and Marguerite De La Motte. He also likes Colleen Moore, but can never remember her until he sees her.

Needless to say, he does not care for Mae Murray. And there's simply no use asking him who he thinks is the prettiest actress, for whenever I point to one I like in particular and ask him if he doesn't think she is pretty he always studies her with mock seriousness and then says, "Yes, but she's not half as good looking as your mother."

ALICE CLIFTON.

231 East River Street,
Peru, Indiana.

From a Chinese Fan.

I am China boy that like the moving picture and my uncle make say for me write such letter for you so will tendency moving picture should be more of consequence to Chinese go-theater man. This is because I understand English sometimes and know more than is understood by me of it.

In moving picture Chinese man is frequently of villain person always mostly. Not so. I know many Chinese man which is least villain of any, except Quong Sun, who owes me some money and is worse. Quong Sun is not of motion picture, sadly, as I am thus unenable to make funny noise when he is up on screen, as he is not there. My uncle say that American man make moving picture of Chinese which show Chinese man as some good and China girl which is not Manchu princess as none is seen. Also is not many stick spearers in darky alley as like moving picture. To my house I come many times at night when I am bigger than little and only one I get trouble, which is when I am hit swiftly with front of Automobiler by China make-go. I am like Lew Cody and we fight magnificent because headlight is broke on me and cannot recover. I am near to win fight when my uncle come and take villain from my top off, where I lure him by lay down on back.

So please make us not so villain man all time.

China go-theater man like not so much the woman of pretty as man who throw pie. Is not no longer any pie to get in America? If not is maybe China send much pie so pie-throw picture make begin now. China go-theater man is of much sorrow than is no more that policeman is in moving picture. Is best to hit policeman with the pie than any one, as this is very laughter. What also is make Chas. Chaplin now so sad? His feets are not so sensible of humor as formerly made China go-theater man merry. One time I make rice-drunk and feets are like Charlie so that I am follow home with many who laugh and do not pay. This is wrong, say Uncle, and I do not know if he say for rice-drunk or that crowd do not pay for laugh. I am not good yet next day but funny is all gone and I am sad at head.

If some time you come to Shanghai my uncle shall stand with me on wharf side and hollo "Welcome is" with very loud tone if you make moving picture as above.

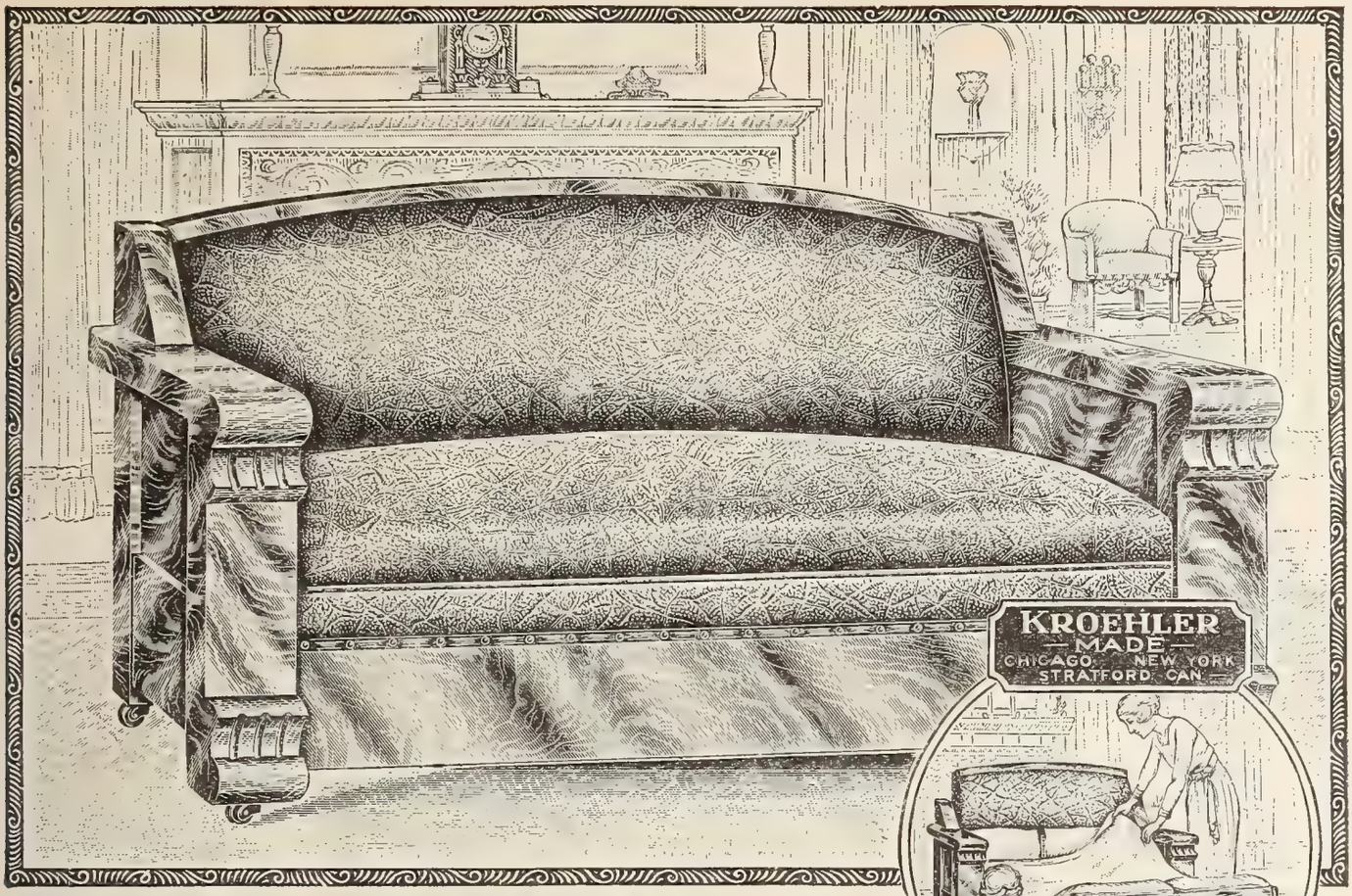
SUNG-TAO LING.

Chan-Chong Road,
Shanghai, of China.

From a Puzzled Flapper.

Last summer some of our crowd got together and decided we'd amuse ourselves by writing to Richard Dix. We wrote him the most awful letter—chock full of *most* personal questions and extremely dumb. I don't know what we expected to get out of it, but I was in a rotten humor and tried awfully hard to say things that would make any ordinary gent rise up and curse us.

Continued on page 10



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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

Imagine my surprise when the letter was answered, and not only that, but a beautifully autographed photo, and so on. Well, never have I despised any one so—to think any one could be such a jellyfish—why it was like a darn old political handshake. Of course that wore off, and now I like him much, but it certainly is tough to have to pay such a price for popularity. He probably would have liked to choke us, but instead look what he did!

As a matter of fact, I realize now that he probably never saw the letter, but the person who wrote the answer certainly must have swallowed their first impulse. Now I suppose they must be nice to the fans, but *does* it do them any good to cheapen themselves like that? Of course if that letter had been seriously written by some fresh thing she would probably have been overjoyed to get such an answer, so I suppose that proves me all wrong, as usual.

Isn't it a queer world, anyway?

Boston, Mass. KATHRYN X.

From a Student of Acting.

An article in the last number of PICTURE-PLAY called "The Art and the Craft of the Motion-picture Actor" was brought to my attention by a fellow student at dramatic school, and I read it with considerable interest. I was surprised and pleased to find a fan magazine exploring such ground. Some days after reading this I chanced upon an article by George Arliss which explained so eloquently one of the points brought up in your article that I am sending it to you. Perhaps if you print it, it will reach others who are vitally interested in every authoritative utterance about the art of acting. Mr. Arliss said:

"Acting is an art, not merely the exhibition of emotions. An actor doesn't lose himself on the stage; if he did there would be nothing to prevent his walking off the stage in his transports of emotion and finishing his big scene in Piccadilly Circus. But his emotion need be no less sincere because it is harnessed; it may be just as true. In real life we have to exercise control. When we are in the greatest distress we are generally conscious that we must not make an exhibition of ourselves, but we do not feel our grief any the less poignantly. And so in feeling on the stage, the fact that we are conscious of our audience and of the mechanical limitations of the theater should not prevent the trained actor from deep feeling.

"My opinion is that the practiced actor is at his best when he feels the emotion that he is attempting to convey to his audience."

Now what bothers me about acting is the necessity of repeating an action a number of times. That is much more of a problem on the stage than in pictures, of course, but I am told that even the most intelligent picture directors often make actors do a scene over and over again. Now how does the actor keep "feeling" a scene over and over in the same way? In real life a girl might agonize terribly over the death of a pet cat. But if the cat had the proverbial nine lives, and died each one of them in the course of a single afternoon, I should think that the owner's grief over the last one would be tempered by resignation. I should think that the same would hold true of motion-picture actors when they have to do a dramatic scene over and over. I wish that some motion-picture player would volunteer some details about his or her own experiences in learning the art of acting.

GENEVIEVE MORLEY TABARD.

Passaic, N. J.

The Colors Stars Suggest.

A short time ago in one of our morning papers I read an article in which the writer described the days of the week as appealing to her in different colors. I was rather interested in the article, as not only the days, but also cinema stars appeal to me in like manner.

Here are a few stars and the respective hues they bring forth when I think of them:

Lillian Gish, white.
Norma Talmadge, deep brown.
Mary Pickford, cream.
Shirley Mason, a delicate pink.
Clara Bow, black and white.
Claire Windsor, blue and gold.
Ramon Novarro, black and green.
Eugene O'Brien, orange and black.
Richard Barthelmess, green.
Rodolph Valentino, dark green.
I wonder why this is?

MARY O'GARA.

86 Love Lane, Heaton Norris, Stockport, England.

How the Servants of the Four Hundred Really Dress.

I find that at last some one has the courage to criticize the size of the rooms in the pictures and the partly dressed appearance of the actresses when portraying society rôles. I have worked on costumes of New York's four hundred and its new rich, and I must say that no one in the social set, no matter to what stratum they belong, would appear or have appeared in anything as nearly nude as our actresses on the screen portraying the parts of society ladies. The rooms in the mansions on Fifth Avenue, Newport, or Long Island are not the spacious areas portrayed on the screen. Indeed, some of them are so small that they cannot be used for anything outside of small dinners and bridge parties. Of course some of the newer ones are a little larger, especially those being built in the more outlying districts. But city houses are, as a rule, quite small. And the attire of maids and butlers!

It would surprise the movie people to know that in New York there are no permanently liveried butlers and housemen. On special occasions, and very special indeed, uniforms might be supplied, but in these times even the most exclusive people are practical. And maids wear ankle length or longer dresses of serge or brilliantine. Not silk of any kind. Flat-heeled comfortable shoes and no streamers from their caps, if indeed caps are still worn at all. Of course, all these things as pictures are most pleasing to the eye, but to those who have seen them in real life they are most unreal.

New York City. MRS. C. COSTER.

Don't Blame the Public.

I would like to express my opinion on the personal characters of the stars. Persons who are continually in the limelight cannot avoid publicity, and actors and actresses are certainly no exception to this. If they wish to retain the respect of the public they must live their lives accordingly. The immoral and divorce maniacs may attract the public's attention, but they cannot hold it, and that is what talks at the box office. Like "Peg o' My Heart" I cannot see why it is that the general run of common, everyday people should have to have *all* the decency. The stars have everything to make life worth living, and if they cannot stand a little prosperity without becoming disreputable, they should not blame the public for turning against them. E. R. WHITE.

66 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

Don't Blame the Stars.

This letter might be entitled "What the movie player in Hollywood sometimes thinks about what the fans think."

Well, here's my thought, and I want to get it over. I sometimes think that I wouldn't blame the fans if they thought that every one in Hollywood connected with pictures is bad to the core. Personally—because I am in the industry and love my work—I shudder when I read the distorted news about our doings and our lives out here. The headlines tell terrible stories, and I know—from letters from my own home town—that Hollywood and he motion-picture players are held as wild and wicked by many. I don't blame any fan who thinks this because of what he has read.

But we out here, on the ground, know that *all* that is heard, surmised, read, and imagined is not true.

The bad doings of any one in pictures is news and must be headlined. The same doings of any one not prominent is either not published or goes on the inside page of a newspaper.

When you read of the wrongdoing of some one connected with pictures, look elsewhere in your newspaper and you'll perhaps read of the wrongdoing of a lawyer, or a doctor, or perhaps just a plain business man; maybe a minister wants a divorce or has broken some law. Yet, you'll still love and respect your *own* minister—and you should—your own doctor or lawyer, or the business man you meet Sundays. You won't condemn the entire profession? No. So, don't condemn the entire motion-picture profession for the sins of a very, very few. Laws are broken in every stratum of society. The United States government is unable at present to prevent the breaking of the liquor law. Law breakers are born in every business. They will always be with us, and we have some in motion pictures who manage to get into the newspapers and into the head lines and the great majority of the other good souls whom you love are caught in the back-fire, and are liable to suffer in a general condemnation. They shouldn't. If you are fair you will see that it isn't fair that they should.

I am on the ground. I live in Hollywood. My home is here. My work is here. I love to be in moving pictures. I don't want to be in any other profession ever. Why? Because in it I have found the most charming and delightful friends and people on the face of the earth. Whole-souled. Generous to a fault. Good. Church going, law abiding. Hard working.

The majority, plus, are of this class. If you could only know each one personally as I do.

We're not millionaires. We're in a business to make a living, and we're doing our darnedest. True, we're in the public eye, and when we dine, dance, or appear we attract attention.

But it isn't our fault. We're just human and eat and sleep like any fan; and the fans we love, because from them we get our knocks and our boosts, and the majority of players *do* strive to please the fans, so keep writing in about what pleases or displeases you. *Believe me* you'd be surprised at the number of busy, busy players who read the letters of the fans in this department every month.

I have been in pictures for ten years, and the male or female star you adore or love is deserving of every bit of it, and is just as nice as you believe him or her to be.

I married one of your picture stars, and she's A 1, true blue, and the best in the

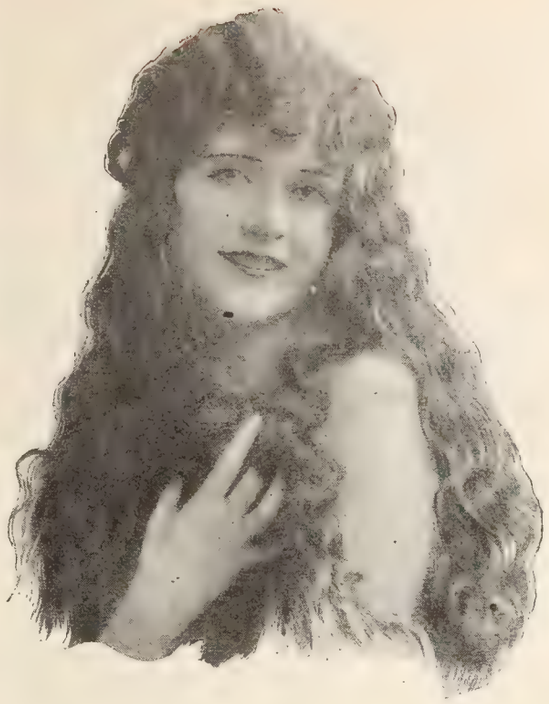
Continued on page 12



Even if your hair is as short as this



This wonderful new Liquid will speed its growth—so you can soon do it up in full coiffure.



Marvelous New Discovery

Grows bobbed hair back to normal *—in half usual time*

Milady! If you are tired of your "bob," but hate to think of waiting an eternity for your hair to grow out again—here is wonderful news for you—straight from America's leading dermatological laboratories.

Science has discovered a new liquid that will grow your bob back to full length again in an amazingly short time—giving you softer, curlier, lovelier hair than you ever had. But this news is not only for "bobbed heads." It is for all women who would have gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short.

If your hair is unruly and hard to keep in curl; if it is straggly, scrubby, brittle and dry; if it is dull, discolored, streaky or lustreless—do not despair. This new liquid will revitalize your hair as if by magic—giving you practically a new head of hair.

From the very first day, when you start to spray your hair and massage your scalp with this delightful liquid, you will *see* and *feel* new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Hair growth will be apparent surprisingly soon. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an almost unbelievably short time.

These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Where There Is a Need, Science Finds a Way

Probably the women of America never needed any beautifier so suddenly and so urgently as they needed this one, for Paris has decreed that long hair must prevail.

Science has answered woman's call with this amazing liquid called Nitrox.

Although Nitrox is so pure that you could drink it, it is the most powerful hair growing product Science has ever known. As its name suggests, it is a fusion of Nitrogen and Oxygen combined and liquefied by a formula of my own. I have simply gone directly to nature and bottled her ozone and sunshine by a secret process of my own, mixing them with delightful balsams and emollients. The result, I firmly believe, is the most wonderful hair grower and beautifier the world has ever known.

In addition to promoting hair growth, Nitrox rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff; fluffs out dead and listless hair, and gives to it wondrous light and sheen. One week after you have started the use of Nitrox, rubbing it into the scalp for five minutes each day, at bed time—your new hair will differ from your old hair as day from night. No more straggly, loose hairs blowing every-which way. Your hair will stay in place perfectly, with that delightful, natural lustre that can come only from perfect hair and scalp health.

Not For Sale But Sent to You Direct

McGowan's Nitrox is not offered for sale through drug or department stores, for the vital elements in this remarkable liquid evaporate when kept standing for any length of time. I distribute this wonderful product direct from laboratory to user, shipping, in every instance, the same day the liquid is compounded.

At first, we contemplated selling Nitrox through personal treatments only. But that method would confine the product to a very limited market. And since Nitrox is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious to make this discovery known universally. It is no trouble to apply it. Indeed, it is very simple and delightful to use.

So I have decided to retail the first 25,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just $2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

Whether your hair is bobbed or long, if you want to control its length and add to its splendor, don't delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just sit down and fill out the coupon and send it in—you can pay the postman $2.47 plus a few cents postage, when he delivers the package.

M. J. McGowan

President

The McGowan Laboratories,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 514, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, on your guarantee, that Nitrox will grow my hair at twice the normal rate of growth; that it will thicken, soften and beautify my hair, ridding it of any dandruff or scalp troubles. You may send me a full size bottle, and I will deposit $2.47, the special introductory price, with the postman on its delivery (plus a few cents postage). This is with the understanding that, if I am not delighted with the results from the very outset, I can return unused contents of the bottle, within five days after its receipt, and you will refund my money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

If you expect to be out when postman calls, enclose $2.60 with your order, and Nitrox will be mailed postpaid.



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"I'VE been drifting too long. . . . Two years ago, when Tom Adams took up an I. C. S. course, I determined to study too. But I put it off—and off—and off—

"Tom's manager of the department now and earning twice as much as I am. It isn't because he has more natural ability than I have, but because he's trained! That's it—*he's trained!*

"Me? Why I'm just one of a score of routine workers. Tom gets the big salary because the firm knows he's trained himself to handle work that I can't do.

"I've wasted two years, but it's not too late. This time I'm really going to send in that I. C. S. coupon too. The sooner I send it in, the sooner I'll be promoted like Tom."

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

world. We have a nice little home, lead a nice, quiet life, never out without the other, pay our bills, work hard, and give to you the best that is in us for your pleasure when you go to the theater, and so do ninety-nine out of every hundred with whom we come in contact here in Hollywood.

There are happily married couples out here with beautiful homes and beautiful children, and they're in pictures, and you'll see some of them on the screen to-night. They're working and living to please you. Don't blame them for the sins of a few. Love them. They're worth and deserve it. They're wonderful people. Don't hate the villain. He's just as nice a fellow as the leading man, and he's paid to wear that mustache and do the leading lady "dirt." Remember he's just "play acting."

WALLACE MACDONALD.
Hollywood, Calif.

The Stars Are Paid Too Much.

I would like a word in "What the Fans Think," because I am an old, old fan. I must protest against the enormous salaries being paid to stars. Four, three, two, or even one thousand dollars a week is too much to pay any living actor or actress. The producers must be going crazy. The *one* great thing that helped to make pictures popular was the fact that they could be shown at prices the public could pay. The tendency of late is to raise prices, and that alone—if persisted in—will eventually ruin the business. In my family there are seven who go to the theater three and four times a week; but if we had to pay two dollars or even one dollar admission, how many times would we go to see a picture? Possibly once a month. More than that—there are pictures that are not worth the price we *now* pay. Many actors and actresses are not worth seeing at any price.

The idea of paying children a million a year is preposterous. We can find Baby Peggys and Jackie Coogans by the thousand. What's the matter with the people, anyway? It is not the producers that really pay these salaries. It is *we*, the fans, the public—the ultimate consumer—that foots the bill.

Although San José is not a large town, it is a good movie town. We have five theaters that show moving pictures, and I notice that the T and D theater, the theater that has a uniform price—week days, Sundays, and holidays—has by *far* the best attendance of any theater in town. As another illustration of what prices will do: When "Robin Hood" came to town they charged eighty-five cents admission, and, though it was rather a bum picture, it came back again and was shown at popular prices. There was more than ten who saw it the second time to one of those who saw it the first time.

When we consider that the average worker receives less than two hundred a month, it seems outrageous to pay any one, no matter how great, the enormous salary of four thousand a week. Let the producers cut those inflated, enormous salaries to a reasonable amount and then they won't have to raise the price of admission, and still make money.

I always did *hate* to see anybody hog the pot just because they could. Hoping the producers will come to their senses, I am

DADDY WILL EVANS.
397 West San Carlos Street, San José, Calif.

From a Thoughtful Fan.

All the fans seem to be discussing the query, "What's wrong with the movies?" Naturally some things are imperfect as with everything under the sun, but there is always progress and improvement, although we may not notice the last, except when comparing earlier days with the present time. I imagine that what causes the discussion is the fact that fan audiences are, like myself, growing up, losing the capacity for crushes, for great enthusiasm, and becoming daily more critical.

Recently I saw "Ashes of Vengeance." Four years ago it would have made an impression lasting some weeks, now it was almost forgotten in a day or two. And yet I remember quite clearly an incident in "Merry-go-Round," which I saw three months ago. It is the scene in which George Hackathorne, as the Viennese hunchback, sacrifices his life happiness for another. Those liquid eyes, melting with the pain of a tortured soul, are unforgetable. Once I had a dog which was killed by an automobile. It lay in the road, its ribs crushed in by the wheels. I spoke to it, and, though it was dying, it raised its head, looked at me, and feebly tried to wag its tail. The two incidents are linked for me, although one was only make-believe.

Norma Talmadge has always been one of my favorites, ranking with the Gishes, Wallace Reid, and Richard Barthelmess, but lately her pictures do not take me out of myself. She is lovelier, better dressed, richer, and probably more contented than in the old days, but she seems to have lost the dramatic fire she once had. If it was genuine, and I think it was, she must still possess it. I would like to make her angry enough to delve down through the layers formed by success and show us that she *can* be the foremost dramatic actress of the screen, as Pauline Frederick once was. At present Leatrice Joy and Pola Negri come nearest to that position in one fan's opinion.

One of the reasons why PICTURE-PLAY seems to me the best screen magazine is because it is always ready, anxious, indeed, to welcome struggling newcomers. Of the number mentioned by Edwin Schallert, I am most interested in Dorothy Mackaill and Jetta Goudal, Mary Philbin, and Clara Bow. The last because of the tiny part she played in "Down to the Sea in Ships." The other three appeal to me because of a personal preference for their type, the oval-faced, slim-necked, wistful type as opposed to the chocolate-box, calendar type of which Helene Chadwick and May McAvoy are such pretty examples—in other words, the W. T. Benda type as opposed to the collective type of all the other magazine illustrators.

Will some one please tell me if Colleen Moore is a genuine star, or a publicity-made one? I seem to hear, see, and read a lot about her, not half of which is justified, so far as I can see, as to me she is neither exceptionally pretty, nor an exceptionally clever actress. She seems to have easily aroused emotions and is not colorless, but I think she lacks the subtle, restrained touch of the true artist.

If any producer is looking for a new star, how about Dorothy Devore, who has done such excellent work in two-reel comedies? She is pretty and clever, piquant, sparkling, yet demure. I would certainly like to see her in light comedy dramas, and I feel sure that many others have the

Continued on page 14

Waist and Hips Reduced With New Girdle

Worn Instead of Stiff Corsets

Makes you look inches thinner the moment you put it on and actually removes fat all the while you wear it. Dieting, Exercise, Pills and Self-Denials unnecessary.

NO matter how large your waist or how bulging your hips—no matter how many other methods have failed to reduce your excess flesh—here at last is a remarkable new flexible girdle that is guaranteed to improve your appearance at once and to reduce your waist and hips "almost while you wait!"

No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who want to look youthfully slender again. For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful. The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

Actually Reduces Fat Quickly—Pleasantly

Think of it—no more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets! The Madame X Reducing Girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on you look inches thinner! And best of all, it actually makes fat vanish with marvelous rapidity—while you walk, play, work or sleep—and yet does it so gently you hardly know you are wearing it.

Can Be Worn as a Corset All Day Long

Don't confuse the Madame X Reducing Girdle with ordinary belts or stiff corsets. It's radically different! It doesn't merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slender—it actually takes off flesh—gently, pleasantly, surely. Can be worn all day instead of a stiff corset and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines! At last you can wear all the stylish clothes you want without worrying about your figure.

Produces Same Results as an Expert Masseur

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. Made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarments. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

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Improves your appearance instantly—works for you constantly every second of the day to reduce your excess fat.

Makes You Look and Feel Years Younger

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

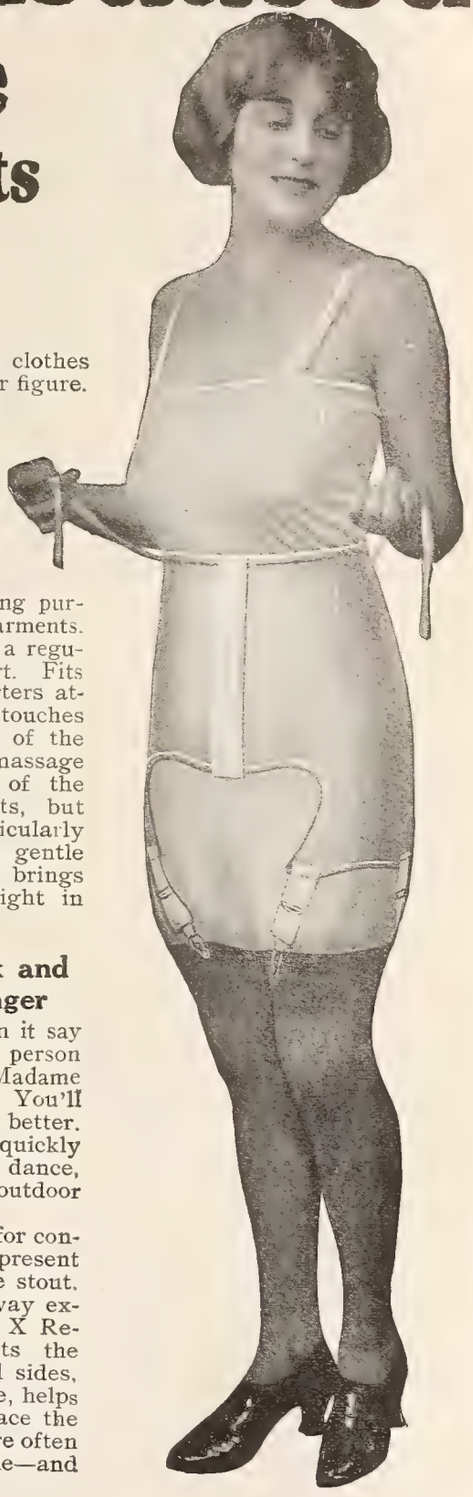
Many say it is fine for constipation, which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

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Try it and note how the lustre of your hair will be restored; also how wonderfully soft it will feel in your fingers!

COCO-HENNA is absolutely harmless and will not effect the slightest variation in the color of your hair! It forms a rich, creamy lather that rinses out quickly, without effort.

With COCO-HENNA you will be able to comb your hair immediately after shampooing, with ease, as it leaves it soft and fluffy.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

same desire. Betty Francisco always plays her small and often unsympathetic parts well. Isn't she about due for promotion? STELLA MEADE.

Suite 4, 168 Eighteenth Avenue W,
Vancouver, B C., Canada.

No Word is Good Enough for Norma!

After reading Ruth B. Watson's one-word opinions of a few actors and actresses in the March issue of PICTURE-PLAY, I felt indignant because she called Norma Talmadge "lovely." Why, Miss Talmadge deserves a much better word than *that!*

I think "wonderful" would be better, but that isn't even as good as it should be. I have seen the "Song of Love," with Norma Talmadge, three times, and would enjoy seeing it again. Her actions are full of expression, and she sure can dance. If her next play is half as good as the "Song of Love" I will be satisfied.

GERTRUDE KARLSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Still Holding the Fort in Defense of Realism.

In the January number of your ever interesting PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE you devoted some space to my letter, and I was exceedingly flattered at first. But what grief I brought down upon myself—how far reaching have been the effects of my innocent remarks.

My life has been threatened by flappers from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. As a result I have received as many letters as if I were a hero in the fillums. The postman on my beat had to hire an assistant, and I a secretary.

All of this because I had the temerity to fleck the dust off a few idols. My worst crime, it appears, was in saying that Norma Talmadge was now the "well-fed Mrs. Schenck." If Norma ever runs for president I'm sure she can easily be elected by the rising flapper and flipper vote. They are so avidly for her that she could cause a rebellion in the national cake eaters' union by a mere nod of her lovely head.

I said further that I like the stars who thumb their noses at the public. Susie Wertsteiner, of Alhambra, Nebraska, has blood in her eye over that remark. She can't stand to hear of an actor divorcing, gambling, shooting, or petting. Mr. Hallowell Righteous, of Punkin Center, Iowa, upbraids me and says that Heaven is on his side, because I asked for realism in pictures. He asserts that people like me—flippant and rich—I don't know who told him I was rich—should not be allowed to go to shows, much less voice an opinion of them. Our "poisonous worldly influence" should be removed from the young and the tender old people.

Well, as a result of all this vitriolic abuse that has inundated me, I have had to change my address and hike to the tall timbers to escape being bombed or kissed by a hot brick.

Yet I am neither defeated nor overcome by this intimidation. I hereby tell all the Susies that I would rather see Barbara La Marr, Pola Negri, Mabel Normand, and Pearl White than all the ingénues in Hollywood. I don't care if the young women mentioned shoot baby lambs for sport and caress people with carving knives. *I like 'em.*

Furthermore, I still maintain my stand for realism. "A Woman of Paris," "Anna Christie," and "The Marriage Circle" are worth a hundred "In the Palace of the King" and "The Dangerous Maid" sort. By realism *I do not mean unpleasantness.* Gayety can be just as realistic as gloom if treated right. Witness Cruze's "To the Ladies," for example.

The principal thing is to have the pictures approximate life or experience, whatever it be. People will come to see that every picture has a different appeal, and will be able to be more discriminating in their choice of a show. There are certain books, plays, and pictures that have an injurious effect upon younger people who fail to interpret the real thought correctly. These same books and pictures if seen by an adult will convey a profound lesson.

The day "Anna Christie" comes to town Mr. Righteous should trot little Mary and Johnny off to the Orpheum to see the clog dancers and trained seals perform. This picture is only for those mentally past the eighth grade, for it is true and vigorous. If Mr. Righteous is shocked when Miss Blanche Sweet enters the saloon a little worse for wear, the best thing for him to do is to rush down and join the kiddies at the vaudeville show.

PICTURE-PLAY is a fine magazine in all respects but one. There is too much printed about the "baby stars," "Our Girl's Club," and "The Regulars' Club." If those young ladies want to organize into cliques, it's their business, but of scant interest to most of your readers, I'm sure They are so very sweet and *very* simple on the screen, and their interviews are so vapid that one is moved to wish that some time they will burn their fudge or be otherwise disgraced.

If you must go on publishing stories about these young women, use your influence to have them pledge Gloria Swanson, Mae Busch, Mabel Normand, Connie Talmadge, and by all means Nita Naldi. I bet a horsehair sofa against a cast-iron toothpick that this irreverent bunch could think of something more exciting to do than pull taffy, or play puss in the corner.

Three cheers at the news that Barthelmess and McAvoy are to make "The Enchanted Cottage." They will excel, I know. And Glenn Hunter will be splendid as *Amory* in "This Side of Paradise." It's fortunate that Barthelmess and Lillian Gish are to make the original legend of "Romeo and Juliet" instead of Shakespeare's version. They will not invite any invidious comparisons by the Jane Cowl and Barrymore followers. We have some good pictures to anticipate.

I hereby retract my criticism of Paramount. They are going to give Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, and Gloria Swanson some great opportunities with "Shadows of Paris," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and "The Humming Bird" respectively. Now if they will only reissue "Sentimental Tommy" and the Wallace Reid-Elsie Ferguson version of "Forever" I shall not be captious again.

EDWARD LEE SEAY.

3300 West Sixty-third Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

A Star in a New Setting.

On January 31, 1924, I and about seven hundred persons had the pleasure of a close-up of Marion Davies, at a graduation of a high school in West New York, New Jersey.

Marion did not look like a movie queen at all. She wore the plainest dress, of

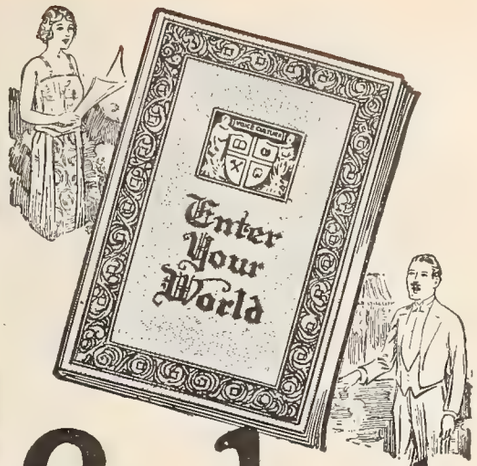
Continued on page 112

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Until you read this book, you have no conception of the possibilities of your own voice. Even though you do not sing, this book tells how you can develop a strong, rich singing voice. If you are interested in public speaking or only in improving your voice for social or business uses, this book tells many things you should know. All who suffer from stammering, stuttering, or other vocal defect will find here promise of relief.

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To those who still cling to old theories of voice production, this book will bring an array of new and astounding facts, proved by the latest scientific discoveries. And to those who have failed to progress under old methods of voice culture this book will bring revived hope.

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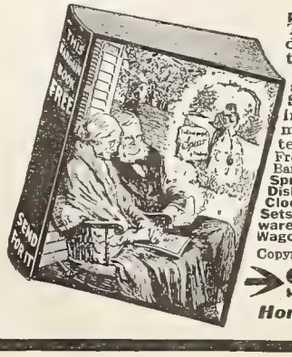
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XX MAY, 1924 No. 3



Photo by C. S. Warrington

The magic carpet carries *The Thief of Bagdad* and his *princess,* played by Douglas Fairbanks and Julanne Johnston, over the spires of the mysterious city and far away.



In the vast halls and on the great staircase of the palace, the stiff brocaded figures move like tiny dolls.

The Setting for Rudolph's Return

The gorgeous court atmosphere of Louis XV. of France, and all the tender whimsicality and sentiment of Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" are being brought to life in the picture that marks Rudolph Valentino's return to the screen.

By Barbara Little



Photo by Russell Ball

People may be weary of costume pictures—may even have sworn off them—but the prospect of seeing Rudolph Valentino as MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE *is apt to prove irresistible.*

THE ladies of the court, motionless as dolls in their stiff brocades, statuesque in their high-cascaded powdered wigs, stood idly about the room, frankly bored, but ready at a moment's notice to murmur polite compliments when the *Queen* had finished working on her painting. Soft-singing violins and the throb of a harp followed the stately measures of a minuet in the distance. A courtly cavalier guided the *Queen's* hand at her work, but glanced languishingly at the beauty behind her. All was quiet, and dignity—and boredom, until the wide doors of the reception room were thrown open and in strode the *Duke d'Orleans* with his attendants.



Flora Finch, too long absent from the screen, plays the DUCHESS DE MONTMORENCY, *chief gossip of the court.*

"Doesn't Rudy look marvelous?" a girlish voice announced, breaking the spell of the French scene before us and bringing us back abruptly from the romantic year 1745 to the more prosaic 1924. All agreed with her.

But though the *Duke* must have heard her, his composure was unruffled. He advanced, saluted the *Queen* and departed with the more seductive *Princess de Bourbon-Conti.*

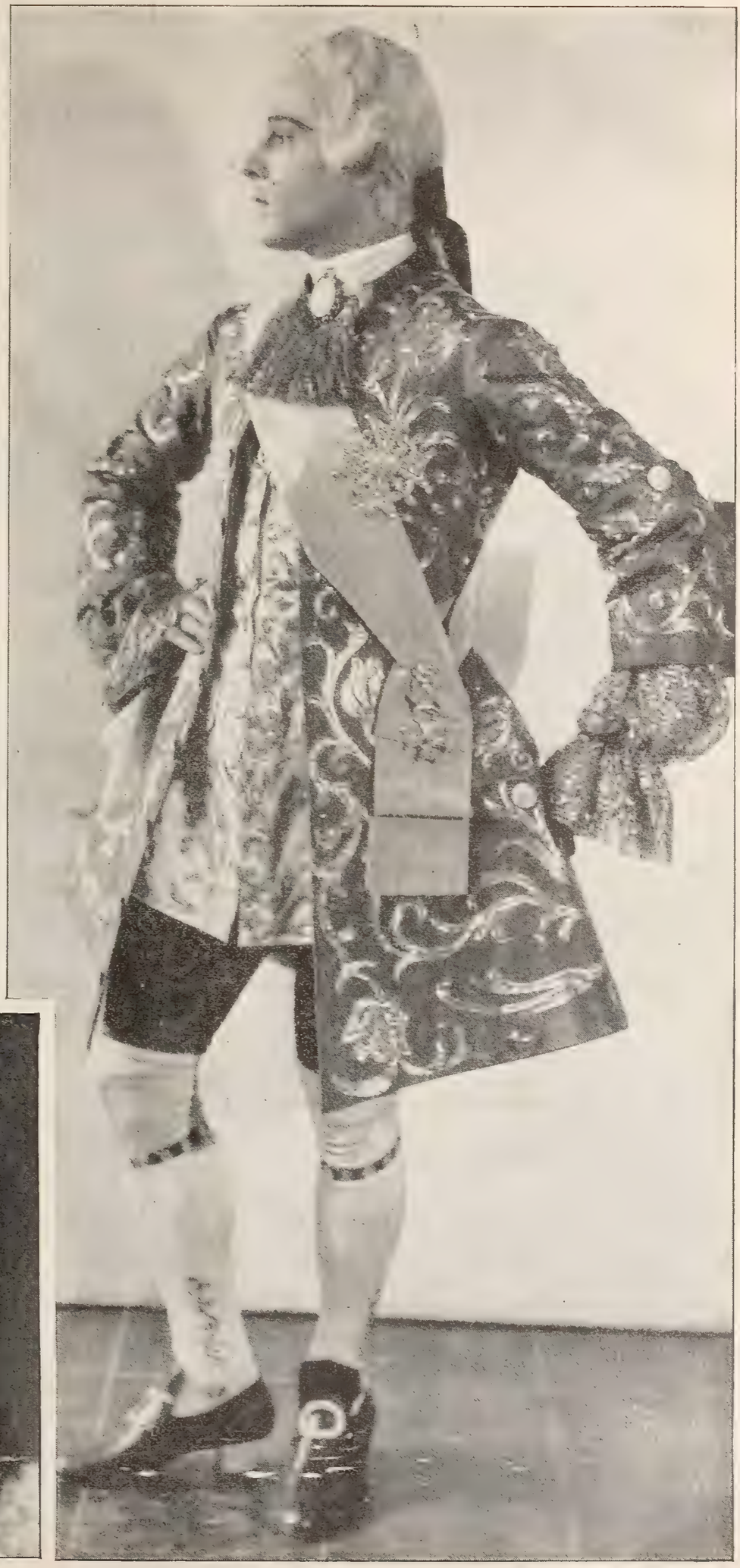
The fourth or fifth time this little scene had been enacted, the spectators ex-

hausted their adjectives for Rudolph Valentino and noticed that Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels also were looking unusually well. Lois, as the unhappy *Queen* and Bebe as the *Princess de Bourbon-Conti*, graced their exquisite brocades and powdered wigs with a majestic hauteur. In the background, beautiful Betty Carsdale of the "Ziegfeld Follies" languidly fanned herself with a wisp of lace handkerchief and exchanged pleasantries with Yvonne Hughes, another beauty well known to the New York footlights. On the side lines, Paulette Du Val, a favorite in Paris, who will appear in the picture as *Pompadour*, chatted with Mrs. Valentino.

Never before, I believe, have such gorgeous costumes been used in a motion picture. Designed by George Barbier, a French illustrator, and fashioned in Paris of wondrously beautiful fabrics, they are a sheer delight to the eye. If there is any girl who will not be drawn to the theater by the magic name of Valentino, these costumes will get her. When you see "Monsieur Beaucaire," you will see what his idea of a picture really is, for the entire production is being supervised by him and his wife.

Probably no cavalier on the stage in the rôle of MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE *ever graced the brocades and satins of the period with more distinction than Rudolph Valentino.*

Photo by Russell Ball



Bebe Daniels plays the lovely PRINCESS DE BOURBON-CONTI.

Photo by Russell Ball

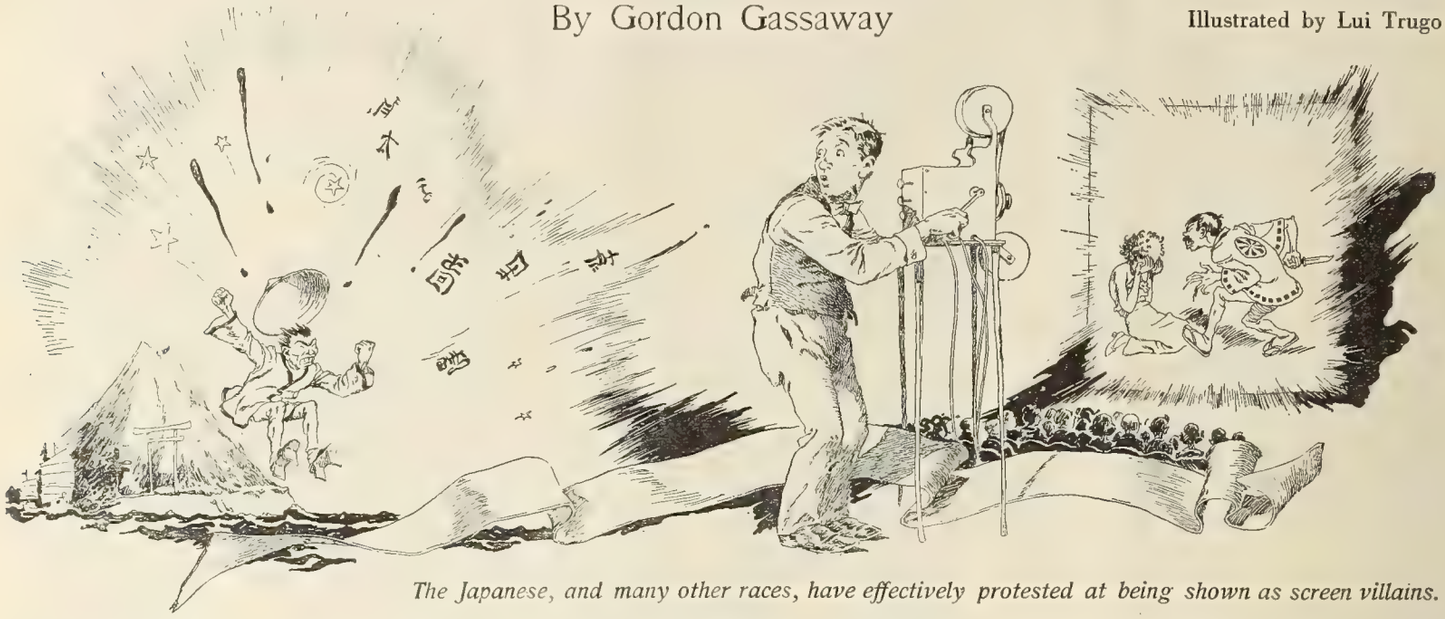


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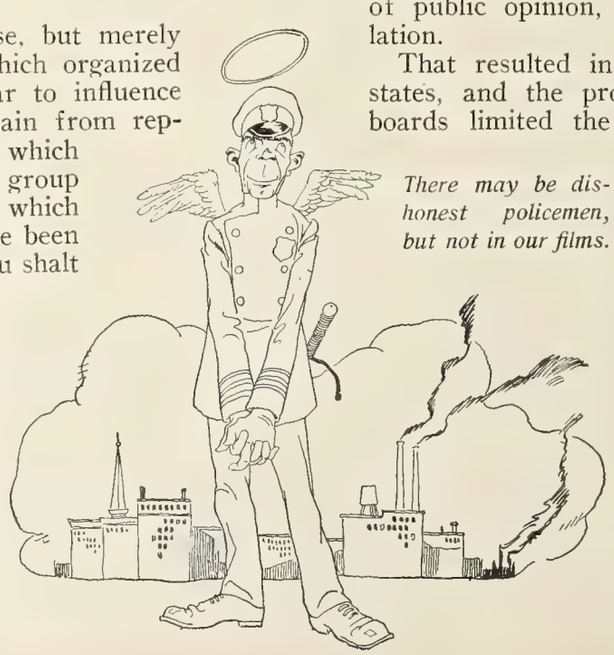
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For this is not an isolated case, but merely one of a long list of cases in which organized pressure has been brought to bear to influence the producers of pictures to refrain from representing on the screen situations which would be distasteful to some large group of persons. These prohibitions, which did not exist a few years ago, have been increasing until, added to the "Thou shalt nots" of the censors, the producers find themselves listening to so many "dont's" that they sometimes wonder what they can "do!"

There are two reasons for these prohibitions. The first is the growing tendency throughout our modern civilization for groups to organize for the furtherance of their own ends and for the preventing of other persons from doing things distasteful to the said group. Whether it is right or wrong—whether we like it or not—we only have to look back a few years to recognize that we find more restrictions on every hand. Why, there are cities in the Northwest where the newspapers do not dare refer to a local blizzard. Blizzards may occur in neighboring states—but not at home! The chamber of commerce, having decided that references to blizzards might be injurious to the city, pressure is brought to bear on the papers, and the papers wisely comply. In other cities the papers do not mention earthquakes in connection with local seismic disturbances. And for the same reason. Organized protest! One of the most powerful things in the world.

Another reason is that motion pictures have become, of late years, so great a factor in our modern life. When they existed only as a cheap amusement no one paid much attention to them. But as they began to expand public interest began to turn their way, and public opinion—or at least a certain organized portion of public opinion, began to demand their regulation.

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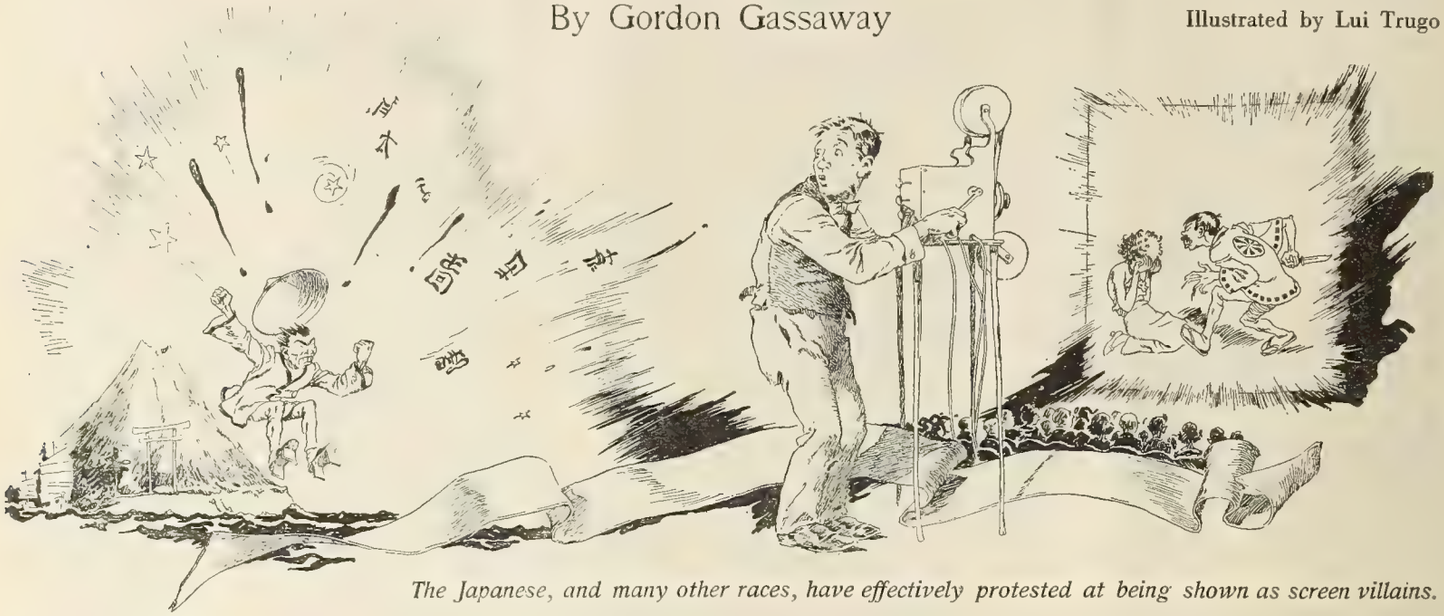


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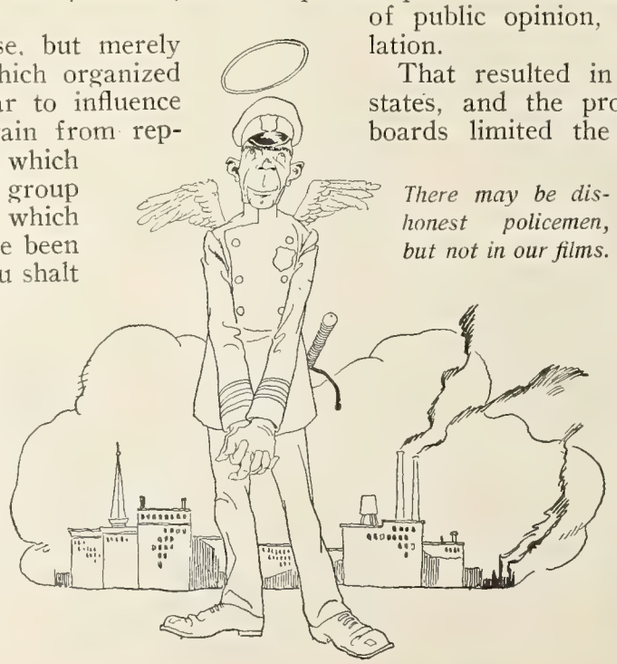
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ject too touchy to be contemplated, as does the showing of capital in any guise, and scenario editors actually rend their hair when they are forced to reject an otherwise good story because it depends for its punch upon a strike or a clash between Mr. Capital and Mr. Labor.

Just what the religious complex is in picture making can be best shown perhaps by the example of a legitimate play now running to crowded houses in New York. This play derives its kick from a clash of wills between a young woman of doubtful morals and a minister of the gospel serving as a missionary in the South Seas. The young lady indulges in some not very respectful remarks about the missionary's religious convictions which are leading him to secure her deportation back to the United States. There she must inevitably be arrested on a false charge and do penance in a penitentiary for sins he suspects her of, apart from the false charge, even though she promises to be good if let alone on her South Sea island.

So far, no movie producer has purchased the rights to this popular play despite the well-known eagerness of the movies to screen every popular stage hit. And it isn't because the price is prohibitive—it is merely that they are afraid of the religious tirades which might result. The stage producers, because of the long run given the play, have had time to overcome the objections by the clergy by skillful explanations, but in the case of the movies, where a film may be shown for only three days, or at best for a week in a majority of towns, they are afraid that they would not have time to prepare the public for the reception of so debatable a theme. If this theme, and others like it, is objectionable to the churches, and the churches have indicated that it is, then off the screen it stays.

Religion as a general subject for screen use is not forbidden, of course. Many successful and beautiful pictures have gotten by the thou-shalt-nots of the churches—notably "The Christian." I am only pointing out that the church is a very real factor in curtailing picture production—and it probably is a very good thing at that.

Before the Ku-Klux got to kluxing so clannily, D. W. Griffith made a huge success out of "The Clansman," known on the screen as "The Birth of a Nation." But it would be dangerous, I am told, to attempt to show the Klan of to-day.

Motion-picture makers aren't quite sure about the American Legion. They haven't forgotten what happened in Los Angeles when the German film "Dr. Caligari" was shown there. At that time a crowd representing itself as standing for the Legion mobbed the theater showing the picture and secured the removal of the film. This threw a scare into the producers so far as monkeying with the American Legion is concerned, and they have avoided mentioning it ever since.

In line with the minor threads of this web being woven about the activities of the human race, and especially in regard to the movies, are the don't-you-dares concerning police departments, history, the newer generation, specific communities, traveling salesmen, the Negro question in the South, and prohibition.

Nowadays, so far as motion pictures are concerned, no cop is ever anything but upright, just and pure. There has sprung into being among the studios, as the result of so many objections from police departments about kidding the cops, an unwritten law that corruption shall not be shown as lurking in any police station. Perhaps the ruthless slapstick comedies, with their hordes of stumbling patrolmen, have brought this about. It is very likely.

There has been a sort of reverse English, in billiard terms, on the case of the flappers and flippers in pictures. Objections have been raised to showing the younger generation as anything but fast, furious, and fastidious. What the Gerry Society did for the stage in keeping children off it, has been done for the pictures by an unidentified cult which has fostered the idea that the youth of the nation is going a pretty swift pace.

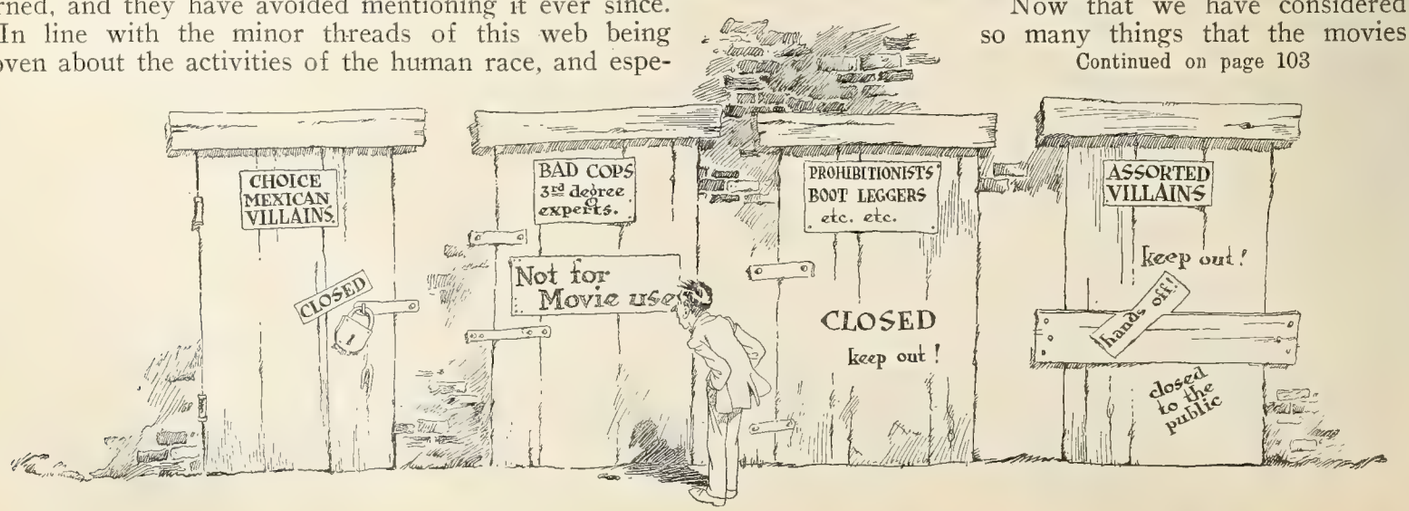
Quite recently a group of traveling salesmen, getting their heads together somewhere, expressed a request that the movies would please not show any of their profession as having villainous instincts. In this they joined with doctors, lawyers, and dentists who likewise have from time to time appealed to the pictures to keep their professions neat and clean on the screen. One wonders where our future villains will come from, with all these objectors bobbing up!

In the filming of stories where a definite community is written about and must be reproduced for motion-picture purposes, great care has to be exercised not to tread on the toes of the members of that certain community. In cases such as this the community itself becomes a vibrant don't-you-dare factor—insomuch as any misrepresentations might be going on. It is another thread in the web of confinement to the movies which is closely tied up with the question of historical inhibition. At the present moment, the producers of "The Covered Wagon" are being sued by the granddaughter of Jim Bridger, a historical character represented in the picture—or rather misrepresented—according to the granddaughter.

Any scenario dealing with Negroes must be handled with gloves. There are the Southern States to be considered. Prohibition is too new and vital a subject as yet to be either condoned or condemned in pictures, so they let it alone—on account of public opinion. Just as public opinion governs the actions of politicians—and most all of us to some extent—so is it a powerful molder of motion-picture policy and one of its sternest censors. The producers watch it very closely.

Now that we have considered so many things that the movies

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The mayor and the chief of police came down to meet the trains and the streets were thronged with people who came to see the stars.

Hollywood's Biggest Party

The fact that it was held in San Francisco and not in Hollywood made it no less a Hollywood affair, for the publicity men who gave the party are the men who have made Hollywood what it is to-day.

By Myrtle Gebhart

ALL aboard the Wampas Special for San Francisco!" bellowed the train announcer. The station resounded with medleyed shouts, the bustle of dispatching the three special trains which were to carry five hundred movie players and directors to Frisco for the publicity-men's annual frolic, the hegira having been decided upon when the blue-law reform elements in Los Angeles threatened interference with filmdom's one big play event of the year.

Such excitement!

"Movie stars?" Signor Bull Montana grunted. "Act like keeds to a circus. Me, I got-a dignity. See my high-a hat?" Alas, how could one miss it!

Even the statuesque Pola, in her newly achieved affability, radiated a glow, scurrying to a drawing-room with Kathlyn Williams. Viola Dana and sister Shirley Mason, Vi negotiating the steps with difficulty owing to the long and very tight harem skirt of her blue traveling frock. Bebe Daniels and Priscilla Dean together, Norman Kerry and Hoot Gibson. Buster Keaton with mournful face wailing because he couldn't go—Natalie wasn't well and he wouldn't leave her. The beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson, stunning in a suit of moleskin, carrying a snappy long black cane. Incidentally, Anna Q. proved the most popular star of the caravan.

Helen Ferguson, Lillian Rich and I spilled our bags and boxes in our compartment, with Helen guarding Bill's roses against crushing. In the next compartment, ears pointed, eyes glistening, were quartered Mr. and Mrs. Strongheart, the latter known professionally as Lady Jule.

Shrill whistles, final shouts. We were off! Up and down the coaches, such a gay spirit of camaraderie everywhere, an anticipatory thrill for this three-day pleasure jaunt. In the diner, everybody ordering a "Wampas Special" and rewarding the harried Wampi with sarcastic comments when the dish proved to be tomatoes stuffed with shrimps. Chatter, everybody talking at once and nobody listening to anybody. Nobody slept much that night because Norman, in the high key of good spirits, insisted upon warbling, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," just as if we didn't know it!

That refrain met us when our three trains pulled in abreast next morning at the Frisco station, blared forth by a brass band. The mayor and chief of police presented Fred Niblo, master of ceremonies, with the gold key to the city. Wampi so dolled up in trick morning coats we thought them at first misplaced members of the Cabinet.

Crowds of San Franciscans eager for a glimpse of the stars. News camera men filming the players individually and collectively. Parade in seventy cars through streets packed with people, hundreds leaning precariously out of office windows, perching even upon smokestacks, cheering. Nine times out of ten they erred in their greetings—which Anna Q. smilingly suggested might be good for any actor suffering from conceit.

"Hey, Bebe!" they welcomed Estelle Taylor. "Hi, Tom Mix—naw, it's Hoot Gibson!"—and Jack Hoxie obligingly waved his sombrero. The climax came when our car was surrounded by a bevy of gushing beauties, begging "Conrad Nagel, please give us a kiss!" and Arthur Hagerman, long, lean, lanky publicity man, who bears only the most vague resemblance to Conrad, rose to the occasion gallantly.

Luncheons, sightseeing tours, the city in holiday dress. Truly, that gold key had magic qualities and was no "prop," for no king or president ever was accorded such an ovation as were those stars of the screen.

Evening, a scurry of dressing. Helen frantically demanding my curling iron, me raiding Vi Dana's bags

GLORIA SWANSON

has become one of the most interesting persons on the screen, and since she has come to New York her fascination has greatly increased, thanks to her new experiences, acquaintances, and surroundings.

Leland Hayward, whose acquaintance with the stars is not that of the casual interviewer, but that of an intimate acquaintance, has written an impression of the new Gloria, the Gloria of the New York setting, which we shall print in our next issue. In it he tells about her parties, her receptions, of the distinguished persons he has met at her home, and of the places of public entertainment which she frequents. It is one of the most interesting personality sketches we have ever had the pleasure of publishing.



Here are seven of the thirteen baby stars who were selected by the Wampas.

for a pair of hose, the hotel packed, the streets jammed, while cars whisked us to the Auditorium.

Outside, a blaze of lights, their rays piercing the sky in waves of white. Inside the vast hall boxes ranged the semicircular floor on which were packed twenty thousand people, making dancing, as Helen pointed out, not a matter of movement but merely one of anchoring to your partner and hanging on. In the balcony, hundreds of fans, cheering favorites.

Of the program acts, Ben Turpin's humorous antics were awarded the biggest "hand" by enthusiastic Friscans. Pola Negri danced out on the stage in her *Du Barry* costume, carrying a mammoth hat box. Carmel Myers, gowned in orange velvet with silver bodice, sang, quite winning all hearts. Lew Cody's monologue proved a happy choice for the girl fans. Larry Semon's "nut stuff" and Bull Montana's boxing act caused rapturous giggles. Vi and Shirley Mason travestied the famous dance of Valentino and his wife—but you have to see the impish Vi all gotten up as a Spanish cavalier to appreciate her drollery. Dancers twirled on nimble toes, with the Belcher Ballet, in which the first crop of baby stars participated, an exquisite finale to the program.

Played upon by multicolored lights that rainbowed like dawn vapor over their foamy chiffons, the thirteen baby stars of 1924 were presented—girls of promise selected each year by the Wampas. Carmelita Geraghty—the languorous Spanish beauty of her belied by the Irish twinkle in her eyes. Margaret Morris—cool and pleasant as a water color. Clara Bow—short, red hair bristling with the fire of a tropic sunset, a frame for her excited little face. Lucille Ricksen—a tiny golden flower girl.

Dorothy Mackaill—of a breath-taking loveliness. Julanne Johnston, self-contained, as is her wont. Blanche Mehaffey, a tiny replica of the auburn-haired mother watching proudly from a box. Ruth Hiatt in a swirl of chiffon, blond and petite, dimpling despite her too-tight slippers. Alberta Vaughn, Vera Stedman, Elinor Fair, Gloria Grey and Hazel Keener—all atune with eager eyes to the moment's thrill, all half-incoherent with excitement.

But a fillip, their introduction, to the presentation of the more famous players that followed. Thousands of voices rose as one by one the stars stepped down the keys of a big typewriter, laved by brilliant lights: Barbara La Marr, regal in white satin and pearls. Pola Negri's black hair with its pearl headdress shining above her ermine coat. Viola Dana, a fluffy ruffle of golden skirts; Agnes Ayres wrapped in a gorgeous ivory, scarlet-embroidered shawl, her blond hair drawn straight across her brow in a coiffure of striking simplicity.

Bebe Daniels, in white chiffon; Estelle Taylor, her robes of crystals draping her in opalescent loveliness, Wanda Hawley in white satin and pearls. Exquisite little Marguerite de la Motte of the red-gold hair and the topaz eyes, tired but game. Bill Hart, in Western garb, waving his hat to cheering throngs—Bill had endeared himself to Frisco by a big spread for all the employees of the hotel and their folks. Lillian Rich in the fur clothes of the Far North, leading Strongheart and Lady Jule, who barked their greetings from the typewriter keys.

By the fans' hand clapping were favorites easily catalogued, the greatest applause going to Anna Q. Nilsson and Priscilla Dean, to Bull Montana, Lew Cody, Ben Turpin, Gene O'Brien and Francis X. Bushman. But each received his share—Tony Moreno, Bill Russell, Johnny Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Syd Chaplin, Billy Haines, Warren Kerrigan, Norman Kerry, Ralph Lewis, Bill Duncan, Bill Desmond—oh, everybody was there.

Dancing then like phosphorescent fireflies, white throats encircled by chains of pearls, diamonds gleaming among marcel waves, the flower of Hollywood making merry, hand to hand with Frisco's folks.

After the ball—supper at Coffee Dan's, one of those

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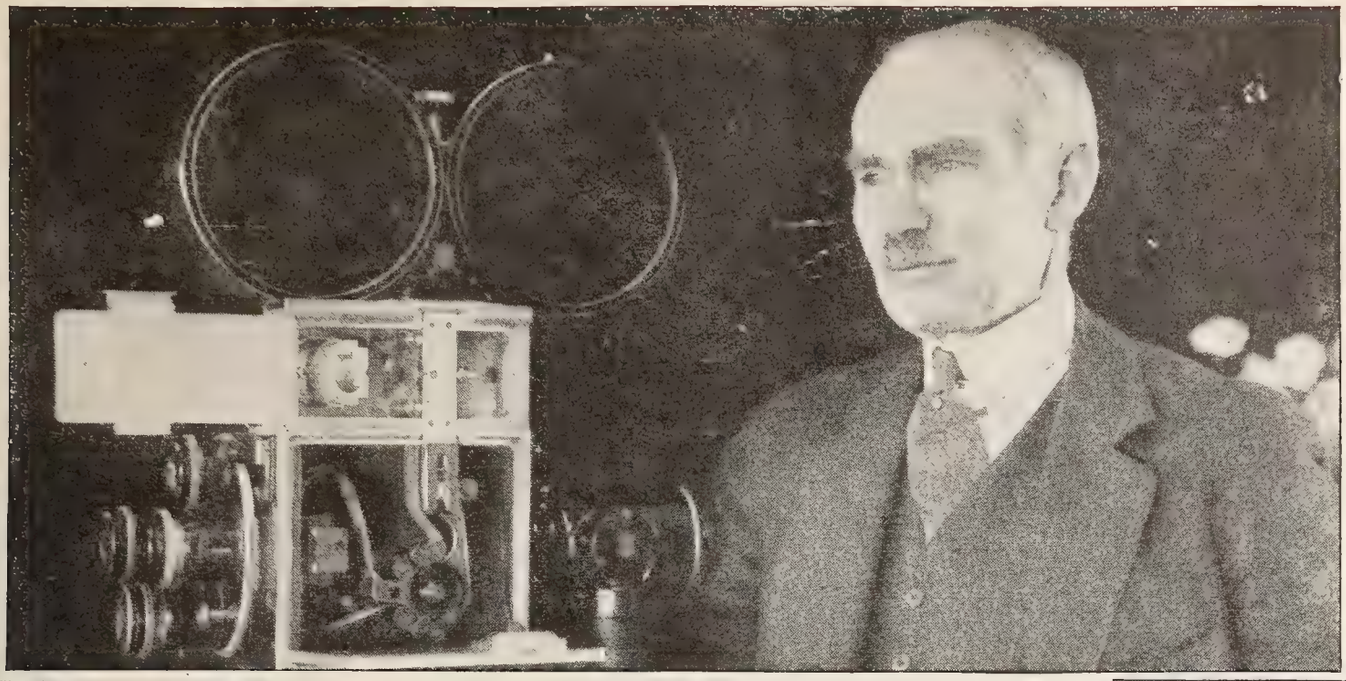


Photo by Paul Thompson — *Dr. Lee De Forest and his motion-picture camera equipped for making Phonofilms.*

The Movies Speak Up at Last

After many years of experimenting Dr. Lee De Forest has invented talking motion pictures in which the film literally does the talking.

By Barbara Little

AT last it has come—the motion picture that talks, sings, and reproduces sound of all sorts. For years inventors have been experimenting with various devices for synchronizing phonograph records with motion pictures, but it remained for Doctor Lee De Forest, the wireless telegraph expert, to make the motion pictures themselves *actually do the talking.*

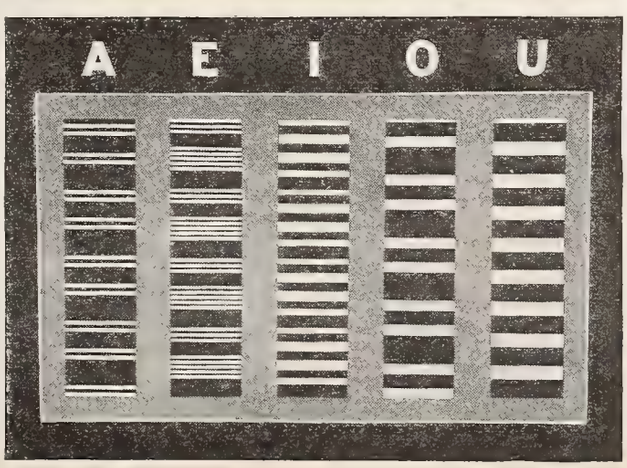
Doctor De Forest is the inventor of the Phonofilm, which records pictures and sound waves on the same strip of film, as illustrated in the film clipping below. The sound record is on the margin of the film on a strip about three-thirty seconds of an inch wide. When this film is projected on the screen the players talk, sing, and play musical instruments quite naturally. At the Rivoli Theater in New York several of these have been shown, including dance numbers wherein the musical accompaniment was recorded on the film, scenes from several operas, orchestral numbers, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address enacted by Frank McGlyn. The earliest Phonofilms shown were accompanied by an unpleasant scraping sound quite as the first phonographs were, but now much of this fault has been eliminated.

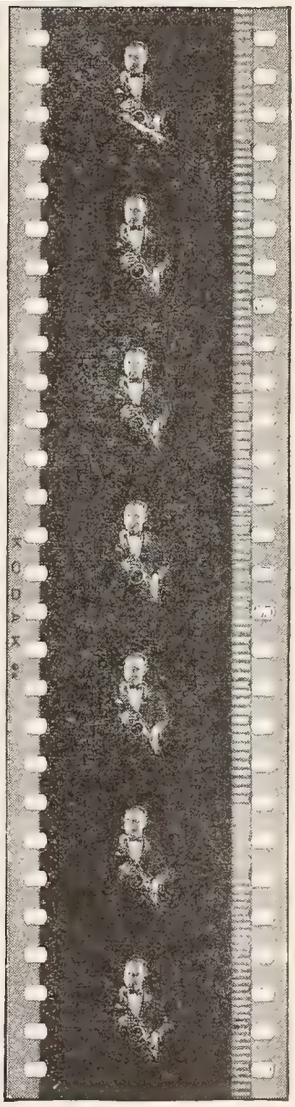
Doctor De Forest explains his marvelous invention in this way:

"An especially designed gas-filled lamp, called the Photion light, is inserted in the moving-picture camera a short distance away from the usual objective lens. The light from this Photion tube passes through an extremely narrow slit and falls directly upon one margin of the film. The margin is screened from the picture itself so that only the light from the Photion falls upon it. The film is driven continuously with an even speed in front of this narrow slit, but with the usual step-by-step motion in front of the picture aperture.

"Now the light in the Photion tube is generated by the electric current which is passing through the gas enclosed therein. The intensity of the light depends on the intensity of the electric current. Therefore, if a powerful telephonic current is passed through the Photion the light emitted varies exactly in accordance with the strength of the telephonic current at any instant. The light, therefore, fluctuates in brightness hundreds of thousands of times a second in perfect rhythm with the telephonic current pulses, and

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Above is a strip of the film with the sound waves recorded on the right side. At the left is an enlargement of the way in which the vowel sounds register on the film.



The California real-estate advertisements have so completely hypnotized Pauline Garon that she is willing to give up a New York stage engagement in order to get back home. Photo by Pach Brothers

Over the

Films, fashions, friends, and film fan's tour of New York—

By The

DON'T interrupt me," Fanny ordered curtly when I finally located her in the farthermost corner of the Ritz, "I'm in the throes of composition. I'm still under the spell of the blinding array of jewels I saw at the opening of Marion Davies' picture last night and I am writing a song to be called 'Coming Through the Rhinestones.'"

"And I suppose you will dedicate it to the girl with the largest rock pile. Too bad Hope Hampton is away."

"Don't let that bother you," Fanny remarked airily. "There are plenty of other girls who look like a special jewelers' exhibit. It's a poor picture star who doesn't summon a waiter by jangling her diamond bracelets together. But let's drop the song. There is something I want you to help me with. I've a letter from a girl in boarding school up near Boston. She and her chum are coming to New York for three days during spring vacation and they want me to plan a film-fan's tour for them. They want to lunch where the picture stars go, shop where the smartest clothes are to be had, and see where Dick Barthelmess lives. And they want to 'learn all about the movie business!' Three days hardly seems enough in which to learn *all* about the movie business. But let's see——"

"The first day they should lunch at the Algonquin," I suggested, "because that is the old standby. If they are lucky they may see Thomas Meighan and Richard Barthelmess and Pauline Garon and Dagmar Godowsky. They can't miss Pauline, she is so tiny and so cute, and she wears an ermine jacquette and a tiny red hat and a long bright-colored collegiate scarf. Mabel and Hugo Ballin are likely to be there too."

"Yes," Fanny assented. "And the second day they ought to come here to the Ritz. They would have to come a little before one or they would never be able to get a table. I'll tell them to pick out the smartest-looking girl in the place and they can rest assured that that is Lilyan Tashman. They will recognize dozens of others."



Meanwhile, Dorothy Mackaill, exiled in Hollywood, clutches anxiously at every letter from New York and wishes she could see Fifth Avenue again.

Teacups

parties, to say nothing of a proposed all engage Fanny the Fan's attention.

Bystander

"And the third day," I announced lugubriously, "they might just as well go to the Astor and learn the worst about the film business."

"No," Fanny retorted. "To accomplish that they would first have to walk past the office building at 729 Seventh Avenue and hear the groups of film salesmen talking out on the curb."

"Then they ought to go up to Mother Ashton's to dinner. Just about every one from the Famous Players studio, and particularly Gloria Swanson, is likely to be there. And another night they ought to go to the Stage Door Inn on West Forty-seventh Street. They would love that. And for clothes"—Fanny warmed up to the subject and her words fairly tripped over one another in her excitement—"of course they should go to Frances and Madame Kahn and all the shops on Fifty-seventh Street——"

"Assuming, of course, that they are millionaires," I chimed in, in my crude, practical way.

"And they really should go to some of the big beauty shops and see how many survivals there are from the practices of the Spanish Inquisition that picture stars go through for the sake of looking young and fresh."

"And when they get all prettied up then I suppose they will go up and patrol the street where Dick Bathelmess lives——"

"Oh, yes, I must tell them that," Fanny admitted. "Well, isn't it lucky that Rudolph Valentino and Dick Barthelmess live in adjoining buildings? I'll tell them just to go to Central Park West and Sixty-seventh Street, keep an eye on the Hotel des Artistes and the Town House and perhaps they will see one of their idols."

"If they are so crazy about Dick Barthelmess," I offered, "they really ought to go to see his wife's show. She is darling in 'Mary Jane McKane.'"



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Marion Davies always gathers together a brilliant audience at her film premières and the opening of "Yolanda" lived up to the best of them.



Julanne Johnston really ought to come East for the opening of "The Thief of Bagdad" because every one predicts it will be a triumph for her.



Photo by Richard Burke

Little Una Merkle, whose profile bears a startling resemblance to Lillian Gish's, and who used to rehearse in mob scenes for her, is playing in the new De Forest phonofilms.

"And now that that is over"—Fanny sighed as though she had just finished something important—"we can give a thought to our own program. Life holds no brighter prospect for me than the party Universal is going to give down on the Bowery for the opening of Mary Philbin's Bowery picture, 'The Fool's Highway.'"

"That's what you said about the Valentino party in honor of shooting the first scene of 'Monsieur Beaucaire.'" I reminded her.

"You're so literal," was her comment. "And anyway that *was* an interesting party. The crowd gathered at the Famous Players offices on Fifth Avenue and drove over to the studio on Long Island just before noon. You never saw anything more gorgeous than the scene they were making. The costumes were designed by a Parisian artist and made of exquisite brocades, and even the extras in the very back of the scene were beauties. Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels both look stunning but they have terrific competition from the 'Follies' girls—Paulette Du Val, Betty Carsdale, Yvonne Hughes, and Dinarzode. Incidentally, Paulette Du Val has left the 'Follies' for pictures. She is going to play a big part in Valentino's next picture.

"Sidney Olcott offered to let two of the guests film the first fifty feet of the picture. Every one drew a slip out of a hat and the lucky ones who drew marked slips each turned the camera for a while. Then he had a fashion parade of the ladies-in-waiting at court. Dear old Flora Finch was one of them. It was so good to see her again I nearly cried——"

"You *would* get emotional——" I started, but Fanny rambled right on.

"And meanwhile the caterers had arrived with little tables and chafing dishes and ice-cream freezers and set up a regular little restaurant just outside the court of Louis XV. Lois and Bebe had to take their costumes off and come to luncheon in dressing gowns because the costumes are so heavy they cut into their shoulders. They put on just simple little kimonos and started out but Mr. Smith, the costume director, nearly had a fit. He said it would never do for the leading ladies to appear before members of the press in anything so plain. So he sent up to the costume department and got resplendent affairs of turquoise-blue chiffon velvet with white fur and a rose-colored chiffon tea gown trimmed with marabou and dressed the girls up like models in a Fifth Avenue window.

"After luncheon every one hung around the set and got in the way of the electricians and made a general nuisance of themselves. But Sidney Olcott has such a nice disposition he never complained.

"Aside from that," Fanny went on quite without any urging from me, "I feel as though I had been spending a quiet week with a tornado. Because of my magnificent abandonment to emotion at the first showing of 'The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln' the Rockett Brothers have invited me to go to Washington for the opening there and lead the crying in the audience. I am to have four or five seats scattered throughout the house and as soon as I have



Corinne Griffith has startled her friends with the announcement that after making only three more pictures she will retire.

one section crying, I am to move on to another. I went up to tell Alma Rubens about how I had been honored and incidentally to say good-by to her. She's gone to Hollywood, you know, to make 'Cytherea.' And you know how it is when Alma is going away anywhere. Everybody drops in to say farewell to her at once, the maids are all rushing around packing trunks, and between disposing of the dog, the canary bird, and the goldfish there is wild excitement. This time to complicate matters Mrs. Rubens decided that all of Alma's fan mail should be answered before she started to California, so we all turned to and addressed photo mailers. I nearly got thrown out because I *would* read some of the letters out loud. Alma thought it was disgraceful for her friends to be put to work, so she tried to distract us by doing dramatic recitations to the victrola. It is too bad that people who know Alma only on the screen can never know what a wonderful comedienne she is.

"And then Pauline Garon came to town to make 'Plaster Saints.' She says that she knows she is getting to be a personage at last because now when she comes to town the scandal papers call her up and want her to buy advertising to protect herself from getting slammed by them. Pauline told them that if they knew anything terrible about her to go ahead and print it, she'd be interested in reading it.

"Every time any one tries to interview Pauline she asks them please to mention 'The Regulars,' the new Hollywood girls' club. Virginia Brown Faire, the president, appointed



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Helene Chadwick came East for a vacation and instead of that she is making two pictures at once.

Pauline the Eastern publicity representative of The Regulars during her sojourn in New York and Pauline has taken the appointment very seriously—that is, if Pauline ever takes anything very seriously.

"She is playing a chorus girl in 'Plaster Saints,' and I supposed that of course she would pretend that she was taking dancing lessons every night and practising eight or ten hours every day in order to play the dancing scenes herself. But Pauline was frank as usual. 'I suppose they'll have a double do the dancing,' she admitted. 'Anyway, who am I to deprive a poor double of her work by learning to do everything myself?'

"Evidently the California real-estate promoters have completely hypnotized Pauline because she turned down a wonderful New York stage engagement in order to go back home. Life is funny——"

"Original observation!"

"Here is Pauline in New York wishing to get back to California and Dorothy Mackaill is out there languishing for a glimpse of New York. But Dorothy should be happy. She is making a picture for Frank Woods, and they are making it at the Pickfair stu-

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Rudolph Valentino and company, which means his wife, are hard at work on "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Photo by Lewis F. Nathan



One of the fanciful touches is Doug's battle with a dragon.

Fantasy Arrives on the Screen

And to Douglas Fairbanks goes the credit of having ventured a fortune on a type of production which no one else has ever attempted

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

IT is too dangerous—this living in Hollywood. Living in Hollywood inevitably makes one optimistic. The enthusiasm of the real estate salesmen who have driven frightened sheep from the dun hills that squat about Cahuenga Pass in order to subdivide the great outdoors, is not a bit funny to anybody in Hollywood. It is called vision.

Perhaps the general contagion has infected me. I fight against it as hard as I can, but I cannot rid myself of the idea that we are going to have better motion pictures. There are many evidences of this, but none more striking than one I have recently encountered.

The reader may perhaps recall how, in an article in the April issue of PICTURE-PLAY, I belabored my favorite whipping boy, accusing the movies of drab unoriginality and slavish imitation.

"Why don't they explore the realm of fantasy?" I demanded. "That is the place where the peculiar advantages of a camera can make of motion pictures a distinctive art."

Since writing that I have learned that the movies have done just this thing. And it took Doug Fairbanks—of all persons, bounding Douglas—to do it. From what I gathered during a three-hour tour of the sets used in "The Thief of Bagdad," to which William Cameron Menzies, his new art director, acted as guide and lecturer, Doug has done the job especially well. The realm of fantasy is just the realm for bounding Douglas anyway; and I was made sure by the bubbling enthusiasm of the art director that he gave this fantastical young man full rein.

Had it not been for the misguided defensive measures of Mark Larkin, satrap of publicity for the Commander of the Faithful and his golden-haired sultana, I would not be in the position of having to alibi myself for the previous article. I should have seen "The Thief of Bagdad" while it was being shot. But Mark reasoned:

"We're trying something *new* here. We're going into imaginative photography. Ryan probably would kid the whole idea. Or anyway he would up and tell the fans how all the trick stuff is worked. That fellow has an unreasonable flair for veracity. We'd better keep him out."

So instead he invited somebody to go out and write a story about how Julanne Johnston was really the daughter of an Arabian sheik, but had been kidnaped in her youth and brought up by missionaries in Milwaukee.

I daresay I shouldn't have got on the lot at all if it hadn't been for Kenneth Chamberlain, who made the drawings for this article. He went to art school in New York with Menzies, so he took me out and introduced me to the art director.

However, it all turned out for the best. We always hold this thought in Hollywood, you know. Optimism forever. It will all turn out for the best.

In this case it did. The tour conducted by Menzies, the art director, was a lot more instructive than one conducted by Mark, the publican, and I didn't have to promise to say anything about how Doug Fairbanks loves kiddies or how kind Mary is to movie extras and other helpless things.

Menzies won my sympathy right away when he con-

fided that "The Thief of Bagdad" is first of all a pure movie creation. It is not an adaptation of "The Arabian Nights," in spite of rumors to that effect. In the second place it is a truly imaginative affair in which anything may happen—and frequently does.

Score one for Doug. He wrote the continuity.

But he wrote it around the drawings which this art director Menzies devised. It was a great opportunity for the art director. A young man with imagination and a great medium, who had been struggling along with commercial art, is given a studio, materials, a substantial advance check and carte blanche. He could draw and design anything he wished. So he did.

The sets, built from designs by Menzies, are studied efforts to get as far away from realism as it is possible to fly on the wings of imagination. To get away from photography, even. Menzies strove for a pen-and-ink effect.

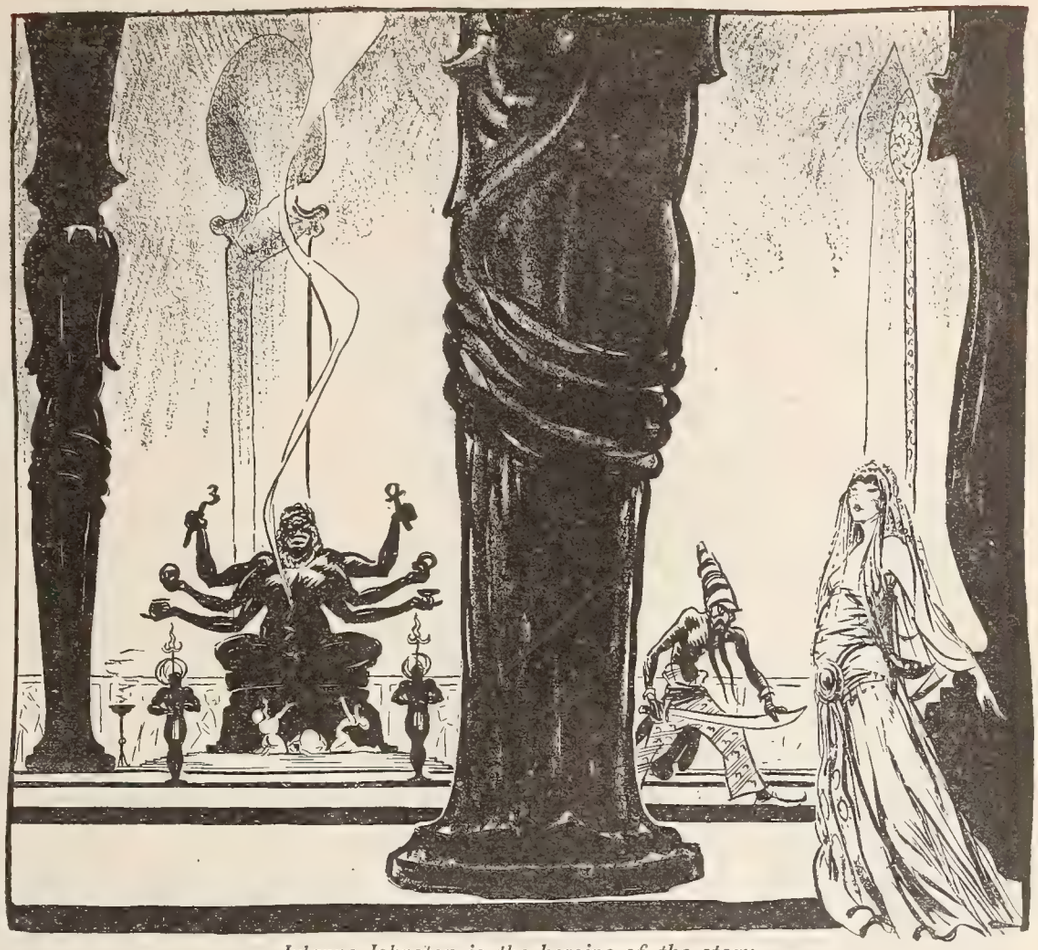
They are all black, white, silver—with here and there a touch of gold. Nothing is flat. Everything masses. And shadows.

How that enamored artist steeped his voluptuous soul in shadows! He built sets that were just intended to cast a shadow. Never used for anything else.

He painted trees black. He blackened the insides of arches to force the depth. He set crazy stairways revolving under frowning, overhanging walls. He laced white depths with dreamy balconies on which human ants might posture, casting other grotesque shadows—shadows that are reflected far below.

Menzies led me into a little street, latticed, vined, pillared and dormered to an inconceivable degree.

"Here we just played with shadows," said Menzies. "You can see what the result must have been. Costume? Bah! Walk through that set. You get a thousand penciled designs—different at every turn. It beats costume. See what we did to those posts? That gives the pen and ink effect we strove for. It will photograph like a drawing."



Julanne Johnston is the heroine of the story.



I followed this Mad Mullah of an artist out into a courtyard that rolled up and burst across the vision in a thousand billows. Domes, pointed towers, minarets—straight black lines, vast white expanses, keyhole arches of incredible depth, through which showed vistas ever renewed—a kaledioscope of dreams. Steps that went up in thousands to the clouds. An arch for Titans with a bridge for midges of men cutting through the center. And little black balconies that clung like birds' nests to the rearing cañon walls.

Everywhere this contrast—the little and the big. Everywhere the unreality, coupled with the human certainty, of a dream.

Here amid these walls of Bagdad—a Bagdad that existed only in Oriental fairy lore—here indeed might one expect action of the occult, the bizarre, the heedless, the monstrous, the impishly acrobatic.

Once I had been shocked and resentful when I saw Doug Fairbanks, grinning like an imp, slide down the arras in *Prince John's* castle. Because I felt that history and legend, artistic veracity and the stately sets of "Robin Hood" had all been outraged. But here, looking at what Menzies had done, I sensed that whatever antics Douglas may have indulged in on these spider balconies, on these finger minarets, against these gray-ghost walls, will have been artistically sound.

I am convinced that when the picture is released it will bear me out. Menzies, the art director, has given Fairbanks, the acrobat, his first great artistic opportunity.

As Menzies described some of the mad-house tricks with which Fairbanks punctuated this picture I was more than ever convinced. Menzies pointed out an angle of the walls, at once jumbled and expansive. A miniature nightmare growing on a sturdy stem of exaggerated height.



Doug still does stunts in this picture. The one shown here is described in the accompanying text.

"Fairbanks, in his character of the thief, smells food cooking up there."

He pointed to an esplanade among the clouds.

"He sees a fat man asleep in that corner. Steals his turban. Ties one end to the tail of a passing donkey and throws the other over that balcony rail. Then he boots the donkey, which runs away, pulling Doug aloft to a footing on the balcony.

"The thief steals the food and leaps to the next balcony. He is pursued by the angry housewife. Meanwhile a faker below is performing the rope trick. He has thrown the rope into the air, where it remains—rigid—without any support—to the astonishment of the crowd. The end of the rope sticking up there is within reach of Doug's hand. As the housewife makes for him he seizes it.

"Just then the muezzin calls to prayer from that minaret. Everything stops and the devout Moslems in the street below prostrate themselves. Down comes poor Doug with a thud in the middle of them."

I dare say "The Thief of Bagdad" will not be popular in Constantinople. But, fortunately, there is nothing here to offend anybody in Muncie, Indiana.

"I don't suppose I'll ever have a chance like this again."

The art director sighed. He was still a little dizzy with the surprise of what he had been permitted to do.

We were looking over the wash drawings around which the astute Douglas wrote the continuity for his acrobatic excursion into the region of the imagination.

"That was a sort of a steal from Doré," explained the honest artist.

He pointed out a ghastly effect achieved by unreal trees—trees that were like the skeletons of distorted human cadavers.

"The thief touches this tree, which comes to life and gives him the chart of the sea. Oh, the continuity of this reads like a madhouse product. There's a fairy boat in which the thief carries off the young princess over a magical sea. It's full of flying rugs, flying horses—say, let me show you the stable of the flying horse."

A broad flight of steps tapered away into a cloud-carpeted upland where blossomed a bubble castle. The flying horse, wings and all, was just taking flight with the irrepressible thief upon his back. Later Menzies showed me the set itself, partly dismantled, but with a very substantial ramp for the fairy steed. The old circus horse which was cast for the rôle was still grazing on the lot.

When the picture is shown the audience will be unable to determine just where reality leaves off and fantasy—made possible by camera technique—begins.

A dozen other sketches he showed me. Sketches of interiors—grilled windows leaping to unforseen heights.

"They let me take one detail and feature the devil out of it," explained the artist. "That's the way to get effects in pictures—height. That's the one dimension that lets loose the imagination."

He showed me a drawing of the thief's home. It was a cross-section of a well. Built into the masonry were human skulls and ribs. The thief slips down in the well bucket and slides like a rat into a little passage that gives upon a furnished apartment hewn from the bowels of the city of Bagdad.

Menzies took me out and showed me the actual set. If I could have had that set to play with when I was reading "The Arabian Nights" at the age of twelve my devoted parents would never have been able to pack me off to school at all.

Yes, I agree with the preachers. The movies are having a terrible influence on children. Stimulating their imaginations. They're likely to forget that they're living in a world of plain machinery and mathematics.

We were standing under a black head, blocked out of what appeared to be solid marble but was not. It was a square, angular, jutting monster, one hundred and fifty feet high—I mean the head alone.

Up there in the eye sockets gleamed one silver eye. The other was missing.

"This is where somebody tries to steal the jewel out of the idol's eye," explained my guide and lecturer. "He gets a one-hundred-and-fifty-foot fall. We used a dummy, of course. But when the thing hit the ground it sat up—in a terribly likelike attitude—and then crumpled over. It's the ghostliest thing you ever saw.

"This," he continued, indicating a fancifully decorated caldron of the same gigantic proportions, "was a little stunt for boiling prisoners in oil—sort of a chafing dish effect. The Chinese do this trick after they take the city. Now I'll show you the Chinese set."

This time he led me across the black-paved courtyard, past rows of immense jars—the street of the potters—beside cliffs that must have been suggested by Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno," although Menzies did not admit it—clear across the lot to a point of vantage.

We stepped around the projecting corner of the crystal palace—no, not the Paris one familiar to the A. E. F.—and the thing leaped out at us—a nightmare of color and design.

Chinese indeed—but such Chinese as exists only in Chinese prints where foreshortening is unknown. The center of the picture was focused where a little bamboo wharf projected above the black waters of a lake. Even the water had been treated chemically. It was, in the words of the enthusiastic Menzies, "goofy - looking water."

Above this ghostly lake was woven the interlacing colors and angles of this Chinese-puzzle of a city. The eye attempted in vain to follow the skyrocketing streets, to win through the interstices of the latticed and colonnaded balconies, under tiled roofs set awry. The composition, dazzling in its exotic brilliancy, seemed to swim lazily in the mist of the declining sun.

"It looks like a dream, doesn't it?" asked my guide. "No, I don't suppose I'll ever have a chance like this again," he continued, a little regretfully. "But I'm going to do sets for a picture by Schenck and"—he lowered his voice—"I'm going to try to get away with a goofy tenement. Perhaps I can.

"Oh, this is the realm of the pictures, isn't it? This is the thing they can do—if they'd only see it. Realism is so unnecessary when we have at our disposal all the resources of the camera to produce effects that can only be rivaled by dreams.

"What's that? Will the public stand for it? If they don't then Doug Fairbanks will have to go to work, that's all."

I told him that I admired Doug's courage and his own imagination.

"And I hope," I added, "for the sake of the future of motion pictures, I hope that the public will like it. I think it will."

As I was sneaking out by the side gate I ran smack into Mark Larkin. Mark most evidently considered the damage already completed and now he thought the best thing he could do was to salvage something.

"Come into my office," invited Mark with affected amiability. "I want you to meet Doug. Mary and Doug are going to sail for Europe soon. This may be your only chance."

"Forget you're a press agent for once, Mark," I begged him, "and tell me the truth. Has he anything up here?"

I indicated the region above my shoulders. Mark smiled enigmatically. [Continued on page 110]



Reality did not limit the producers of "The Thief of Bagdad."

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Ice for Mr. Griffith

Last month The Observer told you the sad story of how the unusually warm winter had kept D. W. Griffith from getting necessary snow scenes for his historical picture, "America." It looked for a while as though he would have to dispense with the scenes showing the army at Valley Forge, a circumstance that caused Mr. Griffith acute dismay. But weep no more for Mr. Griffith. Just ten days before the film was scheduled to open in New York, there came a heavy snowfall to Valley Forge, and the company, notified by telegraph, rushed down there. Everything was in readiness for them, the cabins and other "props" needed in the scene having been erected last November. Before the warm breezes carried the vagrant snow away, Mr. Griffith had procured all the scenes he needed.

How Many Stars Are There?

Some time ago Samuel Goldwyn started considerable discussion by stating that there were only thirty-three good actors on the screen. Immediately thereafter many of our best young film players spent a quiet evening or two at home trying to figure out who the other thirty-two were. Now B. P. Schulberg, the impresario of Preferred Pictures, has given them more food for thought by his announcement that there are but fourteen stars who through their box-office value are entitled to top billing. He says that there are seven men, six women, and one child in this list. This does not include comedians, incidentally.

Puzzling over who the gifted fourteen are, The Observer sought a prominent exhibitor and together they tried to figure it out from available box-office reports. Here is their list: Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Barbara La Marr, Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray. The men are Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix, Thomas Meighan, and John Barrymore. They couldn't think of any other men stars, so they decided the seventh ought to be Conway Tearle or Milton Sills. The child, of course, is Jackie Coogan.

These may not be the people Mr. Schulberg had in mind, and you may not agree on their being the fourteen best. But from all available data they look like the best box-office bets among the dramatic stars at present.

Future Stars

Any one who is interested in watching for new players of promise will tell you that one of the most deplorable mistakes of the motion-picture makers is their failure to build up some sort of system that will train young players and develop future stars. Except for a few random experiments there has been no effort made to groom young people of promise. Goldwyn took Eleanor Boardman and William Haines more than a year ago, but they have not repeated the experiment. Famous Players are bringing up Mary Astor and Bobby Agnew, but they are now experienced players. Universal is constantly trying out young girls in comedies, Westerns and serials —graduating them in time into leading-lady rôles in their feature pictures. But the industry as a whole is doing nothing adequate toward grooming future stars.

The Troubles of Exhibitors

The Observer rarely gets excited any more over the troubles of stars who cannot find the right director, directors who cannot find the right story, or scenario writers who cannot find producers with vision enough to present their masterpieces just as written. Theirs are all old, old stories. But just recently we have been hearing the troubles of some exhibitors which seem rather novel.

In the first place, there are the Broadway exhibitors who are all wrought up because the best seats in their theaters are occupied every afternoon by a sleeping club.

Then there are some exhibitors in northern New York who have solemnly held conferences recently to determine what can be done to discourage petting parties in the audience. One exhibitor, incidentally, has hit upon the brilliant idea of having a spotlight turned on demonstrative couples.

And as though it weren't troubling enough to handle these weighty problems, the exhibitors also have the baby problem to worry over. "Children under six years of age cannot be expected to remain quiet for any length of time. They are, therefore, not admitted to this theater," reads a sign that has been posted in some theaters. But that often makes the mothers stay home. A few exhibitors who tried to solve the problem by offering parking space in their lobbies for baby carriages, found the entrances to their theaters blocked with them.

These problems are all so new to The Observer that he finds himself unable to offer any solution to them. And he frankly admits that he has keenly enjoyed hearing about these strange happenings. Won't some kindly exhibitor please write and tell The Observer more about wild life among the aboriginal audiences?

A Signal Honor for "Scaramouche"

At the testimonial luncheon given to Thomas Edison on his seventy-seventh birthday by the leaders of the motion-picture industry, the first motion pictures made at his studio, were shown. Later a recently made film was screened to show what wonderful technical advances had been made during the short history of motion pictures. The film selected to be shown was "Scaramouche."

Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Russell Ball

BARBARA La MARR is fast acquiring most of the choicest siren rôles in pictures. *Lady Lou* in Metro's "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" is her latest prize.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

RENEE ADOREE seems to have uncovered a gift for emotional work, and is doing some effective acting in Reginald Barker Productions.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MARY ASTOR plays the heroine in Booth Tarkington's comedy "Magnolia," which Paramount is filming under the title "The Fighting Coward."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

AT last Blanche Sweet has actually started work on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which Marshall Neilan will direct her for the Goldwyn company.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

THOUGH out of bathing-girl pictures for good, Phyllis Haver finds her comedy training invaluable in such rôles as she plays in "The Fighting Coward."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

DOROTHY MACKAILL, after only a few leading rôles, is already a firmly established favorite. She will appear next in a Frank Woods production.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

BETTY COMPSON enthusiasts will be glad to know she is not going back to England, but will make a series of pictures for the Hodkinson company.



Photo by Lucas-Kasserian

NORMA TALMADGE

Going in for Extravaganza

The Christie Brothers have adopted for their comedies some of the features that have made the "Follies" famous.

WHICH came first—the Tired Business Man or the shows that make him tired—promises to become as moot a question as the old one about the hen and the egg. Not wishing to enter the controversy, perhaps, Al and Charles Christie are leaving the problem plays to other producers and are featuring something to look at rather than something to think about.

The dancing sprite in the corner of the page is Charlotte Stevens, and just at the right is Vera Steadman.







Natalie Joyce, above, and Dorothy Devore are two of the decorative features of Christie Comedies.

Manhattan's

The latest cabaret news of few observations about who's

By Leland



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Bebe Daniels was one of the stars who worked hard to make the Motion-Picture Carnival given by the Film Benefit Bureau a success.

BY all odds the high light of the past few weeks has been the elopement of Millicent Rogers, America's most famous heiress, with that dazzling, baffling, dangerous delineator of Broadway's night life, Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogsraeten, the pride and joy of Austria. The reason why their affairs come under the jurisdiction of this department is very simple. The count is a movie hero. Yes, indeed, a real-in-the-flesh movie hero. It is true he never got very far in this country—chiefly extra work—but in Europe he almost had a leading part several times.

Apparently "Ludi," as he is, or was, affectionately called by his girl friends, never had time for much real work on this side of the Atlantic. He was too busy dodging cuties who were determined he should have them and no other. All of cabaret's society hung on his neck—dressmakers, hatmakers, actresses, movie stars, ladies of variegated description—they all fell for him. As far as I can see, the only woman in New York who wasn't in love with him was Eleanore Dusé. And maybe she was.

From what one hears, papa Rogers wasn't particularly enthused about his daughter marrying such a Romeo. Possibly he felt that a girl with the chances of Miss Rogers could have plucked off something better than the forty-year-old count, who was knocking 'em cuckoo all over Europe when Millicent was just beginning to wonder about Santa Claus and the boys were marching home from the Spanish War.

At any rate the Salms are now going over the count's old hunting grounds—Paris. He sold his life story to the Hearst newspapers, and let me tell you that it makes marvelous reading matter. Duels fought just at dusk, violent love affairs with the background of Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, tennis courts and other such places. I cannot help feeling that the count should have gone to Hollywood. With an imagination like his, scenarios should come very easily.

Miss Rogers was formerly reported engaged to a strapping young fellow by name James Thomson, and it is now learned that he also is movie struck. He has played in several pictures—he and several thousand other extras—and when the Salm story broke, it all came out in the papers. The New York *American* had an interview with Jimmie that was a darb.



Marion Davies and Rudolph Valentino were crowned queen and king at a movie ball by Fannie Brice and Eddie Cantor. Just at the left stands Paul Whiteman, the jazz master.

Photo by International News Reel

Bright Lights

filmdom's younger set with a who among movie celebrities.

Hayward

It started off by Jimmie saying he really didn't see why he should be brought into all this. And then he went ahead and talked for a solid column of newspaper space about the movies and how thrilling they were. And the climax of his story was when he stated an unknown fact—"I believe that the motion pictures are still in their infancy."

Speaking of Europe reminds me that we have had two very distinguished guests from England of late. Justine Johnstone and her husband, Walter Wanger, paid us a flying visit over the holidays and have now gone back to the other side. Walter Wanger is a big motion-picture man there, and Justine has been an enormous success in London, both socially and on the stage. It is no wonder, for she is one of America's real beauties, and has a most engaging sense of humor as well. You probably remember her as a former Realart star. There are no two more popular personalities in the world than the Wangers. Just before they returned a party was given for them by Sam Goldwyn and every one of any note in New York's Bohemian set was there. Memory fails me, but among those there were Jeanne Eagles, who has been playing in "Rain" for over a year, Edith Day of musical-comedy fame, and her husband Pat Somerset, Gilbert Miller and his wife, Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, Jack Pickford, Robert Kane of Famous Players, Arthur Hammerstein, Edgar Selwyn, Alice Joyce and her husband, Carter DeHaven, Anita Loos and John Emerson, Charles Cochran, the famous English producer; Willie Rhinelander Stewart, Edward Knoblock and Frederick Londsdale, the two playwrights, Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, the stars of the big hit, Charlot's Revue, John Rumsey of the American Play Company, and many others of lesser importance. Anyway, it was a grand party.



Photo by George Maillard Kesslere

Virginia Valli was on the program committee af the big film carnival at the Plaza.

The usual monthly quota of motion-picture balls has been filled quite successfully—one given by the Theater Owner's Chamber of Commerce, whatever that is, and the other some charity ball called the Motion Picture Carnival.

At the first one Marion Davies was crowned queen of the screen, and Rudolph Valentino was made king. I don't know what good those titles are, but everybody had a lot of fun at the coronation. It was held at the Astor Hotel, as most movie parties are, in the large ballroom. At one end there were the two largest chairs I have ever seen for the king and queen. They looked exactly like the chairs in some of Cosmopolitan's flossy sets. Eddie Cantor and Fannie Brice helped handle the thing. Eddie nearly spoiled the whole party. Just at the crucial moment, when the announcer was telling how wonderful the show was that Mr. Ziegfeld had provided and Mr. Wayburn was running, somebody turned the spotlight on Marion's chair, and Eddie was discovered in it, curled up, and sound asleep. The usual quota of movie stars, film salesmen, motion-picture executives, curiosity seekers and chorus boys were there. Marion looked very lovely, dressed in white, and Rudolph was just as handsome as ever. He made a little speech telling how glad he was that he had been made king, and said that he knew that the life of royalty nowadays was very short lived, but that he hoped that his public would stick by him. Marion didn't make any speech. All she had to do was just be there. She very wisely let the king do all the talking.

At the Motion-Picture Carnival movie stars were all over the place. Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Seena Owen, Marion Davies, Anita Stewart,

Continued on page 96

Among Those

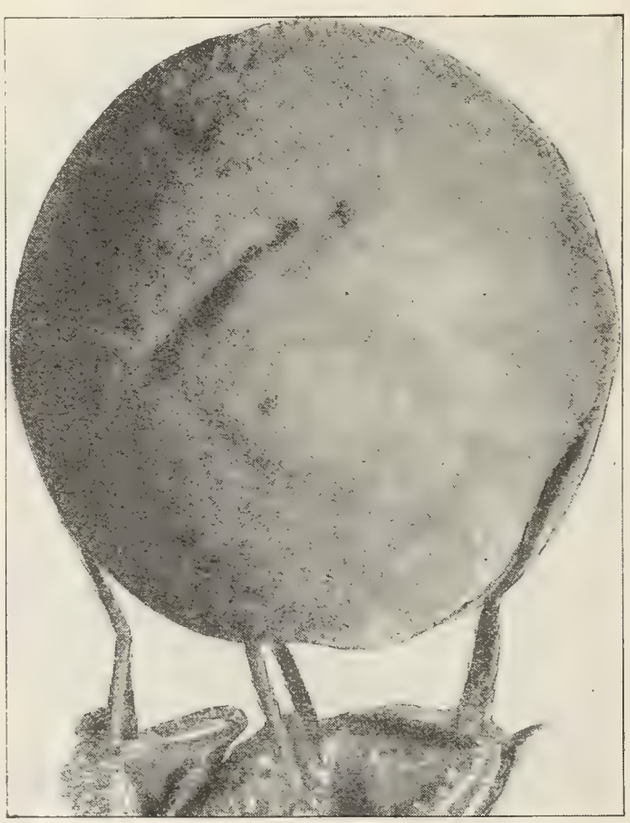
Brief sketches of some of the



Photo by Woodbury

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST PATIENT DIRECTOR

FIRST prize for patience in Hollywood goes not to those newcomers who wait outside the studios week after week, hoping and praying to obtain a job in pictures; it belongs to a tall, studious, but affable man, whom no fan has probably even heard about—a man by the name of Louis H. Tolhurst. He is the chap who makes the insects act in the films—the ant, the bee and the spider, and the performers he directs are reputedly the most temperamental in the world. Sometimes it takes hours, sometimes nearly a month, for him to secure a single scene, and during the most of that time he has to watch with an eagle eye the slightest movement made by his talent, and be ever on the alert to set his camera apparatus speedily going.



There are lots of opportunities in the movies, of course, besides the ones to act. Nothing spectacular, to be sure, endows them with a glitter to attract the casual audience eye. Who is concerned, for instance, with the machinery behind the delightfully amusing and pepful cartoons of Felix the Cat or Æsop's Fables? It is enough that the quaint picture-book animals scamper hither and yon, getting into complications and performing deeds such as you dreamed that they might do when you were a child. Yet once in a while a query must arise as to what peculiar principles of photography and technique are behind their animation and their antics, and many people doubtless realize that it is only by the most laborious and tedious process that the phenomena of cartoons and sketches coming to life is accomplished.

In a way, Tolhurst is doing much the same thing with insects. The only difference is that the actors in his pictures are really alive. They are so much alive, in fact, that they are maddeningly difficult to handle. Every move that they make, every wiggle, almost, eludes the eye, unless one is trained in observing them, and to attempt to follow these motions with a comparatively ponderous mechanical device like a motion-picture camera, and what is more to get the various insects to perform special stunts, like that where a fly juggles a cork ball, or an ant lifts a miniature telephone pole, is indeed a feat that is not without a thrill.

Tolhurst started experimenting all of eight years ago. In his youth he was interested in microscopy, and had learned through his study a lot about the habits and peculiarities of rare bacteria, as well as the more familiar bugs. He had also done a lot of still photography of insects, and had never been satisfied with the results. It came to him eventually that if he could succeed in using the motion-picture camera, instead of the still camera, he might obtain much more satisfaction, and also add something to the store of popular knowledge of the world.

Five or six years ago he had so far perfected his apparatus that he was able to assist the D. W. Griffith organization in the filming of a picture called "The Microscope Mystery," in which Constance Talmadge was the human star. You may remember this feature, for the plot hinged upon the discovery of some tubercular bacilli on the handle of a revolver. These were detected, of course, by the microscope and through Tolhurst's system of photography you were also enabled to see the evidence on the screen.

The great obstacle that stood in the way of progress in microscopic photography was the obtaining of a light which should be sufficiently powerful to illuminate every

Present

most interesting people in pictures.

move an insect or a germ made, and yet so to dispose of the heat from this light that it would not burn the bug up. The exact manner in which Tolhurst solves this problem he keeps a secret, but the close-ups of ladybugs and flies and spiders that he obtains on the silver sheet prove that he has brought his lighting process up to a high degree of perfection. He has also constructed all sorts of mechanical devices that will set in motion like lightning his camera and other contraptions. In this way it is possible for him to catch the slightest grotesque gesture, or even the changes in facial expression of one of his subjects. He has incidentally made the bee spin a thread on a spool, he has shown the fly juggling a tiny dumb-bell made out of cork, with its feet, and he has actually photographed a spider devouring its winged prey.

Some of the pictures are positively uncanny in their vivid impressions of the tiny six-footed and winged creatures.

The curious part of it is that he does not have to carry on this work for the sake of earning a livelihood; it has been simply a hobby with him. He has an independent fortune in his own right. Just the same he is going right ahead and photographing all manner of strange and wonderful phenomena of nature.

PEG RETURNS IN A NEW DRESS

A SWIRL of skirts, of flying, straight, red-gold hair framing a saucy face, as *Jennie* of the tenements danced to the hurdy-gurdy's luring wail. An imp of humor blazed in her eyes and pert words fell in a scathing cascade from her curling lips, for *Jennie* was of a mind to do and say what she pleased.

Jennie, little shopgirl, makes her way into an aristocratic home to "help fix things" for a lonely heart; *Jennie* has many merry clashes, for she isn't overversed in etiquette. But she has a way with her, has *Jennie,* that gets her what she goes after—even happiness, and its radiance to light others' lives.

Jennie—Laurette Taylor—for the two are one and Miss Taylor, in imprinting the charms of the flaming little *Jennie* upon the screen, as for two years she did upon the stage, is but giving us once again her own personality. In "Peg o' My Heart" she first brought her roguish, appealing self to the shadow world—and succeeded, despite the handicaps of a new technique and of being beyond the age of the character pictured, in making *Peg* vividly real and entertaining. The central figure held attention because the fragile threads of the story were woven about her quaint Irish impetuosities.

So is "Happiness," the Metro picture in which *Jennie* makes her film début, a story of simple charm, lacking spectacular background, great dramatic conflict, the supporting structure of an all-star cast. No sweeping passions—no romantic illusion—just the character-development of a spirited girl. Without the vivid interpretation which Miss Taylor is giving to *Jennie's* life, it would be merely a resuscitation, and a rather feeble one, of the deceased program film dependent solely upon one personality's appeal. Only a strong individuality can hold up a story like "Happiness," and the question of its advisability merited frank discussion with Miss Taylor and with J. Hartley Manners, her husband and playwright.



Photo by William A. Fraker

"Nobody else could make *Jennie* live on the screen in such interesting fashion," said Mr. Manners. "I wrote the play around my wife's little mannerisms and ways, so it is up to her. We believe that a picture featuring her personality will go——"

"Because the screen public only sees me once a year," Miss Taylor chuckled. "If I put out a *Jennie* film every few months, it would be 'Laurette—exit.' But the novelty of a stage star's occasional appearance in the movies will appeal—we hope. For in such a case, it is the personality they wish to see rather than a spectacular production."

Inasmuch as the character portrayed is a youthful, spirited one, as was *Peg,* and as the camera's eye magnifies the fact of the years' passage so much more pointedly than does the stage's glamour, Miss Taylor's second silver-sheet appearance, like her first, has not been devoid of difficulties. But, with the aid of spotlights that soften and highlights where those magics are most needed, and with the fire and impetuosity of feeling which she is giving to *Jennie's* film début, "Happiness" should prove of interest in presenting Laurette Taylor in her annual celluloid dress.

And if this proves as popular as *Peg* did, she may play other favorites for us.

BY WAY OF A PULPIT

A FEW of his athletic friends were mildly surprised when Fred Thomson, best all-round athlete at Princeton, and in fact, in America, decided to go into the ministry. But they shrugged their shoulders, saying he always was a scholarly duck and maybe preaching would give him leisure to pursue his studies.

Their surprise was but a quiet prelude to the whole-souled consternation of his friends when he up and left the ministry to go into the movies. Not being the sort of person who feels it is necessary to go around explaining everything he does, he didn't tell them that he honestly looked on the movies as a more vital educational force than the church. The church, he found, was reaching mostly middle-aged and old people, and he was only interested in obstreperous young boys. If the movies was the best medium through which to reach them, then the movies was the place for him.

Returning from the Great War somewhat weighted down by medals for bravery but still young and enthusiastic and eager for new experiences, he started his career in movies. His first picture was "The Love Light," in which he played opposite Mary Pickford. Then a Universal serial, "The Eagle's Talons," presented him as costar with Ann Little. In this he did all sorts of stunts that had never been attempted by a player before. He became the hero of that army of acrobats who double for Hollywood actors in dangerous scenes, for they have the utmost respect for an actor who risks his own neck.

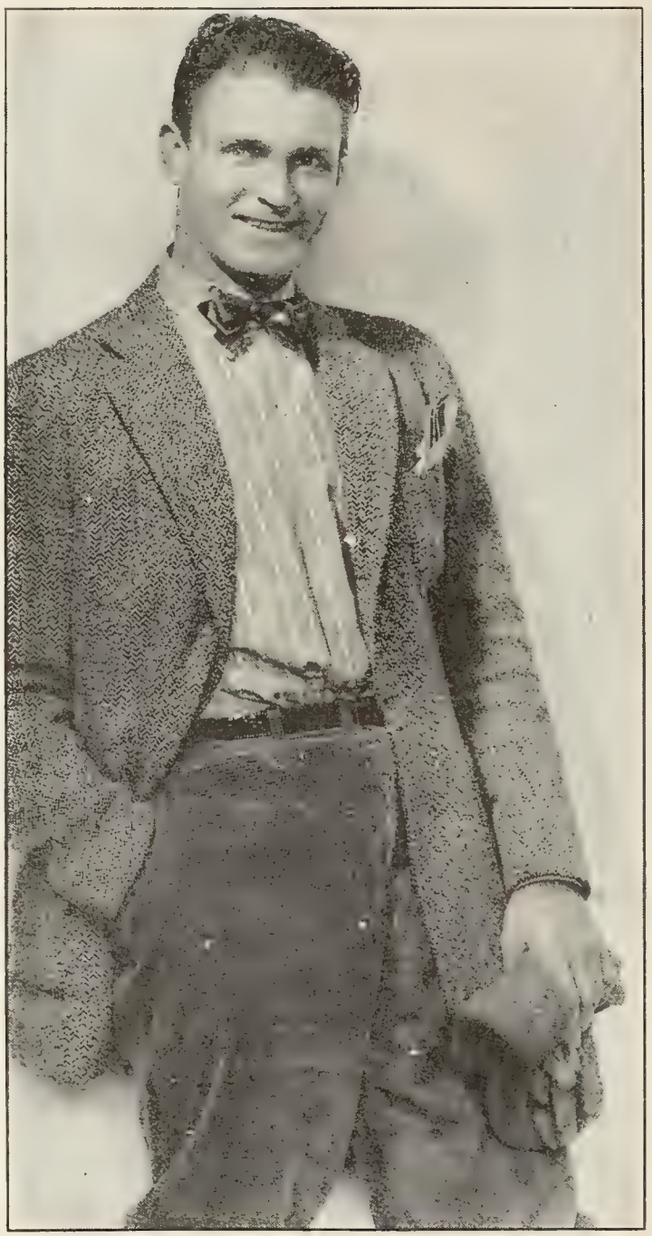


Photo by Freulich

Then he began starring in a series of Western pictures for the Monogram Company. They are just the conventional Western, with lots of riding, shooting and scenery, but they have a quality of irony and humor that reminds one of "The Bad Man."

Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, the eminent scenarist, and whenever an interviewer attempts to meet him, Miss Marion is left to make apologies.

"He won't have photographs taken and he won't answer fan mail and he simply won't meet interviewers—especially girl interviewers," Miss Marion lamented to me.

Eventually, though, he couldn't avoid me, and I found him a pleasant, argumentative, good-looking chap with a most amazing fund of general information at his tongue's end.

"Between his thorough education and his marvelously retentive memory, what chance have we in an argument with him?" his wife asked as he proceeded to down us on each and every subject. And what chance, I wondered, has the old-fashioned Western star against the competition of this humorous, keen, athletic young man.

He heralds a new day in motion pictures.

BAFFLING ESTELLE

A SCANT half-dozen years ago a slender, dark-haired girl with slumbrous brown eyes in whose depths a restlessness stirred, taught elocution to young dramatic hopefuls in a Delaware town. Rebellion against the monotony of her niche roused her dormant ambition and took her to the stage, then to the screen. Several times optimistic words have been written concerning her, merited by a few bits of praiseworthy acting—but such experiences have always been followed by lapses into mediocrity.

The elocution teacher of a few years ago is Estelle Taylor, the *Miriam* of the Biblical prologue of "The Ten Commandments," the *Mary, Queen of Scots* of Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

A woman of imperious beauty, *Mary, Queen of Scots.* She was courageous, her biographers report, and yet strangely influenced at times by impetuous vagaries. A woman, in short, of outward calm and of inward uncertainties. Estelle is like that herself.

Pleased when her work on the stage led her to pictures via a Fox contract, it was not within her province, she felt, to dispute; rather, she accepted, in her easy, contented way, rôles of monetary return but of little actual advancement. Now and then her work would merit notice; almost in surprise the critics "discovered" her again and again, in "While New York Sleeps," "Footfalls," "Monte Cristo," and "A Fool There Was." But always after such a success she would drop through some inconsequential thing.

Recently, appearing once more out of obscurity, she gave a surprising depth of feeling to her *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments." And once again her name took on box-office value.

"My part in 'The Ten Commandments' brought me an avalanche of offers and, somewhat astounded, I accepted the most money, playing in a succession of independent productions. I was too easy-going, too content with the things that were coming my way again

—clothes, good living, a luxurious background. I love comfort."

She stretched into a yawn, yielding the curves of her to the softness of receptive pillows. A Babylonian creature of eye-compelling, somewhat bold, beauty. An Egyptian slave girl, not versed in the craft of allure, but of an elemental fascination. The tawny light in those somnolent brown eyes held infinite possibilities for the imagination to conjecture with.

"But I saw the shoals ahead this time," her matter-of-fact tone dispelled the image that her slumbrous type of beauty arouses in one's fancy. "The independent producers will pay for big names, but they haven't the releases and soon the patrons of the better-class theaters forget you.

"Jeanie Macpherson pointed out to me the harm of being exploited in mediocre films. 'You girls make me awfully tired sometimes,' she said to me. 'You all want to get to the same ultimate point—and you all take the longest way there. You think of money, of immediate returns, instead of the final valuations.'

"I have made lots of money, so I am going to visit my grandmother and rest until I have an opportunity to do really good rôles for big companies that have the releasing advantages to offer, regardless of salary. I am tired of volplaning."

If she will really allow her head to guide her instinct, as she promises, Estelle Taylor has splendid possibilities. There is something slightly crude, unpolished, about her, which but adds to her charm. The infinite arts and graces of appeal which most screen vamps add to their repertoires, that absurd posing, she has not yet assumed.

Her career has been such a baffling thing, with unexpected highlights of achievement, the more noticeable because of the mediocrity out of which they sprang and in which immediately she would again bury herself, that prediction as to her future would be futile. Her rôle as *Mary, Queen of Scots* will no doubt carry her once more upon an upward wave. After that—who knows?



Photo by Witzel

GEORGE O'HARA—HIS CAREER

George O'Hara, who is starring in the Witwer fighting stuff
Has a long career behind him that for one youth is enough.
He was born in Salt Lake City and at five went to Spokane,
There his godfather is living, millionaire, and his best fan.
Mining experts were his kinsfolk, but that didn't suit young George.
No, the mines gave him a headache, he preferred the plow or forge.
When a schoolboy his fond parents moved to Hollywood one day,
And young George earned his first money as an office boy, they say.
It was on a big newspaper where the phones made each nerve jump.
Three or four would start a-buzzing which would send him up a stump;
Otherwise young George O'Hara rather liked the atmosphere.
But a friend took him to Sennett's, where began his real career.
He did everything at Sennett's in the years there—except bathe.
He was cutter, writer, gag man, actor, wielding megaphone and lathe;
Then he played with Shirley Mason as her handsome leading man;
After that he soared to stardom when the "Fighting Blood" began.
He has routed many boxers—Rivers, Salvadore, McCoy—
Some big names and just a starter, as a boxer he's "some boy."
As an amateur, his trainer says that George can box with class;
He's a whirlwind with that left hand and a shark with his right pass.
George O'Hara you can count on, for he does each task up brown,
And obstacles that'd daunt most folks, he's always sure to down.
Perhaps they're better chauffeurs, myself perchance, or you;
But give the lad a chance, now please, O'Hara's twenty-two.



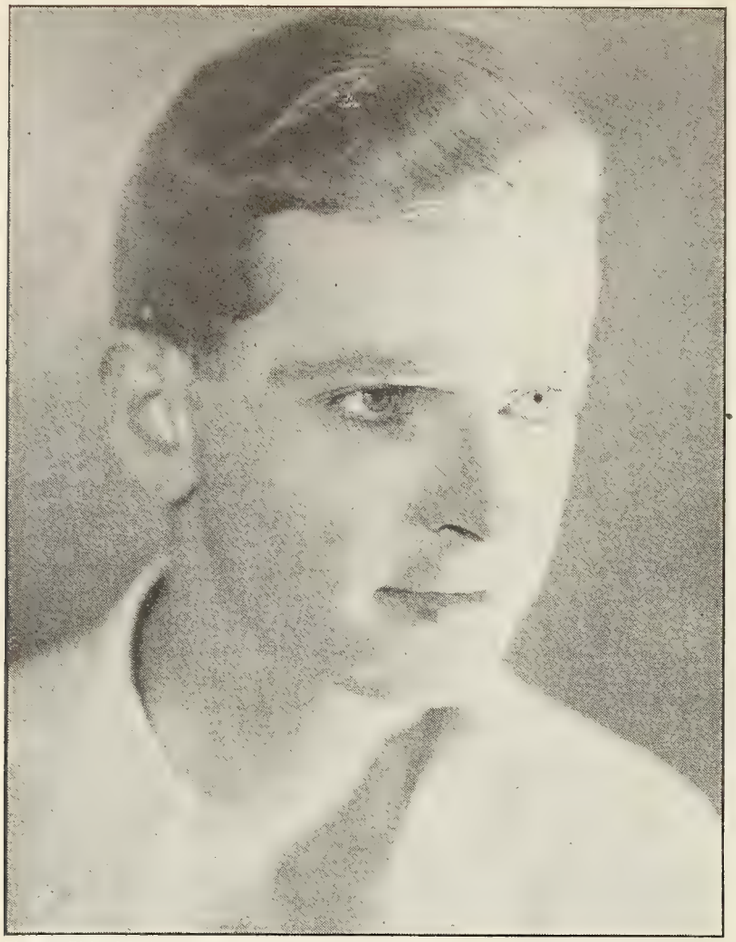


Photo by Richard Burke

THE CURSE OF AN ACTING HEART

AT some time in almost every man's life he gets stage-struck. There is nothing unusual or significant about that. But when a man so loves the theater that he would rather be an obscure and struggling actor than to win an eminent position in some other kind of work, then he is really born to be a trouper.

There is a highly successful play running on Broadway this season that exposes the heart of a "Song and Dance Man." It gives the public a hint of the unrelenting grip the theater has on some people. The leading character of this play after years of playing in third-rate theaters breaks away and becomes a successful business executive. But as soon as he has paid all his debts he goes back to the stage.

That character might be any of a thousand men on the stage or in the movies. They are there simply because they love it, because the lure of playing in a land of make-believe is irresistible to them. Douglas Fairbanks, as you may remember, promised to leave the stage when he married Beth Sully. For a year he worked for a bond house and then the call of the stage proved too strong and he went back.

The call of the theater is strongest in people whose mothers or fathers have been on the stage. Talk as they will to their children about the cruel demands of the theater, yet a note of awe is bound to come in their voices. And the children will try to follow in their footsteps.

It was only natural then that young Burton McEvilly should feel the glamour of the theater. His mother, Mary Burton, was a popular prima donna in musical comedy twenty-two years ago. His aunt sang at the Metropolitan. Their dearest friends were Fred Stone, of musical-comedy fame, and his wife.

Young Burton really got hopelessly stage-struck at the age of eleven. He started playing *Hamlet* all over the house even when his sister was banging ragtime.

When he got to prep school he specialized in dramatic club work. Really, his classes hardly existed for him. And later at Seton Hall College his major study was again that playful off-shoot of the English department. There he played in "Richard III."

He started out on the stage the next season perfectly willing to uplift the drama if he could only get to it. He started out bravely with a bit in "Jack and Jill," a musical comedy that featured the incomparable knees of Ann Pennington.

By the end of the season he was acting as understudy for the leading man, but they were a healthy lot and never gave him a chance to play.

After that the stage cold-shouldered him and he studied photography. Eventually, he landed in Richard Burke's studio as assistant.

And then one day the makers of Screen Snapshots brought Pauline Garon to the studio to make one of those little informal movies of theirs. Burt was asked to be in it, and of course the old urge that should have been dead came back stronger than ever. He *had* to go back to acting.

At first he played extra. Just a little more experience, directors say, and they will give him a real chance.

Whether he is a good actor or not, no one can say yet. But one thing is certain, he is happier than he ever would be anywhere else. The urge to be an actor is nothing to laugh at, for it overshadows everything else in the life of a person who is really stage or screen struck.

A CASE OF SUPPRESSED VILLAINY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S brother, Syd, has been shyly flitting in and out of pictures for a number of years, but now he is in to stay. You may already have seen him in "The Rendezvous," in which he made a boisterous bow under the direction of Marshall Neilan, and he's followed this with two other exhibitions—and they are exhibitions truly—of his comedy in "Her Temporary Husband" and "The Galloping Fish."



Relatives of the famous always have their troubles. Any success they attain is likely to be attributed to the prestige already belonging to their families. It is always a question whether they should hover in the background, or attempt to strike out on their own.

You know, of course, that for several years he was generally known as the manager of Charlie's affairs. He also dallied with other business enterprises, among them the manufacture of Sassy Jane Frocks, an undertaking that proved very successful. Charlie and he had been together more or less since childhood, with Syd, as a rule, looking after the financial affairs.

I don't know how the arrangement worked out. No one does in fact, for in some matters the Chaplin family

maintains an eloquent silence. There have lately been rumors of a complete split up between the two, supposed to have occurred about the time that Charlie started directing "A Woman of Paris." At one time, it was thought that Syd would direct this film, but the plan failed to mature because he himself was anxious to try acting. His hopes had been awakened, it seems, by the chance that he had playing the bourgeois Englishman in "The Pilgrim."

The day that I met him he was doing a light comedy rôle in "The Galloping Fish," and he looked quite dapper in a tuxedo and horn-rim glasses, with his upper lip adorned with a mustache about as large as a cat's eyebrow.

"I'm giving myself a sort of schooling in the pictures," said Syd, "and playing a rôle in support of a seal is probably part of the game. What I want to do is all sorts of types and parts that permit of characterization.

"What I would like to do is villains. I would like to do the sort of parts that a certain actor used to play, but who rarely plays them any more, because he is busy with other things. I mean Von Stroheim."

I raised my eyebrows sceptically at this, in view of his slight build, and the fact that his name has always been linked with comedy, but he went on to explain:

"It is to my mind much more satisfactory to play a character that the audience will remember because they hate him than to do heroic stuff. I haven't the least desire to play that sort of lead. Of course, I have a natural liking for comedy, but even in these funny parts, such as I have been getting lately, I want the chance to add a note of characterization."



PATRICK SHOULD WORRY!

TO explain the seemingly sudden success of Pat O'Malley, it is necessary to explain Patrick himself.

America gave him birth, Ireland a hit-and-miss education. Chicago's ten-cent-meal restaurants and five-cents-a-flop rooming houses knew him for months during one of the down stages of his ebullient career, when stubbornness forbade his seeking aid from relatives. As a child he ran away with a circus, walking a tight rope, and he has held—temporarily—about every sort of a job there is.

"I'm gettin' along," he smiles quizzically, though for sure he's not exactly what you'd call bowed down by rheumatics. "Used to worry about how I looked, thought I could maybe be a handsome hero. But now I see my chance is in character rôles, so it doesn't matter how many lines I've got in my face or if my trousers need pressin' or not.

"I've got no looks, but I'm hefty," he chuckles. "I was made when meat was cheap. I fit into the new scheme of things where the character man—long A. W. O. L. from the party—again has a look-in on the feast."

He talks interestingly, continuously. The blarney of the Emerald Isle's talented, guileless children is in his words, in the cadences of his voice—and his twinkling eyes give the lie to it all. Pat takes himself seriously—and his one fear is that everybody else will take him that way.

The curious way he seemingly slipped when almost upon the topmost rung of the ladder, O'Malley says is due to cussed self-conceit.

"Sure, and don't every Irishman think he knows it all? That's what got me, at first, being too sure. The second time I fell was through not being sure. Y'see, 'twas like this: I'd been knocking around the old Edison Company, and with the Kalem players all over Europe and way stations, and began to think I was some pumpkins. Universal brought me out to the Coast five years ago to play in Holubar's war picture, 'Hearts of Humanity.' Instead of dyin' all over the lot, like actors mostly do, I did my dyin' like a gentleman, tryin' to look happy about it so's folks wouldn't be bothered."

After that success, Mither O'Malley got the cocky idea he was some actor. Others, though, didn't agree, so he "rested" for almost a year.

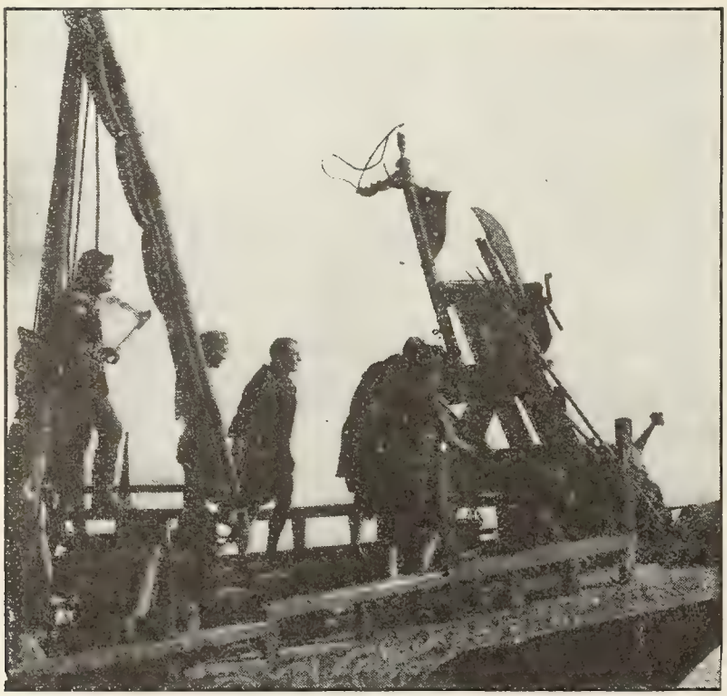
Several pictures with Mickey Neilan—"Dinty" and "Bob Hampton of Placer" particularly—took him on another upward wave. Offers came. Pat grabbed the most money, thought he was sitting pretty and didn't work his brain overmuch—and soon he woke up to the fact that the producers were buying his name for inconspicuous rôles. After a while, when big productions were being cast, the wise ones shook their heads with an ominous, "No, he's only doing little things now, he's slipping."

Happily, though, he got another good chance in "Brothers Under the Skin," a zippy, brazen yearling of married life's squalls; and, having a red-headed wife of his own, he knew the business and walked away with it, high, wide and handsome. A comparatively small part in "The Virginian" he made stand out. Now he is playing Laurette Taylor's leading man.

"I've figured it all out," he wags his head sagely, "I'll stay on top now."

But he won't. He'll disappear and then pop up again. His kind never stays put. And that's the charm of the lad.





Dead Ships that Live Again

Copies of picturesque vessels that sailed the seas centuries ago have been especially built for two forthcoming screen productions.

THE strange, primitive ships of the past have a gripping fascination. Glamour and romance surround them; tales of fierce battles and the feats of daring men cling to their memory. Even to look at an old print or read a description of the times when they dominated the seas is enough to thrill the imagination. How vivid, then, will be the impression when these ships actually come to life upon the screen, with all the reality of that raw, reckless existence when only strong men conquered, and the weak were merely slaves.

The three pictures on this page are from "Romola," produced by the Inspiration Company in Italy, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish in the leading rôles. These ships were constructed in Florence, Italy, after painstaking research work by director Henry King and his





staff, and they are said to be perfect reproductions. The pictures at the top of the page at the left represent the latest thing in Italian pirate craft in the fifteenth century. At the bottom of the page the sailing vessel on which *Tito,* the hero of the story, is traveling from Greece to Italy, is shown being attacked by the pirate ships off the Italian coast.

The photographs on this page show what Frank Lloyd has done for "The Sea Hawk," a First National picture. A fleet of four vessels had to be built for the production, and since the story calls for several battles that take place on the high seas, the ships had to be constructed so as to be able to withstand the actual battles as well as any severe sea storms the company might run into during the filming. At the top of the page is shown a battle between an English frigate and a Moorish gallease. At the right, Milton Sills, who plays the title rôle, appears with Wallace Beery, and below is a group of galley slaves.





The Screen in Review

Critical comment on the latest releases.

By Agnes Smith

Caricatures by Walter Kinstler

EVERY so often—but only too infrequently—D. W. Griffith quits his Mamaroneck studio for Broadway with a few cans of film under his arm and proceeds to make a monkey of all the other directors of the stage and screen. And that goes for Professor Reinhardt. When he makes one of these little excursions and lands a one-hundred-per-cent hit on Broadway, somehow or other he manages to leave every one with the impression that, not only are all the other directors colossally ignorant of their craft but that they are incapable of learning anything.

For each Griffith picture impresses you with the melancholy thought that ten years ago this director set a standard for screen technique that never has been surpassed. And while you may sometimes be annoyed because he himself has not surpassed it, it isn't within reason to expect one man to carry on the entire progress of the screen.

All this is a prologue to the statement that Griffith's new picture "America" is the best thing he has done since "The Birth of a Nation." And I am not so sure that, as a fine display of the art of directing, it isn't the best thing that any one has done since "The Birth of a Nation."

The story of "America" is the story of the War of the Revolution and Griffith has achieved the immense feat of turning routine school history lessons into fine dramatic material. Even the remote George Washington comes to life under his spell and the Cause of the colonists becomes as real and as vital a thing as the Civil War.

Robert W. Chambers supplied the plot of the picture, which isn't much of a plot, but the value of Mr. Chambers' services may be seen in his interest in, and knowledge of, early American history. Griffith, following the simplest form of scenario construction and, at times walking step by step in the path of the development of "The Birth of a Nation," takes the story and makes it hugely exciting and enthralling in its interest.

The story belongs to Feud Series No. 1-A. The lovely daughter of a proud Tory falls in love with a handsome young nobody who is serving the rebels. Her brother, magnetized by the personality of *Washington,* deserts his father's cause to mix up in the battle of Bunker Hill. He loses his life and the girl, to spare her aged father, allows him to believe that the boy was killed fighting for his king, *George III.*

And then, ah then, up springs the Menace in the person of *Captain Walter Butler,* who, by throwing his Indian fighters to the side of the British, played an ignoble part in the war. In the crisis, *Captain Butler,* who has been wooing the lovely *Nancy Montague,* proves that he and his followers are No Better Than Beasts. And so Our Hero rushes to rescue the girl and her father from either death by the tommyhawk or the fate that is worse than death. At the moment that the hero wraps *Nancy* in his arms, *Cornwallis* surrenders to *Washington* and the orchestra bursts into the "Star-Spangled Banner." What could be fairer?

With only a hack story and a cast of limited ability, Griffith was working against tremendous odds. Therefore, "America" is a sheer triumph of directing. He is at his best, of course, in depicting the actual scenes from history. After watching his reproductions of the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, the stupidest schoolboys would be able to see just why the British campaign failed. Griffith directs a battle scene like a general turned movie director. His war scenes have not only the sense and design but also the spiritual significance of the conflict.



Lionel Barrymore plays the part of CAPTAIN WALTER BUTLER *in D. W. Griffith's "America."*

While "America" is whipped up to an exciting and melodramatic climax, the best scenes come during the first part of the picture. The ride of *Paul Revere* is a magnificent bit of pictorial description and if you fail to get a thrill from the "embattled farmers" defending the bridge at Concord, some one ought to summon you to Washington for investigation before a Congressional Committee.

It seems to me that "America" is Griffith's least sentimental production. In many of his smaller pictures he has spoiled his best effects by spreading the marshmallow sauce too thick. The pathos of "America" is always touching and nearly always dignified. To give you an example of his reticence in this particular instance I need only tell you that there is only one kitten in the whole film and that the colored servant doesn't try for any hokum comedy.

Most of the acting honors go to Carol Dempster. Miss Dempster is not, as the saying goes, a good film type. She doesn't look a bit like a movie actress and heretofore she has shown no instinct for the work. But in "America" she takes her place in the Royal Ranks of Griffith actresses. She has forgotten all her painful mannerisms and she goes through the whole picture without breaking into one romping skip. Hers is a performance of charm, tenderness and real feeling.

With not a single old favorite to fall back upon, Griffith proves that he still is capable of training new players. I particularly liked the work of Charles Emmett Mack, who gave a delicate picture of the young aristocrat from Virginia who joined forces with the Yankee farmers of the North. Neil Hamilton made the hero, *Nathan Holden,* the most conventional figure in the picture but I recommend him to the girls as a likely look-

ing young leading man. Lionel Barrymore, as the terrible *Captain Butler,* deserved more of a chance. I wish Griffith had made the villain a more dominating force in the story, for evidently Barrymore was just looking for more villainies to perpetrate. Barrymore is at his screen best under Griffith's direction, as why shouldn't he be? For, if you remember, it was as a member of the old Biograph Company that he first received his camera training. Another excellent actor in the cast is Erville Alderson, who makes the gentleman from Virginia look like a figure from an old print. Lucille La Verne contributes a touching bit with her usual skill.

Married Life the World Over.

It's a great temptation to write an essay comparing the technique of Griffith with that of Ernst Lubitsch. If Griffith is capable of getting the last ounce of enthusiasm out of a melodramatic situation, Lubitsch can draw out the last faint snicker from a comedy entanglement.

"The Marriage Circle" is Lubitsch's first American-made picture produced under his complete control. The Warner Brothers kindly gave him free hand and Lubitsch rewarded them by handing them one of the best pictures of the year. It is a high comedy of married life in the upper circles of Vienna but it is foreign in its externals only. Merely by changing the names, Lubitsch might have made it a comedy of married life in Akron, Ohio.

Lubitsch's direction is so intelligent and his character drawing is so keen, that many reviewers made the mistake of calling "The Marriage Circle" a highbrow picture, thereby scaring business from the box office. As a matter of fact, "The Marriage Circle" is about as highbrow as Clare Briggs' "Mr. and Mrs." in the comic supplements. It is shrewd and it is observing, but its apparent subtleties really resolve themselves into the current jokes about matrimony.

The plot of "The Marriage Circle" is almost non-existent. Only Lubitsch's great ingenuity and inventiveness manage to stretch the slight story into a full-length picture. It is a picture made up of little details, brilliantly devised scenes and exquisite touches of comedy. Like Griffith, Lubitsch has a gift for making his players act. He is one of those geniuses that could turn the members of a college dramatic club into a bunch of Barrymores. If he would only talk about it, I suspect that the little German would be able to clear up the mystery of Pola Negri.

In "The Marriage Circle," Lubitsch transforms a cast of varying ability into a company of skilled comedians. Adolphe Menjou, who has turned the trick before, overtops his performance of "A Woman of Paris." Monte Blue and Creighton Hale are so good that you wonder where they have been hiding their remarkable comedy ability all these years. Florence Vidor who, like Menjou, doesn't need a Lubitsch to bring her out, nevertheless shines with a new radiance while Marie Prevost, believe it or not, actually snaps into a little acting.

Fortunately for the good name of American directors, Griffith rushed in and saved the day, otherwise Lubitsch would have walked off with the best film treat of the month.

A Good Meal Warmed Over.

After making a big hit with "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Cosmopolitan said to itself, "Well, why not hit 'em again in the same place?" And the result is "Yolanda," which is "Knighthood" turned into roast beef hash.

Yes, "Yolanda" is just as big as "Knighthood" and maybe a little bigger, and it is just stuffed full of old castles, and moats and drawbridges and knights in armor and ladies in beautiful clothes and kings and dukes and everything. Unfortunately, it is rather weak on new ideas or original situations. Obviously when Charles Major wrote the story he was trying to duplicate the success of his earlier novel and obviously Cosmopolitan was looking for another knockout.

Marion Davies also sets out to duplicate her performance in "Knighthood," and succeeds in doing just that and nothing more. Two similar rôles within a year are too much of a strain on the ingenuity of any actress and so there are whole episodes in the picture when Miss Davies seems to be remembering an earlier performance instead of creating a new one. Nevertheless, she is charming to look at and she has some delightfully piquant scenes. At times the massive scenery seems to get in her way and you feel that she would be more effective in less Barnum & Bailey backgrounds.



In "Yolanda" Marion Davies has a rôle similar to the one she played in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Aside from Miss Davies' work, the acting is just so-so. Holbrook Blinn, as *Louis XI.* does his best but all he manages to suggest is that *Louis* was rather weak in the legs. However, since Mr. Blinn has made a success of playing kings, nothing can convince directors that he isn't just the person to play all kings, regardless of age, appearance or character. As the romantic young prince, Ralph Graves looks thoroughly wretched. And wretched is the only word for it, because I never have seen an actor wear costumes more uneasily.

In spite of its moments of impressiveness and in spite of the charm of Miss Davies, "Yolanda" proves that the lightning of success seldom strikes twice in the same place.

While on the Other Hand.

Perhaps any comment on Will Rogers' comedy, "Two Wagons—Both Covered," doesn't belong up near the front with the reviews of leaders of the industry. But as far as I am concerned, Rogers *is* one of the leaders, and although his covered masterpiece may only measure two thousand feet by the yardstick it also measures a two-mile advance in short comedies.

It is a gorgeous burlesque on "The Covered Wagon," with Rogers playing two rôles and giving imitations both of Ernest Torrence and J. Warren Kerrigan. Not only is Rogers funny, but somehow or other, the scenery manages to be funny. And the wagons are funny. The best laugh I have had at a movie this year came when I saw Rogers about to ford Oakland Bay in a Yale swimming suit. And one title deserves to be quoted as a sample of Rogers' humor. Describing the sufferings of the pioneers, the title says, "Human nature wasn't so different in those days. The women did the



In "The Marriage Circle" Adolphe Menjou overtops his performance in "A Woman of Paris."

work and the men went down in history."

I daresay Rogers' picture didn't cost as much as one setting of "Yolanda," which only goes to show that money isn't everything and that many a bright mind lurks behind a comic face. And incidentally, the burlesque of "The Covered Wagon" is a remarkable tribute to the Cruze film because only good things inspire good burlesques.

Also Two Girl Apaches.

I should like to be able to review "Shadows of Paris" without mixing in the Swanson-Negri rivalry. But now that Gloria and Pola have gone and made pictures that are almost twin films, it is pretty hard to sidestep direct comparisons. "Shadows of Paris" is almost exactly like "The Humming Bird." The stories are not strikingly alike but the locale is the same, the two rôles are in the same mold and there is a family resemblance in many of the incidents. Why such a thing happened in the family circle of one organization is more than I can make out.

It's probably courting disaster to say that I liked Gloria's Apache of Paris better than Pola's, especially since it is easy to prove that Pola does some of her best and most fiery acting in "Shadows of Paris." But it seems to me that Gloria is sharper and quicker and has a better sense of make-up and clothes.

However, "Shadows of Paris" is recommended to both factions in the Great Screen Rivalry because Herbert Brenon's production has plenty of pep and because Adolphe Menjou happens to be in the cast.

From the Raspberry Bush.

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," has been produced by Goldwyn to please just the sort of persons who would be attracted by the title. And its audiences will be divided into two classes; those who have a real affection for *Nellie* and those who go to see how funny the picture is. Neither class will be disappointed.

Unfortunately, I never saw the Al Woods' original stage production, but a lover of the drama tells me that the brutal movies have desecrated another masterpiece by bending the plot to suit vulgar modern taste. Certainly Emmett Flynn made it modern enough in its settings and costumes; in fact, he made it so modern that *Nellie* has no cloak at all but blossoms forth in the big scene wearing nothing but her lingerie. And just at that moment the shop catches fire, the villain starts to pursue *Nellie* and the terrific whirlwind climax starts on its mad way. The maddest thing about the climax is when an elevated train breaks loose and heads straight for *Nellie,* who has been thrown on the track by the villain. But when the wheels strike *Nellie's* head the train comes to an abrupt stop and the gal is saved.

Claire Windsor gamely plays the rôle of *Nellie,* which is an awful blow to any actress. As the villain, Lew Cody evidently had a hard time acting with a straight face, while Edmund Lowe is the handsome hero. Mae Busch and Raymond Griffith supply the comedy relief, which happens to be neither comedy nor relief.

"The Next Corner" is worse than "Nellie," because it is neither so funny nor has it the mechanical thrills of the veteran melodrama. It's all about a young American wife who is lured away from her husband by a Spanish villain and for banality of plot and trashiness of execution it takes the solid mahogany cake. Such capable players as Dorothy Mackaill, Lon Chaney and Conway Tearle are lost in the struggle.

Mrs. Glyn's Fireside Story.

After all, why say much about "Three Weeks?" If you have made up your mind to see the thing, nothing can keep you from it. And if you are convinced that you don't want to see it, nobody will be able to drag you to it. This ancient shocker has been galvanized into life by the Goldwyn Company with Elinor Glyn herself applying the smelling salts. To a public hardened by flapper literature, the forbidden book of our younger days seems about as wild as a two-step. It has its flaming moments, as for instance when Aileen Pringle climbs aboard the tiger skin and darts wicked looks at the baffled and amazed Conrad Nagle. Many a girl was bounced from boarding school for having the book in her possession, but in this day and age, the censors manage to look at the screen version with calm.

Aileen Pringle was a good choice for the daring queen because she looks a little like Mrs. Glyn. And she vamps as earnestly and as seriously as though a long starring contract were dependent on every scene. As for Conrad Nagle as *Paul—Baby Paul*—you feel so sorry for the poor innocent that he fairly wrings your heart.



Claire Windsor is the persecuted heroine of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

Naturally, the story of the Great Love is played immensely seriously, but there is some good, clean comedy in the settings, which are something terrible, and in a neat little orgy staged near the end of the picture.

Heavy Sugar "Daddies."

"Daddies" is the sweetest film I ever saw. It is all about the sweetest little orphan and some of the sweetest kiddies that ever spread sweetness and light. If you can stand a lot of sugar, it is worth sitting through the picture for a few excellent comedy scenes contributed by Harry Myers and for some appealing moments played by Mae Marsh.

"Painted People" is another Cinderella story and if it had a few touches of the sort of appeal that is overworked in "Daddies," I should have liked it better. For the picture has an excellent plot which is thrown slightly out of

kilter by too much hokum and melodrama. The story concerns a poor boy and a poor girl who work their way up the social ladder. It is good human stuff, and Colleen Moore's portrayal of the poor little girl who turns into an actress is the best thing she has done.

"The Stranger," adapted from a story by John Galsworthy, is undoubtedly high-class stuff. All the time you are watching it you congratulate yourself on seeing something worth while, something "finer and better." It is rather slow and occasionally it is downright dull. But it is so faithful to its London atmosphere and so conscientious in its story development that you forgive it for being rather prosy entertainment. The acting is unusually fine. Betty Compson gives a remarkable performance of an outcast girl. It is really the first time in many pictures that she has shown a glimpse of the ability that was discovered in "The Miracle Man." Richard Dix, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall are the other members of an excellent cast. In fact, Marshall's acting in a heartbreaking rôle is little short of brilliant.

Anyway, He Works Hard.

Old musical-comedy plots usually are bad film material. Douglas MacLean manages to put over "The Yankee Consul," Raymond Hitchcock's old success, by main strength. The old plot is all gagged up with no place to go, and so it goes to the dogs of melodrama. It has its moments of spontaniety, however, and MacLean throws himself into his hunt for adventure with so much zest that he coaxes you into enjoying yourself.

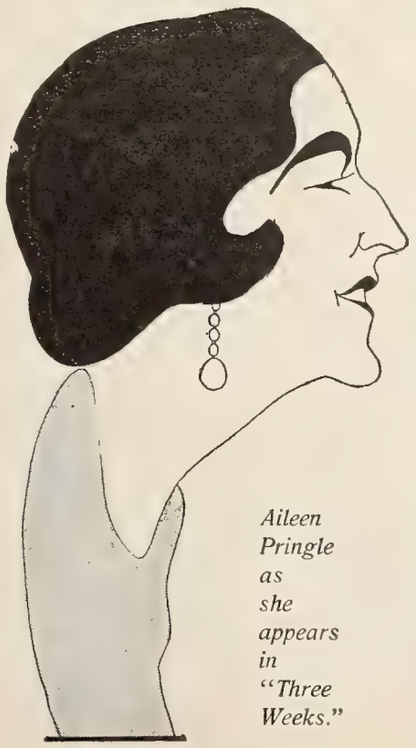
"When a Man's a Man" is adapted from the novel by Harold Bell Wright and I am divulging no plot secret when I tell you that it glorifies the great open spaces. As I watched it, it suddenly struck me that maybe it might be a lot worse; for instance, with any one else but John Bowers playing the noble hero it certainly would have been a whole lot worse. Incidentally, the hero doesn't marry the heroine but rides off into the sunset accompanied by his own noble thoughts. This, I believe, is the old William Hart Variation No. 1.

Speaking of Men who are Men, there is Dustin Farnum in "My Man," which is the story of another big, strong he-guy who also falls in love with Patsy Ruth Miller and proves that he can be just as successful in love as he is in politics. It's old-fashioned stuff.

"The Shadow of the East" is by the author of "The Sheik." And that's that. Only it isn't a desert story but a romance of India in which a young Englishman has a horrible time being haunted by a native girl long after he has married an English wife. It's not so bad. Only don't get all worked up over it just because E. M. Hull wrote it.

Pied Piper Malone.

"Pied Piper Malone," by Booth Tarkington, has an amusing idea back of it, but an idea so light and sentimental that only a star of Meighan's great charm could carry it. In fact, I dare any other star to attempt a picture in which the hero is so beloved by children that they follow him all around the village, and when he is ordered to leave town, walk right out with him. So far as I know nobody has yet suggested Meighan for the rôle of *Peter Pan* in Barrie's play so this is as good a time as any to put his name up along with Gloria Swanson's and Baby Peggy's.



Aileen Pringle as she appears in "Three Weeks."

The Virginian.

If you haven't seen "The Virginian" I think you will welcome it when it comes along. Sometimes—as for instance in the case of "Three Weeks"—when you see a story on the screen you can't find out what it had in it in the first place to make it popular. But "The Virginian" is real melodrama and it is excellently told in its screen version. A slight shadow was cast over the production for me by the presence of Kenneth Harlan in the leading rôle. He looked too much like an actor to me.



Will Rogers succeeds in doing a fine bit of burlesque in "Two Wagons—Both Covered."

A Twice-told Tale.

"The Fool's Awakening," adapted from a story called "The Tale of Triona," by William J. Locke, leaves you wondering if Locke ever really wrote anything like that or if the story were thrown in a sausage mill at the studio. The picture proves that it is wrong for Englishmen to try to fool their wives by posing as Russians or something. Harrison Ford and Enid Bennett have the leading rôles.

Norma's Latest.

Unless you are dead set on seeing every picture that Norma Talmadge makes, there is no use going out of your way to hunt up "The Song of Love." It is the story of a desert girl and a handsome French officer who pretends he is an Arab, so that he can act like a sheik. It's rather silly stuff, although Miss Talmadge does her conscientious, best with it. But Joseph Schildkraut, her leading man, isn't going to steal any popularity from Valentino.

He acts too hard and he has one of those wandering eyebrows that writhes up and down his forehead in the emotional scenes. There are some furious cavalry charges of Arabs and Frenchmen, but the game should have been called on account of darkness, for you cannot tell which side is winning. There is also a snappy fight with wicked-looking knives between the hero and villain. Norma enjoys it immensely, so the audience ought to also.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln"—Rockett Brothers. The first authentic film biography, faithfully, sincerely, and beautifully presented: George Billings, who has never before been seen on the screen, plays *Lincoln* so well that you cannot think of his performance as acting. The beautiful love story of *Ann Rutledge* is there, and so are all the main events of Lincoln's career.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. Because its Biblical prologue is the most spectacular achievement of motion pictures. It is massive and thrilling. The modern part of the production appeals to stanch admirers of Cecil De Mille's domestic-problem dramas. Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, and Rod La Rocque are in it.

"A Woman of Paris"—United Artists. A serious picture directed by Charles Chaplin in which Edna Purviance plays the leading rôle. It is the old story of the girl disappointed in love who goes to the big city, but it is given fresh, subtle treatment. Adolphe Menjou contributes a distinguished performance as a man about town.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. Horror on horror and thrill on thrill, backed up by magnificent sets, tremendous mobs, and Lon Chaney's strongest acting.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A great film epic of the pioneers who crossed the Western plains, braving every adversity and meeting every adventure with a hymn in their hearts and guns on their hips. The forces of nature and the great herds of cattle are at once the hero and the villain of this picture, but Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, and J. Warren Kerrigan appear in it.

"The White Sister"—A poignant and beautiful Italian love story with Lillian Gish as the heroine. The story of a girl who enters a convent when the world seems to have lost its attractions for her. Photographed in Italy, it abounds in exquisite scenes.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"The Great White Way"—Cosmopolitan. An amusing conglomeration of New York's bright lights, the fire department, the races at Belmont Park, prize-fighters' training headquarters, and rehearsals with the "Follies" chorus. Several celebrities, including the staff of the *New York American*, are thrown in for good measure. Occasionally the leading characters, played by Anita Stewart and Oscar Shaw, and the plot of the piece can be seen through the crowds.

"Black Oxen"—First National. Gertrude Atherton's celebrated novel of rejuvenation put on the screen with Corinne Griffith as the beautiful *Countess*. She gives a splendid performance, and the picture is interesting, though not as explicit, naturally, as the book was.

"West of the Water Tower"—Paramount. A convincing story of a small town in the Middle West with all of its prejudices, animosities, and occasional gripping tendernesses. Glenn Hunter is the star and Ernest Torrence the best actor of the piece.

"Wild Oranges"—Goldwyn. A gripping psychological melodrama in which a girl and her grandfather are dominated by a murderous, half-witted maniac. The Hergesheimer atmosphere has been captured by King Vidor, and splendid performances are given by Virginia Valli and Ford Sterling.

"The Humming Bird"—Paramount. An engaging and amusing story of Montmartre in war times, made fascinating by the ingenuity and charm of Gloria Swanson. She more than lives up to her promise in "Zaza."

"Big Brother"—Paramount. Tom Moore and an irrepressible young roughneck named Mickey Bennett; the Bowery, the cops, and great gobs of sentiment, dominated by Alan Dwan's clever direction.

"Our Hospitality"—Metro. The usual humorous ingredients of a Buster Keaton two-reeler stretched out into five reels. There is a cross-country trip in one of the first railroad trains that is delightful, a thrill finish—and, for good measure, Natalie Talmadge plays opposite the star.

"To the Ladies"—Paramount. Directed by James Cruze—which means that it is adroit, imaginative, and wonderfully amusing. Edward Everett Horton and Helen Jerome Eddy play the leading rôles.

"The Acquittal"—Universal. A thrilling melodrama with Claire Windsor and Norman Kerry in the leading rôles.

"Name the Man"—Goldwyn. What a clever foreign director can do with a Hall Caine story. Not a pleasant picture, but a strong one, in which Mae Busch and Conrad Nagel do some splendid acting.

"Six Cylinder Love." A sparkling little comedy that shows it isn't the original cost but the upkeep of a high-powered automobile that tries men's souls. Elmer Clifton has directed it ingeniously.

"A Lady of Quality"—Universal. A charming and human costume picture with none of the usual masquerade-ball atmosphere about it. Virginia Valli is tasteful and gracious as ever. This picture has the distinction of being refined without being dull.

"Fashion Row"—Metro. All of the usual attractions of a Mae Murray picture and a little more. Masquerading as an immigrant girl for a while she contributes some unexpected bits of genuine characterization.

"The Eternal City"—First National. Everything but a good scenario. The ruins of Rome, the Fascisti, many exquisite interiors, and a cast that includes Barbara La Marr, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett, and Bert Lytell.

"Scaramouche"—Metro. Rex Ingram brings the French Revolution to life with swirling mobs and a gay, reckless spirit. The story of a gay adventurer of France, invested with rare beauty and dignity. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, and Ramon Novarro head the cast.

WORTH SEEING.

"Reno"—Goldwyn. A story built around the absurdities of the conflicting divorce laws in various States by Rupert Hughes. The characters are all quite impossible, but not always dull, and there is a big scene where Lew Cody gets shot up in a geyser.

"The Rendezvous"—Goldwyn. If Marshall Neilan could make a poor picture, it would be something like this. But the irrepressible Neilan touches steal into this production and lighten the glimpses of darkest Russia. Sydney Chaplin hasn't much to do with the story, but he is awfully funny.

"The Extra Girl"—Associated Exhibitors. Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett with all their talent couldn't make this picture more than mediocre. It is short on originality. At that, Mabel is funnier than any other girl on the screen.

"Don't Call It Love"—Paramount. A first-rate story of an operatic star with most of the glamour removed by William de Mille, who directed it. Nita Naldi also shares the blame for playing the prima donna weakly. Mr. de Mille has learned a great deal about directing; next he should learn how to be intelligent without being dull.

"Tiger Rose"—Warner Brothers. Another story of the Canadian Northwest, directed with more than usual skill by Sidney Franklin, and made thrilling by the presence of Lenore Ulric, the stage star. It is melodramatic and the scenery is beautiful.

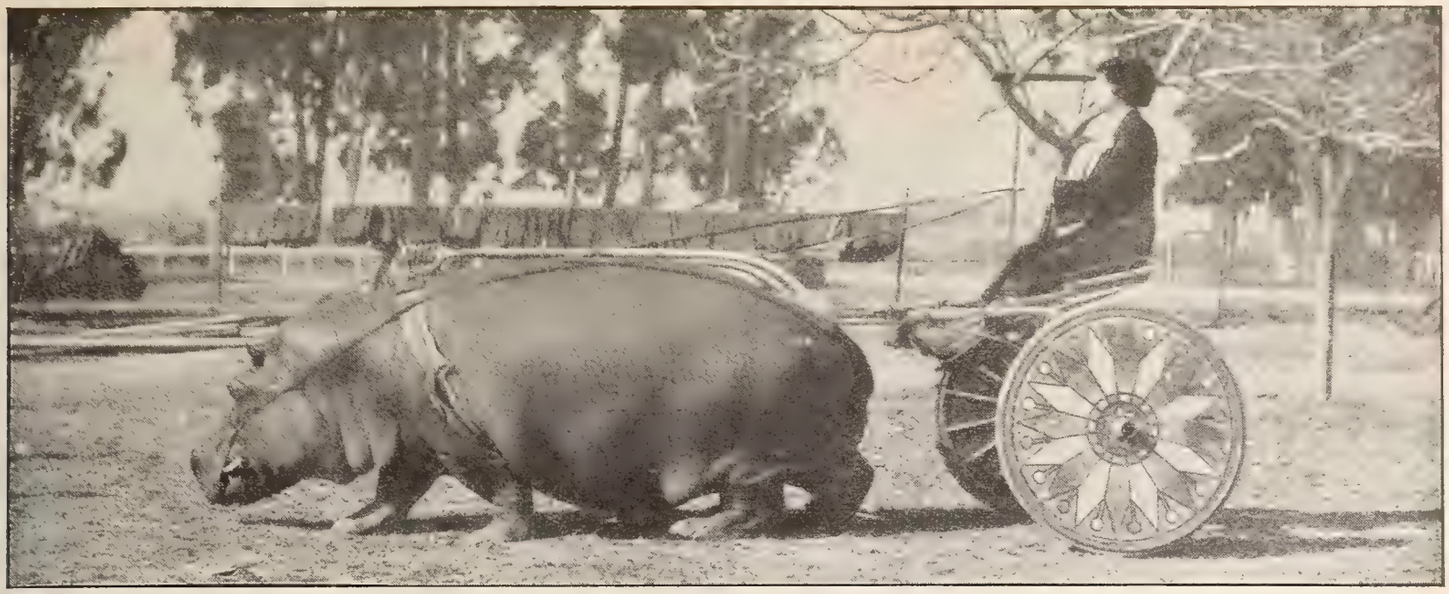
"Maytime"—Preferred. A pretty, sentimental little piece adapted from a musical comedy. It shows traces of its origin, and one wishes that someone in the cast could break the silence with song. Ethel Shannon and Harrison Ford head the cast.

"Unseeing Eyes" — Cosmopolitan. The most snowbound of all the great frozen North pictures; also one of the most thrilling. Lionel Barrymore, Seena Owen, and Louis Wolheim are in it.

"Twenty-one"—First National. Not up to the standard of Richard Barthelmess' other pictures, but charming in its way. It is a modern story, and Dorothy Mackaill plays opposite him.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Courtship of Myles Standish"—Associated Exhibitors. Announced as a great masterpiece and a successor to "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon." It is nothing of the sort. It is a somewhat artificial representation of a historical period that was rich in adventure. It is a sincere, painstaking effort, but it is too smug to be good history and too lacking in human interest to be good movie.



Estelle Taylor tries out a new runabout.

Hollywood High Lights

What's going on at the West Coast studios

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHY," queried an observant fan in writing to us recently, "will motion-picture producers insist on paying so much money for novels and plays that are clearly unsuited for the screen, and that won't get over as they are written? Why don't the movies stand on their own feet and write their own scenarios? I think it is a most careless and wasteful custom, and that it oftentimes indicates that, after all, many directors and stars have not the least notion of what will make a good picture."

The fan averred that she had not the slightest personal ambition to become a scenario writer, but that she was merely interested because she felt that some of the very best pictures that she had seen in the past few seasons, like "Robin Hood" and "The Ten Commandments," had been created from popular ideas and were not adaptations. And we are, to an extent, inclined to agree with her.

The problem of stories is one that has been troubling Hollywood very much lately. There has never really been so much aggravating puzzlement over obtaining the right sort of enticing materials, because needless to say, not all the present taste can be satisfied by Zane Grey. Some of the leading directors and stars have actually been stumped, and almost any of them would probably welcome some suggestions of a general nature by letter from the theatergoers as to what they would like, and perhaps a few would give their heart for a plot that was really worth while.

The question of expensiveness of stories that was raised by the inquirer is, of course, of minor importance. Story cost is a comparatively small item, when you consider that everything in a picture *really depends on the theme.*

In the figures submitted to us by one of the leading producing organizations, which made many big films during the past year, it was clearly set forth that the average amount of money invested in a book or a play, and also the continuity, amounted to less than fifteen per cent—that is, in a picture costing $150,000, the average of the better program class, the total for story would hardly exceed $20,000. In the costume features, owing to the fact that the rights on the books or plays have in many cases run out, it is generally even less.

Many fans have been shocked and astonished by reports that such exorbitant sums as $50,000, $60,000 and $100,000, even, have been paid for the privilege of celluloiding (cellu-wrecking would sometimes be more like it) certain books. In this event, the producers trade on a certain popular value accruing, as in the case of "Ben-Hur," through the vogue which a book has attained with the reading public, or the popularity of a play, and as this is considered sure-fire box-office first aid, they are willing to pay high for it.

It is true, of course, that Cecil De Mille obtained the stimulus for "The Ten Commandments," which cost over a million to produce, for the comparatively paltry sum of $10,000, as a result of a newspaper contest, and that the theme for his new "Triumph" came out of a perhaps quite reasonable *Saturday Evening Post* story, and his own sedate reflections on the importance in modern life of the industry of making tin cans.

Douglas Fairbanks paid nothing for the inspiration of "Robin Hood," as far as we know, but he had the best talent available for the writing of the continuity, and in the case of "The Thief of Bagdad" he engaged so prominent a dramatist as Edward Knoblock, of "Kismet" fame, to put the necessary glitter in the story. And Knoblock would hardly undertake this for a song or a dance either.

These pictures are exceptions, anyway. The only other outstanding one is Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," which the comedian himself devised. That is the best example of an original conception, aside from the comedies, like Harold Lloyd's, which always do seem truly to spell advancement in the *natural movie style,* and though many regard the bare plot of the Chaplin picture as the weakest part of the production, it is generally admitted that the film shows the most striking qualities of treatment.

"Scaramouche," "If Winter Comes," "The Covered Wagon," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Mar-

riage Circle," "Merry Go Round," and the soon-to-be-completed "Greed" are all adaptations.

The Swinging Taste.

The problem of securing good stories is complicated just now by the veering of popular taste from the costume features, and the sudden and outrageous raising of prices in the book and play mart. The producers are not out to spend big money on anything unless they think it has a value this year, and they are all seeking themes that may be filmed at more reasonable expense than the glittering historical spectacles entail.

A demand is springing up for modern stories without ostentatious trappings, but that have strong character in their plots, say even as vigorous as "Rain." For the most part, though, it is desired that these subjects be censor proof, and with the sensational and racy type of literature that is now going the rounds, they are becoming more and more difficult to find. The wildest and sexiest yet accepted, we believe, is "Sinners in Heaven," which will be made in the South Seas, and in this no doubt even the "sinners" will probably be nicely enameled with virtue.

The stage also offers nothing very encouraging, because in many instances the plays are just about as bald as the novels.

The Present Prospect.

Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, for two, are likely to take quite a long vacation before they start a new set of pictures. Doug is thinking of doing a story with a highly spiritual motif, possibly the Quest of the Holy Grail, but may change his mind, and it wouldn't be for the first time either.

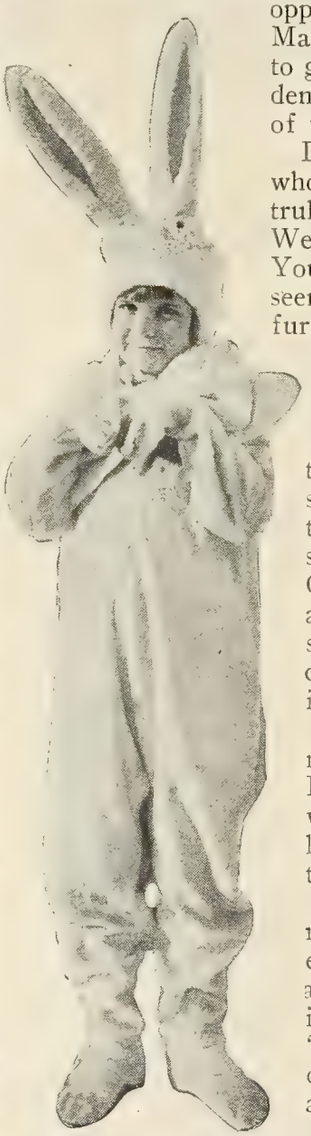
Mary may seek some material native to the lands which they visit. Which recalls that she and Frances Marion, the scenarist, obtained the idea for "The Love Light" in this fashion while they were both on their honeymoons in Italy.

Norma Talmadge, for her part, is planning next to film "The House of Youth," which, at best, is a rather shoddy tale of jazzitis. She will probably drop the scheme of "Romeo and Juliet" if the chances for costume features do not improve. Corinne Griffith has been honeymooning lately with Walter Morosco, whom she recently married, and therefore has not settled all her future plans. Pola Negri, strange to say, is the best satisfied among the stars, for she has been vamping judiciously again in "Men," which is an original suggested by her newly imported director, Dimitri Buchowetzski.

Of the directors who are in favor, James Cruze is to swing completely away from epical and historical stuff, and do "The Enemy Sex" from a somewhat sultry—we suspect—novel by Owen Johnson, with Betty Compson starred. Ernst Lubitsch and Victor Seastrom both had a terrific tussle with the story problem for a time, as did also King Vidor, who has lately acquired considerable favor through his picture, "Wild Oranges."

For the rest, there are always "Ben-Hur," "The Sea Hawk," and "Monsieur Beaucaire," those new and better costume films to which one may look forward, beside "The Arab," which Rex Ingram has been making abroad; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," with Blanche Sweet featured, and husband Marshall Neilan as director; "The Woman on the Jury," in which Sylvia Breamer has an exceptional rôle; "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," with Barbara La Marr; Viola Dana's "Revelation," and the Colleen Moore flapper plays.

But, gee whiz! These are nearly all adaptations.



Easter greetings from Jackie Coogan.

Universal Corners Comers.

One of the pleasantest adventures that can be enjoyed as part of the routine of film raconteurs just now is a trip out to Universal City. They're furbishing up the lot with new stages, so that the many visitors who saw this famous studio in the past, would hardly recognize the grand old interior, and what is more the "U" seems to have a nice bright little corner on the services of some of the best of growing favorites.

Virginia Valli has, of course, been in the East, playing opposite Thomas Meighan, but Reginald Denny, Mary Philbin and Laura La Plante are there to gladden the eyes, and we are among the prudent boosters for the three of them, not to speak of the fair and lilied Valli.

Denny is a brisk and gracious individual whom everybody seems to like immensely, and truly we approve him more than a dozen sheiks. We thought his racing picture, "Sporting Youth," was the best thing of that sort we've seen since Wallie Reid last drove a fast and furious roadster in a race along the highways. The film contained one gag which was worthy of Harold Lloyd as any one knows who saw the wild bumping race that Lucille Ward took in the limousine as the heroine's aunt. We have seldom heard such roars of laughter in a theater as greeted the scene in which the character she represents, still suffering the effects of some Chinese gin that she had accidentally drunk at the start of the plunging, hurtling ride, steps out of the car holding a sacred white chicken in her hand, and frightens a speed cop into thinking she is a maniac.

Denny has quit boxing for good, and is now playing another comedy called "The Reckless Age," which has something to do with obtaining insurance against falling in love. We wager there's a clinch at the end, though, just the same.

Miss Philbin is again going to win the admiration of her increasing group of fans, everybody predicts, through her portrayal of a young English heiress who becomes a dancer in the Gaiety Theater in London—this in "The Inheritors." The plot of the picture concerns her attempt to save the castle of her ancestors from the creditors.

We personally do not feel certain whether you will like her character so well because it is said to be a trifle sophisticated, and Mary is anything but that. For she has that same childish, girlish charm that first attracted the attention of the world to Mary Pickford.

Miss La Plante is a sprightly sort with flashing dimples in either cheek. She is for all the world the feminine counterpart of Denny, and we are sorry that for the present they are not going to appear in any more pictures together. It seems the "U" wanted to make her a star, and have put her in two pictures with exciting-sounding titles, one adapted from "The Thrill Girl," and the other called "The Dangerous Blonde." We like the last because the boys seem to think she is really the most dangerously captivating blonde that they've seen this season.

Tears and Ambition

Mary Pickford and her maid Bodamere have finally parted, and Bodamere is now to become, if her plans do not miscarry, the "female Wallace Beery." That, at least, is her screen ambition, and Mary gave her leave to fulfill it when she departed California.

Bodamere wept copiously on Mary's neck when they said good-by at the train, and Mary, too, could not resist the emotion of parting and herself shed a few sad tears, for Bodamere had been her constant companion for nearly four years. She told her, though, that since she was bent on having an acting career, it was better that she seize this opportunity to give her talents a trial. She also arranged for Bodamere's comfort at the Studio Club, where many young girls, who are seeking to make a reputation in pictures, still stay and Bodamere radiates joy over this seeming renewal of her own youth.

"If things don't turn out as you expect, Bodamere," said Mary, "you may return to me when I come back home. But"—and here she shook her finger and tried to look severe—"don't ever let me hear one word about acting again!"

It Must Be the Humidity.

We'll simply have to set this down as the warmest season that there has ever been in the pictures. Look at this assortment of titles, "Flaming Barriers," "Flaming Youth," "Flaming Passion," "Hot Lips," "Flaring Husbands," and "Incandescent Wives." Some of them are our own invention, but the rest really are all right. And that's not mentioning a word, as the press agents would aver, about the Burning (Mae) Busch.

De Mille's New Thrills.

Cecil De Mille simply wouldn't let a picture go to the cutting room without a few thrills. Either the chauffeur has to drive across the bridge right into the headlight of the approaching train, or the motorcycle cop has to smash into the automobile and plunge head over heels out into the grass, or the Red Sea has to open vividly and plainly before your eyes. Something, at any rate, must be assured to make the fans gasp.

The breathless moment in "Triumph," as it happens, will be a fight between Rod La Rocque and Victor Varconi, the new Hungarian actor, in a limousine. During this, one as a chauffeur and the other as a passenger, struggle together through a broken window in a madly speeding machine, and run the risk of being very severely cut by a pane of jagged glass that remains in the window frame.

Of course, the technical department probably helped to make the filming less disastrous for the stars than might be anticipated, but that won't detract one whit from the excitement of the dramatic occurrence of the splintering glass and the frantic tussle that you will see on the screen.



Conway Tearle does an impromptu scene while inspecting Grauman's new Metropolitan theater. The girls are dancers who appear there.

La Rocque's Style Attracts.

Rod La Rocque, who has worked only for the brothers De Mille ever since he was signed under contract by Paramount, is now to test his wings in another field. He and Lois Wilson will journey together on an oceanic adventure called "Code of the Sea," and no doubt, if this is a success, the company will begin to talk of starring Rod, since his portrayal in "The Ten Commandments," which was so dramatically vivid, has already entitled him to a lot of popular credit.

La Rocque quite upset the equilibrium of guests at the new Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles recently by appearing in a waiter's suit and marching nonchalantly down the esplanade in front of all the stout dowagers and open-mouthed matinée boys assembled there.

Not a few of them, of course, recognized him from having seen "The Ten Commandments," but they wondered what the deuce he was taking the air for thus attired, and could hardly imagine him as bidding for tips and engaging in the honorable old job of attending at a dining table, especially after the glittering success that he had achieved.

It soon became apparent from the hubbub around the dining rooms of the hotel that Rod was frocked simply to take part in a glittering café sequence that will add to the spectacular allure of "Triumph."

We suppose, though, the very next thing the matinée boys will do, since they took up the Valentino styles so readily some time ago will be to adopt waiters' garb as their regular afternoon dress.

And that doesn't hurt our feelings either.

The Tower of Babel.

Polar Negri's set reminds us of one of those signs that you see on banks in a foreign quarter, where announcement is made that:

"On Parle Ici Francais."
"Se Habla Espagnol."
"Hier wird Deutsch Gesprochen."

Her director, Buchowetzski, is a specialist in languages, but he explains all the finer and subtler meanings of his scenes to Pola in his native Russian, which she understands. He has some extras who only respond to French, because Paris happens to be the locale of the play, and he uses German to his own assistants whom he brought from Berlin, and English to the other people on the set, to whom the most of his talk is Greek. Well—we'sh ka bibble!

Carmel Looks Ahead.

Carmel Myers, being gifted with an unusual amount of foresight, didn't take any chance on her presence

Continued on page 98

In and the

Wherein we see most part, while



Here you see little Frank Darro and Cameo, his dog, giving a concert while on location just off the Catalina Islands, where they went to work on the Metro picture, "Half-a-dollar Bill."



Richard Rowland, president of First National, holds a conference with Strongheart, one of his company's stars.

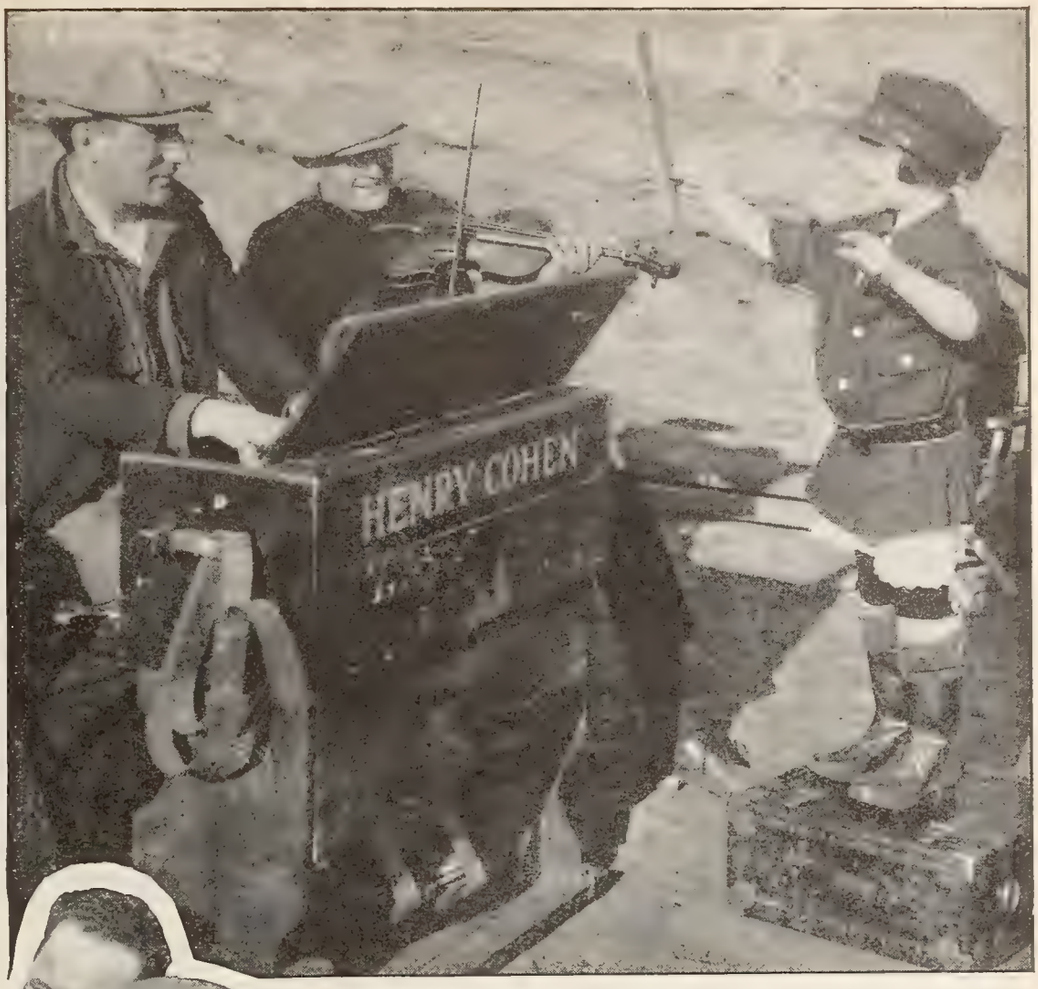


No, this isn't "How Pearl White Keeps in Training." It's just a snap from the production she recently made in France.

Take a good look at Viola Dana, for you won't see her in many more of these hoydenish pictures after she begins appearing in serious productions like "Revelation."

Out of Studios

the players, for the they are off duty.



And here is Baby Peggy, out on location, all tricked up in an improvised costume, playing orchestra leader for the musicians who help her work up her emotions when she's acting before the camera.



Estelle Taylor at basket-ball practice with "Pep" Kerwin, trainer.



Here is Claire Windsor, photographed—not on the California dunes—but on the real Sahara Desert. A letter from her, describing some of her experiences there, appears elsewhere in this issue.



No more drinking scenes in Pennsylvania! Will that shut out the beautiful Italian production called "Messalina?" For in it is a scene showing the goings on at what appears to have corresponded with the corner saloon in Rome, back in 12 A. D.

Below you see a group, snapped between scenes at Paramount's Long Island studio. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix, you see, have wandered over from where they have been making "Icebound" to the set where Gloria Swanson and Ricardo Cortez are making "A Society Scandal." In the middle of the group stands Alan Dwan, the director.



At the right is *Peter Stuyvesant* as he appears in the chronicle of "America" by that name.





You have to get your feet wet every now and then if you work in motion pictures. Here is Jean Tolly, leading lady in Metro's "The Uninvited Guest," stopping between scenes to powder her nose.



Here is a recent picture of Mae Murray, taken in San Francisco, where she went to see Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, who is said to be writing a story for her use on the screen.



Do you wonder sometimes where the directors get all the small articles that are used in arranging a set? Many, of course, have to be especially procured, but every studio has a great collection that takes in most articles in common use These are kept in what is called the property room.



Photo by Apeda

Louise Huff, who forsook movies for the stage last year, is an important part of "The New Englander."

On the New

Critical reviews of new offerings speculations about the ones that

By Alison

THE play about the American family is still flourishing but it has changed a little since the days when "Turn to the Right" made such a hit. Perhaps "Main Street" had something to do with it. In any case, there is a little more malice and much more truth in the pictures of the American household as our recent dramatists see it. The old folks at home aren't always gentle, meek old angels who utter pious advice while they blink at you over their spectacles. The young girl of the family isn't always a saint in gingham and the boy doesn't always return a repentant sinner from the wicked city where he learns that home-keeping hearts are happiest. In fact, the home folks of later years are much less like plaster saints and much more like the petty, bickering, pathetic human beings that we all are.

Frank Craven did a lot for this cause with "The First Year." This later season has launched at least three plays which are worthy to be compared with that very genuine comedy. Of these, the best is "The Show-off," which has been hailed by the reviewers as "one of the best of all-American plays." Certainly I have never seen a play of any nationality that gave a more definite illusion of natural, every-day life or presented a familiar character with more insight into the absurdity and pathos of human nature.

This character is *Aubrey Piper*—"the show-off." You have all met him—the glib, boasting, bluffing young man who wears a carnation in his buttonhole and a toupé on his head, with a line of cheap, pompous talk, mostly lies and entirely about himself. He is the sort of figure that in the ordinary play would be quite plainly stamped as the scheming and obnoxious villain. But George Kelly, who wrote the play, doesn't see human nature in terms of heroes or villains. Underneath all the cheap, noisy bombast of this character there are moments when the author makes you feel the wistfulness of the man who suspects, deep down in his heart, that he may not amount to much, and who puts up all the bigger bluff for that reason.

Louis John Bartels plays this rôle with a fairly true sense of characterization. There were times when he overacted, as if this matter of showing off was something to be pounded home to the audience at all costs. But his manner on the whole was perfect and the echoes of his full, hearty, nerve-racking laugh will remain with you long after the curtain falls.

The play was built around this character; it has very little plot and no sensational action. Nevertheless, the show-off himself is only one important part of this very important comedy. He wanders into a humble household in a Philadelphia suburb; he captivates the daughter of the house but nearly maddens the rest of the family. And it is this family, so perfectly drawn and acted, that really makes the play so great. Especially *Ma,* who with her scolding and bustling and shrewd philosophy is a masterpiece as played by Helen Lowell. I have never before in the theater had such complete illusion of living through the jogtrot routine of daily life. And that sensation is much more exciting to me than the most extravagant thrills of the wildest romance.

"Mr. Pitt."

Here is another study of a character that only a mother could love. Zona Gale's favorite theme is the well-meaning soul who is misunderstood. It was she who wrote "Miss Lulu Bett," which was the prize stage play of its season and which was made into such a

York Stage

on the speaking stage with a few may later be seen in motion pictures.

Smith

simple and genuine film by William de Mille, with Lois Wilson in the title rôle. *Mr. Pitt* is not exactly a masculine "Miss Lulu," for *Lulu* had charm and this was exactly what poor *Pitt* lacked. He was one of those unfortunate souls who mean well. But he had such a positive genius for saying and doing the wrong thing that on his wedding trip, his bride very nearly eloped with a band player who understood women. Later she really does leave him and at the close we find *Pitt* seeking consolation in his grown-up son and a fortune which the plot has been kind enough to leave him.

This happy ending has been tacked on rather hastily and you still feel that "Mr. Pitt" is something of a tragedy. It is a very sincere and moving tragedy of the human being who wants to be loved but who is cursed with a personality which makes people want to murder him instead. Walter Huston gave a very touching performance; he made you understand *Mr. Pitt* as few actors can make you understand any one. The background has hardly the easy, everyday flow of "The Show-off," but there are some scenes—with the village gossips of 1898—that are masterpieces of local color.



Photo by Apeda

Never did Constance Binney's personality light up on the screen as it does before the footlights in "Sweet Little Devil."

"Fashion."

"Mr. Pitt" is a long way from that still popular type of play which shows life in a small town as filled with sweetness and light and life in a city as rowdy, wicked and generally demoralizing. Audiences are beginning to get used to the idea that there are people living in villages who are not altogether noble and people in the metropolis who have their share of the homely virtues. But the "back to the farm" idea is still popular as a dramatic motive—and probably always will be. In this connection, it is interesting to consider one of the first American plays ever written which makes the most of exactly this situation.

It was written in 1845 by Anna Cora Mowatt, who called it "Fashion." After all these years, it has exactly the same assortment of characters that are flourishing on the stage to-day. There is the rich and purse-proud family who treat the sweet young thing from the country with contempt until nature's nobleman appears in the form of an independent farmer who makes her an heiress. He offers also to save the family fortunes and keep the man of the house out of jail, but only on condition that they all move back to the farm. These sentiments were applauded lustily by the audiences at Niblo's Garden seventy years ago and reviewed by none other than Edgar Allan Poe, who was then a dramatic critic. And to-day they are giving the great-grand children of these audiences the same pleasure, though from a slightly more sophisticated point of view.

The Provincetown Players have dusted up this old manuscript and presented it with a lively humor and a certain tender pathos for the old days. It is, on the whole, acted in the same spirit, especially by Mary Morris, who as *Gertrude* might be any one of those gentle, swooning figures out of a "Ladies' Book." Some of the actors saw fit to spoof the rôles with deliberate burlesque and this, I think, was a mistake. For anything brought out of the past with the sincerity of this play cannot be utterly ridiculous. It is just as well to remember that we will sound just as funny to the audiences a hundred years from now—funnier and perhaps a little louder.

Among the most charming details are the old songs which Brian Hooker and Deems Taylor have dug up from the latest hits of that day and which the characters sing in the midst of the most dramatic action. "Not



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Not even the magnetic personality of Katharine Cornell can make "The Way Things Happen" anything but irritating.

For Joe," "Walking Down Broadway," and "Call Me Pet Names," bring back the spirit of that age of innocence as nothing else could.

"A Beggar on Horseback."

"Give a beggar a horse and he will ride to the devil." George Kaufman and Marc Connelly have used this fragment of half-truth from the old proverb as the basis of a play which is as far from "Merton" as you can imagine, but not so far as it might seem from "Dulcy" or "To the Ladies." Like those first priceless comedies, it is a satire on some absurdities in these United States, but in place of the deft, cool technique of those domestic sketches, it takes the form of a poetic and imaginative fantasy. Through the feverish mazes of a dream it shows what happens to genius when it falls into the clutches of Big Business. It is a young composer—shrewdly played by Roland Young—who dreams and who encounters in the course of his nightmare, all the ridiculous pomposities of our daily life—the newspapers, the courts, the business office, the cant of our popular poets and our uplift magazines. It ends in a fragile and luminous pantomime for which Deems Taylor has written such lovely and insinuating music that its overtones remain through your memory of the entire performance.

In the hands of the right director, this play might be made into an uncommonly interesting film. Its spirit of fantasy and a certain wistful satire could be recaptured perfectly by the right people on the screen. I add this, however, with some nervousness and many reservations. For if left to the tender mercies of some directors, it would emerge as a stupendous and elegant "super film" in which the hero spurns the vulgar heiress and marries the poor, gentle beauty when dawn came to the lovenest after several million dollars of scenic effects.

"The Way Things Happen."

"A Bill of Divorcement" was a great play, although they didn't do so well by it in the movies. It was filmed in England with Constance Binney in the girl's rôle; a cruel error because the chubby, winsome Constance is about as far from the type of Katharine Cornell as types can be and Katharine Cornell seemed, to me at least, the only possible person for the rôle. Now there arrives another play by the same author and with the same Katharine in the girl's rôle. But unfortunately, while Miss Cornell is as vivid and genuine as before, the play is a rather cheap affair and many stages below the first one.

Miss Dane saw her heroine as a noble and self-sacrificing martyr, but to many in the audience she appeared as something of a meddling nuisance. Moreover, she affected the hero in much the same way. He has misappropriated some bonds from his office, the villain of the piece holds the telltale papers and the girl, to save the man she loves, offers herself to the villain in exchange for the incriminating evidence. When she tells the young man of her sacrifice, however, he is quite naturally indignant. He has never loved her, he has never asked for such an extraordinary favor and he is so furious at the obligation she has forced on him that he rushes off to jail to escape it. Years after, there is a stormy scene in which the girl slaps his



Norman Trevor is smooth and convincing in "The Goose Hangs High."

Photo by White Studio

face and he discovers that he did love her after all.

Not even Miss Dane's crisp dialogue or the magnetic personality of Miss Cornell could make this play anything but irritating. If there is anything more maddening than the woman who insists on loving and saving a man against his will, I have never found it. Katharine Cornell is artist enough to lose herself in this rôle and to convince you that you ought to think the girl heroic. But, for all her charms, my sympathies were entirely with the harassed young man. He was played with sincerity and real force by Tom Nesbitt.

"Sweet Little Devil."

Constance Binney has come out of the movies into musical comedy with such success that you have an obstinate feeling that here is where she really belongs. Some of her pictures were pretty and ingratiating, some were merely dull—but never did her personality light up on the screen as it does before the footlights. It is her dancing that does it. One reviewer called her "an iridescent soap bubble with a sense of rhythm" and the phrase—allowing for the enthusiasm of the moment—exactly fits. She has color and buoyancy and a certain child-like joy in her dancing that is irresistible.

The show itself has rather more plot than most musical comedies and the usual mild tinkling music. Miss Binney sings in an artless, frail little voice and pirouettes through the action from curtain to curtain. Her puff-ball charm is so ingratiating that you resent the time lost with the rest of the performance which takes her out of the spotlight. If you have ever watched a pet kitten playing with a piece of fluff, you know what Miss Binney is like in this show.



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

Kay Johnson and Roland Young play the leading rôles in "A Beggar on Horseback."

Photo by Moffet



"The Goose Hangs High."

Every one has been scolding the younger generation for years on all sorts of complaints, some of which were deserved and some the utterest nonsense. I believe Scott Fitzgerald started it with "This Side of Paradise;" certainly since that time the novelists and dramatists have never lost a chance to show up the shocking manners and worse morals of the young folks of the present day.

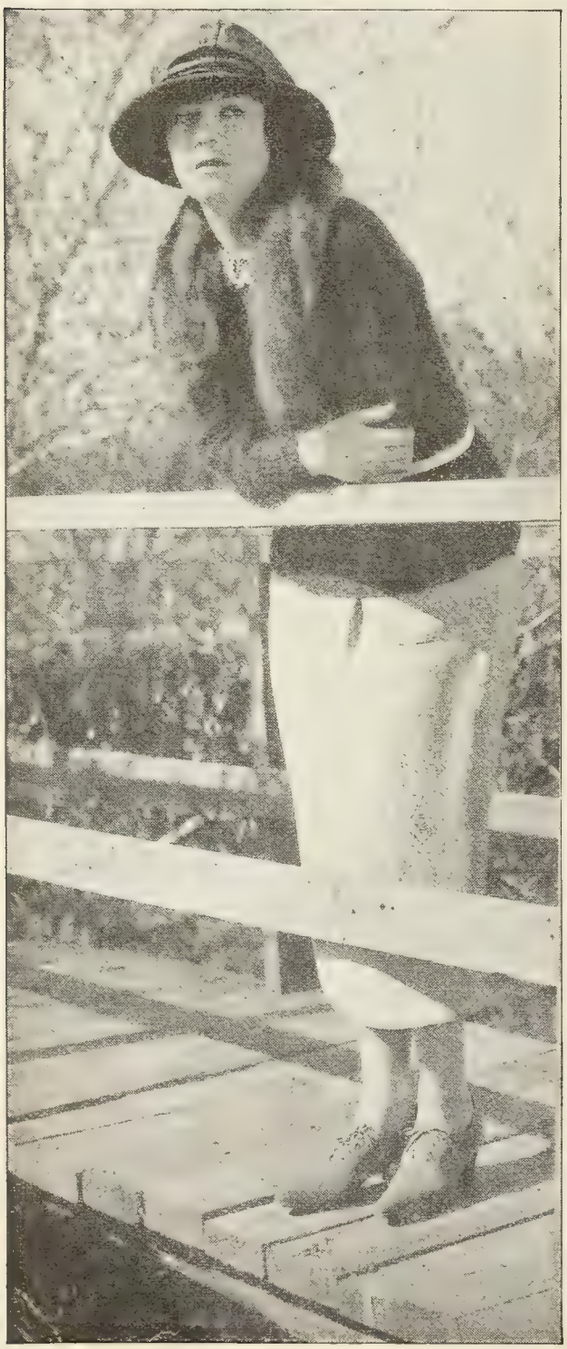
Now comes the reaction. There is a sudden rush to their defense, and high time too, for if this kept up the only solution would be to chloroform everybody under thirty. In this last month I have read four novels pointing out that the young folks of to-day have hearts of gold under their barber-pole sweaters. Now the dramatists have started it with a rush of noble flapper plays. "The Goose Hangs High" is one of them.

According to old standards, this pair of twins behave very badly in the first act. They are rude to their relatives and they throw money to the winds and are generally pert and sophisticated. But when trouble comes to the family their real nobility then shines out. Instead of swooning when father loses his job, as the old-fashioned children might have done, they rush out and get jobs of their own and save the family fortunes. It is a pretty idea but nevertheless the first acts are better than the last. (Alas, wickedness is so much easier to write about than nobility!) However, the basic idea is popular and consoling. It is that all's well with the American home.

Norman Trevor, Miriam Doyle, Katherine Grey and Eric Dressler do smooth and convincing work as mem-

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Two Letters from Location

Virginia Valli writes of her experiences in the North woods of California

To Myrtle Gebhart

Northspur, Mendocino County, California.

Dear Myrtle:

Well, I guess I'm "farthest North," as they say in books; just about as deep into the wilds of Northern California as any picture player has ever ventured. It's beautiful; great redwoods, the bluest sky I have ever seen and brown and yellow maple leaves lending a dash of color to the deep green of the firs. It's so beautiful it's actually awe-inspiring.

You'll see all this when "The Signal Tower" is released. We have put in three weeks up here on a little stream called the Noyo River; three weeks filled with fun, a little excitement—and even a little tragedy.

I'm playing a placid housewife with a small son and a hard-working railroad-man husband—Rockcliffe Fellowes plays that part, with Frankie Darro as the little boy. Wallace Beery plays the "other man," and Clarence Brown is the director. Mrs. Brown came up with us—and that makes it nice; a sort of feminine point of contact with a director in a camp where the lack of many conveniences and little refinements might pave the way to many little misunderstandings ordinarily.

But we're just a great big family up here. We all sit around after supper and pass time with all sorts of little pastimes that would sound foolish back in Hollywood—a sort of short-and-simple-annals-of-the-poor existence, as it were.

A few days ago I had a little time off and explored the country. There was an old abandoned estate; once a beautiful place, and it seems from countryside legend that the owner wandered off one day after breakfast and never came back. Left a charming house, beautifully furnished, stables, dairy, and all. The natives are rather reticent about it.

We passed two evenings speculating on it and inventing romances to fit the strange happening.

Wallace Beery suggested that maybe the man was disappointed in love and went to Mexico or Canada or some place like that to drown his sorrow. Or else he might have fallen over a cliff,

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Claire Windsor tells of the fascinations of making scenes in the real Sahara Desert, in contrast to the usual California substitute.

Touggourt, Algeria.



DEAR MYRTLE:

The last time you heard from me I was in Mexico City and now it's the opposite side of the globe. At the present writing I'm in Touggourt, Algeria, and in case Touggourt doesn't mean anything in particular to you—as, I must confess, it didn't to me until a few days ago—I'll add that it is a good one hundred and fifty miles into the Sahara Desert and is completely surrounded by the finest-grained sand you ever felt the wind blowing in your face.



We came to the Algerian Sahara here, a large party of us, including Bert Lytell, Rosemary Theby, Montagu Love, Walter McGrail and Paul Panzer to make "A Son of the Sahara." Edwin Carewe, the director, thought that a story of the Sahara demanded the real setting. He thinks people rather tired of seeing Oxnard, California and Montauk Point, Long Island, passed off on the screen as the Sahara. I agree with him. The Sahara is the most impressive stretch of space in the world. In the day great rolling dunes casting cubistical shadows and billowing off into seemingly limitless space—like the ocean. And, at long intervals the Arabs, with their caravans of camels, bearing dates from distant oases. The nights! An atmosphere wonderfully clear. Never before have I seen stars so brilliant and so numerous. And they seem near enough to touch, too.

We enjoyed a beautiful crossing on the S. S. *Paris*. Then came three days in the most wonderful city in the world, Paris. My time was chiefly taken up by shopping for my costumes for my rôle in "A Son of the Sahara" but I did get time to see some of the sights that makes Paris the city it is. However, Mr. Carewe tells us we are to have a month there on our way back. as we are to do our interiors at the Eclair studio and I'll have more to tell you of Paris after that.

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Betty Blythe's beauty may be technically unsound, but it is sufficient to exert a deleterious effect upon the casual visitor.

Doubling

In addition to being what every Blythe has no false illusions, but

By Malcolm

THE least observant reporter in the world would notice that one movie actress is pretty much like another. Decorative, probably modish, and too often conversationally restricted to the weather, the last picture, dieting, pets, and bigger and better pictures. These are, generally, the girls.

After meeting a succession of such sweet lollipops it is small wonder that the ennuyant magazine fellow lets go lavishly upon meeting a Betty Blythe. She is not brilliant, but she is clever. She is not opinionated, but she has opinions. She is not indiscreet, but she is frank. She draws a subtle line between gayety and vivacity, wears daring décolleté in a delightfully matter-of-fact manner, thereby enhancing the effect, and obviously appreciates her artistic limitations.

Despite the protests of many restless readers I must once more double for Paris and pass to Betty Blythe one of his coveted golden apples. Paris, I know, had but one, but one would not be enough in this eye-filling age. It has been claimed, in letters written to the editor, that I have at times been so prolific of bouquets that the air has become overladen with sweet scents. "We want to know what's *wrong* with these pictorial pippins," writes a curious picture patron from Denver. Other correspondents, kindly but critical, imply that in my prodigal dispensation of gilded apples I have latterly been dishing apple sauce, which of course, has no classical connotation. Without slipping further into the vernacular, however, let it be said that although Betty Blythe is no beauty, she is beautiful.

Her nose, she will tell you frankly, is too retroussè; her upper lip, she will point out, is too full; yet gazing upon the lovely ensemble the spectator is aware of a definite sensation of pleasure. All is right, as Browning probably said, with the world. Here is something worth looking at, he tells himself. Nor does he lie.

The Blythe pulchritude may be technically non-existent; it is academically unsound; but it is sufficient to exert a deleterious effect upon the casual visitor, the genial reporter bent upon hearing of favorite flowers, hobbies, and congressmen.

So to a winter that has included the ultimate blonde — Claire Windsor still qualifies —and the compelling La Marr, must now be added the devastating Blythe.

In selecting a place of rendezvous with



A picture she made in Europe called "Southern Love" will probably be shown here later.

for Paris

young man should know, Betty has a genuine sense of humor.

H. Oettinger

Betty Blythe it seemed appropriate that a characteristic Manhattan evening of gleaming lights, slurring music, and magnificent head waiters be arranged. Like the night-blooming cereus, she would unfold under the dim glowing lamps of Club Royale or Trocadero.

Because it was imperative that we hear Paul Whiteman and his superlative sons of syncopation, we dined and danced neath the gaudy canopies of the Palais Royal, Betty regal in a certainly Parisian gown and an arresting headdress ingeniously fashioned with cloth of gold.

"I haven't been out for an evening since I'm back from Europe," she said. "They met me at the boat ten days ago, and rushed me off to the studio, and I've been doing hard labor ever since. Being at the studio every morning at nine, made up, is hardly conducive to visiting the Palais the evening before, no matter how Royal it is.

"I used to think it would be grand to be a star."

When her father died, Betty Blythe was eighteen and Betty Blythe was not her name. Obliged to leave the luxury of college, her thoughts turned, conventionally enough, to the stage. With the theater and its pretty alliterations in mind the California girl chose the letter B and devised her present pleasing name. It was simpler to find a name than a job. Studio and stage door remained barred to her. Sheer desperation finally drove Betty into the chorus of "So Long Letty," one of the musicalamities deploying the lean and lanky talents of Charlotte Greenwood.

A wearying season of the merry-merry was followed by further apprenticeship in the temples of Thespis—a more or less euphemistic way of saying that she portrayed *Slander* in the road company that carried "Experience" into the provinces.

"Conrad Nagel played *Youth* in that company," said Betty. "He and I used to shock and disgust our colleagues by going to church on Sundays. He's a fine boy. I'm so glad he's doing well."



Photo copyright by Wide World Photos

Betty Blythe is one of the stars who lives up to the slogan, "Be yourself."



The QUEEN OF SHEBA *was hardly more daring in her dress than this heroine of "Southern Love."*

From the road our heroine escaped to Vitagraph. As early as then, 1917, she was impressive, makeshift though her pictures were. Her allure is authentically transferred to celluloid. Her charms radiate glamorously from the cold silver sheet. As the voluptuously beautiful *Queen of Sheba* she attained the high-water mark of her career; the artistic boiling point, so to speak. Following that triumphant spectacle of fleshly splendor Betty cast her lot with the money changers, making picture after picture of no importance, but accumulating the savings for a flock of rainy days, if any.

The European jaunt intervened, pleasantly; and during the past year Betty has made three foreign pictures, "Southern Love," Chu Chin Chow," and "The Recoil," in which she maintains she has done her best work. I imagine "Chu" should bring her exotic figure to the screen under extraordinarily satisfactory auspices.

"We made 'Chu' in Berlin, you know, using the studio Pola Negri used to have. We were in Berlin seven weeks, and I lived at the Adlon, occupying—imagine!—the royal suite formerly graced by Pola herself. That gave me a woozy thrill! Sleeping where the famous Negri had slept . . . bathing in the same imperial tub . . . sitting at the same rococo desk . . . I loved it."

She was unrestrained in her curiosity concerning the newer cinemese, elevated to prominence during her year's absence.

"What is Barbara La Marr like?" she wanted to know. "I envy her her level head. She has taken only two short years to get where it has taken me seven. She's so clever. I'm not a bit."

If these two potent personalities ever met there would be a temperamental explosion that would make that shot that echoed round the world sound like a pin dropping on plush. The fireworks attendant upon the meeting of Blythe and La Marr would be cataclysmic. But Betty assured me that I was wrong.

"I'd tell her how I admire her," she said. "She's so beautiful! She looks fascinating. I should love to know her."

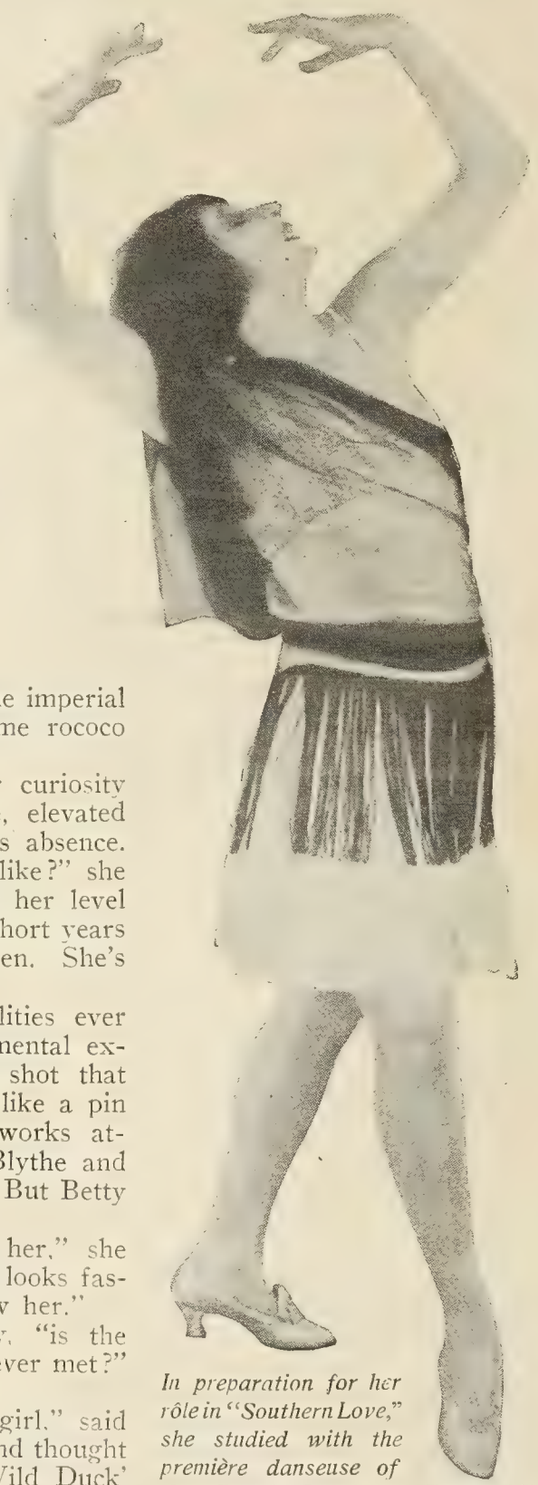
"Who?" she asked suddenly, "is the most interesting actress you've ever met?"

Nazimova was.

"When I was a high-school girl," said Betty, "I saw 'Hedda Gabler,' and thought her marvelous. I saw 'The Wild Duck' and worshiped her. I only wish that I might get her to teach me how to act. She is superb. And what a pity her *Salome* failed! A picture that was ten years ahead of its time."

The orchestra had just finished the haunting "Limehouse Blues," from Charlot's Revue, when a whim seized Betty.

"I wish they'd play that fruit song." Her wish was mother to her action. She requested the surprised violinist to play the melody that made last summer a musical nightmare. To ask for a song of last season's vintage was akin to reading yesterday's paper. Yet under the spell of the Blythe smile the maestro led his wondering followers through "Yes, We Have No Bananas," not once, but thrice. I doubt not but what he would have played "Dardanella" for her. Or anything.



In preparation for her rôle in "Southern Love," she studied with the première danseuse of the Royal Opera at Vienna.

Photo copyright by Wide World Photos

As our steps led us from café to theater and from theater to each of the smaller and better clubs devoted to the dance, our conversation strayed from pillar to post and back, with side trips and diverting excursions. We considered the wayward debutante, the reprehensible French of the maître at Club Royale, the decline of genteel shabbiness, marriage as an escape, the advisability of prohibition, Joseph Conrad's adaptability to screening, the miscasting of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," Mistinguett's legs, the ludicrous goings on at the Washington investigations, Parisian revues and their superiority to German, and tea as a stimulant. Our idle chatter was of little moment and of probably no consequence but it should be distinctly understood that it was not without its high points.

It would be impossible for Betty Blythe to assume the swank of An Actress unless she rehearsed for days beforehand. She belongs to that naturalistic group numbering Leatrice Joy and the not infrequently mentioned La Marr among its distinguished members—the group banded under a common banner on which these words are emblazoned: "Be Yourself!"

"It's so strange," Betty confided, "I've always wanted Elliott Dexter for a screen lover, and I've been mad to have Lowell Sherman chase me round tables and things. In the picture now on the fire, both wishes, count 'em both are realized. In addition to Sherman and Dexter, Robert Warwick is also with us. Never have I seen three more blasé men. And it's such a mistake to be blasé. You miss so much!

"It's like religion, though. You don't get religion until you flirt with death. I was a sheltered daughter, and I went to church as often as most daughters, but religion never occurred to me as a vital force until I found myself in the middle of the Atlantic, with waves sixty feet high breaking over the ship. Lifeboats were washed away. People practiced shouting 'Women and children first!' And Betty spent three nights sleeping in a life preserver.

"What I thought during that storm made up for lost time, spiritually!"

Even before religion assailed her, however, Betty felt that one of the three great pictures was "Earthbound,"

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Photo by Russell Hall

BETTY BLYTHE



"The Fighting

James Cruze has brought Booth Tarkington's of the South in pre-Civil War





The action of this romantic old comedy takes place near Natchez, Mississippi, and it is there that James Cruze took his company to make the picture. The picture at the top of the page shows Cullen Landis and Mary Astor, who play the principal rôles. At the left is Phyllis Haver, and just above is Ernest Torrence, who plays *General Orlando Jackson*, proprietor of a gambling den, who befriends the hero.



Coward"

"Magnolia," a charming comedy
times, to the screen.



The hero, played by Cullen Landis, is at heart a naturalist and butterfly chaser, but in order to live down a reputation as a coward he poses for a time as a desperado. "You don't have to fight, boy," the old gambler advises him. "You just have to make people believe you can fight."





In her second star picture Mary Philbin has found an ideal leading man in young William Haines, borrowed for the occasion from the Goldwyn company.



"The Inheritors"



Corinne Griffith, tired perhaps of being called beautiful, does her best to look ugly in "Lilies of the Field." The result shows a new ruggedness and strength.

Photos by Paul Grenbeaux



"Lilies of the Field"





"A Boy of



After preserving in film such universal favorites as "Peck's Bad Boy," "Circus Days," and "Long Live the King," Jackie Coogan has decided to keep up the good work by filming Ouida's "Dog of Flanders." The picture, however, will be known as "A Boy of Flanders," for, after all, Jackie *is* the star, even if the dog is awfully lovable.



Flanders"



Little Jean Carpenter plays the girl who inspires "A Boy of Flanders" to work at his sketches and become a famous artist. Jackie is supremely happy in this rôle, for he loves ragged clothes, and he loves having a dog companion to play with all through the making of a picture. And a rural picture always affords carts and sheds to play in.





Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

COLLEEN MOORE

Flapping Her Way to Fame

Fate and films both work in curious ways their wonders to perform and not the strangest of these is their making Colleen Moore a *flapper* star.

By Helen Klumph

IF any one had told D. W. Griffith some nine or ten years ago that the skinny, elflike little Irish kid that a Chicago newspaper man introduced to him would make her big success as a jazz-mad flapper he would probably have said, "Do you know any other jokes?" or whatever the current wise crack was then. He would surely have set you down as utterly lacking in judgment if you told him that within a few years tantalizing perfumes would be named for her, that her clothes and manners would be copied by girls all over the country, and that women's clubs would pass resolutions condemning her flighty actions on the screen.



Photo by Richard Burke

In real life Colleen Moore bears little resemblance to the jazz-mad flapper she plays.



"The Huntress," her first star picture, gave just a hint of Colleen Moore's gift for broad comedy.

What D. W. Griffith saw in Colleen Moore as a little girl—and what almost every one who has met her or seen her on the screen since then has sensed, is an evanescent spirit that is wistful, petulant, wide-eyed with wonder, and mocking with typically Irish deviltry all at once.

It would have been easy for those of us who knew her during her first days of success on the screen to imagine her scoring as a character out of Barrie, or one of those doomed, moon-struck maidens of Irish folklore. But a wild young person in fashionable Suburbia? It couldn't be done. And yet, unless we shield our eyes from all the motion-picture trade papers, we see that Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth" is a knockout box-office success. For the next few months she is to be advertised as "The Flaming Youth Girl." She is to make a picture called "The Perfect Flapper." For all I know, Scott Fitzgerald may even now be concocting a reckless, high-spirited exposé of the younger generation for her and the films.

I don't intend to hide my head just because Colleen has shown me up as a bum prophet. I am much more interested in

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As Europe Sees Us

Universal Westerns play a large part in spreading amusing misconceptions about American life.

In Europe Universal pictures are more widely shown than any other company's, and as a good many of the Universal pictures are Westerns, dealing with the picturesque life of Bret Harte days, some Europeans have odd notions of what life in America is like. The Department of State, through Secretary Hughes, recently expressed regret that in so many instances their ideas about us should be based on our Western pictures. And do you wonder!



Photo by Freulich

Here are a few of the Western players who typify Americans and American mode of dress to the Europeans. Josie and Eileen Sedgwick are the girls. Josie plays opposite Hoot Gibson, and Eileen recently costarred with William Desmond in "The Riddle Rider." Jack Hoxie, whose picture is just below, is one of the ever-popular Western stars who goes on year after year making outdoor adventure pictures. The man in the oval below is William Desmond.







The Unsteady Screen-flapper Throne

None of the rising young screen favorites wants to be pigeonholed as a flapper, and this article shows why.

By Caroline Bell



One cannot imagine volatile little Clara Bow effacing herself in a fill-in-the-gap rôle.

Photo by White

CONSIDERING the winsomeness and piquancy of her, one feels a momentary regret that Clara Bow, who achieved notice for her work in "Down to the Sea in Ships," should be hailed as "a flapper discovery." Clara is too new to this business to realize that the flapper throne is the most unstable in movieland. No one has thought to tell her of the many who have traveled from a brief burst of publicity to quick oblivion along the path upon which her eager feet are dancing an overture. It is a path of disillusionment, of heartache.

The short reign of the flapper is partly due to competition, but mostly, I think, to the senseless exaggeration of the type. Each of the flotilla of flappers has had to suffer, in her turn, because of the movie's habit of emphasizing characteristic points of certain types unnaturally. In order to conform to the conventionalized ingénue pattern, girls have been played up in publicity as sweet, dear, innocent creatures who would be scared if a boy looked at them—whereas, in real life, far from being so utterly inane, they are vigorous, self-reliant youngsters.

They can hold their own in this world's battles of wits, can these screen flappers, when not flapping professionally. Most of them are girls whom I like just lots, but—well, they aren't innocent, or helpless. Sophisticated, worldy-wise, many; some have had stage experience, at least in the merry-merry, and cleverly assume an ingénuish veneer which conceals shrewd little brains. A few have come to the screen direct from home and school and they, like Clara Bow, lack such hardening experiences. But none of them, in real life, conforms to the innocuous screen pattern.

The movie ingénue, I admit, is one of my pet abominations. She is such a perfect little Elsie Dinsmore heroine—too utterly pure and innocent to be human. The ordinary girl had more brains the day she was born than her screen prototype possesses at an apparent eighteen—it's presumably about that age that the film flapper begins to wonder what life is all about. In real life she doesn't wonder; she knows. Mostly, she is decent, because she was brought up that way and because, beneath her independence and individuality, she's a good sort; but she's a wise one.

At a girls' party recently, when we all sat around on the floor and played games and acted the fool, I compared these girls with the types they often must play for the camera. They're a wholesome bunch, indeed, Helen and Mid and Pat, Laura and Clara and Vola and Carmel, and the others. They're real, right, regular girls, doing their work well, helping to support their mothers and younger brothers and sisters. Every one of them is, I'd wager, what the world calls "good." But they, like the ordinary girl of to-day in any home, in any town, are not Elsie Dinsmore heroines. The competition they face is developing their self-reliance, their judgment. They know what they want—and they are going to have it. Upon that point they evince a determination like steel.

That point was illustrated when we had our fortunes told, each making a wish while the wise one read the cards. Of all those fervent wishes, only two or three were sentimental ones. Professional wishes, mostly, demanding success in their work. These girls, mayhap, will welcome romance when it comes to them; but they know that there are other things in this world and, in keeping with girlhood everywhere, they are reaching out confident, "gimme" hands.

And yet on the screen they have to play such vapid, silly heroines! The film ingénue is archaic, impossible. They dress her body in the clothes of the season, but make her wear still the same soul and mentality, with the old repertoire of expressions, not realizing that she, too, must progress, as types in real life change. It's really inexplicable, for surely the public must have wearied of that moth-eaten illusion that girls are made to cling and act like simpletons. And therein lies the main reason, I think, for the failure of so many of our screen flappers—the cinematic habit of stamping them into patterns instead of permitting them to play in the shadows their own diversified individualities.

Cast your memory backward over the last year or two, recall the hosts of flappers upon whom the spotlight has been focused only to fade after a little to the obscurity of "fill-in-the-gap" rôles.



Gladys Walton has retired from the screen after several failures as a sweet ingénue, and but few successes in zippy, brittle rôles that were suited to her. Photo by Freulich

Truly, Viola Dana deserves an endurance medal from the flapper league for preserving upon the screen so long an illusion of that ingénuish glory. But Vi is, and I think always will be, a kid at heart. Slightly hard boiled, blandly herself, but irrepressible, of an electric, bubbling personality, she's the sort of impetuous kid to whom age means nothing, for it makes no mark upon the inside feelings of her, though it may in time impress itself upon her outward countenance. Perhaps she realizes this impending and inescapable advent of the years' imprint, or mayhap it's because of the changing trend of the screen and the demise of the program star; anyway, Vi is attempting a new and deeper type of characterization in "Revelation."

Studding the prize flapper's reign have been a legion whose glory was short—Bessie Love, Lucille Ricksen, Pauline Garon, others. A wave of "flapper publicity"—the spotlight's glow—and then either they stepped into acting, dramatic rôles, as did Bessie Love and Lucille Ricksen, with such promise, or else they became mere "supporting leads."

Edith Roberts flapped in more or less silly, inconsequential rôles—though the fire and impetuosity of her temperament could not completely be blanketed even in those frightful Universal plays. But now one hears little of Edith. Gladys Walton failed utterly except in one or two pictures which showed her pretty much as herself—a rather zippy, brittle young person.

Even Carmel Myers, who this season is winning new prominence in demivamp rôles, has had her share of flapping, until in sheer exasperation she took the reins in her own capable hands and stamped her feet and shook off the suffocation of type. Carmel's is a personality of color and individualism; but her gray-green eyes view, rather shrewdly, this world and its goods. Carmel knows where she's headed — and she'll get there.

A year ago Pauline Garon basked in the spotlight's refulgent glow. Heralded by "flapper publicity," Pauline did exceptionally well in "Adam's Rib" for the reason that she played her own volatile, charming self, a rather sophisticated bit of pretty girlhood, absolutely sure of herself. But since that one unusual hit, she has been playing inconspicuous, vapid rôles.



Patsy Ruth Miller slid out of innocuous rôles and into the big, dramatic opportunities of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and she doesn't intend to go back. Photo by Freulich

Of a colorful personality, Pauline showed promise. But directors wouldn't let her continue being herself; her effervescence was pressed into the cinematic pattern. She is not exactly hard boiled, but she's no longer a kitten in its first nine days of life. Her brain works amazingly clear of the Elsie Dinsmore cobwebs; calculating, competent, I have a hunch that Pauline may yet wake up to the reason for her backsliding and redeem her promise.

Next came Vera Reynolds, who did so well her bit in Gloria Swanson's "Prodigal Daughters" that it attracted immediate attention. That poignant moment of dramatic acting suggested a splendid future for Vera as a character juvenile. But the powers that be pigeonholed her into an ingénue of typical vapidity. I still have hopes for Vera, for I believe in that small body burns a flame and some day, if Vera has spunk enough, she is going to throw off the mantle of flapperhood and come into her own along the lines which Bessie Love and Lucille Ricksen have so capably pioneered for the young girls of ability.

Eileen Percy was captivating and refreshing in "Children of Jazz," but Eileen is beyond the flapper age, and we might have known she wouldn't be permitted to continue her zestful portrayals of the headstrong, explosive girlhood of to-day. Clara Horton rather surprised me in personal acquaintance. I had at times thought her quite impossible on the screen—the usual procedure, smiles, pouts, baby eyes, all that. Clara, the girl, is a regular girl, of unexpected personality, with facets of light and



Photo by Freulich

Marshall Neilan and "The Rendezvous" rescued Lucille Ricksen from uninspiring rôles.

charm. Why can't she have a chance to be a real girl on the screen? Patsy Ruth Miller is one of the few whom the camera hasn't succeeded in denaturing, because her temperament is so volatile that they can't obliterate the sparkle of her no matter how many innocuous rôles they may give her, and they have given her quite a few.



In sheer exasperation over being cast in ingénue rôles, Carmel Myers refused parts until she was allowed to try her hand at vamping.

Ethel Shannon has been lukewarmly publicized as a flapper. They admit Ethel is twenty. I think she is a few years older. Her eyes are those of a young woman with a stupendous will power; they have shrewd gleams in them, mingled with their kindliness. Ethel is likely to get whatever she wants, I'll warrant. In "Maytime" she was miscast in a sweet, girlish rôle. The bit in "The Hero" in which she played a cabaret girl, superbly aggressive, zippy, a bit brazen, is the sort of thing which fits her like a glove.

This digression brings

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Harold Lloyd—Business-man Actor

Harold has stepped out as producer of his own comedies and other pictures as well, with the best wishes of the fans and of all Hollywood.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HOLLYWOOD has watched with quiet pride the definite progress of Harold Lloyd. The film capital, that dearly loves to say, "I told you so," but not always is given the chance, has felt for some years that the bespectacled comedian was destined some day to a place in the first rank and now that he is making his own films with still more ambitious producing plans in view, Hollywood naturally is proud that its faith has been justified.

During the past couple of years I have had occasion many times to talk with Harold, to understand his viewpoint about his work, about other things, to study his character. In glancing back over these many talks the qualities about him that most stand out in my mind are his sincerity, his practical common sense, his very genuineness—and the little bit of the dreamer which, though he derides it, puts the glow of vision now and then in his eyes—gives him enthusiasm.

As a rule, he doesn't talk very much, but listens a great deal. He is never eager to impress upon you his opinion unless it is asked in some discussion of a question, but always he listens to, thinks over, the comments of everybody else. "What I think doesn't matter," he once said, "but what others think is important, because all those others reflect the public attitude, and I am trying to make pictures to please the public, not Harold Lloyd." The struggles that were his portion during the early stages of his career, his understanding of people, have given him the human touch.

A young adventurer, but not a romanticist, Harold. His imagination is not great; he is more the business man with the common touch, the sympathetic understanding of people's impulses, what they want; he is a builder, both planner and executor, rather than an artist. He has no complexes, is not subtle. His comedies are broad slaps at life, ordinary incidents exaggerated a trifle for effect. These things happening to the hero, one thinks, might happen to any such young fellow. Indeed, Harold is not so much Harold a personality, as he is any young fellow.

His showmanship qualities excel over any artistic leanings that may lie, unadmitted, deep in him. He has his responsive touch always on the public pulse.

His pictures are designed to appeal to the mass mind, to the quantity of the public. Lacking innuendoes, subtle gropings for new paths, there is nothing fumbling, uncertain about them. Rather, they show us a likable personality who gets into all sorts of humorous situations. They carry, as all true comedy must, a certain touch of pathos; but they lack the smile-within-a-tear of the Chaplin deft shadow pictures. They are not always skillful, but they are very genuine.

Comparison of Harold and Chaplin with reference to competition for the title of "the world's greatest comedian" is futile, because of their wide differences of character and work. Chaplin is, or thinks he is, a philosopher—both humorist and tragic soul bewilderingly corked up in one human being. No wonder that this medley's expression is at times baffling, suggestive of unrevealed subtleties. The wonder is that, with his chameleon personality, he is able to express himself with such clarity of vision as his "Woman of Paris" showed. In that you saw more of a reflection of the real Chaplin than in any of his comedies. His very complexities, the problems which he feels he must work out and understand himself before he essays to express them, give one always that vague feeling of never being able to know and fully understand Chaplin.

Chaplin's work reflects the egotism, the spirit of mental probing, which is his main attribute. Harold is more physical, if I may use that term. He does not seek to explain indefinite riddles; he does not make us think



Harold will appear as an expert on girls in his next comedy.

overmuch but is content to amuse us with the humor of every day. He has builded perhaps more surely, more firmly, than has Chaplin. Chaplin always impresses me in a way as a balloon—one moment soaring high, brilliant with promise, with ineffably scintillant lights, far above our comprehension, at times breeding in us a vague chagrin—we dimly feel his chameleon qualities, that never can the whole of his mental iridescence be caught upon the screen; again, there is a let down, a vital disappointment.

Harold is static, dependable. He does not stimulate us mentally, rather he relaxes us, gives us broad sweeps of fun. He is absolutely devoid of conceit. Almost humbly, he feels that the public has given him success because of his kinship with themselves, rather, than any tribute to particular genius. The Lloyd pictures do not mirror moods, as do the Chaplin cameos, of a bewildered soul; they are commonplace, everyday.

Harold has literally built his way up in this industry, almost as any enterprising young fellow would in, for instance, the hardware or the banking business. Beginning as an extra, years ago he formed a lasting friendship with Hal Roach on the old Universal lot. Pooling their savings of a couple of hundred dollars, these two young adventurers started out to make the sort of comedies they thought people wanted, plain, everyday fun of real folks. They had no highfalutin' notions, nor have they ever acquired them. A few months ago Harold realized that the Roach lot, with its many other comedy companies, could not give him the facilities that he felt he needed for the betterment of his work, so he decided to branch out for himself, through an amicable arrangement with Roach in no way severing their long friendship.

Along the same dogged, plodding, practical lines that have characterized his work in the past, Harold is planning his future as an independent producer. After the completion of three more pictures for Pathé—the next will be a domestic comedy—he will have the buildings ready for occupancy out on the large tract of land he has bought between Hollywood and the beach for a studio site. A rumor gaining credence about Hollywood says that his name will be added to those of Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Griffith and Ray on the United Artists' list.

"Maybe," Harold evaded the question. "At any rate, I'll never make artistic pictures, in the exaggeration with which the word is used hereabouts."

He abhors costume films, dependent so much upon a tawdry illusion, a massive background of sets.

"It strikes me that the very best acting seldom stands out in relief in costume pictures. It is swamped by the investiture of the picture as a whole," he has said forcibly many times. "The actors seldom give reality to their work, make it seem human—lifelike. I want to vary my own productions—a thriller, a broad farce, a domestic comedy and so on, each of a different background and type, but all carrying a motif of humor. And above all, genuine human characterizations.



Photo by Gene Kornman

"I'll take that back in one instance"—he referred to the topic of costume films again. "'The Ten Commandments,' to my mind, is the finest picture ever produced. It handed me a surprise, the dramatic sweep and realism of both the Biblical prologue and the splendid modern story. But I do wish De Mille hadn't jumped from one to the other. The modern story is strong enough to stand as it is. If he had only continued the Biblical story, on down through the life of Christ!"

There on the stage, clad in the nondescript garments

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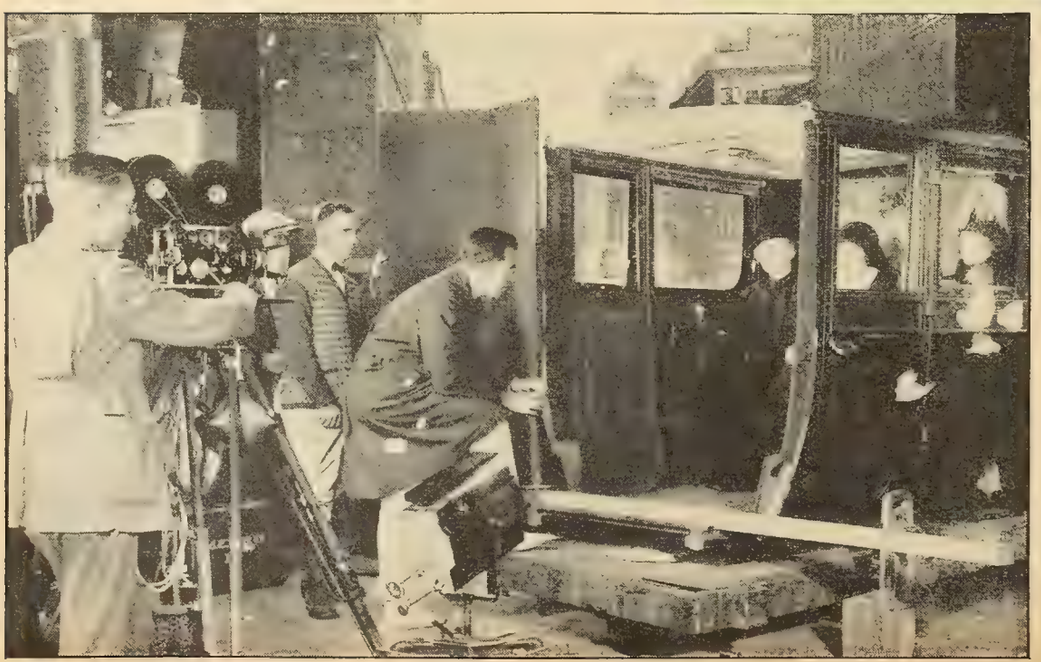
In order to get scenes showing the passengers in a street car only one side of the car needs to be built. On the other side the camera is mounted. Such a car is usually built on rockers, electrically controlled, so that the motion of a car can be simulated. Laurette Taylor is shown here being directed in a scene for "Happiness," by King Vidor.

Where the Camera Lies

Things are not always just what they seem on the screen.

When you see people riding in an automobile in a motion picture it probably never occurs to you to wonder where the camera was. If it were inside a regular car with four walls it would be so close to the passengers that an enormous close-up would be the result; that is, provided that it was light enough to get any impression at all. It is necessary, therefore, to use the body of a car from which the front has been removed. To get the effect of swaying motion this is placed on a platform that can be rocked. The painted street scene, which you see, looks highly realistic on the screen.





In "The Marriage Circle" Ernst Lubitsch wanted some close-ups of Florence Vidor on the balcony of a house, so the camera platform had to be elevated to the level of the balcony.

Society, as it Is, and Isn't!

In many respects, the movies give us very erroneous ideas of the ways of the Four Hundred.

By Harold Seton

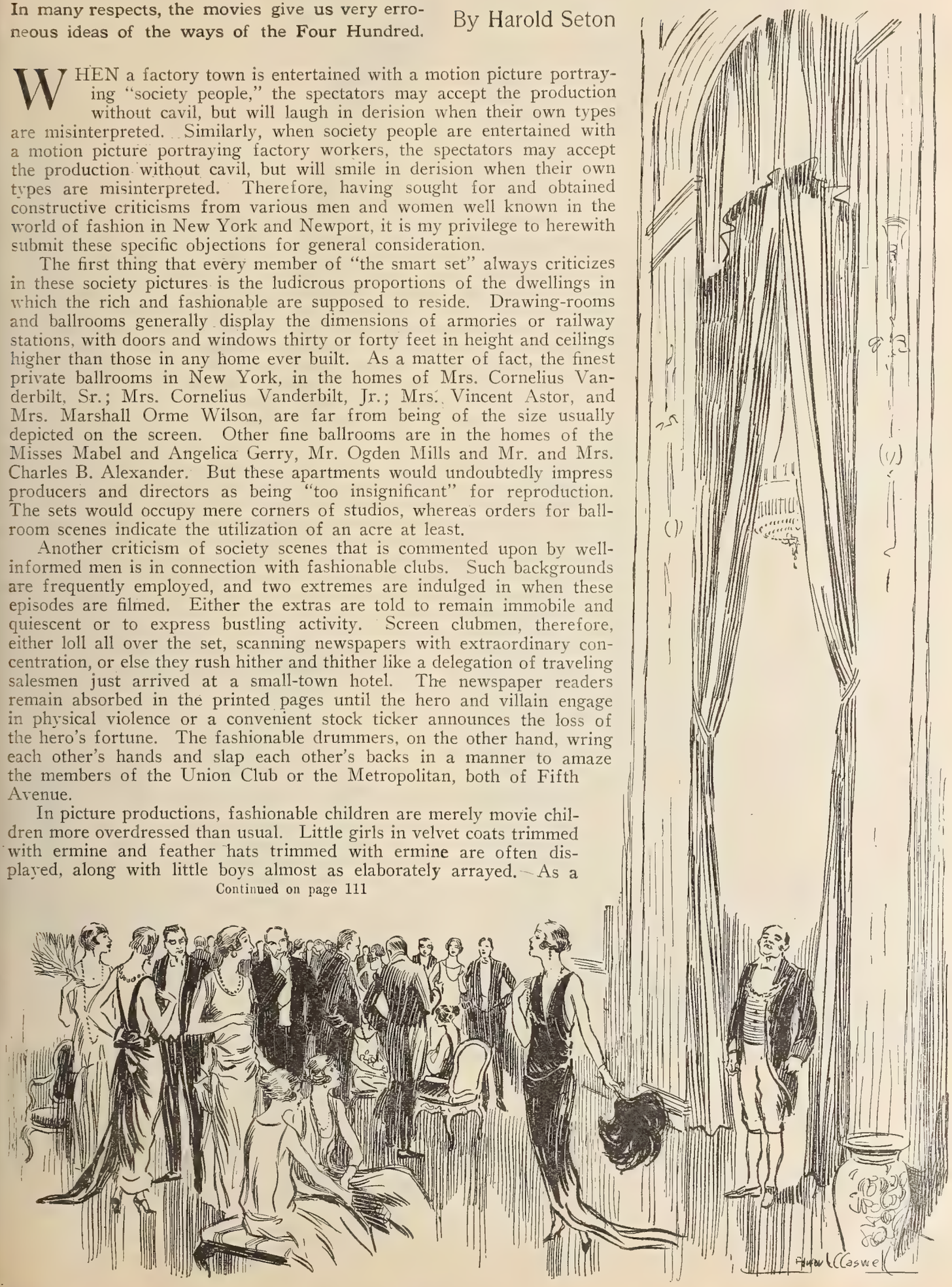
WHEN a factory town is entertained with a motion picture portraying "society people," the spectators may accept the production without cavil, but will laugh in derision when their own types are misinterpreted. Similarly, when society people are entertained with a motion picture portraying factory workers, the spectators may accept the production without cavil, but will smile in derision when their own types are misinterpreted. Therefore, having sought for and obtained constructive criticisms from various men and women well known in the world of fashion in New York and Newport, it is my privilege to herewith submit these specific objections for general consideration.

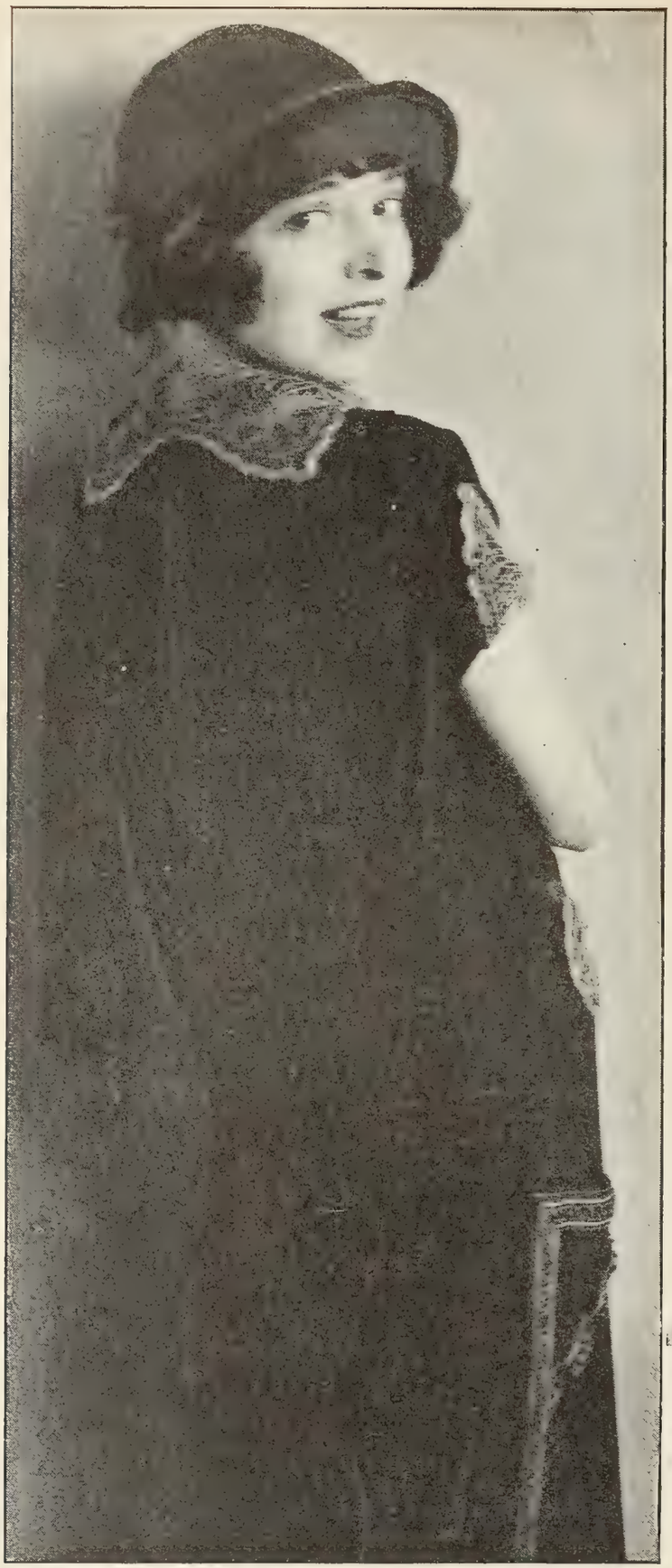
The first thing that every member of "the smart set" always criticizes in these society pictures is the ludicrous proportions of the dwellings in which the rich and fashionable are supposed to reside. Drawing-rooms and ballrooms generally display the dimensions of armories or railway stations, with doors and windows thirty or forty feet in height and ceilings higher than those in any home ever built. As a matter of fact, the finest private ballrooms in New York, in the homes of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr.; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; Mrs. Vincent Astor, and Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson, are far from being of the size usually depicted on the screen. Other fine ballrooms are in the homes of the Misses Mabel and Angelica Gerry, Mr. Ogden Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander. But these apartments would undoubtedly impress producers and directors as being "too insignificant" for reproduction. The sets would occupy mere corners of studios, whereas orders for ballroom scenes indicate the utilization of an acre at least.

Another criticism of society scenes that is commented upon by well-informed men is in connection with fashionable clubs. Such backgrounds are frequently employed, and two extremes are indulged in when these episodes are filmed. Either the extras are told to remain immobile and quiescent or to express bustling activity. Screen clubmen, therefore, either loll all over the set, scanning newspapers with extraordinary concentration, or else they rush hither and thither like a delegation of traveling salesmen just arrived at a small-town hotel. The newspaper readers remain absorbed in the printed pages until the hero and villain engage in physical violence or a convenient stock ticker announces the loss of the hero's fortune. The fashionable drummers, on the other hand, wring each other's hands and slap each other's backs in a manner to amaze the members of the Union Club or the Metropolitan, both of Fifth Avenue.

In picture productions, fashionable children are merely movie children more overdressed than usual. Little girls in velvet coats trimmed with ermine and feather hats trimmed with ermine are often displayed, along with little boys almost as elaborately arrayed. As a

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Simplicity in line is the keynote of the flapper frocks for spring and summer. Daytime dresses such as the one above have a straight line from shoulder to hem, broken only in the back where a narrow belt draws the dress in at the waist line.



Peggy Hamilton.

What Every Flapper Would Like

Several great modistes designed that "The Perfect Flapper" Directed by Peggy

IT never would do, of course, for any one playing the title rôle in "The Perfect Flapper" to wear just ordinary clothes. Or even the extraordinary clothes affected by motion-picture stars who play clothes-horse rôles. The *Flapper's* clothes had to be original without being bizarre; and they had to be cute—but not so cute and youthful as to make her look like an ingénue.

So when Colleen Moore, lately made the queen of the flappers by popular acclaim, started to assemble her wardrobe for this new picture she enlisted the services of several famous modistes, who created for her frocks and hats that they consider ideal for girls between eighteen and twenty-three. Some of the most practical ones are reproduced here, and their styles are so simple that any clever girl could copy them or at least gain from them a few smart hints to guide her in buying her spring wardrobe.

Every girl should have at least one day dress like the tube frock pictured at the left. This one, which was designed by Claire, is of flat black crape, trimmed with narrow braids of orange, violet, green, and gold. A dainty touch of real lace in écru tone finishes the single waist-line pocket and the neck and sleeves. The back shoulder cape, which has been very popular during the winter, and which gives grace to the girl of generous proportions and a suggestion of roundness to the slender type, is particularly attractive on this frock.

Black is again the most popular color for spring, but this dress could be effectively copied in crape or romeen of any of the favored new shades, such as lime yellow, madonna blue, or artichoke.

The hat worn with this dress is of black satin with a youthful rolled brim and a long bow of moiré ribbon.



Young Girl Would to Wear

clever models along the lines of advance styles so might be garbed in a matter befitting her title.

Hamilton

Photos by Witzel

MADAME FRANCES, always famous for her exquisite fabrics and ravishing dance frocks, designed the two evening dresses pictured here for Miss Moore. One is made of orchid chiffon cut in the shape of flower petals, with each tiny petal outlined in silver thread. The girdle is of silver cloth, and at the left the gown is enhanced by a cluster of silk orchids falling from the waist to the hem of the skirt. This little gown is a rapturous thing, the very essence of springtime and youth.

The other dance dress is a demure, old-fashioned frock of apple-green changeable taffeta with ribbon flowers in French shades forming the shoulder strap and trimming. Narrow ruching of gold and green ribbon finishes the flounces. A dainty petticoat of chiffon and lace dotted with tiny flowers is worn with this dress.

Short coatees and jacquettes are still more popular with the younger set than full-length wraps, though a coat of seven-eighths length has been introduced and has met some favor. However, no flapper's wardrobe can be considered really complete without a short ermine coat. Miss Moore's has a high rolling collar and is edged with mole. She is so very slender that such a coat is very becoming to her, but girls who are heavier and broad through the hips should never wear such a short coat. Girls who are stouter than Miss Moore should wear loose coats that come four or five inches below the hip line. Their skirts can be tight, but coatees never.

It is a pity that the colors of these charming frocks will never be seen on the screen, for they have all the delicacy of flowers.





The first requisite of Colleen Moore's frocks is that they should be beautiful, but a close second is that they should be comfortable and permit free movements. A girl who is active cannot be bothered with intricate fastenings, and drapery that is always getting in the way.





Fire! Fire!

Motion-picture directors seem to be going in strong for blazing scenes.

JUST as it has gone through its various cycles of weeping mothers, wild parties, wandering daughters, and so on, the screen is now turning to fire scenes. Of course, a fire always has had a high average as a sure box-office bet, but lately one picture after the other has come out with its director's own pet idea of a knockout fire scene.

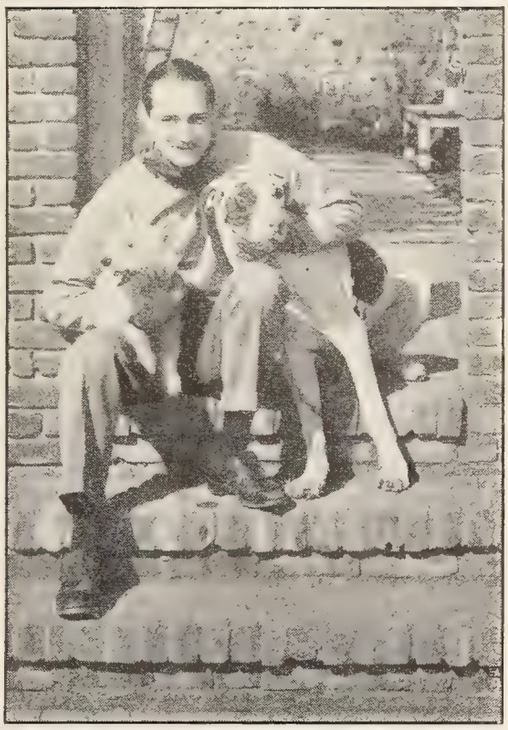
On this page you get a glimpse of the burning possibilities of some coming releases. At the top of the page is shown a cabaret fire scene from the Metro film, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." At the bottom of the page is reproduced the spectacular forest fire from the Paramount production "Flaming Barriers," which was staged under the guidance of forest rangers in an isolated part of northern California. And to the left appears what will, perhaps, be the most breath-taking stunt of all on the screen. The girl, doubling for Anna Q. Nilsson in the Richard Walton Tully picture, "Flowing Gold," dives from a rooftop into a whirlpool of water and blazing oil.

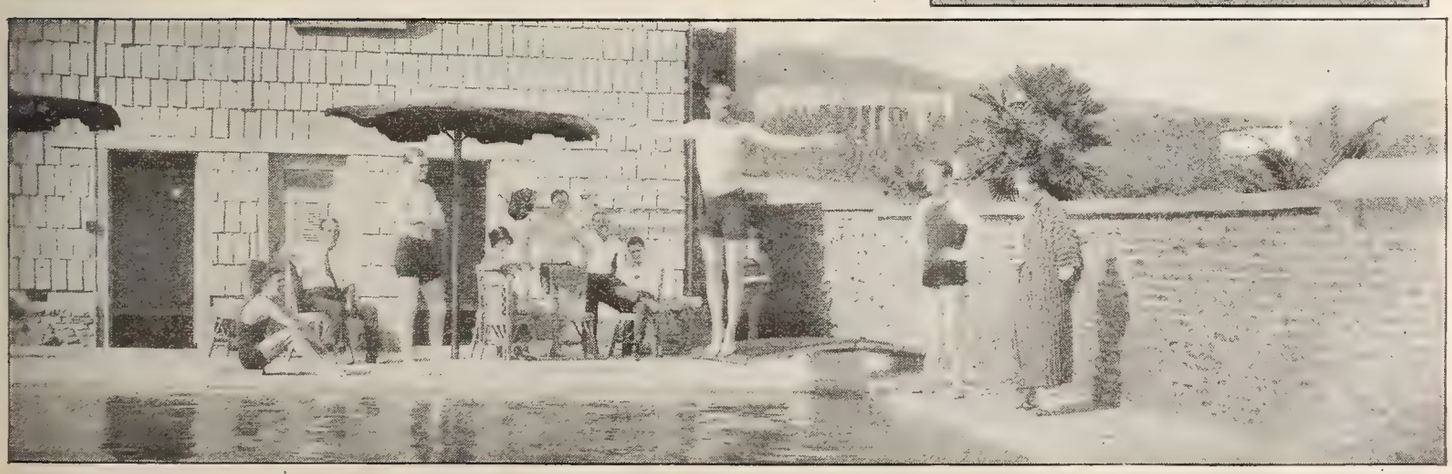




At Home with Norman

Before the motion-picture camera Norman Kerry is sophisticated, blasé, even sinister sometimes, but at home he is just a good-looking, lanky youth, who makes an affable host and pleasant companion. His home is simple and is set in a spacious lawn with a mirrorlike flower pool. The scene of greatest activity is always the swimming pool, where a merry crowd is sure to be found on a warm afternoon.





Manhattan's Bright Lights

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Valentino, Richard Dix—they were all there. Society women, who seemed to try to look like movie stars, and stars who looked like society queens. Lilyan Tashman was there, dressed up like a horse on Derby Day. Miss Tashman is one of the best-dressed women in all of New York, and on this night she had on everything except the Christmas tree trimmings. Also in attendance were the entire freshman classes of Princeton, Yale and Harvard, all of them looking for a wild party. It was just wonderful.

Miss Mary Pickford and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks recently arrived in town from the coast on their yearly visit. They are here for the openings of their two pictures, "The Thief of Bagdad" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Miss Pickford seems to grow younger every year, and Doug has never looked so well. They are terribly enthusiastic about their pictures, and from all reports they have a right to be. I hear that "Bagdad" is quite a few steps ahead of anything that has ever been done, and is likely to start a lot of new ideas in the picture world. After talking to them a few moments, one can't help getting just as worked up about the pictures as they are. Mary and Doug have the most infectious personalities I have ever encountered.

Movie stars come and go so fast in New York that it seems impossible to keep accurate track of them. Seena Owen is back from Europe, Betty Compson came through New York en route to Miami; Norma Talmadge is in the East—at present basking in Palm Beach—Eileen Percy has gone back to the Coast, Bebe Daniels is here to play the lead for Rudolph Valentino, who is also in New York, fresh from Europe; Gloria Swanson is taking a vacation in Miami, Alma Rubens and Constance Bennett have left for California to play in "Cytherea." It is all very complicated.

All of which reminds me of something. Every one has heard of the famous round table at the Hotel Algonquin, where the intelligentsia sit around and pan every one but themselves, but I claim the discovery of a new and much more charming round table—this one situated in the Ritz grill. Almost any day one can glance in there and see a table of movie stars. Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Justine Johnstone, Seena Owen, Alma Rubens, Anita Stewart —in other words, all the stars in New York, of that particular set.

The other evening at a party I saw Nora Bayes. It was a professional party—every one sang or danced or did something entertaining. Irene Bordeni had sung, Madame Stroeva, the Russian from the "Music Box Revue," had warbled a bit, Grace Moore, another singer from the "Music Box" had done her stuff —every one except Nora. I asked her if she wasn't going to sing a bit. "Not on your life," she said, "I'd much rather sit here and pan everybody else."

The dance craze has been given a new start this winter by Maurice and Leonora Hughes. When they left the Palais Royal, another team followed them right in—Florence Walton and her husband, Leon Leitrim. Strangely enough, Miss Walton is the former wife of Maurice. They have not been the success there that Maurice and Hughes were, but that is no slam, for without any doubt Maurice and Leonora Hughes are the most popular team since the days of the Castles. A new night restaurant has opened up with another team of dancers. The Club Lido is its name, and it is as attractive as its name implies. Right now it is *the* place. A great part of its success is due to the dancers, Miss Kendall Lee and Mr. Basil Durant. He is an old-timer, but Miss Lee is a new personality among the bright lights. She is quite lovely, and altogether charming, with an appealing quality of sweetness, and every one is quite mad about her. I understand they opened up with only ten days' rehearsals, and if this is so they have done remarkably well for such a short time. The room itself is decorated in black and gold, and has an intime atmosphere about it that is rarely caught in America's restaurants. As a rule they are a bit like a barn with a lot of gaudy cloth around, but the Lido is done in perfect taste.

Zez Confrey, the demon piano player and composer of "Kitten on the Keys," pulled a new "nifty" the other night. He had been to the opening of some new show, and his party was discussing whom they had seen there. Some one turned to Zez and said, "How were the acoustics?" Zez looked up in some surprise and answered: "The Acoustics? I didn't know they were there. Where were they sitting?"

The other afternoon I happened to drop in the Famous Players studio and caught them working on Gloria Swanson's latest picture, "A Society Scandal." Alan Dwan was directing, and Gloria was doing her stuff before the camera. They had a new stunt I had never seen before in a studio. When the scene was ready an enormous bell, somewhat like a fire alarm, would ring twice, and when the scene was finished it would ring three times. It was all very nice, but I don't know what the idea was. Thelma Converse was on the set, playing an exciting game of Mah Jong. In the background I spotted Ricardo Cortez. The name sounds like a combination of cigars, but it is really a man's name. Ricardo Cortez is a sterling delineator of latin parts a la Valentino. The story of his rise in motion pictures is the most amazing one of any star I have ever heard of. I gave him my word I would keep quiet for the present, but some day——

The opening of "Yolanda," Marion Davies' latest work, was another of those get-together affairs, where all the stars, directors, exhibitors, publicity men, stage hands, critics, writers—any one with the slightest excuse was there with bells on. Miss Davies was little seen by the audience, as she sat upstairs in her box with the other members of the Cosmopolitan Corporation. Gloria Swanson came in, dazzlingly arrayed, and knocked 'em all cuckoo. Mr. Valentino and his wife were there, and she was nearly the best-looking woman in the place. Bebe Daniels, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Seena Owen, Dagmar Godowsky, Morris Gest, Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, every reporter from the New York *American* and New York *Journal*, all the fan magazine writers—the only person I didn't see there was the Right Honorable Doctor Frank Crane, and maybe he was. A lot of débutantes had been imported for the occasion —I suppose to lend class and make it a really swell opening, like one of Morris Gest's, but they didn't come up to the stars at all. Every once in a while some one would take some blushing deb for Gloria Swanson, and she would turn the color of orange. One débutante was accompanied by a very staid New York man, who, apparently, thought these movie people rather vulgar. A fan mistook the deb for Mae Murray, and yelled out, "There goes Mae Murray with Lon Chaney." The man's expression was well worth the price of admission, which nobody had to pay, anyway.

Some of Our Best Young Men

New matinee idols are constantly encroaching on the popularity of the old favorites.

Even as straws show which way the wind blows, the photographs on flappers' dressing tables tell who the latest hits among the screen juveniles are. Recent investigation showed these three young men to be the new favorites of many girls. Ben Lyon, at the right, shared honors with Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth," and will appear again with her in "Painted People." Buster Collier, below, captured many hearts last year when he played "Secrets of Paris" and "Enemies of Women," and has more recently made a big hit in "Pleasure Mad." Edward Burns, in the corner, so distinguished himself in a Mae Murray picture that Gloria Swanson sent for him to play opposite her in "The Humming Bird."



Photo by Nickolas Muray





Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 61

being missed from the screen during the time that she will be abroad playing *Iras* in "Ben-Hur." She pitched right in while she was waiting and did rôles in two different productions that are expected to offer special attractions to theatergoers. One of these was "Poisoned Paradise," based on a story of Monte Carlo, and the other "Broadway After Dark," which Monte Bell, formerly associated with Charlie Chaplin, directed for Warner Brothers. Under the influence of Chaplin technique, Mr. Bell is expected to turn out in this one of the most striking features of the year, and Adolphe Menjou, who was perhaps the major success in "A Woman of Paris," has one of the leading rôles.

Miss Myers has evoked most favorable comment for her performances right along lately, and is credited with having created a new type of siren. The *Iras* rôle will probably provide the most colorful Circe that she has yet portrayed.

Ever since she left the slapstick comedies, Louise Fazenda has been enjoying one continued round of featured prominence, and what is more, she seems to be making an especial hit as a burlesque vamp. You remember, of course, the part that she played in "The Gold Diggers." Well, now, she has recently finished another in "Listen, Lester" that compares with this in quality. So be sure to watch for it.

Beauty Hint

Helen Ferguson won front-page publicity in the Los Angeles newspapers in the most extraordinary way imaginable, for she "fessed" up most obligingly and complacently to the fact that she was going to a beauty doctor to have the bridge of her nose operated on.

The result is that you simply won't know Helen the next time you see her on the screen. She has been transformed from a Roman into a Grecian type.

As you possibly know, such various and sundry expedients for regulating the suitability of one's features to the screen are not altogether unusual in the film circle, though they are not all as enchantingly beneficial as might be presumed.

Here's luck to Helen, however, for she deserves her share of success at any cost, even at the loss of a small peaklet of cartilage.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 29

dios. I do hope Mary gave her the freedom of her little bungalow during her absence in Europe. It would have been a charming and gracious bit of hospitality.

"That reminds me. Marion Davies never minds how much applause the other fellow gets, so she invited Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford to be guests of honor at the opening of 'Yolanda.' There were loads of notables there—Seena Owen, Betty Blythe, May McAvoy, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Gloria Swanson, Helene Chadwick. Helene came East for a vacation, you know, and started right in by working in two pictures. One of them is Valentino's; the other is 'The Masked Dancer' and Lowell Sherman is in both of them.

"I suppose George Walsh was there, though I didn't see him. He is in town, you know, and is sailing within a few days for Italy. Dick Barthelmess is supposed to go to Spain next week to make a picture before joining Lillian Gish in Italy for 'Romeo and Juliet,' but he is trying to postpone going. Next to being sent to Palm Beach for a picture I'd like to go to Spain where the food, at least, is hot. Dick doesn't know his luck.

"I've been expecting Corinne Griffith to arrive here ever since she finished 'Lilies of the Field,' but instead of coming East she up and got married down in San Diego. She married Walter Morosco, the son of the theatrical producer, you know. And she gave a lot of people the surprise of their lives by announcing that after making three more pictures she was going to retire and raise a family. *That's* taking the public into your confidence!"

"Well, what about Betty Compson?"

"Yes, I saw she had announced her engagement to James Cruze. I may be quaint and old-fashioned and conservative"—as though Fanny could be conservative in anything—"but it does seem to me a little nicer to wait until a man's divorce is final before announcing one's engagement to him. The wedding is going to be in the fall at Frisco, Utah, the tiny little town where Betty was born. Mr. Cruze found it when he was making 'The Covered Wagon.'

"And while discussing domestic affairs I suppose you know that they are furnishing a nursery out at Harold's Lloyd's home."

Fanny knew perfectly well that I didn't, but she likes to spring things on me casually.

"Speaking of the opening of 'Yolanda'—and why speak of anything else?—I saw Edith Allen there. She is not to be called Hedda Lind after all. People protested too much against her changing her name. And I saw little Una Merkle there. Her profile is so much like Lillian Gish's, the resemblance is startling. Do you remember when she was a student at the Sargent Dramatic School and used to come to the studio when Lillian was working? They hired her to rehearse scenes for Lillian so that Lillian could see how they looked to an audience and also so that her strength would be saved. It was wonderful training for Una Merkle and she used to play some of the scenes gloriously. She has finished school now and gone into pictures in dead earnest. She has just played small parts so far, and now she is working in the De Forest phonofilms, so people will have the unique experience of hearing her as well as seeing her!"

Even that long dissertation didn't wind Fanny and when a woman came in and sat down at the next table displaying a veritable blaze of jewels, she took out her song and started scribbling on it again.

"There was an interesting article in last Sunday's *World,*" Fanny announced in strident tones that the woman couldn't help hearing. "It brought up the question of how many jewels a woman could wear without looking like a Hudson River ice jam. I must clip it out and send it to Zasu Pitts. She was so interested when she was in New York to find that some society women wear more jewels even than picture stars!"

And before I had a chance to tell Fanny that she was obviously jealous, she had rushed out to the telephone to see if she couldn't reach Virginia Valli before her departure for Hollywood.

Virginia is living on a starvation diet so as to keep slender, and Fanny will never be happy until she finds out what it is. She has been delving into the subject of diets quite thoroughly lately and has promised to tell me some day soon all about the relative merits of counting your calories, taking violent exercise, living on baked potatoes and skimmed milk or lamb chops and pineapple, or simply not eating at all one day a week. Not that Fanny is in the freight elevator class yet, but you never can tell.



America's Riviera

FASHION'S winter playgrounds, the shores near Miami, Florida, are about to come into their own on motion-picture screens. In the past many pictures have been made in Miami, but none of them have featured the social life of its winter colony, its beaches, and cafés. Now the Hodkinson Company is making "Miami," with Betty Compson as its star, and this picture will bring the glamour of Miami right into your neighborhood theater if the company's promises are fulfilled. The pictures above and below show Miss Compson with members of her company; the one in the center shows Clare Briggs, the famous cartoonist posing her for a sketch.





Harold Lloyd—Business-man Actor

Continued from page 89

of the country hero of "Girl Shy," hands thrust carelessly into his pockets—Harold was a very real and ordinary young fellow. But into his brown eyes came the glow of an imagination that he will seldom admit, a certain awe, the vision of the boy stirred beyond his wont by something miraculously beautiful, something of the soul's understanding of religious force, and yet hesitant, as is our foolish human way, to speak of it.

"Somebody, some time," his voice mirrored the intensity of his feeling, "is going to make a Biblical picture that will leave us dumb with awe. The Life of Christ, I mean. It has great drama, poignant tragedy, that spiritual beauty that lifts people out of themselves. De Mille could have done it, if he had gone on a bit farther. Me?" A surprised inquiry, a jar, a joyous chuckle. "That would have to be made by a great artist—and that's something I'm *not*. I'm only an ordinary fellow trying to amuse folks by acting out some of the humor of ordinary life."

Usually the director is the big popgun of the troupe, or in some cases the star. In the Lloyd company, though, you really feel a coöperative spirit the moment you approach the set. Harold, with one or two exceptions, has had the same bunch with him for years—Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, directors; Taylor, Thomas J. Gray, Tim Whelan and Ted Wilde to collaborate on his stories and Bob "Red" Golden as assistant. From long association with him, they understand Harold, his character, capabilities and limitations; together with much good-humored wrangling, they work out each situation, each suggesting, trying this and that, discarding. I remember several instances when Harold permitted their joint opinion to overrule his own individual viewpoint. The result is that his pictures seldom miss fire.

That camaraderie and youthful spirit—for most of Harold's assistants are rather young—finds outlet in much good-natured kidding. "Hi, you, Lady Lloyd!" they taunt him because lately he has been bringing his lunch to the studio.

"Who says I'm not a workingman? Don't I carry my lunch in a pail?" Harold retorts.

"Girl Shy," which is the title of the film now in the making, has to do with the tribulations of a bashful country boy who, in the throes of an imaginative gambol, has written a book about his experiences with the feminine sex, whereas in reality he is rendered inarticulate if one so much as looks at him. It is a human, likable character, possible of much sympathy. The complications arise when he seeks to win the rich little girl—Jobyna Ralston.

In overcoming his handicaps, there is opportunity for a thrill or two, particularly when he drives a cumbersome farm wagon helter-skelter down Broadway, through the maze of automobile and street-car traffic, at a thirty-five-mile-an-hour clip. There is delicious burlesque, too, on one sequence in "Orphans of the Storm," in the scenes which show him rushing madly, via the creaking wagon, to the rescue of his lady, who is about to be wed to an unloved suitor, with numerous cutbacks which tend to increase the suspense—and also the laughter.

Harold is not approaching the status of a producer with any cocky egotism, but rather with what he believes is pretty accurate knowledge of what the public expects of him. He knows what he can do and what he can't deliver and is determined to remain within his own latitude. His whole viewpoint is too prosaic, too practical, to permit of fanciful imaginings of adventure, even in the realm of finance. He has no patience with artistic failures. Most of his earnings have been salted away in safe securities. Now he feels qualified to stand alone—indeed, for the past year he has been producing his own films for Pathé—and has sufficient faith in his coworkers and in himself to back his definite plans with his own cold cash.

For this very reason his sane, thoughtful attitude toward the business, his understanding of people, the genuine quality in himself that draws to him a like appreciation of real values—because of these things I do not feel the slightest hesitation in predicting for Harold perhaps not a soaring, immediately astonishing future as an independent producer, but certainly one that will guarantee success and an ever-growing public estimation.

I hope in explaining his practical attitude I have not given the impression that he is hard, blunt. He isn't. At times he is very sensitive, always he has a keen feeling and sympathy. But—and a good thing for him and his career too—giving it a solid, matter-of-fact basis—he lacks the supersensitiveness that has blighted so many promising careers, the fumbling uncertainties of, for instance, Charles Ray. He has no hidden depths of soul to intrigue and befuddle people. Harold is very much personally the likable young fellow whom you see upon the screen.

On the New York Stage

Continued from page 69

bers of the family. There is also a priceless rôle for that grand old lady of the stage, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, who makes a sweet-faced old grandmother as malicious as this type can occasionally be. After all, the older generation could be quite as mean as the younger, once they put their minds to it.

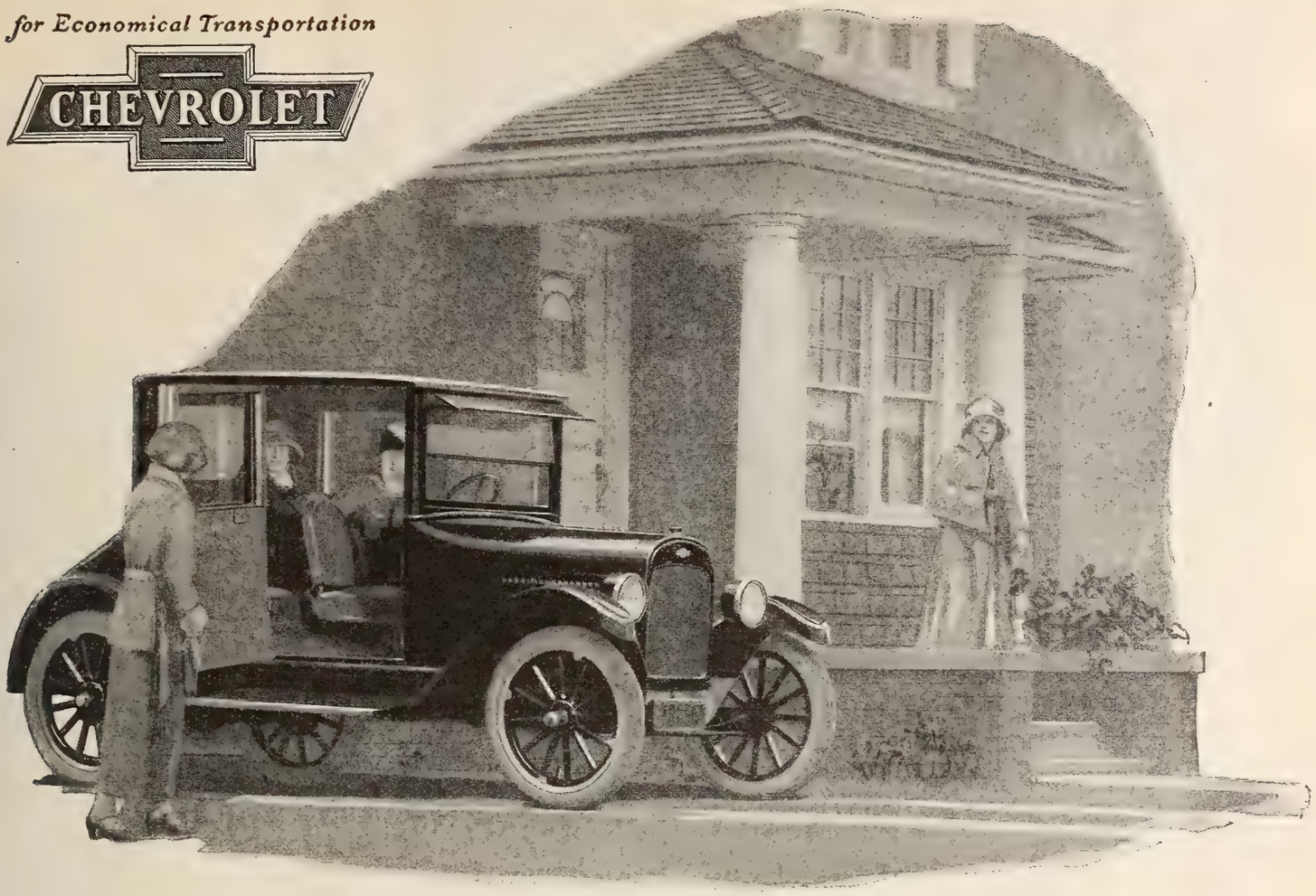
"The New Englander."

Louise Huff, who came out of the movies into "Mary the Third" last year, is an important part of this play by Abby Merchant. Her rôle, however, is not the dominant one of the play. It is built around a young man who steals stocks and bonds from his employers, as so many of our best leading juveniles are doing in stage plots these days. And there is also a mother who is Spartan enough to send her own son to jail. But the real hero of the piece is the New England conscience which works itself out in action which is sometimes dramatic and sometimes rather tiresome. The mother will not make good on her son's defalcation but when he threatens to jump his bail she kills herself, so that he may inherit her money and save himself from prison. I don't believe this is the New England conscience—if it is, its ethics seem rather twisted. Irritating as the main theme is, however, it is developed with a sincerity that makes it forceful and truly dramatic. Miss Huff does an excellent piece of work as the fiancée of the embezzling young man and Gilbert Emery as the gray-haired friend of the family is so much more interesting than the young man that I can't understand why she didn't fall in love with him instead.

Except for a few sad little failures and frothy little musical shows, the month just ended, as I write, holds nothing else that is particularly worth seeing. However, a season that has launched things like "St. Joan," "Outward Bound," "The Miracle," and "A Beggar on Horseback," may safely be permitted to rest on its laurels.

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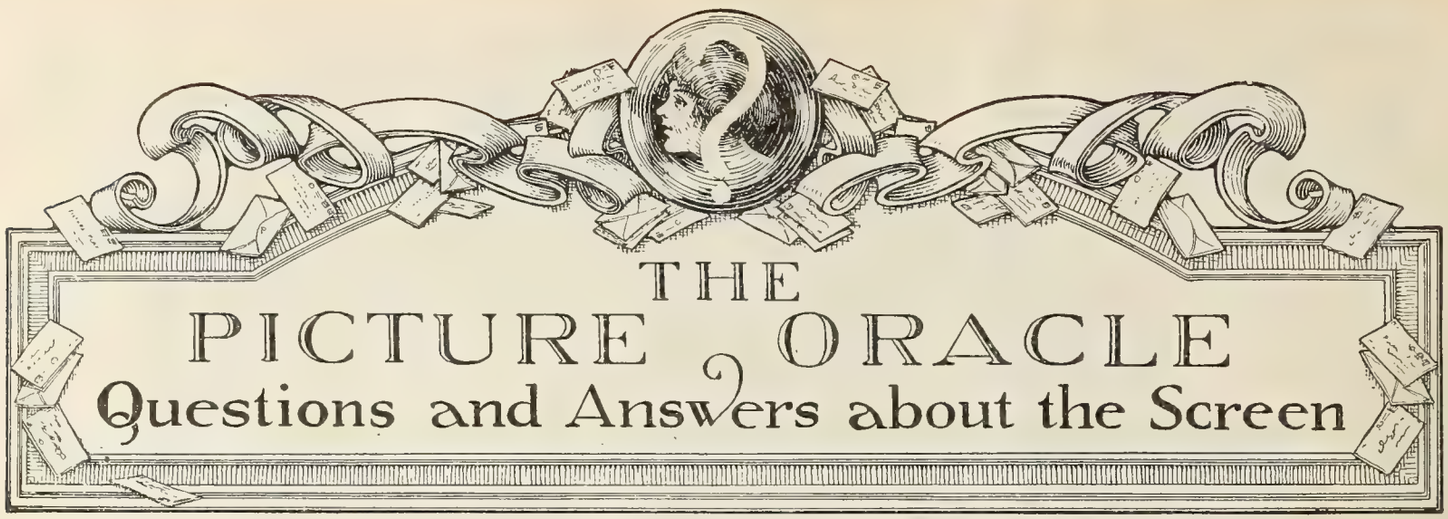
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

MYSTIFIED.—So you are all at sea regarding some of those funny movie terms? Well, a large number of other fans seem to be, too, so I am giving you quite a list of definitions, and it would be a good idea for you to save them for future reference. A dissolve is a scene that is slowly faded into another. To fade-in a scene means to have it appear gradually on the screen, and not jump in at once in its full strength. A fade-out is the reverse, by which a scene disappears gradually from view. I suppose every one knows that a close-up is a scene photographed at close range, and a long shot is one photographed at some distance. If all you hear about "art titles" has mystified you, it simply means a title that has been decorated with a static or moving design or any embellishment other than the regular type. A flash is just what it would seem—a scene that appears only for an instant; but a flashback is a jump from one scene back to another that has already been shown, usually for the purpose of increasing the suspense; a good example of this was the ride of *Danton* to the aid of *Henriette* at the guillotine in "The Two Orphans." Atmosphere means the background, and is the term usually applied to the extras that move about in the scene. A heavy means a character actor of either sex, usually one who plays a villainous rôle. Knockout has the same significance in the movies as it has in the prize ring and other walks of life, and means simply a picture that is a tremendous success at the box office. A preview is the showing of a picture before it is generally released to the regular theaters. Many of the big specials used to be shown in the New York hotels to invited audiences, including the press, before they were put on in the theaters, but this practice seems to be going out of favor now, and the first glimpse New Yorkers get of the film is at the first night of the regular theater run. Such a showing becomes then, not a preview, but a première. But the practice of previews still prevails on the Coast. A continuity is a detailed outline of a picture, which is divided into descriptions of scenes, titles, et cetera, and is the director's guide in making the production. Script is just another word for continuity.

ANITA.—It is true that Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" is going to be filmed. It will be made by Sam Goldwyn, and the rôle of *Savina Grove* will be played by Alma Rubens, that of the principal male character by Lewis Stone, and his wife, *Fanny*, by Irene Rich, Constance Bennett will also be in it, as a flapper. Corinne Griffith will again have Conway Tearle as her leading man in "Lilies of the Field." He played with her in "Black Oxen," you know.

STATISTICIAN AGAIN.—Three or four years is supposed to be the average life of a film star, but there are a great many, of course, who have lasted much longer than that, and are continuing to last. Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish have been acting about twelve or thirteen years now, and seem to be more affectionately held than they ever were; John Barrymore first came upon the film scene in 1914, when he made a picture for Famous Players; Charles Chaplin has been in the studios about twelve years; William S. Hart made a Western film as early as 1914; Douglas Fairbanks has also been present for many years; Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, George Nichols, Mary Alden, James Kirkwood, Owen Moore, and Henry B. Walthall were all members of D. W. Griffith's old Biograph company; Norma Talmadge started with Vitagraph in 1914; Clara Kimball Young was also an early Vitagraph player—she costarred with the then matinée idol, Maurice Costello, who is still around, but who appears infrequently, and only in small rôles; Alice Joyce is another early Vitagrapher, who emerged from a two-year retirement recently to appear in "The Green Goddess;" J. Warren Kerrigan is another old-timer who retired, but who has come back, almost as strong as ever; William Farnum, who had the leading rôle in the first long feature made on the coast, "The Spoilers," for Selig, is still in filmland, but has been inactive since finishing his Fox contract; Hobart Bosworth, who also appeared in that production of "The Spoilers," and who was a popular leading man ten years ago, is now very much in demand for character rôles; Seena Owen played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Lamb," which was released in 1915; Tom Mix and Kathlyn Williams were also on the scene in 1915, Miss Williams as the star of that serial "The Adventures of Kathleen," and Tom Mix as merely a stunt rider; Jane Novak has been in pictures ten years, and Marc MacDermott twelve years. John Gilbert, Colleen Moore, and Alma Rubens were numbered among the extras at the old Biograph studios, as well as Pauline Starke, Bessie Love, and several others that have since become well known. But for those players of long ago that have endured, many have dropped from sight on the screen. There was, for instance, Frank Daniels, Crane Wilbur, King Baggott—who is now a director—Robert Warwick, Clara Williams, Edna Mayo, Monroe Salisbury, Enid Markey, Louise Glaum, Ben Wilson—also a director now—Marguerite Clark, Marguerite Snow, Victor Moore, Louise Huff, Billie Burke, Muriel Ostriche, Fannie Ward, and Vivian Martin. Helen Holmes, who acquired such popularity in the Mutual serial, "The Girl and the Game," in 1910, has popped up again after being long submerged, and is making another serial, with William Desmond. Carlyle Blackwell appears once in a great while; Francis X. Bushman, the greatest of old-time movie idols, will have a chance to achieve another kind of popularity now as a heavy, as he has been cast as the villain *Messala* in "Ben-Hur."

F. R. T.—Rod La Rocque's name is very easy to pronounce—when you know how. It is pronounced as La Rock, with the accent on the "Rock." The rôle of the engineer on the all-but-prehistoric train that caused such amusement in Buster Keaton's "Our Hospitality" was played by none other than Buster's own father. Keaton, Sr., was a vaudeville acrobat, and trained Buster from the time he was a tiny youngster in all sorts of rough-and-tumble acrobatics. For years the two of them toured the vaudeville circuits, until Buster was given his first chance in screen comedies in 1917. From that time, the careers of the Keatons parted, but now that father has also made a hit in the movies, it is possible that he may devote a lot of his time to the screen in the future. Buster's whole family was in "Our Hospitality," by the way. His wife, Natalie Talmadge, played the rôle of the girl, and the baby that represented Buster as an infant in the prologue was his own child, Buster, Jr. So you see, there was a lot of realism in that picture.

JOHNNY WALKER FAN.—Your favorite is still making pictures for F. B. O. He appeared in "The Mailman" with Ralph Lewis, and stars in "Fashionable Fakers," which probably will be released by the time you see this. Johnny is married to Rene Parker, a musical-comedy actress. Edna Murphy, who costarred with Johnny Walker in those Fox pictures you mention, now makes serials for Pathé. She has finished the one called "Her Dangerous Path," and will next appear in the leading feminine rôle of "Leatherstocking," the Indian serial.

MARIE MOSQUINI ADMIRER.—Marie Mosquini has always played in the Hal Roach comedies. In fact, long before she thought of acting, Marie worked at the Roach studios as a sort of general utility clerk. She operated the switchboard, ran the projection machine, and filled in on this and that odd job. She got her first screen opportunity in the same way—as a last-minute filler—in a Harold Lloyd picture, and since then she has been playing parts in the various comedy units on the Roach lot until now she is Will Rogers' leading lady.

(Continued on page 120)

"Don't-you-dares!" for the Movies

Continued from page 22

can't show on the screen, one is set to wondering what there is left that they can show! Where do the "don'ts" stop and the "do's" begin? I think the best answer to this is found in the fact that we still have pictures. Despite the don't-you-dare-do-this and don't-you do-that, the pictures have managed to keep up a pretty steady output, and from the way that Mr. McConville was buying stories for Universal production this season, they are managing to expect a very steady production throughout the year. At the very worst, these objections which have actually been registered, and which are being taken into account by the studios, can only influence the trend of the movies, and not the supply. The supply is governed by the demand, and no one has noticed that the demand has fallen off any. In most cases the "don'ts" can be avoided by making slight changes in the story. Of course many persons resent these changes, but we can hardly blame the producers for making them.

One or two things are obvious in the matter of what sort of pictures they can give us. The effect produced by so many objections will be to steer the picture stories into simpler paths—paths certainly not being trod by modern novel writers who are making it hard for the movies by turning out vast quantities of pathological diet, dealing with all sorts of details that would never do.

It has been suggested by certain critics and well wishers of the studios that great numbers of costume pictures were made during the last year because in them the producers could get away with scenes which would call down violent objections if they were done in modern habiliments. But I have been assured that hoop skirts and crinolines, knee pants and ruffles, were not resorted to for the purpose of revealing a multitude of sins—as well as shins. The public seemed to want to see its favorites in hoops and laces and so they got them that way, that was all. And in passing, I will say that the costume picture is not to be so frequent this year as last.

If anything more than another, it is to be a year of historical tales—inspired, possibly, by the success of "The Covered Wagon," and the probable success of "Lincoln." Hew to the line, stick to facts, say the studio factotums, and you'll avoid a lot of troubles. I've indicated already what a lot of these troubles—in the form of don't-you-do-its—might be.



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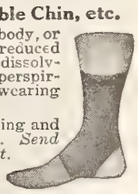
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The Unsteady Screen-flapper Throne

Continued from page 87

us to the newest suppliant for flapper film fame, Clara Bow. At first, I was inclined to doubt that Clara was but eighteen and imagined her a trifle older and wiser than was implied. Wherefore I was pleasantly surprised when chance meetings, carrying no possibility of affectation, impressed upon me that Clara indeed is youthful and immature, impetuous. I don't think there's enough guile in her to dictate a pose. Her eyes and her lips say pretty much what Clara thinks. She's refreshingly spontaneous.

Possibly it's because she hasn't been in the game long enough to get hard, as some of the mercenary, cold-blooded, little gold diggers prove to be away from the camera. Going from an obscure home, a quite ordinary childhood and girlhood, to pose for artists and eventually to reach the screen, this sudden wealth — the couple of hundred a week that she draws — of mammoth proportions in her eyes—coupled with this playing in the movies, is all quite exciting. She is still a bit dazzled.

She bears no apparent relationship to the sweet and simple damosels she's hoping won't be her portion on the screen. She doesn't belong at a church ice-cream festival, giggling and self-conscious in white ruffles. She's a bit too harum-scarum for that —it's just a natural, ebullient spirit that makes a saucy grimace at restrictions. Her buoyancy is a vibrant thing; somehow I don't believe they'll ever quite standardize her. Capricious, willful, with an infectious grin —a sprite in whom the diablerie flames bewitchingly. A saucy, upturning nose, roguish eyes, full, childish lips, petulant or provocative, as her mood may be. Surely, a creature of impulse.

"Tea . . . cake . . . sandwiches. . . . Want everything on the menu!" she ordered breathlessly one afternoon at tea. "Got to get fat. Dad says I run it off fast as I get it. . . . Last night at a ball I danced forty-two million numbers. Honest! Wore a pirate's costume, umm, nifty, jangling earrings, fierce knife to carve folks' ears off!" Snap went her fingers, flashing were her eyes, the whole of her aquiver with kid spirits, as her chatter, mostly inconsequential, bubbled on.

She is without a doubt the most magnetic of the younger novitiates of the season. Clad in a sport skirt, brown sweater with a huge yellow ruff encasing her pert little face, brown stocking cap pulled jauntily over her reddish-brown bobbed hair, there was a gamin quality about her.

The next day I saw her in action. Verily, I'll say action! A careless motorist had run over her pet pup, yclept Impie, and Impie was no more. Tearing down the street, a veritable little tornado of fire, hair flying, eyes blazing, Clara. "Lemme at him, just you lemme! I'll scratch his eyes out!" The cause of her wrath having hastily departed, there she sat in the middle of the street, a dead puppy cuddled in her arms, convulsive sobs shaking her thin, little shoulders.

Clara is not an actress in the sense of training, has had little time for the assimilation of technique. What she has is feeling, impulse and a lack of restraint which makes possible her expression of imaginative make-believe. The whirlwind excitement of her screen advent beginning to subside in her small circle, she is starting to figure things out. Just now Clara is halfway between the extremes of the blindfolded and of shrewd calculation.

Having completed a flapper rôle in "Black Oxen," she is now playing a little French gamin girl in Schulberg's "Poisoned Paradise." It has color, flame, individuality. Rôles like this, bringing out her growing ability, are likely to take her on a rising crescendo to a place of importance. Typical rôles will snuff her out in a wink. Perhaps, for a time at least, she will escape the eternal blanketing of rôles of inane sentimentality, for the thing that she has isn't going to be easily stifled.

"Want to be my own self on the screen," is the extent of her observation regarding her work. "Don't want to play silly white-frosting girls. Want to be me."

Her father admits at times he is bewildered by this job of raising a motherless daughter, a bit fearful of her future, of her headstrong youth. She is all impulse, feeling. It's rather futile to predict what may become of Clara, lacking a managerial mother, to whose good driving and pulling power half the girls on the screen to-day owe their success.

So far it has been rather hit-or-miss with Clara. Yet one feels that she is either going to make her personality felt in pictures—or else she will drop out altogether. One just can't vision her occupying the fill-in-the-gap rôles into which the flapper discoveries of yester-month have effaced themselves.

Flapping Her Way to Fame

Continued from page 83

shouting to the world that she has shown herself a clever actress.

For every bit of her characterization in "Flaming Youth" *was* acting. There is as little similarity between *Pat* and Colleen as there is between "The Kind of Girl That Men Forget" and "Annie Laurie."

These women who are always deploring something or other tut-tutted all the way through "Flaming Youth." Hackensack, New Jersey, women viewed it with such alarm that their women's club passed a resolution condemning it. Immediately it was booked for return engagements at many of the near-by theaters.

"I wouldn't care if she wasn't so cute," one mother told me, "but girls are likely to think they can get away with anything after they see that picture. They don't realize that almost any one else doing the same things that Colleen Moore did would be vulgar. There is an innate quality of mischievousness in her that I've never seen in any one else. Her characterizations are a witty presentation of girls who in real life are noisy, distasteful, self-important bores. She makes them irresistable."

And when my own mother saw it, she too, joined the deploring chorus.

"When she sees how cute she is in that picture and how much every one likes her, I'm afraid she will get to acting that way in real life."

The possibility sounded interesting. When Colleen came to New York for a vacation after making "Painted People," I rushed up to see her. It is somewhat difficult to look on your best friend as a specimen under a bell glass, especially when you haven't seen her for a year. But in the interests of finding out for the worried mothers of a nation how lasting the effect of a large dose of jazz is, I watched her carefully.

In the midst of masses of American beauties and ornate boxes of candy, Colleen and a pretty young cousin sat fishing pieces of hard candy out of a large glass jar. An exhibitor down in Georgia had given it to her when her train went through his town and she was sleepily dragged to the back platform to address her admirers. "He must know other stars, or perhaps he has children of his own," she offered as a slightly cynical tribute to those commentators who say that actors never grow up.

Now Colleen has always been about as calm and reflective as electric current. She goes rushing around all the time you are talking to her and her conversation sizzles. There are no cobwebs in her mind.



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Her conversation reminds me of that baffling Chinese mathematical wonder who plays in vaudeville. He, you may recall, puts down in parallel columns five groups of numerals running up into the hundred thousands and adds them all up at once, rushing back and forth the length of the stage to set down one figure at a time. In the same way that he sputters figures, adding all the time that he runs, Colleen jumps from subject to subject and back again, and if you can get the remarks disentangled you will find that it has been perfectly clear in her mind all the time.

"I'm going to Madame Frances and get simply oceans of clothes; it's marvelous the way that every one is making money on real estate out in Hollywood; really salaries look like nothing nowadays. Norma Talmadge is wonderful. Why can't other people keep their heads and be charming and natural when they get rich and famous? Spanish architecture *is* picturesque, but don't you think you can have much more interesting interiors in a house that has more classic lines? Italian or French? No more reading psycho-analysis and Russian novels for me. After I got through just a few of them I felt as though there wasn't any good in the world and that was rather hard on my Johnny. What shows shall we see while we are here or will we just go and see 'Rain' over and over? Shall I act terribly blasé when Madame Frances shows me her loveliest models or shall I jump up and down like an ingénue? I'm really thrilled to death. She has made such beautiful things for Norma and Constance and Corinne Griffith, and this is the first time I've ever been to her. First National's paying for all my things because I am going to wear them in a picture. Just think; now that I'm married and have a home of my own, mother finds time heavy on her hands, so she has been investing in real estate. She made a thousand dollars on a house she bought and sold a few days ago. Buster Keaton and Eileen Percy do a burlesque apache dance that is screamingly funny. They did it at Norma's last party. She is such a wonderful hostess that I was scared stiff the night of my first dinner party. I acted terribly formal until the guests kidded me out of it. Two or three of the men quoted the book of etiquette at length before deciding on which fork to use. Can you use box curtains in a Louis XVI. bedroom? I found the most beautiful crystal chandelier in an antique shop in New Orleans. I'd like to go back there and spend weeks buying furniture and things."

Unless the person she is talking to talks just as fast and on as great a variety of subjects, Colleen thinks that they are bored. More likely they are bewildered trying to keep up with her.

One of the great disappointments of her recent trip East was that in the rush of being entertained she spent much of her time in big cafés. She wanted to seek out the queer, interesting little places.

I ran in to see her one afternoon after she had fled from the hotel where she had been stopping to the quiet of a Park Avenue apartment.

"I've seen fifty thousand interviewers to-day from newspapers and magazines. What do you suppose I said to all of them? I'm worried to death." She crashed into the chords of the Sonata Appassionata—crashed is the word, for Colleen plays with nothing short of a concert touch. Lots of feeling, you know, and let the technique fall where it will. "One of them up-staged me terribly, so I must have said something silly. Or perhaps I ate too much. Somebody ought to write a part for me to play in real life. I'm not so good, just as myself."

That wistful bit of self-criticism took me back two years, when Colleen, walking up Broadway and looking at the lights, said, "I'm going to get my name up there some time. I don't care how hard I have to work to do it. But, darlin', I'm afraid after I get there it will be harder living up to it than it was getting there."

Hollywood's Biggest Party

Continued from page 24

quaint, picturesque places of pretzels and sausages.

Sunday, a day of rest for the weary visitors, excepting Emmett Flynn, who in ten seconds had taken Chief O'Brien for his lifelong friend and who spent the day riding about town in the chief's car, tooting the siren. Five o'clock, the mêlée of departure.

The holiday is over. Filmdom is back in the big, glass-roofed studios. But the reminiscent chatter of that wonderful party goes merrily on. And the Wampas boys, whose work is to broadcast the fame of the screen's twinklers, may be content with having this once during the year occupied a bit of that spotlight themselves in staging the most brilliant social event the Pacific coast has seen.

Doubling for Paris

Continued from page 74

highly spiritual in tone. Hayes Hunter later directed her in "The Recoil," eventually to be released by Goldwyn.

"I rank his 'Earthbound' beside 'Broken Blossoms' and 'Stella Maris,'" said Betty. "Whenever I'm expected to do an emotional scene I find myself asking: 'How did Mary Pickford do that tremendous scene in 'Stella?' She is always a great artist, but her work in that picture was the greatness of genius."

Betty's enthusiasms were numerous, ranging from Nazimova in "Salome" to Louis John Bartels in "The Show-off"—from Vienna to Hollywood. She wears her hair in a becoming version of the popular "shingle-bob," currently the vogue on the Champs Elysée as well as on Fifth Avenue. Barbara La Marr, too, boasted a "shingle." The two women are not at all dissimilar types. Neither could be boring. Both are incredibly attractive.

There is always a possibility of Betty Blythe's forsaking the fillums in favor of the beckoning calcium. It was on the crest of the wave of acclaim greeting *Sheba* that she swept over the country on a personal appearance tour, and she enjoyed it.

"After they had shown 'Sheba' there would be an impressive overture with plenty of ta-ra-ras, then a still more impressive hush. The curtains would part, the spotlight would spill, and there they'd see Betty, all in white. . . . Then I'd sing. Ballads always were the biggest 'takes.' 'Sunrise and You' seemed to go especially well."

Every man in the audience would imagine that the song was being sung at him; the applause would be correspondingly tempestuous. . . . Betty, "personally appearing," was a riot. Keith's offered her a forty-week contract.

"But that would have meant a year away from the screen. Too long," said Betty sagely. "So I went abroad, instead, and made three pictures."

Now she is back in New York, lending her luster to a white-light opus masterfully christened "Plaster Saints."

Later she is stated to wend her way to Hollywood, where some interesting picture offers await her. She is a popular favorite there, I understand, but she won't be with the girls when they see her Paris gowns.

There is naught to be said, in conclusion, save this, by way of suggestion: to your brief list of potent personalities add Betty Blythe!



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Two Letters from Location

Continued from page 70

like a serial star. Mr. Brown said that maybe the poor man was blackmailed and fled. Dot Farley thought maybe he was an Eastern criminal who came out into the great open places to try and go straight—and then found out that a detective was on his trail. We all wondered. We've never been able to get the inside information on it. Charlie Dorian, the assistant director, said that maybe the daughter won a beauty contest—and the family moved to Hollywood to get into pictures!

We had an awful lot of excitement when a hand car was wrecked and Wallace Beery and Charlie Dorian were hurt. Poor Charlie was quite seriously injured. He'll walk with a cane for months. Mr. Beery got off very easily. When the rest of the company picked them up he felt himself all over. I was rubbing his head and Dot Farley holding his hand.

Then he grinned. "Gosh, if we only had the publicity man here to tell me where I'm hurt!" he said.

The little country hotel we stay at isn't bad at all—except that the principal article of diet is steak. They're always out of everything else and steak is the old stand-by. Mr. Beery says he's going to be ashamed to look a cow in the eye when he gets back to Hollywood. But he has a good appetite, even if he does kick about the steak. The other day he complained that he was so tired of steak he'd lost his appetite.

"Lost your appetite, have you?" asked Mr. Brown. "I saw the steak you had for breakfast—and if they'd left horns on it they could have milked it!"

I met a most interesting character here, a man who has hidden himself away in the woods, with only dogs for companions. Several of us had dinner in his camp—he cooked and served everything and wouldn't allow any one to help. It wouldn't be fair to mention his name, as he is really very famous here and on the Continent. I held my breath while he told of wonderful places he'd been; Port Said, Hongkong, Guatemala, queer unheard-of islands on the Pacific Ocean, names I can't even pronounce. He's studying nature, he says, and he certainly knows wonderful things about plants, birds and animals.

The children of the ranches are awfully interested—and interesting. They crowd around and watch us whenever we come into the hotel, and once in a while one will pick up courage enough to come to us and ask questions. They wanted to know what the reflectors were for, and how the camera worked, and whether we liked it in Fort Bragg, and what not. I grew to be awfully fond of one little girl. Strangely enough, no mothers appeared to try and get their children into the movies. They haven't reached that lamentable stage up here in the country, and still think more of sending their children to school than of capitalizing them in front of a camera.

One funny thing happened—an old fellow who drives a flivver that we rent, came up to me the other day. "Do you know Mary Philbin?" he asked.

I said I did.

"Well," he said. "I seen her picture in the paper, and she looks just like a wife I had thirty years ago."

"How awfully interesting," I remarked.

"Yes, 'twere," he said. "She run away with a strange man."

I think that's an awfully good joke on little Mary, don't you, Myrtle? When I get back to Hollywood I'm going to tell her to beware of strangers.

I ought to be back in a week or so—I'll phone you the minute I get in, and we'll have luncheon together and I'll tell you lots more.

VIRGINIA VALLI.

Continued from page 71

It was a beautiful sight leaving the harbor of Marseilles for Algiers. The sun was setting over the Mediterranean. The windows and white walls of the buildings in Marseilles cast brilliant reflections. A beautiful church on the highest point of land in the town was actually surrounded by a shining halo. As we nosed our way out of the harbor we passed close to the little island from which the Count of Monte Cristo is supposed to have escaped. Romance! Why, every island in the harbor and every building on shore seemed to cry out the long-hidden details of some old romance.

And arriving in Algiers was another beautiful adventure. Again the sun was setting and just after it had gone down up came an enormous red moon, positively the biggest and most brilliant moon I'd ever seen. So far beautiful sunsets seem to have been timed for our arrivals and departures. In Algiers I had time to go through the old quarter with Bert. It's rather

hard to forget the smells and concentrate on the views but if you succeed in doing so you get picturesque impressions. The old Arabic streets, nothing but long series of worn and dirty steps, the mosques with their minarets, the mud houses, so like the adobe dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico and the dreaded hovels of the quarter, with their indigo-blue fronts. But there really is so much dirt there that it is pretty hard to give free rein to an artistic eye.

We stayed in Algiers three days and then proceeded down to Biskra by motor bus. That trip took us two days and a half. It was marvelous. We visited the old Roman city of Timgad, an impressive ruin, relic of the days when the Romans were the rulers of all of Northern Africa.

Biskra, where we stopped for several days and where we return shortly, is right on the edge of the desert. That place, too, has its old native quarter beside dozens of beautiful spots. The entrance to the Sahara, through a deep gorge in a mountain range, is just one more sight and thrill that I shall never forget. But what interested me most in Biskra was the Garden of Allah. You know Robert Hichens wrote his famous play in Biskra after visiting that garden spot. I should think it would prove an inspiration to all writers and painters and poets. A beautiful peace hangs over it and seems to cut you off from the rest of the world. Its long, smooth walks are completely shaded from the desert sun by every conceivable variety of tree. I really think that any one who says the Garden of Allah is not an inspiration must be without a soul.

And now I'm writing you from Touggourt. It's a day's journey by train from Biskra. And such a cute little narrow-gauge train. You can't pass directly from one car to another, but have to swing from one step to the step of the car ahead. Talk about your picture stunts! There are no tourists here. No movie theaters. No phonographs. No electric lights. The only sport is camel riding, if you call that a sport, and I must say you can't consider it as such the first two or three times.

By the time this letter reaches you we'll be deep in the production of the picture. Mr. Carewe is so enthusiastic I know he's going to do something far out of the ordinary. The author, Louise Gerard, is down here with us and she has shattered precedent by declaring herself perfectly satisfied with the script and the necessary slight departures it makes from her original work.

Au revoir until Paris!

Claire Windsor.

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is a book containing amazing revelations of woman's power over man. No woman should be so unfair to herself as to miss reading it. You will be astonished to learn how **easy** it is to attract a man's attention, to fascinate him, to win his interest and love, and to make him propose. You will be equally amazed to learn that most women are **constantly making mistakes that cause men to lose interest in them.** This is because **they don't understand men.** Knowledge is power. The woman who understands men and their weaknesses, how they are won, the different methods required for different men, and what makes a woman fascinating to them, knows just what to do to fascinate any man she chooses.

Just a letter with ten cents (10c) to cover cost of packing and mailing will bring to you (in plain wrapper) our book containing these stupendous revelations. Send for it. Know **exactly what you are about** when dealing with men. Learn the art of fascinating them, know what a wonderful thing it is to be popular, sought after, and altogether bewitching, to go everywhere, to join in all the good times and to have your choice of dozens of splendid men. Try out its methods and plans, experience the power over men which its knowledge gives you, and watch the immediate and remarkable change in men's attitude toward you. Send your dime today.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

Dept. O-5, 117 So. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Fantasy Arrives on the Screen

Continued from page 33

"Just you wait," he said.

I couldn't escape, for Mark had pressed a pearl button beside his mahogany desk. Sirens shrieked and colored lights flashed from every corner of the lot. Amid the clamor of fire gongs and the ringing of cathedral chimes the door burst open and in bounded Doug.

He was dressed in wide flannel trousers—without a belt—no coat—his white cambric shirt open at the throat. He was tanned a deep brown and he looked impudently healthy.

Mark instantly lapsed into his press agentry, introducing me with honeyed words and that familiar subtlety, "I always read all his stuff."

Doug didn't take the hint.

"Never read a line you wrote," he said. "But I can see you do creative work. Nobody would ever take you for a broker."

"No, brokers wear silk shirts."

"I don't mean that," Doug broke out impatiently. "But there's a tenseness, a concentration, something that shows in the eye. A difference from the ordinary man. You're like me in this respect. A strangeness of manner that makes one—what shall I say?"

"A nut?"

Doug laughed contagiously.

"Let's say an eccentric," he conceded. "As a matter of fact, they won't allow my films to be shown in insane asylums. The crazy people try to emulate all my stunts. Causes a regular riot."

"You know you said everything that goes for me goes for you, too."

"I stand by it. And I'll give you a message along that line—a message for everybody who wants to get in pictures. Of course everybody does, from the Countess of Loganberry to——"

"That's right," broke in Mark "I've got an old aunt. She's fifty-three. Say——"

"The message."

Doug cut him short.

"To the person who wants to get in pictures I say: What has your life been? What is your work? What things do you like? Are you a humdrum type or—do you possess creative ability? If you have *that* there's a place for you in pictures. The rest is just a matter of adaptation."

Doug got to talking about Whistler while Mark stood in the background, looming above his desk exactly like a proud teacher when the children are saying their pieces on Friday afternoon. Mark scored heavily as Doug skillfully romped through Plato to land with a running broad jump and a double somersault on the British government in India.

I signaled Mark that I capitulated. The proud teacher rang down the curtain on the display of mental acrobatics and switched Doug to his new picture.

What Doug Fairbanks knows about Arabian folklore leaves no room for addenda by Haroun al Raschid, or his learned vizier Giaffer. And as I listened to his display of historical knowledge I realized that the amazing liberties taken with historical facts in Fairbanks' pictures are not due to ignorance or carelessness. They are done intentionally—deliberately—to make history follow Fairbanks instead of Fairbanks following history. He takes liberties as Shakespeare took liberties. The same is true of the historical or fictional characters Doug honors by portraying on the screen.

He feels that he is Fairbanks, the creator, and that as such he has the right to bend to his will characters long cold in their molds and firmly fixed in the public mind.

Because Fairbanks is a noteworthy acrobat, *D'Artagnan* must do a one-and-a-half from the throne of *King Louis* and *Robin Hood* must slither down the arras in *Prince John's* castle.

"I stimulate 'em," said Doug. "The average man—tired—logy—goes in to see one of my pictures—walking like this."

Doug illustrated—spine relaxed—arms hanging—legs dragging.

"He watches the picture. Pretty soon something—some stunt or other gets him. He sits up. He begins to enjoy it. Now I've got him! If I can get sixty per cent of my original intention over to him I'm successful. I've rejuvenated that man. He comes out like this!"

Again Doug mimicked—chest high—elbows swinging back—feet that scorned the earth.

And he is right. The American public—most of it—would yawn over "Robin Hood" done with historical accuracy. But nobody can yawn over Doug Fairbanks. And we may all congratulate ourselves on the happy circumstance that for once bounding Douglas will match his background.

Society, as it Is, and Isn't!

Continued from page 91

matter of fact, the offspring of the best-known families in New York may be observed any fine day in Central Park, especially in the vicinity of The Mall, in charge of nurses or governesses. They are sensibly and unpretentiously clad, in juvenile editions of sport clothes, and any undue display would immediately designate the tricked-out youngster as being not *in* society but *out* of it.

When certain directors aspire to emphasize the fact that the household portrayed is of the *élite,* the *crème de la crème,* an extra supply of supers is engaged as footmen and the men's hair is powdered. This is an ancient custom on the Continent, and in a former decade was emulated by certain American families. The footmen of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, of New York and "Georgian Court," and Lakewood, New Jersey, had powdered hair. But, it will be recalled, Mrs. Gould had been an actress, Edith Kingdon, and was always rather theatrical in her tastes. While the late Oliver Belmont occupied "Belcourt," his Newport estate, his footmen had powdered hair, but last summer, when the property was occupied by James W. Gerard, formerly Amerian Ambassador to Germany, the custom was not revived.

One of the society women of my acquaintance, of whom I sought an opinion on the movies, declared energetically: "Frequently I am so appalled by the social errors manifested in a film production that I feel half inclined to write to the producer and invite him and his entire staff to attend one of my dinner dances in order to provide an object lesson in what's what in polite circles!" Pretending to take her seriously, I offered to bring about such an introduction with a movie magnate, whereupon the smart matron hastened to add: "But whenever I feel thus inclined I resist the terrible temptation because I realize that the procedure would be utterly useless! All that visitors would observe would be an assembly of dignified ladies and gentlemen behaving in a strictly conventional manner. It would probably be declared that the scene would not screen well, or had no camera value!

"We have been told that 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet!' That applies to society and the studios—at the present stage of development."

The Movies Speak Up at Last

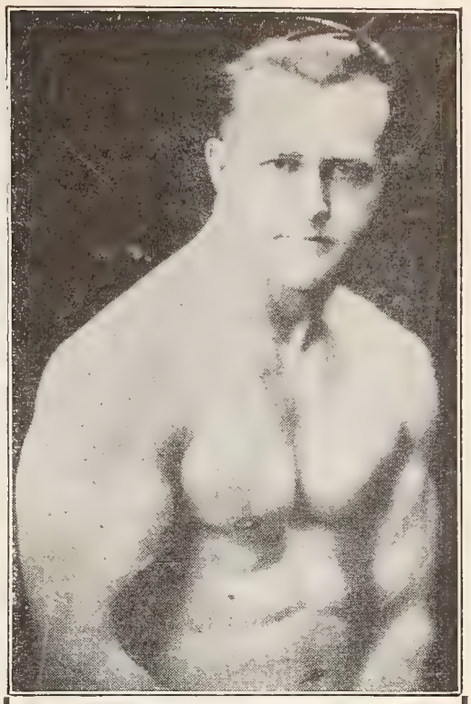
Continued from page 25

varies in strength with the current. This telephonic current originates in the first place from the special microphone transmitter which is quite unlike the ordinary telephonic microphone, but serving the same general purpose; this transmitter picks up the sound waves at distances of five to fifteen feet from the source of sound, transforming these sound waves into very weak telephonic currents. The audion amplifier is then used to amplify these weak currents 100,000 times to bring them up to sufficient strength to influence the Photion lamp in the camera. Without the audion amplifier the entire arrangement would be utterly impractical because of the weakness of the voice currents.

"Thus we have three transformations—first sound waves into electric currents, then the amplification of these currents into light waves, and the registering of these light waves through the narrow slit upon the photographic film."

One of the most significant features of the Phonofilm is that it is recorded on ordinary, standard film and the reproducing attachment can be attached to either a Simplex or Powers machine in a short time and with little expense. This makes it possible for little theaters all over the country to show them.

The amazing possibilities of the Phonofilm are just beginning to be realized. The exquisite dance program at the Rivoli and other big New York theaters can be recorded and sent all over the country; orchestral scores can be made for feature films giving little theaters the advantage of symphonic accompaniments to their pictures. Scenic films can be made with all the myriad sounds of rushing waters, bird songs and animal calls recorded. But perhaps the greatest possibility lies in the news reel. With the Phonofilm we will be able to hear our great men as well as see them. And the heroes and great artists of to-day will be really known to the people of to-morrow.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is to-day

THE MUSCLE BUILDER

Show me the man who doesn't want muscle, with abounding health, and I'll show you a man who is ready to be measured for a wooden box—he's dead and he doesn't know it. A body without muscle is like a house without foundation—a little storm, and over it goes.
Get wise, fellows, I shouldn't have to tell you these things. You can't enjoy life with a weak, sickly body. There is no pleasure like the feeling of health and strength. And when I say strength, I don't mean any half way business. Do it right, or forget it.

THE WHOLE WORKS

I build muscle—good, big, solid muscle. Let other fellows knock this idea if they want. I know what I'm doing and I guarantee **you'll like it.** I'll put an arm on you that can be made pliable one second and bulge out hard as steel the next. An arm that will be equally useful in weight lifting and any kind of skillful athletics. Just for a starter, I'll increase the size of that arm at least one full inch in the first 30 days. I'll put a chest on you to be proud of. A full, deep chest with a pair of lungs that will take a man sized load of rich oxygen with every breath, and you know what that means. Your lungs feed your blood, shooting a kick through your veins that will make you just bubble over with vitality. I will build up those inner muscles around your heart and every vital organ. I will send a thrill up your old spinal column that will make you feel like tackling a wild cat.

A NEW BODY IN 90 DAYS

Some wise crackers say it takes years to put a man in shape. That's because they don't know any better. I want just 90 days and I'll change your body so you won't recognize yourself. By that time every muscle in your anatomy will literally bulge out. And what's more your whole being will just tingle with excitement. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye that will radiate personality wherever you go. You will feel like shouting "I'm a man—and I can prove it."
Come on now fellows. Why waste more time. I'm not just promising these things. I guarantee them. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Are you ready? Let's go.

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It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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☐.....$.....*enclosed.*

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

blue serge, plainer than that of any other woman or girl in the whole school. There was a very strong contrast with her plain frock and those of the graduates.

Marion Davies was given the honor of distributing the diplomas. Every graduate was flushed with joy upon receiving his or her parchment from sweet Marion.

Every one in the audience had their eyes riveted upon Marion. She was the sensation of the evening.

One amusing incident was when she announced one of the graduates as Thomas Meighan, which should have been another name.

She told the graduates that her life belonged to the silver sheet, and that they should go on with their education. She also stated that she had not had the pleasure of a graduation or a diploma.

Miss Davies was indeed very convincing, as she offered her pictures to be taken in parious parts of the school, where many photographers were present. Every one indeed had a joyous time and a good opinion of Marion.

HYMER E. ROSEN.
300 Twenty-fifth Street, Guttenberg, N. J.

An Opinion That Was Changed.

I wonder if the other fans are like me in being influenced in their attitude toward the stars by what they hear about them?

Take, for instance, Mary Pickford. One fan wrote that she had written and asked for a photograph, and had been informed that if she would mail the sum of twenty-five cents to some charitable organization mentioned by Mary, she would receive the photo requested.

I tried to forget that, but could not, to save me. I had always believed in Mary, and every time I watched her after that, I kept thinking of that letter, and some way I lost faith in her and did not want to see her any more. Why? Because, let us suppose, the writer in question did not have the sum required. She very likely may not have, as I often wish for photos of stars, but do not have the money to spare, and therefore go without the pictures.

That opinion held good until 1919, during which year I was fortunate enough to visit Europe for a period of five months. Among other places I visited, I spent quite a lot of my time in Germany, and on one occasion attended a ball which was held in the former kaiser's palace in the territory which was at that time occupied by the A. F. in G. I was forced to attend in an ordinary coat suit, since I had not expected to have the honor of attending the ball which, incidentally, was given by General Allen in honor of the Belgian Minister of War and other officials of high rank.

During the evening I was conversing with a number of officers, and one of them said, in reply to my remark of apology regarding my attire, "Why worry, Miss Wells, you know we had as guest of honor at one of our balls recently, Mary Pickford, and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, and Miss Pickford was not in full evening dress, but instead in what may have been termed street attire."

I did not quite believe him, but later I attended an affair given by the American Legion, and I casually remarked that I had heard some one mention the fact that Mary Pickford had been visiting that country recently. A private of the A. F. in G. replied, "You bet she has, and say, do you know that she attended a ball given for us and was in full evening attire? Maybe we are not proud to feel that she would take that much trouble to appear lovely to us, for she attended a formal ball at the palace and she wore a coat suit!" For all I know the story may not be true, but I was inclined to believe it was, and I wanted to believe it because I wanted more than anything to believe Mary the sweet unselfish girl I had always believed her to be, and I wanted something to erase that twenty-five cents from my memory. A girl who would prove human enough to please the more ordinary noncom. in preference to the much-lauded "officer" would send a girl a photograph whether she received remuneration or not. VIRGINIA WELLS.

Petersburg, Va.

Let's Try to Understand the Stars' Position.

It is a constant source of amazement—and sometimes a little irritation—to me that some of the fans cannot seem to grasp the position the players are in in regard to complying with the personal requests of their followers. One writer recently complained that Rudolph Valentino refused to give a dollar to some charity in Connecticut, and for that reason the writer no longer listed Rudolph among his favorites. If that writer could act as secretary to Mr. Valentino for a few days he probably would understand why that request had to be refused.

All persons who attain prominence become targets for demands of *many* kinds, and it soon becomes absolutely necessary for them to establish a flat rule not to grant *any* of these.

I read, not long ago, an article about Henry Ford's mail, in which the writer explained that the appeals for gifts and loans which the manufacturer receives at the rate of ten thousand a week have been estimated to amount to a sum between three hundred and fifty million dollars and four hundred millions dollars a year! Not only would he soon become bankrupt if he attempted to grant these requests, but if he granted only part of them they would at once begin to increase at an alarming rate. The only thing he *can* do is to grant none of them.

The same thing must apply to the movie stars of the first rank. I wonder if the writer who criticized Mr. Valentino has any idea of the number of requests that he receives each week—each day? Surely, the only solution for such a problem must be for the star to refuse *all* requests, and to make such gifts and donations to charity quietly and voluntarily.

I have read other criticisms of stars because they only send out photographs in return for a small fee which is turned over to some charity.

That, it seems to me, is a happy solution of what must be a trying problem for the stars. I presume that no star would mind going to all the expense that he or she could afford in sending free photographs to admirers if they only had some way of knowing that the photographs went to persons who really would appreciate them and who could not afford to buy them. But the activities of the photograph collectors, whose only interest is in seeing how many pictures they can get, have made this impossible.

J. R. TRENTMORE.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Continued on page 114

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

Down with the Censors.

Governor Pinchot's last step was an insult to the intelligence of movie fans. His prohibition of scenes showing any liquors or suggesting liquor in any way is about the last straw. While this is probably impossible, there should be a national board of censors of perhaps six or seven broad-minded men to regulate the showings, and then abolish all State censorship boards. They are unnecessary. The morals of one State are surely not so much higher than those of the others that they cannot see such pictures as "Anna Christie" or "Reno." Those are two pictures that every one should see.

"Foolish Wives" was really a wonderful picture, but the second time I saw it—in Ohio—it was cut until it resembled the turkey on the day after Thanksgiving. The picture was spoiled, as I suppose "Reno" will be when it gets there.

GERALD O'BRIEN.

102 West California Avenue, Glendale, Calif.

A Fan's Impression of Clara Bow.

Not long ago—it was in the summer, to be exact—I had occasion to meet, quite by accident, a young movie player named Clara Bow. I made a silent prophecy at that time that the world would hear of this little dark-eyed girl, and now I'm going to present myself with a large and elaborate bouquet, for Edwin Schallert says that folks in Hollywood think she's one of the best bets for the coming year.

I was walking down Canal Street one noon time when I saw a crowd gathered around the curb. I stopped long enough to investigate and found that a movie camera and several players with make-up an inch thick were causing the hubbub. Naturally, I promptly forgot everything else and joined the mob of onlookers.

A child about seven years old, a pretty kid, who had the dirtiest face I ever saw, tugged at my sleeve and with wide-opened eyes said, "Lookit, there's Glenn Hunter and the girl with the red waist, that's his sweetheart. They're takin' a movie of them!"

By this time I had wriggled my way right out to the curb and could get a perfect view of Glenn and Clara. A man, who evidently was the director, was standing by giving them instructions. He finally got ready to take the scene, and then asked the spectators to get out of the way of the camera. But the youngster next to me wouldn't budge, director or no director; she wouldn't have moved for Will Hays himself, if he'd been there.

The director finally got provoked and started to push her back out of range. She screwed up her face and began bawling at the top of her lungs. Clara Bow forgot all about the scene. She ran over to the child, took her in her arms, and tried to comfort her. Then she went to an automobile that stood near by and brought out a huge five-pound box of candy.

She laughed at Glenn Hunter and asked him whether he minded her giving the birthday gift he'd given her that morning to the child. He laughed, too, and said "No, of course not!" So the kid went off with the candy box that was about as big as she was.

I loved Clara immediately. She's a lot like a child herself, I think. Then I stood at a distance and watched them take the scene, and I must say that she seemed to me an exceptionally good little actress. I haven't seen "Grit"—which, I understand, is the name of this picture—but I did see her in "Black Oxen," and thought she was loads better than Corinne Griffith.

I read in PICTURE-PLAY that she was going to play in "Maytime" and a film called "Poisoned Paradise." I think that if for nothing else, they will be worth seeing on account of Clara Bow.

ROSALYN MAGED.

1377 Fortieth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Can Any One Explain This?

There is *something* about *some* pictures that seems to lower their quality. It is not easy to explain, but nevertheless it is invariably true. Anna Q. Nilsson is really a *very* good actress, but when we go to see one of her pictures we go with the feeling that we are about to see a second-class show. It does not seem to be the settings or direction, and it is surely not the acting, but the atmosphere is always created of a second-class picture. Can some one explain this?

JOHN JACKSON.

Ashton, Fla.

Too Many Horrors in the News Reels.

In The Observer of the February PICTURE-PLAY the readers were asked to give their opinion of the news reels on the screen to-day. To my mind, most of them are downright punk. We are shown endless lines and parades which certainly fail to hold *my* attention, at least. Burning buildings fill me with horror. Sinking ships and falling airplanes make my flesh crawl. These horrors of life! Is it not enough to read about them? Must we be obliged to see these realistic pictures in which many people go to their death? I say—*no!*

A SOUTHERN FAN.

Richmond, Va.

Let the Player Fit the Part.

In the February PICTURE-PLAY there is some comment on the casting of George Walsh as *Ben-Hur*. There are others that have had a more sensational picture record, and who are better looking, but George Walsh, more than any other actor, is fitted to play the real, virile *Ben-Hur* of the story.

In Miss Gebhart's "Enter—a New-fashioned Hero" the whole thing is summed up. The picture lovers are tired of having their favorite books and characters knocked out of shape for the sake of giving a Valentino or Novarro a chance to display his wares.

The casting of "If Winter Comes" was a remarkable step. The picture followed the book as closely as any one could want, and the characters were exactly as one had imagined them. Let us get together and bring some of the less prominent players, who are actors nevertheless, to the front, where they really fill the bill.

D. D. MOORE.

Chicago, Ill.

Three Cheers for "King Richard."

When Essanay was in Chicago several years ago I had the opportunity of meeting a number of their stars and became quite well acquainted with Wallace Beery and Richard Travers. They used to dance with me at some of the dances of the "movie colony," and any young man who would dance with a little girl about ten years old and seem to enjoy it is a mighty

fine fellow. Recently I wrote to Wallace Beery about my knowing him at the old Essanay, and he sent me two wonderful autographed pictures of himself that are among my most prized possessions.

Three cheers for "King Richard!"

BEE STIBGEN.

5434 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A Fan's First Outburst.

We ought to have *some* costume pictures, but not so many. And surely there were other places beside the French court in olden days! "In the Palace of the King" was a pleasant change from the usual run of costume plays, though there were some highly unbelievable scenes in it. There seems to be much protest against heavy plays with complicated plots. I, for one, am in favor of these. There are people in the world who like to expend as little effort as is possible to grasp anything. These no doubt are the ones who cling to the "Little Red Riding Hood" plots.

What we do want, however, is less drumming at our immorality, and overdrawing it. "Flaming Youth" will do no one any good, except perhaps give the flappers some new ideas for their next party.

"In the Palace of the King" calls to mind another player we would like to see and hear more of—namely, Sam de Grasse. Here is a real villain and actor who is being sadly neglected. Let some great director bring him to the front as Chaplin did Menjou. De Grasse is practically unknown to movie fans, but he's worth giving a big chance to.

"Wild Bill Hickok" seems like a return of the old days. We like Bill, and want more of him.

Give Elliott Dexter some more pictures like "The Squaw Man" and less like "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and we'll have another popular actor.

Last, but by no means least, the news reel. There surely must be something of interest in the world beside smoke screens and beauty contests.

Who am I? Just one of the many movie fans—age seventeen. After graduating from high school two years ago, it has been my hobby to see all the good pictures and many of the bad ones and pick out the good and bad points. But never before have I wielded the "poison pen." It becomes necessary when one cannot hold in any longer. R. C. B.

Memphis, Tenn.

Cruelty to Animals.

I want to express my appreciation of what your magazine is doing to put an end to the unnecessary cruelty practiced on animals in the moving pictures.

For the producer or director who knowingly lets an animal suffer in a picture of his I cannot think of fit words to express the proper contempt. Why do press agents break their necks to tell how their woman star is all that is sweet and gentle when this same star will play in scenes where horses and other animals are flagrantly mistreated! What do they care so long as they themselves don't get hurt and their salaries come in regularly?

I saw Dorothy Devore in a comedy (?) about horse racing in which a poor old horse, who had no doubt served his master faithfully during the best years of his life, was coated entirely with paint, pushed and pulled around to distraction, and generally mistreated. I can see the terror in that poor horse's eyes to this day. Another picture I recall was William Farnum's latest, in which a horse is hit in the face, has his ears twisted nearly off, and otherwise mistreated—all for some



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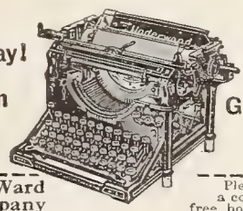
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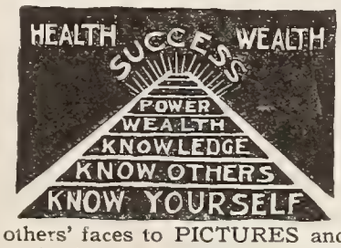
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director who thinks the public wants such things. The truth of the matter is that just one scene like that disflavors the entire picture. Several men around me during the Farnum picture remarked aloud at the cowardly treatment of the unfortunate horse. True the horse was supposed to be wild, but such treatment is enough to make the most docile animal wild.

I am sure every movie fan is tired of seeing horses fall down cliffs with a dummy on their backs to represent the star, who is probably watching the scene high and dry a short distance away. The public is fed up on seeing horses tripped by ropes and falling violently to the ground while the double is pitched over his head into a soft sand bank. Such things are no longer thrilling.

Why can't the producers let horses appear in pictures without having them race wildly or fall? To put it in a few words, why don't they show ordinary humaneness and kindness in their use of animals?

I think PICTURE-PLAY has made many new friends because of its attitude toward this cruelty.

With all best wishes for the continued success of your magazine, I am,

GLADYCE PRIEST.

337 East Twentieth Street, Portland, Ore.

Praise for George Arliss.

I have never had a crush on any particular player, having been content to admire them for their beauty or for their acting ability. But now all my skepticism is crushed. I am full of admiration for George Arliss.

I have never seen anything so interesting, so clever, so intense as "The Green Goddess." I am never afraid of seeing a picture in which George Arliss plays. It is sure to be interesting. There is nothing I should like better than to see him on the stage. I have seen some good actors in London and elsewhere, but in my opinion George Arliss leads them all.

I wish Mr. Arliss would not act in pictures unworthy of his ability, such as "The Man Who Played God." Even then he was great, but for "Disraeli" and "The Green Goddess" I cannot express my appreciation. I was surprised at *Mrs. Crespin*—Alice Joyce—preferring *Paul*—David Powell—to the *Rajah*—that is, Mr. Arliss. Praise also in this picture for the estimable *Watson*. His performance ranked a close second to Mr. Arliss'. Let us see more pictures like "The Green Goddess" and much more of Mr. Arliss.

HOWARD W. CLEVELAND.

157 Brown Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

Two Opinions on "The White Rose."

Had I been guided by Agnes Smith's criticism of "The White Rose" I probably would never have seen the picture. Not being able to think of Griffith making a picture that was anything but wonderful, I went to see it. I am indeed glad that I did not let her article influence me, as it is the only truly great photoplay since Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm."

Miss Smith says of "The White Rose:" "It has such a heavy coating of Southern atmosphere and molasses that the first night the audience sat around and waited for the Civil War to be declared." Evidently she does not like Southern atmosphere, but why pick on the picture for it? Can any one deny that it was wonderful? Didn't that unmerciful critic like our beautiful scenery? Does she wish all pictures set in Manhattan?

I wish to suggest to Mr. Hubert Creekmore, of Mississippi, whose letter appeared in the January edition of PICTURE-PLAY, that he take a trip to Louisiana so as to see that the South still has many colonial mansions. If this is not convenient I refer him to "The White Rose," in which he may see scenes of one of the most beautiful mansions taken *right here in this State*.

Mr. Creekmore is against the showing of Southern negro mammies, colonial mansions and traditions. I cannot see why he should be. For that is the romantic atmosphere of the South. What is the South if it is not symbolic of romance, and what do we really want in pictures if it is not romance? B. H.

New Orleans, La.

When is some one going to realize that Jackie Coogan is the ideal *Peter Pan*, and that not to let him play the part of the boy who wouldn't grow up is almost a crime? In a few years Jackie's day may be done, and it is indeed a pity that he should not be allowed to make *Peter* his masterpiece, while he is so ideally suited for the part.

I was terribly disappointed in "The White Rose." It seemed impossible that this incredibly sentimental, sugary tale could be the work of the same artist who conceived "Broken Blossoms" and "Orphans of the Storm."

ENRICO TORRE BIANCA.

London, England.

No Crushes for This Fan.

I just got through reading "What the Fans Think" in the February number of PICTURE-PLAY, and I must confess that some of the letters were ridiculous. How any one could imagine that the moving-picture actor or actress is a supernatural person without fault or blemish is beyond me, or that what they read or hear about some favorite should lessen their admiration is just proving that the admiration wasn't very sincere.

I, too, am a lover of pictures, but have no crush on any one particular player. If a picture is rated as a good one, or if the cast is one that is fairly good, why, I go, whether the actor or actress is one that's well known or an unknown featured player. How can the fans expect better pictures if they are always crying for their favorite? The fans should know that their favorite is not always suited for each and every rôle that they would like to see him in, so why stay away from a good picture? I would rather see Frank Mayo in a good picture than Thomas Meighan in a poor one, and I must admit that I like to see Mr. Meighan very much.

GENEVIEVE REINER.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Some Very Positive Opinions.

I heartily agree with the person who wrote a while back on the amateur critics who wrote to this column criticizing photoplays and movie stars, and I think it perfectly disgusting the way a writer expressed his feelings about "The Covered Wagon" in the January number. If I were he, I wouldn't care to express publicly such an opinion on a picture that has taken the country by storm.

I would like to say that some of the best pictures I have ever seen came from the Paramount studios, and "Ruggles of Red Gap" was the most entertaining picture I ever saw. As I am an assistant cashier at the leading movie house of our town, I have had a chance to see nearly all the pictures of importance that are made as well as seeing many screened

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that are just released. Recently our theater screened "The Woman of Paris," and I think it was the most sincere picture ever made, which had a distinct Chaplin touch.

Another word of praise goes to Marion Davies, who I think is the cleverest comedienne in pictures, as she certainly has eclipsed Constance Talmadge. One star who is talked about more than any other in this section is Gloria Swanson, whom I used to detest when she was under Cecil B. De Mille's direction, as I did not like the vulgar tinge her pictures always had, but in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" I thought she was charming as well as fascinating, and I became her admirer. After seeing "Zaza" I thought she was simply wonderful and for her good work in this picture I think she has gained a greater following from those who appreciate real acting and not merely fashion parades.

And I am back of this movement to stop newspapers from making big sensational stories from private affairs of stars.

ROSS MCCURDY.
712 N. Main Street, Kokomo, Ind.

From More George Walsh Boosters.

It was with pleasure I read the article saying George Walsh had been selected for the rôle of *Ben-Hur.* I do not think they could have made a better selection. George seems a bit bashful sometimes, but that is to his credit. Nowadays bashfulness is such a rare thing that it is really charming. Then again George Walsh has the look in his eyes of a young minister, and that also will help in this play. And now we will say a few words of the eyes who sought and found him for this great play.

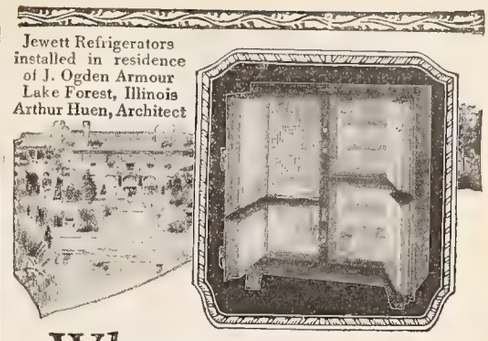
We thank you, Miss Mathis, and know that in this you have done exceedingly well. With Walsh as *Ben-Hur,* the play is half done. For the actor makes or mars the play, and in your selection we feel that the play will live forever in the minds of the people, and that George Walsh will not only be a credit to you who selected him for this part, but to the author and also to himself. And deep in our hearts we honestly feel he represents the type Lew Wallace had in mind when he wrote his famous book, "Ben-Hur."

ANNIE LAURIE BUTTREY.
724 E. Main Street, Enid, Okla.

Pardon me while I laugh, California '25. You say you will not go to see George Walsh in "Ben-Hur." Well, let me give you an earful. You go see him, and I'll say you'll agree with me that he's one of the most talented actors of the screen to-day. He was my favorite long ago. He's still my favorite, and will always be. I'm glad he's playing in "Ben-Hur," and getting the part he deserves.

I know you adore Valentino, do you not? Well, if you do not, I feel sorry for you. He was a great success, but so is George Walsh. You know the same person that discovered Valentino picked George Walsh for the play. I hope you see the picture, as I know you'll like Walsh. If you don't, well—'nough said.

I am getting perfectly disgusted with these mob scenes and costume pictures. Give us plays like "The Old Homestead," "Sonny," "Hurricane's Gal," and ever so many more. And to think my two favorites, George Walsh and Dick Barthelmess going in with them. I do hope they will go back to the old pictures and plays. And even our Mary Pickford has deserted us! MISS CLAUDINE GAULT.
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A Protest from an English Fan.

I should like to make a plea to the American producers through the medium of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, to which I have been attracted by your impartial attitude.

In a number of pictures now, especially those dealing with "snobbery," there appears the inevitable vapid Englishman, monocled, weak-brained, and—as in the Paramount production of "His Children's Children—cold-blooded and mercenary.

I would not be so foolish as to deny that there *are* such Englishmen, but I do emphatically assert that there are such in many nations.

Our present-day lords and baronets are very ordinary people, on the whole, and the "Queen Anne" idea of the monocle is disproved by the fact that ninety per cent have never worn one in their lives, while most of the others were worn in private theatricals, et cetera. Moreover, there are many of these "gilded youth" who now lie buried in France, found to be very gallant gentlemen when the test came. Heaven forbid that these should be caricatured!

Every country in the world has its snobs, either titled or rich, and while a few knocks are taken in good part, it begins to give annoyance by its constant repetition and allusion to England particularly. England, it must be remembered, exhibits nearly all American pictures, our own producers being handicapped by lack of coöperation and the constant emigration of artists to the more lucrative fields of America.

Our pictures are poor, admittedly, but our producers, fighting desperately against heavy odds, do their best to produce good pictures without reference to the shortcomings of America, or any other nation. I think that those who sailed in the *Mayflower,* the pioneers of your great country, would never have given their children a wrong impression of the land of their birth, and would have given credit where credit is due. Out of the hundreds of American pictures I have witnessed, only one had praise for England. Is this aiming toward a world peace?

It is not worthy of your great traditions, and I write this plea, knowing the thousands of British people who are taunted nightly by a past which is confused with a mythical present, giving a totally erroneous view to young America.

One of our British customs, in every branch of sport, is to give "three cheers for the loser," and with your country holding the monopoly of picture plays I would send this plea to your producers.

JAMES RAVENSWOOD.

K. A. O. C., Bermuda, B. W. I.

A Crush on Bert Lytell.

I have had a crush for years on end—and it is on Bert Lytell. It began when I saw him in "The Right of Way," even though I was very young at the time. He is by far the most powerful dramatic actor of the screen, besides being a Greek god as to looks. I saw him lately in his vaudeville sketch, "The Valiant," a thing which every one should see. It is very short, but in that short time Mr. Lytell gives something much more worth while than any play I have ever seen on Broadway. It is this kind of thing that he does best, and I wish that he would go onto the stage in something of the sort.

Since I have had a violent crush on him all these years, I doubt if he will slip out of my mind very soon. I hope not.

LOUISE HOLLINS.

New York City.

A Jealous Fan.

Everybody please be quiet about Richard Barthelmess, and let me do all the praising by myself, for I love him so much that I would be content to see a picture with nothing else in it but close-ups of him, and I would love to see that picture three hundred and sixty-five times a year! I can beat Charles Mank, Jr., for I traveled in a storm over a road ready to wash away just to see Dick in "The Bond Boy," and he was so delicious in the scene where he told the lady that she was pretty, and then deliberately read on in his little book, that I sat through the next show just to see him again in that one scene. I have seen every one of his pictures except "The Fighting Blade," but he can never do better than he did in that one scene, and no other actor can do as well, so let's not call him a perfect lover, but "the perfect actor." Besides that, he is the handsomest male actor on the screen; he has the most adorable eyes in all the world; he is cool and deliberate, not self-conscious, and always at perfect ease, and I am no flapper.

AGNES J. WARDE.

Ellisville, Miss.

A Resume of 1923.

A few paragraphs regarding "Cinema History—1923," if I may.

The year 1923 brought an awakening. Children are not such very bad actors and actresses. They are natural. They are interesting. Fortunately, Bruce Guerin—a very gifted youngster—Ben Alexander, Mickey Bennett, Vestibule Johnson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to mention ao few in addition to Jackie Coogan, Our Gang, and Baby Peggy, are happily appreciated.

Among the best pictures of 1923 are:

1. "Driven." An almost perfect production. The end should have been more true to life. The screen needs *realism.* Not necessarily the morbid realism of Dostoevsky, nor yet the old-fashioned realism of Howells, but the realism, say, of Dreiser and Flaubert and George Moore.

2. "Anna Christie." An admirable adaptation of O'Neill. More worth-while pictures like this one will make the screen more worth while.

3. "Little Old New York." Artistic. Just as many a trite little story has lived through its author's style, technique, or whatever the thing is that makes a book alive, this picture will *live.*

4. "Hollywood." It possessed good, sound American realism.

5. "The Kingdom Within." Gripping! Bravo, Miss Starke and Mr. Glass.

6. "If Winter Comes." Mr. Percy Marmont did *Mark Sabre* to the life. Splendid!

7. "Minnie." Suffered from a poor ending. However, Miss Joy and Mr. Moore were great.

8. "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Beautifully done.

A few more pictures were made notable by the performance of one or more members of its cast:

"The Green Goddess"—George Arliss. "Brass"—Irene Rich. "The Girl I Loved"—Charles Ray. "The Flirt"—Helen Jerome Eddy and George Nichols. "Merry-Go-Round"—Mary Philbin. "Ruggles of Red Gap"—Ernest Torrence and E. Horton. "Only 38"—Lois Wilson and Robert Agnew. "Rosita"—Mary Pickford, Holbrook Blinn, and Irene Rich.

Madame Pola Negri has had a sad fate in America. "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were in many places actually bad.

Miss Pickford—thanks, perhaps, to Mr. Ernst Lubitsch—gave a finer performance in "Rosita," than Madame Negri did in "The Spanish Dancer." Both Madame Negri and Miss Pickford need Mr. Lubitsch.

Some time, I hope, Madame Negri, under the direction of Mr. Lubitsch, will play Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Then will be the time to judge Madame Negri. Personally, I believe there is on screen or stage no actress better suited to play *Emma Bovary* than Pola Negri.

Veterans like Myrtle Stedman, Kathlyn Williams, Lucille La Verne, George Fawcett should be starred. Why aren't they?

Among the younger set I have great faith in Mr. Robert Agnew, a true artist.

I hope 1924 gives us no rotten pictures like "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," and "The French Doll."

WILLIAM LUEDKE.

4012 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

Don't Miss "Maytime."

I would very much like to broadcast a message to all the movie lovers of the world, and as I have no broadcasting station I am going to do it through the greatest of all movie broadcasting stations —PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Fans, don't miss "Maytime." It's wonderful! I seriously believe it is one of the ten best pictures of the year. There is much of the beauty of "Smilin' Through" in it, and Harrison Ford, who also played in the latter picture, portrays his part very realistically. I am sure that you will all agree with me after seeing him when I say that he is one of the best actors on the screen to-day.

Ethel Shannon also deserves a great deal of credit. She is wonderful! Oh! I just can't express how much I really enjoyed the picture. I cannot find words enough. The only advice I can give you is, go to see it for yourselves.

I want to thank Station P-PM for allowing me to broadcast this announcement. L. CODA.

49 N. Fifth Street, Paterson, N. J.

A Rebuke—and a Boost.

My interest was drawn toward Mr. Lusk's opinion of Gloria Swanson as expressed in the February PICTURE-PLAY.

In justice to Miss Swanson, I object to the cynicisms scattered at various intervals throughout the sketch. This defect lends an air of partisanship to the article which incidentally serves to throw the reader into a state of conjecture.

The fans, in offering opposition to this actress, have grossly misjudged the latter. Miss Swanson's versatile screen talent cannot be denied and, in all fairness to her, it is to be hoped that the circumstances constituting this hostility will inevitably be withdrawn.

Miss Swanson is to be congratulated for her determination to lift herself from comedies to the more thoughtful mood of motion pictures. Her success in this respect is an accomplished triumph, and it is deserving of all the glory that accompanies the achievement. H. K.

Vandergrift, Pa.

I greatly enjoyed Norbert Lusk's interview with Gloria. And the picture opposite! Was it really Gloria? She looked not at all like the exotic creature whom we usually think of as Gloria.

HELEN WORTH.

Onawa, Iowa.

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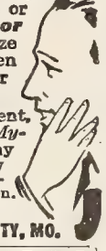
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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

INQUISITIVE FAN.—You write as if only about half a dozen screen people had children, but there really are quite a number of babies with film parents. The majority of them have only one child, but there are some that have two and three and more. Mary Carr, who is such an effective screen mother, is not the least bit out of her element in that rôle, for she has seven children of her own, most of whom appear before the camera, too. Will Rogers has four children, all boys; Cullen Landis has three, Milton Sills has three, and so has Jack Holt. Bryant Washburn answers "daddy" to two youngsters, as do the following: Irene Rich, Malcolm MacGregor, Alice Joyce, Natalie Talmadge, Harry Beaumont, Louise Huff, and Jack Hoxie. The list of parents of only one child is quite long, but here are some: Florence Vidor, Dorothy Phillips, Bobby Vernon, Gloria Swanson, Jane Novak, Seena Owen, Enid Bennett, Claire Windsor, Conrad Nagel, Richard Barthelmess, Alice Brady, Mae Marsh, John Barrymore, George Beban, William Farnum, Harry Carey, Tom Mix, Zasu Pitts, Erich Von Stroheim, William S. Hart, Lon Chaney, Pat O'Malley, Eddie Polo, Vola Vale, H. B. Warner, Myrtle Stedman, Douglas Fairbanks, Harry Millarde—whose wife is June Caprice—Irving Cummings, and Naomi Childers.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, it is true that Rex Ingram went all the way to Africa to film "The Arab." The California locations have become so hackneyed from being used over and over again by all the movie companies on the coast that a great many directors are now going to the original locale of the story whenever possible. This, of course, adds greatly to the value of the picture. Beside Mr. Ingram and his company, which includes Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro, who play the leads in the picture, there are other American directors now invading picturesque parts of Europe for film locations. Lillian Gish and her sister are in Italy making "Romola" for Inspiration; Edwin Carewe is filming the real Sahara Desert in "A Son of the Sahara;" the "Ben Hur" company under Charles Brabin, which includes George Walsh, Francis X. Bushman, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, and Gertrude Olmsted, has gone abroad and will spend almost a year in shooting scenes in Palestine and other points called for by the story; the Wiliam de Mille company making "Isebound" with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson have been filming real New England scenery as the background of the picture. This is especially significant of the change in location policy, as William de Mille has always been averse to traveling even a short distance from the Lasky Hollywood studio, and whenever possible has filmed all his pictures inside the studio walls. But for this film he has traveled all the way from California to New York—where the studio scenes were made—and thence to New England. So it looks as though directors are going to give more and more attention to getting authentic backgrounds for their productions in the future.

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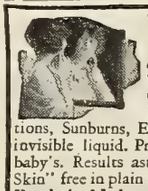
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These Amazingly Beautiful CORODITE Gems match the scintillating beauty of GENUINE DIAMONDS in every way. They have the same **gorgeous blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. Standing the terrific Acid Test** of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

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A New Way—an easy, pleasant way that is Safe and Sure. From 8 ounces to a pound a day melt away as if by magic. Dissolve Flo-Ra-Zo-Na in warm water. Get in and **relax**—that is the secret. To reduce arms, neck, bust or any part of the body make local application.



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J. B.—I'm sorry I can't help you out, but I don't "analyze" photographs. The only analyzing I do is trying to decipher some of the handwriting I get sometimes. So I'm afraid you'll have to find some one else to tell you all about your strength of character, movie possibilities, and so on, as shown by your physiognomy.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Pola Negri, Rod La Rocque, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Charles De Roche, Agnes Ayres, Jacqueline Logan, Mary Astor, Bobby Agnew, Beatrice Joy, Edward Horton, Ernest Torrence, and Alma Bennett at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Harrison Ford, care of Menifee I. Johnstone, 206 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gloria Swanson, Glenn Hunter, Helene Chadwick, Nita Naldi, and Rudolph Valentino, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Marie Prevost, Irene Rich, Bruce Guerin, Hope Hampton, and Monte Blue at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Pearl White at the Eclair Studios, Paris, France.

Barbara La Marr, Lew Cody, Robert Frazer, Renee Adoree, Malcolm MacGregor, Viola Dana, Ramon Novarro, and Alice Terry at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

John and Lionel Barrymore, Walter McGrail, and Earle Metcalfe at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Wyndham Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Henry Hull at the Morosco Theater, West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, Milton Sills, Constance Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, and Wallace Beery at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Picture Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mabel Ballin, George Walsh, Kathleen Key, Gertrude Olmsted, Carmel Myers, and Francis X. Bushman, care of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenma Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford, Julanne Johnston, Douglas Fairbanks, Lottie Pickford, and Allan Forrest at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ethel Shannon, Gaston Glass, Clara Bow, Huntley Gordon, Kenneth Harlan, and Norma Shearer, care of Preferred Pictures, Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Edmund Love, care of Fox Film Corporation, West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Marion Davies, Ralph Graves, Anita Stewart, and Alma Rubens, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

George Arliss and Alfred Lunt, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, William Desmond, Eileen and Josie Sedgwick, Jack Hoxie, Hoot Gibson, Norman Kerry, and Helen Holmes at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Mae Busch, Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Aileen Pringle, Conrad Nagel, Blanche Sweet, and Erich Von Stroheim at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and scrawney and would like to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the genuine Hilton's Vitamines absolutely FREE. Do not send any money—just your name and address to W. W. Hilton, 113 Gateway Sta., Kansas City, Mo.



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AND so they were—round and soft and melting. Long ago she had learned the trick of accentuating their beauty and heightening their expressiveness by darkening their lashes with WINX.

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WINX is applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. It makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the theatre.

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"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't 'wake up' until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.



Posed by Ann Forest, famous movie star, and Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor

"THAT night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. Then I saw your advertisement in a well known magazine. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 25c—especially since you guaranteed to teach me.

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"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly, and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps.

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

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In the short time that I have had to study over the lessons and the very little practicing that I have been able to do, I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the lessons. I had always been in the background when attending dances, as all the better dancers were chosen, and I really envied my friends on the dance floor.—*Miss Bertha Shiple, Perrysburg, Ohio.*

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I received the instruction book on dancing and I must say that it is more than I expected. Last Saturday I went to a dance and as it was my first occasion I sure was surprised to find your lessons so easy and yet so interesting, that I sure will tell others about your wonderful system.—*Clarence V. Mortensen, Earle, Wisc.*

Receives Many Compliments

I had wonderful success with your other dances and have been complimented on my dancing since taking your lessons. I also had a surprise for my friends when I informed them that I learned from your wonderful method of teaching by mail.—*Walter Rich, Chester, Mass.*

Learns In Short Time

I received your course in dancing a few days ago and have been to a couple of dances already. I was much pleased with your instructions. I have a friend who took personal lessons and I am just as good a dancer now as he is.—*Arthur Hossack, Flint, Mich.*

Learn Any Dance in a Few Hours

Whether you want to learn the Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz, or any of the new dances, you won't have any trouble in doing it through Arthur Murray's new Method. More than 120,000 people have learned to dance by mail and you can learn just as easily.

Arthur Murray is America's foremost authority on social dancing. Through his new improved method of teaching dancing by mail, he will give you the same high-class instruction in your own home that he would give you if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of $10 per lesson.

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So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

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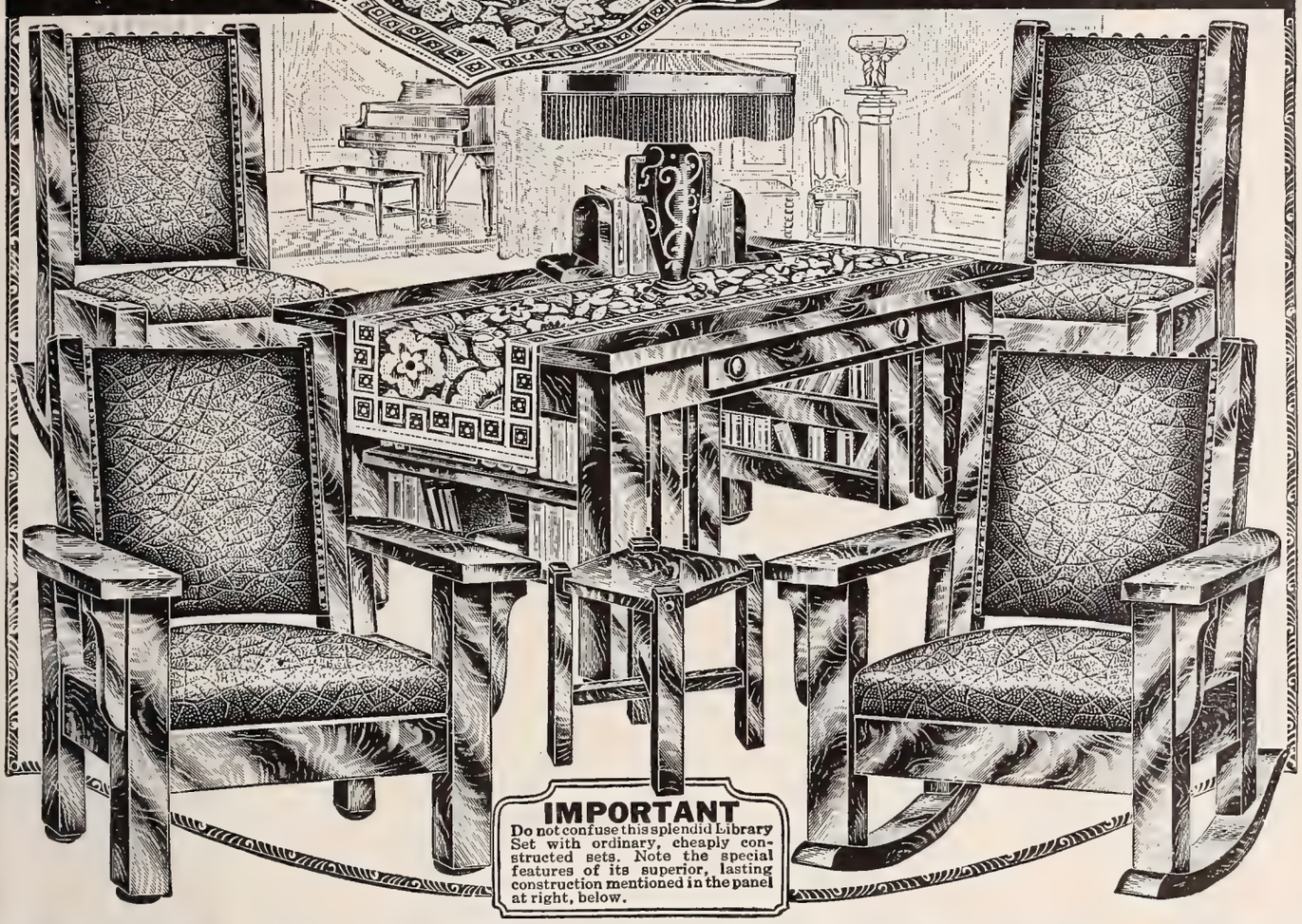
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IMPORTANT
Do not confuse this splendid Library Set with ordinary, cheaply constructed sets. Note the special features of its superior, lasting construction mentioned in the panel at right, below.

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Just mail the coupon and **Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World,** will send you this 7-Piece Set of handsome Library Furniture, and with it, absolutely **FREE, the beautiful Tapestry Table Scarf** (pictured above). Nothing to pay for goods on arrival. No C. O. D. *Use them 30 days on Free Trial,* and if not satisfied, send everything back and we will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, **pay only for the Library Set—a little every month.** Not a penny to pay for the Scarf. It is FREE.

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1—Auto type spring seats with hand-tied coil springs.
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5—Has genuine quartered oak veneered table top and quartered oak arm rests on arm chair and arm rocker.
6—Every piece full size.
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A room full of handsome, massive furniture for parlor, living room or library. Large Table with 42 in. x 26 in. top; Arm Chair; Arm Rocker; Straight Chair; Sewing Rocker; Tabourette and Book Ends. All full size and solid oak in the popular Mission style with rich fumed finish. Table top veneered with genuine quarter-sawed oak. Arms of rocker and arm chair are of genuine quarter-sawed oak. Chairs and table have domes of silence to protect rugs and floors. Seats and backs are richly upholstered in extra heavy, imitation Spanish brown leather. **Seats are auto type** with hand-tied coil springs, resting on stout steel bands—cannot sag. A wonderful set of furniture at an unparalleled bargain price. Send for it on the 30 days' free trial and judge for yourself.

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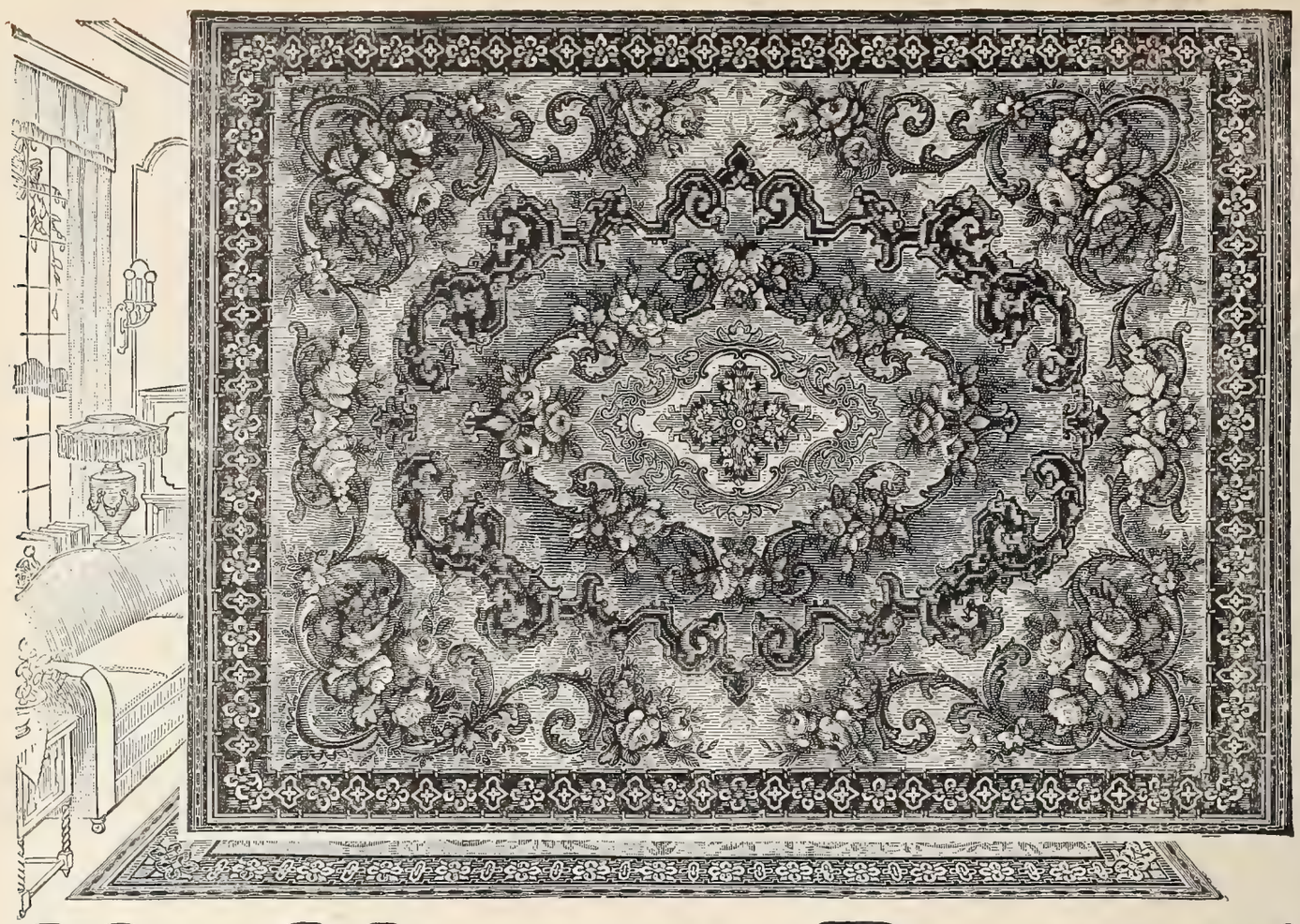
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JUNE 1924

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Men like you are needed right now in the fascinating Big Pay Field of Electricity. Never before was there such a demand for men at such high salaries. Get into this big pay game now. Get a real job doing work you will like. I have made it easy for you to earn $70.00 to $200.00 a week. Yes Sir—$3,500.00 to $10,000.00 a year—and I'll help you get just the job you want and back it all up with a signed money back guarantee bond.

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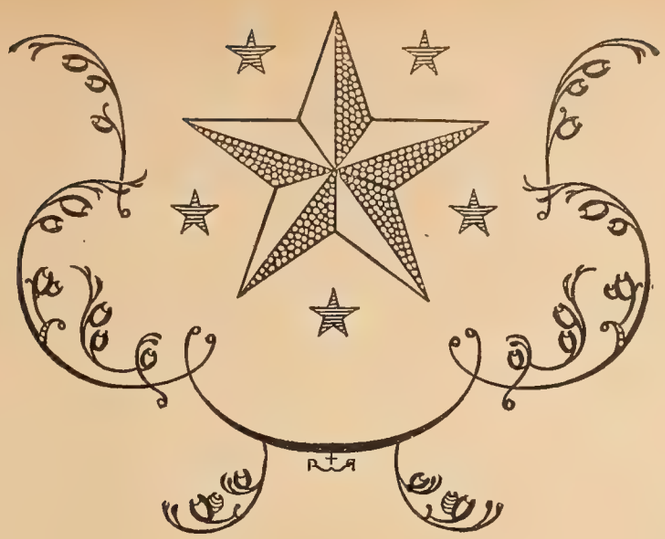
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THOSE WERE THE DAYS

When D. W. Griffith was laying the foundations of a great part of the motion-picture industry. By schooling directors, developing camera men, and training many of the greatest actors on the screen, he did much for the world of motion pictures. But his greatest contribution was the way he gave himself heart and soul to the making of pictures, and to that only. Every one who worked with him looks fondly back on the days when they were under the direct influence of his dynamic spirit.

Elmer Clifton went to work for D. W. Griffith as an actor back in the days before the making of "The Birth of a Nation." Later he was an assistant director and still later he went out and directed his own productions. And no one was prouder of his achievements with "Down to the Sea in Ships" than Griffith was.

Mr. Clifton, in reminiscent mood, recently told Helen Klumph of his long and interesting association with Mr. Griffith, and she will tell you the story in next month's PICTURE-PLAY. It is an entertaining, unconventional view of the man who has given more to motion pictures than any other one person.

There will be many other big features in next month's PICTURE-PLAY; an interview with Virginia Valli by Malcolm Oettinger; a delightful chat with Leatrice Joy by Edwin Schallert that shatters a few of the popular misconceptions about stardom; glimpses of the most important productions being made in New York and Hollywood, and a wealth of entertaining information about motion pictures.

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What the Fans Think



A Lesson in What the Movies Mean to Careworn People.

THE March PICTURE-PLAY printed a number of letters which fascinated me. The one from Africa describing the Portuguese-speaking natives enjoying the American pictures made me want to go there. Also the letter from Chicago by Millicent Statten about the blind man and Clara Kimball Young, touched me very deeply.

I could not go to Africa, but I could at least call here in Chicago, so I drove my car over to the address given and found that the blind man lives near Miss Statten and that though he has become quite feeble and can only go from his chair to his bed, he keeps cheerful in spite of his helplessness.

His daughter was at work when Miss Statten and I called. You will wonder what all this has to do with movie players or fans, but please read on.

The blind man acknowledged Miss Statten's introduction with all the manners and dignity of an old nobleman. He struggled to his feet, bowed low, and expressed his pleasure and honor in meeting a lady who had taken the pains to call upon the blind, "the most neglected of all afflicted people," he said. He told me of an invention he had started but never finished on account of his blindness, and showed me a picture of it. Also in addition to his little novel he told me that he had written a sketch with the help of his daughter, but that it had been stolen by heartless people.

Being poor with no influence, he could do nothing about it. "But they will get their punishment," he declared vehemently. "And I will gain in another way. I believe in the law of compensation."

His daughter came in at this point and seemed worn and tired. My heart went out to her and I asked if there was not something I could do. She looked quite surprised and said I might accept a cup of coffee. "But don't look at anything. I can't keep things straightened and work out too. Help is hard to get; the last woman I had put her hat with a hatpin in it on my father's chair. He had a narrow escape. Few persons understand the care of the blind."

Miss Statten told her I was a movie fan. "God bless the movies!" she cried with such fervor we both looked at her. Then she excused herself and disappeared, returning in a moment with a very old lady, who was also blind. "My father used to get so lonely a few years back that I found him a wife. Now he isn't quite so lonely," she said.

This was the breaking point for me. The tears ran down my face like rain and I stumbled toward the door. The blind man called "Good-by," and invited me to come again. The girl had remarkable poise. "Most people feel the—the way you do," she said sadly. "Now you can see why so few people know how to care for the blind." I felt so ashamed of my display of emotion that I apologized to her.

She followed me down to my car and spoke to me in a nervous, rapid flow of words. I will never forget them to my dying day.

"So you are a movie fan? Just for pastime, I suppose? Well, the movies and the blessed players—every one of them—have made it possible for me to *keep steady, sane, and well!* Dorothy Gish in her 'Ghosts in the Garret' saved me, I believe, from a complete breakdown. I had not been able to laugh for a long time. The doctor said it was getting very serious and recommended a sanitarium—what chance to laugh there, I wonder?—and I went into that dear little theater—there it is right in this same block—and there was Dorothy—God love her—scaring the robbers with her ghostly tricks and cunning ways, and I burst into one big laugh and shook up my lungs so that my circulation became normal and the spell of melancholia was broken. And I could name many of those splendid men and women and tell how their efforts to entertain the public found effect in my life. Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, Johnny Walker, Dorothy Phillips, Jackie Coogan, Wesley Barry, Bebe Daniels, Mrs. Wallace Reid—but, why try to enumerate them? They are *all* wonderful to me.

"Gloria Swanson surprised them all, didn't she, when the critics were tearing her to pieces? The way she beat up her rival in 'Zaza' was a piece of art itself. Nothing halfway about her, is there? Nor with Priscilla Dean nor Lillian Gish, either. I wonder what those fanatical reformers mean, anyway, by condemning our players and the movies? You will never guess what help and diversion I have received from them. When it seems I can't bear things another moment, I can at least step next door here, and soon I am living with my pals of the screen, and taking trips to another country. It is marvelous! Thanks for calling on the blind man. God be with you." Then she bade me an abrupt, *"Au revoir."*

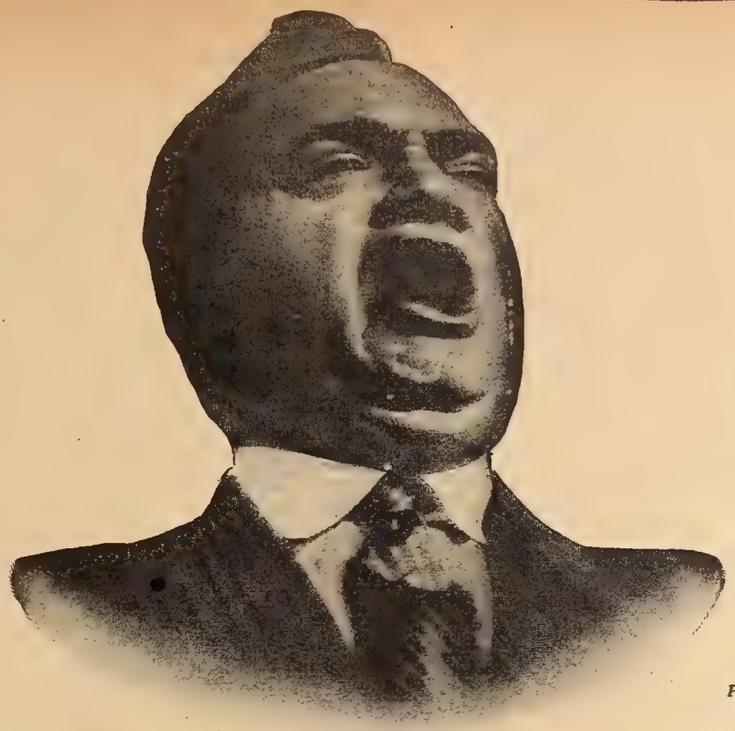
I can see that brave girl's face now as I write this.

It was a lesson in patience for me to meet her. And a lesson in what the movies must be as a means of escape to thousands of careworn people.

MARGARET PERRIN.

1201 North State Street,
Chicago, Ill.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

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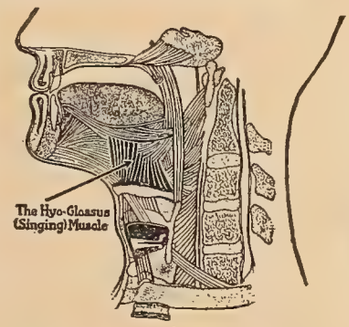
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Continued from page 8

Are These Players Overdone and Silly? No!

I wonder if there is a single fan who agrees with Miss Milly Reiss in the March issue when she maintains that "except for a few who are trained by D. W. Griffith, the movie folk are an overdone, silly lot." I certainly do not.

How any one can call such actors as Norma Talmadge, Thomas Meighan, Florence Vidor, Irene Rich, Leatrice Joy, and Conrad Nagel and Richard Dix an overdone, silly lot is beyond my comprehension.

ALMA LEACH.

Box 179, Fort Worth, Texas.

What An Extra Player Thinks.

I am going to use your column, if I may, to answer a letter signed "Milly Reiss." In this letter she condemns the movie folk, saying they are an "overdone, silly lot." She can hardly be a very devoted fan, I think, or she wouldn't have written what I should call such nonsense. The movie industry is an art in itself, in which appear hundreds of real artists, some discovered and some still groping their way in the dark. Why, then, are they a "silly" lot? They are, perhaps, one of the hardest-working crowds in any industry. They go through periods of discouragement and heartache many times before stardom is even within perceiving distance. Is it not true, then, that each one of them deserves credit?

Milly Reiss excepts the celebrities who have been graduated from the school of D. W. Griffith. Is Mr. Griffith the *only* intelligent director we possess? Indeed, no. Where do Cecil B. De Mille, George Fitzmaurice, Alan Dwan, Lubitsch, or Eric von Stroheim come in?

I hope that Miss Reiss will reconsider what she said even if she does think her observation is not half as foolish as the motion-picture world. I am an extra myself and so I know a little about the stars. I have seen many of them, and so far it seems that not one of them is in the least bit "overdone."

MARY B. SORRELL.

164 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.

A Girl's Experiences in Mr. Griffith's Company.

Most of the letters to you are very interesting, but the ones I like best are the ones that tell about meeting actors and the impressions they made upon the writers.

I am going to write about a little experience I had with D. W. Griffith a year ago last January. I was then going to school in New Iberia, where so many scenes of "The White Rose" were shot. Well, when we heard that the great D. W. was coming to say that we were wild with joy is tame.

Kiddie, a pal of mine, and I went to their location on the very first day. We got up as close as we could and were trying to get a glimpse of them through a fence, when who should come down to the gate—the same one which *Teazie* went through in the rain—but D. W. and Miss Dempster.

By this time a great crowd had collected behind us, so we were hemmed in; we were almost inside the grounds.

D. W. stood there looking at the gate which he was having painted, and by some piece of good luck he glanced our way. He kept looking back at us, and finally he, Miss Dempster, and Mrs. Sutch put their heads together, and we concluded from the way they glanced at us from time to time that they must be discussing us.

Finally they went back to the house, that beautiful home which was supposed to belong to Carol Dempster in the picture, and which they turned into a regular studio. A few minutes later Eddie Burns, the property man, came up to us. He stopped directly in front of me and told me Mr. Griffith would like to see me up at the house.

Friends, I have had some scares in my short life, but I don't believe my heart ever beat so fast as it did then. He repeated what he had said a couple of times or more before I comprehended, and when I did I didn't know what to do. There I stood with my mouth open and a wild light in my eyes, and I think I would have turned tail and run if there had not been such a crowd behind me. Finally I decided to follow Eddie and we went up to the house, where we met Mrs. Sutch, who told me, to my utter amazement, that Mr. Griffith wanted to use me in some scenes, and asked if I would like to work for him. At first I simply couldn't believe my ears, and she had quite a time making me understand that she meant what she said. I finally recovered my speech enough to say that I certainly would if I could get out of school, so it was settled.

Well, I went around to the back of the house, and who should I see but D. W. sitting in a chair with his hat cocked over his eyes, directing Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. He spoke to them in a low voice. No one who has ever heard D. W. direct can comprehend how fascinating his voice really is. It thrills and inspires you, and I really think it hypnotizes you to a certain extent—it did me, I'm sure.

Once when Mr. Hamilton did not do the scene quite to his satisfaction he got up and went over it for him. After a while he finished with him, and then Mr. Hamilton came over and sat down by me. He is a very nice young fellow and quite interesting to talk with, although he and Mr. Novello are both curious lads. Now, when I say this, don't think they are so peculiar because what I mean is that they like to ask questions. It was during Mardi Gras, and though we do not have parades in New Iberia, the kids do dress up in costume. He wanted to know why they did this, and then he asked me a lot of questions concerning Mardi Gras. They would not let us leave until dark, and told us to come back at ten o'clock the next morning.

To go into details and tell you all that happened during that eventful week would take entirely too much room.

I had several long talks with Mr. Griffith, and he is the most interesting man I ever talked with. I went to St. Martinsville, St. John's Plantation, with the company, and had a marvelous time. The Sunday we were in St. Martinsville people came there by the hundreds to look on, and, say! but it was nice to be inside the ropes with the rest of the world on the outside!

One of the nicest actors among them was Porter Strong, and I was so sorry to hear of his death. I talked to him one day for an hour or more, and he told me all about the way they made the snow scenes for "Way Down East."

Carol Dempster is a dear, and one of the friendliest girls I ever knew. She talked and laughed with me on location like any of my other girl friends, and naturally I like her immensely. Mae Marsh was ill part of the time, and so I did not get to see her as much as I did Miss Dempster. When Mr. Griffith introduced us, of course I was quite thrilled. She has light reddish hair, is rather small, but I do not think she looks so much like her pictures. She has a darling little girl, although I did not see her but once.

-Neil Hamilton is very nice looking and I like him very much. One day, when I was waiting for my turn to come and was almost freezing, he took off his coat and handed it to me, and I was certainly grateful. Mr. Novello has a funny accent. He is very nice, and, of course, from his pictures you can see that he is quite nice looking.

But the one I am crazy about is Miss La Verne, who is a peach. She is so sweet and nice to every one that you just can't help liking her.

I have saved the one I liked best for the last, which, of course, is Mr. Griffith himself. He is so kind, and as Mrs. Sutch remarked once, more like the chauffeur than the head of the party. I shall never forget him, and of all the directors he is the greatest, and will remain the greatest, regardless of what jealous people may say.

DAISIE DELL GARBER.

401 W. Thomas Street, Hammond, La.

P. S.—I suppose you are wondering what on earth I did in "The White Rose." Well, it was I and not Miss Marsh that came through the gate in the rain, because she was sick with a cold. I am her size and height, and Mr. Griffith said I look something like her—although I can't see the resemblance myself. I was in some other scenes with Miss Dempster, but they, like worlds of others, were all left out when the picture was finally cut and assembled.

In Defense of Vaudeville.

In the last issue of the PICTURE-PLAY—my favorite fan magazine—there was printed a letter, apparently agreeing with Miss Pickford, who is credited with saying that it's tiresome for people to sit through terrible vaudeville, waiting to see a picture.

Well, I had thought Miss Mary my ideal up to then, but such a statement is absurd.

The vaudeville stage of to-day can compare very favorably with the *best* of pictures, even Miss Pickford's. Mr. Keith must have absolute faith in vaudeville when he erected his Cleveland theater costing millions. Statistics and careful watching will prove many theatergoers seldom leave during an act, save the last one, perhaps, for traveling purposes, but how many leave as the picture is flashed on? I do not wish to argue with the opinions of Miss Pickford, but as one of our famous Pilgrim ancestors remarked, "Please speak for yourself."

A great many vaudevillians read PICTURE-PLAY, and they were really more amused than indignant; however, I'll "speak for myself."

Mr. Poli, the well-known theater owner, opened, with great ceremony and pomp, his two-million picture house, but now inside of six months it's a vaudeville house—and doing nicely.

(MRS.) JANE MALONEY.

55 Horace Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Taking Issue with a Fan, a Critic, and a Star.

May I be permitted to answer Milly Reiss' short note in the March issue? No, Miss Reiss, I for one do not think the movie folk "an overdone, silly lot." To me they're quite fascinating and very interesting.

You make D. W. Griffith and all players trained by him the exception to your frank opinion. Now, it's funny, but I think D. W. about the most overated personage in pictures, and do not care at all for the style of acting of any of his players. I go to see all of his pictures because I like to view all the current big

Continued on page 12

The Long, Long Trail

By GEORGE OWEN BAXTER

A WESTERN story in which Western folk will recognize a number of good friends, and a few bad ones, too.

Morgan Valentine, the rancher, sure had his hands full of trouble. There were certain incidental ones, like a pair of great hulking sons who were quick on the draw, but the heaviest cross he had to bear was *Mary*, who had been confided to his tender care by his beloved brother.

Then, as if to fill his measure of trouble to overflowing, poor *Morgan* leads to his home a bandit who has just robbed him of his ranch pay roll. *Mary* and the bandit meet, and the story begins.

Whether you like Western stories or not, this particular one will occupy all your attention while you are reading it. After having ranged the open places with the characters in it, you are going to deliver yourself of the verdict—"The best story I have read in years!"

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

features that people talk about, but I am utterly unmoved by any episode in any Griffith film; and if that vague, dopey way his players—principally Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, and Carol Dempster—have of acting—well, if that *is* acting, thank Heaven for all the rest who don't act! When they try to be funny it is positively painful. Long ago, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, and Henry Walthall had the same lackluster way of performing, but they had sense enough to "snap out of it." I have conscientiously tried to find something to like about the Griffith organization, for I know that many persons who certainly ought to know have acclaimed them great, but I can't seem to succeed in my search. I simply can't "see" them at all.

I was very disappointed in Agnes Smith's review of DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." Honestly, it's beyond me where some of the reviewers get their ideas from, and it's a good thing that not many people let what they write influence them in their choice of pictures they wish to see. I saw the picture mentioned recently, and thought it splendid—one of the best I've ever seen. By all means try your hardest to see it when you get the opportunity, fans—you won't regret it. It is thrilling and awe-inspiring—both episodes—and the person who doesn't, after viewing it, think a little more seriously and deeply and resolve to try a little harder to live up to the Ten Commandments—then there must be something radically wrong with that person.

I'd like to comment on a remark that Alice Terry is credited with passing in the article "Should a Wife Tell?" Miss Terry speaks about her husband's discovery and training of Rudolph Valentino, and then asks what Rudie has ever done worth while since "The Four Horsemen"—implying that, without Ingram, Rudie is naught. Now Rex Ingram is my favorite director of 'em all, but I disagree with Miss Terry on the subject mentioned. I thought Rudie somewhat self-conscious and unsure of himself in "The Four Horsemen," which marred his performance a bit, and that in every one of his pictures succeeding that one his work improved greatly. His *Gallardo* in "Blood and Sand" far surpassed his *Julio* in "The Horsemen."

By the way, I wonder what the wise Alecs who predicted Valentino's loss of popularity, due to his absence from the screen, have to say now? For Rudie is every bit as popular as ever, and wherever film fans gather his coming reappearance is the chief topic of interest. Watch the box office when his first picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire," is released! Rudie can never remark: "Fickle Fans!"

POLLY GILILAM.

5 Whittlesey Avenue, West Orange, N. J.

Praise for Arliss.

I have seen one picture this winter that I can honestly and freely praise. By comparison it is a scintillating diamond on the string of dull paste jewelry the producers have been hanging about the neck of the public.

"The Green Goddess!"

For one thing the plot was carried out consistently with no cut-backs to break the story and scene melted smoothly into scene. George Arliss was a joy and a delight. He has neither youth—in the physical sense—nor the face of an Apollo, but he gets along rather well without either of these attributes—indeed, much better than many I could name who have youth and beauty, and nothing else. He has that intangible something so hard to describe—and so rare on the screen—that made his characterization a perfect thing. His hands, beautifully ringed, expressed more in their Oriental quiescence than many players are able to express with all they have to express wth.

ALICE HILL GREENE.

10 Dexter Lane, Cleveland, Ohio.

Some Suggestions for Better Pictures.

After hearing for so long about the coming of better pictures, I sat down to ask how much longer we will have to wait for them. Some people think we have them, but so far as I can see, they are getting worse. I am a real movie fan. I go to the movies four and sometimes five times a week. Looking back about five years, I find that I liked more pictures in one year than I did in the last two years together. After seeing thirty-nine pictures during January and February, 1924, I find that there were only six pictures which, to me, were worth while seeing. They were "Black Oxen," "Anna Christie," "Little Old New York," "A Woman of Paris," "Big Brother," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—I like Patsy Ruth Miller's acting better than that of Lon Chaney.

What was there in Mary Pickford in "Rosita?" It was one of the worst pictures that Mary ever made. Every magazine praised it, and it was simply terrible. Another picture which I was terribly disappointed in after reading so much about was "The Green Goddess." It was as bad as "Rosita."

If I have to wait much longer for better pictures, I am going to stop seeing pictures until then.

When will we see pictures like they made years ago, such as "The Mark of Zorro," with Douglas Fairbanks? His pictures after that were more elaborate, but none was as good.

When will we see another picture as interesting as "Penrod" or as thrilling as "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Golem," or an historical picture like "Passion," with Pola Negri, and D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" and his "Hearts of the World?" Will there not be any more comedies like Chaplin's "A Dog's Life," Buster Keaton's "Neighbors," Dorothy Gish in "The Ghost in the Garret"—also Chaplin in a picture as a soldier during the World War—I forget the name of the picture—Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy?" Will there be no more drama like "Way Down East," "Smiling Through," Cecil B. De Mille's wonderful pictures: "Something to Think About," "Old Wives for New," "Male and Female," and such pictures as "Humoresque?" When will we see another picture like "The Bachelor Daddy," with Thomas Meighan; "Polly of the Follies," with Constance Talmadge; "The Devil's Passkey," directed by Eric von Stroheim; Mack Sennett's funniest comedy, "Married Life;" Charles Ray in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," "The Devil," and "Ruling Passion," with George Arliss, and what has Marshall Neilan given since "Penrod"—with the exception of "Fool's First?" Will we ever see Constance Talmadge in as delightful a comedy as "The Primitive Lover?" When will we see such delightful comedies as those of our late Wallace Reid—until the last two

Continued on page 14

Behind Locked Doors

Ernest M. Poate

MAJOR CONFORD was murdered, stabbed with his own knife! Under the body was found a syringe loaded with deadly poison. The major lived with his niece, his crippled sister and her son. At the inquest, the major's will was read and it was found that his niece had been made residuary legatee.

Whose hand struck down the old man? How came the syringe beneath the body? Why did the counsel for Mildred Conford——the major's niece——produce the will at the inquest?

The answers to these questions form the plot of this, the most intensely thrilling and powerful detective story in years.

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by William West Winter

The unknown car finished fourth in the great race! Who built it? The builder was a phenomenal figure; wealth and power were his gods. His views were changed, however, by an unexpected occurrence which shook his soul to its foundation.

Behind Locked Doors
by Ernest M. Poate

What was the significance of the syringe filled with poison beside the body of a man stabbed to death? Who unlocked the man's door? These are some of the puzzles which the great alienist, "Dr. Bentiron" solves, in this, the greatest detective story in years.

The Ranch of the Thorn
by William H. Hamby

On assuming possession of a ranch, bought "sight unseen," Neal Ashton found it almost too hot to hold. It was only after many breath-taking adventures that he cooled it off sufficiently to retain his grip on the ranch that had destroyed seven previous owners.

The Black Company
by W. B. M. Ferguson

Faced by almost overwhelming odds, "Peter Lawton" made a gallant fight for life and happiness. In addition to waging bitter warfare with an unscrupulous gang of criminals, he was faced with a more insidious obstacle, one implanted in himself by heredity.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

years of his life when he began to fall short of good stories?

Will we ever see as good pictures as those I have mentioned? I hardly believe so, and so I say, "Those days are gone forever."

The only way movies can improve themselves will be when Norma and Constance Talmadge will play with Harrison Ford or Conway Tearle as their leading men, with good stories. Also when Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan will again play together. Also, as long as Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr will be seen together—better yet, under Rex Ingram's direction—and the same for Alice Terry and Lewis Stone. When Leatrice Joy and Gloria Swansan remain in Cecil B. DeMille's fold, and when Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess go back to D. W. Griffith and make pictures with all-star casts instead of a good star, a poor leading man or woman and a bunch of unknown extras. I also want to mention that pictures can also be improved when Pola Negri will play under Ernst Lubitsch's direction.

I hope that my letter will do something to improve pictures and I am anxiously waiting for the days of better pictures.

JAY MARGULIES.
148 Gifford Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

A Plea for Happy Endings.

I'm writing this letter in defense of the pictures with happy endings. I'm getting pretty mad with people who say that the show has "the usual happy ending." Moving pictures are supposed to be for enjoyment and I'm sure I don't get any enjoyment out of an unhappy ending. I like to see the hero win in a fight. It is for the most part, unusual, and I don't care for things that are in the everyday routine.

There, I've had my say. Happy endings forever!

M. H. F.
357 Randolph Street, Richmond, Ind.

The Movies Flat and Tiresome? Never!

Many times I've been tempted to join the throng of contributors to the columns by readers of the motion-picture magazines. The letter by John W. Wendell in the April PICTURE-PLAY has proved to be my real inspiration. Mr. Wendell, though apparently a patron of the cinema theater, voices a sweeping denunciation against the movies. I've reread his letter many times, and with each rereading I marvel the more at the egotism of God's children.

Surely he cannot expect any one wholly to agree with him. Motion pictures are not art, he says, though many doubtless are artistic. Is he not taking to task too harshly those who may not fully understand the meaning of the word "art?"

He refers to "Rosita," indirectly characterizing it as "vulgar, common, and without depth." From my earliest recollection of movies I remember my absolute tingle of delight when Mary Pickford appeared on the screen as the heroine of the story. It was back in the days when Biograph did not divulge the names of their players, and for months I wondered and longed to know the name of the beautiful little girl. I have seen nearly all of Mary Pickford's screen successes, and I adore everything she does. Learning the propensity of kings throughout history as far back as Biblical days, it does not strike me as improbable or common that a king should admire a little Spanish street singer, particularly when personified by our dear Mary Pickford.

To classify actors and actresses of nearly all pictures of to-day as "stiff marionettes assisted by intriguing titles" is a broad statement. I wonder whether Mr. Wendell has followed the best productions of the stage? Surely it must have escaped his notice that a very large per cent of our screen stars, as well as those who make up the casts, are directly from the legitimate theater, many of them interchanging constantly between the spoken and silent drama. Space would limit the list of these, but I will mention a few: Lionel Barrymore—to my knowledge more than ten years in the pictures—John Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Madge Kennedy, Douglas Fairbanks, George Arliss, Mary Pickford, Glenn Hunter, Robert Edeson, Laurette Taylor, Pauline Frederick, Emma Dunn, Rod La Rocque, William and Dustin Farnum, Alfred Lunt, Louise Huff, Montague Love, Olga Petrova, Nazimova, Doris Kenyon.

Is it reasonable to suppose that actors like these, who have had the leading rôles in many of the finest metropolitan stage productions, would become "stiff marionettes" before the camera? I become out of patience with the advocate of the theater who sees nothing whatsoever in the movies. Is it not logical that when an experienced, talented actor takes upon himself—or herself—a part, either on the stage or screen, he would naturally lend to it an intelligence, an interpretation, and a personal ardor which, I assume, would be attendant to any rôle that actors play which gives them opportunity to display the talents with which they are endowed.

"Look at 'Anna Christie,'" Mr. Wendell says. "On the stage it was a tremendous success—in the movies an animated illustration of a degraded girl's wardrobe." Despite the fact that widely known critics of the New York dailies pronounced the screen version of "Anna Christie" equal to the stage success, giving generous praise to Blanche Sweet and the entire production, Mr. Wendell does not hesitate to disagree—though apparently pleased with the stage play. But did he not notice that *Chris,* the father, was portrayed both on the stage and screen by George Marion? How could he miss the force of this characterization so consistently portrayed in the picture by Mr. Marion, bringing to it, as he did, the months of stage experience in the rôle?

Mr. Wendell asserts he is "growing away from the movies because they are just 'movies'—things of motion. There is no life in them."

I maintain that motion pictures, considering how really young they are, should be given more than a fair chance with their big sister, the stage. I derive hours and hours of pleasure from them, and I am not alone in this. I think that any one to whom the movies appear lifeless needs a stimulant for his imagination. To such a person, I presume, the regulation three walls of a stage representing, we will say, the living room of a Newport villa with French doors leading out on the veranda with the bay beyond—is scenery. And when the characters run out in their bathing suits for a dip the unimaginative person cannot get away from the fact that the players must have just stepped through the French doors and into their dressing rooms to prepare for the next act. I do not allow anything to mar the illusion, whether at a play or a motion picture. I do not consider that I am only seeing pictures on a flat screen. To me what I see is not a cold representation—*it is the living thing.*

Continued on page 116

Millions In Motors

William West Winter

FOURTH place in the great motor classic at Indianapolis is won by the *Fer-de-Lance,* a "special." Who is the builder of the marvel? The builder, a man of humble origin, suddenly finds that he is famous and the success of his car is assured.

Money, power and position are his, but--"What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

So begins this tense drama of modern American industry. Interest is added to the story when it is remembered that it might easily be the life story of any one of several of our great present-day business men.

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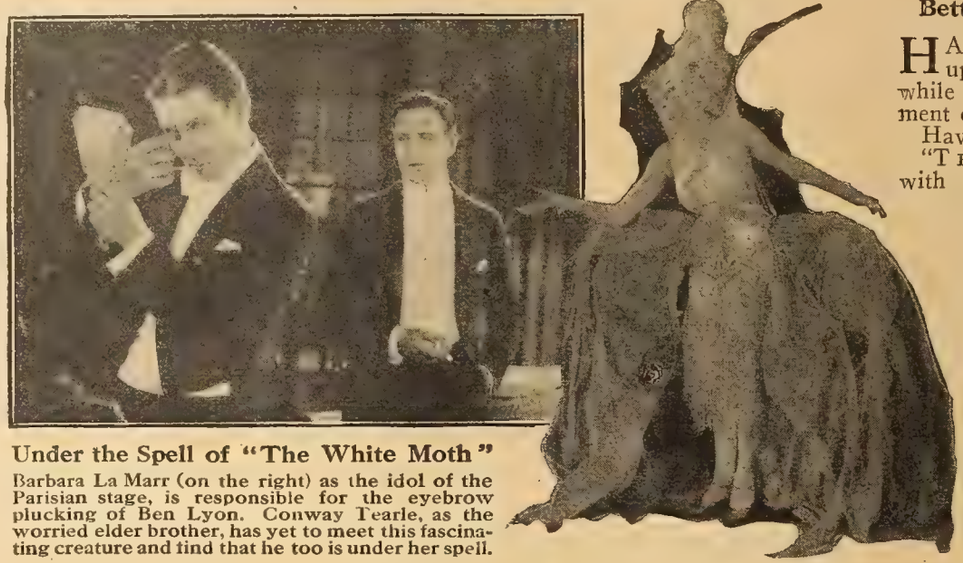
News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

An organization of theatre-owners presenting the finest in screen entertainment.

"The White Moth"

BACK stage in a Paris theatre is a world of fascination that only the few can know. Maurice Tourneur, one-time Parisian actor and stage producer, and now director of the unusual in screen entertainment, is one of the initiated. So, in his new picture, "The White Moth," a strong romantic drama, he will take some millions of movie fans behind the scenes and from the wings let them view theatrical life in Paris with all its romance, pathos, and comedy. Barbara La Marr, Conway Tearle, and Ben Lyon are the principals.



Under the Spell of "The White Moth"

Barbara La Marr (on the right) as the idol of the Parisian stage, is responsible for the eyebrow plucking of Ben Lyon. Conway Tearle, as the worried elder brother, has yet to meet this fascinating creature and find that he too is under her spell.

The Perfect Springtime Picture

A GREAT love story should be told in the Springtime. Hence "Cytherea—Goddess of Love" will be shown on the screens of leading theatres just when the May freshness puts an ache in your heart for romance.

"Cytherea" is Joseph Hergesheimer's sensational novel. Samuel Goldwyn—not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures—produced it and George Fitzmaurice directed. Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Irene Rich, Norman Kerry, and Constance Bennett are the principals.



"Cytherea, Goddess of Love"

Lewis Stone and Alma Rubens are the central figures in "Cytherea," a story of a modern society woman in whom lives again the spirit of the ancient goddess of love. It is the famous novel by Joseph Hergesheimer in picture form.

"The Perfect Flapper"

SCENE—A conference room in the United Studios in Los Angeles. Occasion—The serious business of selecting a title for the story which had been selected for Colleen Moore's next picture—to follow "Flaming Youth" and "Painted People." Production manager, director, and Miss Moore deep in thought.

"The theme of the story," ponders Director John Francis Dillon, "proposes a question. What kind of a girl does a girl have to be, to be the kind of a girl the fellows want?"

"Well," smiles Colleen, "let's make the title answer the question."

"But who knows?" questions Dillon, "Millions of girls would like to——"

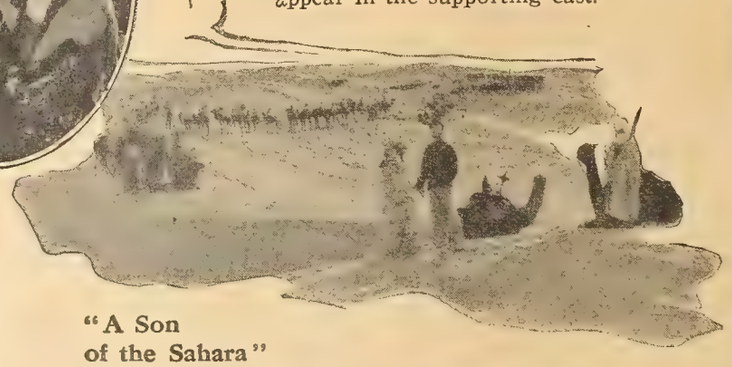
"I do," interrupts the star, "she should be 'The Perfect Flapper!'"

So "The Perfect Flapper" it is, and it will be shown in big theatres in Junetime, when flappers are supposed to be their flappiest. Frank Mayo, Sidney Chaplin, Mary Carr, and Phyllis Haver appear in the supporting cast.





In the oval is Colleen Moore in "The Perfect Flapper." Below her, Blanche Sweet, featured in "Those Who Dance."



"A Son of the Sahara"

A train of camels a mile long appears in Edwin Carewe's "A Son of the Sahara." The picture was filmed in Algeria on the edge of the Sahara. There are more camels in the above scene than you could find in the whole United States.

In the cast of this unusual production are Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Rosemary Theby, Walter McGrail, Montagu Love and Paul Panzer.

Better Catch Up!

HAVE you caught up with the worthwhile screen entertainment of the season?

Have you seen—

"THE GOLDFISH," with Constance Talmadge, a delightful Conniesque comedy with the fun racing on to the end.

"THE MARRIAGE CHEAT," a South Sea Island story, warm with romance. Percy Marmont and Leatrice Joy have the leading rôles.

"THE WOMAN ON THE JURY," a dramatic gem, crowded full of unusual situations and fascinating characterizations. Sylvia Breamer, Frank Mayo, Lew Cody, Bessie Love, Hobart Bosworth, and Mary Carr are only some of the favorites in the cast.

"THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE," with Richard Barthelmess at his dramatic best, and May McAvoy in an appealing rôle.

"Those Who Dance"

RE-ENTER now Blanche Sweet, she who made dramatic history last season by her portrayal of the title rôle in "Anna Christie."

Her newest picture is another Thomas H. Ince production, entitled "Those Who Dance." It is described as ultra-modern melodrama and with rum runners, underworld crooks, and a tender love story, it has everything that goes to make for a complete, entertaining offering.

In the cast beside Miss Sweet are Warner Baxter, Bessie Love, and Robert Agnew.

HAVE you met that gallant adventurer, lover, soldier, and seaman, Sakr-el-Bahr—most famous of all the corsairs of the sixteenth century Barbary Coast? Or perhaps you know him under the name of Sir Oliver Tressilian, high-spirited and proud English nobleman? He has been brought to life in Frank Lloyd's gigantic production, "The Sea Hawk," as vividly as Rafael Sabatini wrote him. Milton Sills plays this fascinating character. The picture is near completion after six months' intensive work.

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MAY 24 1924

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
VOL. XX JUNE, 1924 NUMBER 4



A beautiful moonlit garden is the rendezvous for the *Duke d'Orleans* and the *Princess de Bourbon-Conti,* played by Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Your Chance for Selling Scenarios

A discussion of the conditions confronting the person who is ambitious to write for the screen.

By Grant Carpenter

Producers are paying tremendous prices for stories to be screened. Within the last few weeks several sales have been reported, varying from $5,000 to $75,000 for a single story, or the rights to a novel or play.

"THAT is wonderful!" says the ordinary man or woman who reads, every now and then, a statement such as the foregoing. "I'm sure I could write a better story than most of the ones they use. They must be hard up for good stories to pay such prices. I wonder why I couldn't be pulling down some of that money?"

All right—let me tell you.

But first, in order that you may gauge my ability to enlighten you, to compare your qualifications with those I possessed at the time I entered this profession, and to estimate with some degree of exactness your chances of success, permit me to say that I have had exceptional advantages and opportunities. Many of my ancestors followed artistic and literary pursuits, and both my father and my mother were successful writers. I received a collegiate education, supplemented by a law course at the University of Michigan. I immediately adopted writing, for which I had always had a strong predilection, and in which I had had some experience. I devoted to it, not merely leisure hours, but all of my time for so many years that I dare not state their number, lest you will say: "He *must* be a failure, for I have never heard of him." I followed journalism—including dramatic criticism—and short-story writing successfully. I have had my novels published and my plays produced. For the last nine years I have been writing and adapting for the screen, and I have supplemented what natural talent I may have possessed with experience and adventure extending from the mining camps of Alaska to the battlefields of South Africa, from the Quartier Latin of Paris to the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. Even with all of this experience and effort behind me, and the added fact that I have prospered beyond my expectations, the *cognoscenti* cannot conscientiously consider me a skilled writer.

Among some of the uninformed there is an impression that the Authors' League of America and its subsidiary guilds—the Dramatists', the Screen Writers' and the Authors'—are close corporations guarding the portals of the literary profession jealously against intrusion or competition. As a matter of fact, there is no craft the members of which are more willing to lend a helping hand to beginners of any real talent. The Authors' League, whose membership includes practically every writer of prominence and the majority, I think, of all other professional writers, was founded by a group of the big writers largely in the interests of those less successful, and less able to protect their own interests. Be assured, therefore, that my sole desire in preparing this article is to be genuinely helpful.

Photoplay material, like any other commodity, is subject to the law of supply and demand. No matter how prolific your imagination may be there is no more profit in producing literary material that cannot be marketed than in breeding guinea pigs that cannot be sold. The questions that immediately spring to the inquiring mind, are: Can untrained writers produce acceptable photoplay material? If not, can they be trained? If so, is there a market for their product?

From the beginning of time story telling, first in pictures and pantomime, later in speech and writing, has been the constant diversion of mankind. In solitude every individual from infancy to senility tells stories to himself, not only permitting but stimulating the imagination to adventurous flights transcending all bounds of possibility—like James Hopper's hero *Goosie,* who, from a mere itching about the shoulder-blades developed wings that lifted him to empyrean heights. Emerging from his solitude the individual immediately begins telling stories to his friends and acquaintances. He is torn between the desire to be believed and the determination to be entertaining. He knows from experience that if he adheres too strictly to fact he becomes a bore, and if he leans too strongly to fiction he will be regarded as a liar; so he usually compromises by embellishing a bit of experience with imaginary trimmings. Thus every ordinary man and woman becomes a fictionist who can, with long practice, narrate a fact, more or less embellished, in a credible and entertaining way to some one who is credulous and easily diverted for a few moments. But that does not mean that he can entertain millions for the full length of a play, a novel or a picture, and at the same time maintain the illusion of reality.

How many readers of novels or spectators of a play or photodrama realize that it has required centuries of effort by the most talented writers, each generation profiting by the errors and inadequacies of its predecessors, to evoke the product of the present? How can the "ordinary man or woman" of to-day, with no knowledge of the failures or the successes of the past, hope to grasp intuitively what the trained writer has acquired through a careful study of the epitomized experiences of the ages? For example: After fifteen years of success in journalism and broad experience with all phases of life, I decided I was qualified to write short fiction for the magazines. I wrote con-

Are You Thinking of Writing a Scenario? Our Advice to You is—"Don't."

When the motion-picture industry began to grow out of its "nickelodeon" stage of development it offered a market for any would-be writer who could string together some incidents of sufficient interest to serve as a basis of one of the films of that day.

In the next stage of its development, when the better class of movie theaters sprang up, and the height of the craze forced the producers to turn out several hundred feature pictures a year to keep up with the demand, there still remained a chance for the outside writer to sell an "original" story occasionally, at least to some of the smaller companies.

To-day the field is almost entirely closed to all save professional writers who are in close touch with the industry, and it is only a small proportion of those who find any assurance of continued success in this, the most uncertain branch of the elusive profession of writing.

This is not guesswork on our part. It is the result of an investigation made by a branch of The Authors' League of America. On reading the report of the committee that made the report, we asked Mr. Grant Carpenter, its chairman, who is a professional screen writer, now on the staff of Warner Brothers, to try to make it clear to our readers why this situation exists. He has done so in the accompanying article.

stantly for two years and sold—nothing. I began to suspect that there was some knack about it I did not quite understand. I soon discovered there was an art about it that could be acquired only by a long and arduous course of study—and I set about it.

In no art, profession or vocation, from pugilism to sculpture, can the untrained aspirant hope to compete with the trained and experienced professional. Your village blacksmith does not challenge Jack Dempsey, nor does your town carpenter submit plans for a big public building—in competition with the world's greatest architects. You pity the contralto in the church choir who dreams of rivaling Schumann-Heink, and you encourage her by expected and amiable expressions concerning the quality of her voice. At the same time you, who do not realize that literature is perhaps the most elusive of all arts and the most exacting of all professions, are writing and reading to friends just as complaisant as you, a short story, a novel, a play or a photodrama.

Not infrequently I have had attorneys and physicians say to me:

"I wish you would take an afternoon off some time and tell me how to write a scenario."

There is only one reply: "I'll be delighted to take a whole day off. In the forenoon you may teach me your profession, and in the afternoon I'll teach you mine."

There have been a few exceptional cases, frequently and conspicuously cited, in which success in writing has been achieved without long training—such as that achieved by Jack London. It must be remembered that this tremendous handicap was overcome by him only by exceptional talent, unusual experience, years of study and preseverance in the face of discouragement and privation.

Douglas Fairbanks,

whose years of experience, both as an actor and as a producer, have made him an authority on every branch of motion-picture making, bears out what the author of this article says, in an article which appeared under his name in a recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.



Photo by Muray

In referring to writing for the screen, he says:

It is this necessity for finding our own material that makes it next to impossible in this day for the outsider to sell an original story or idea to the picture companies. My advice has always been that the people who want to write scenarios should enter the business in any capacity they can get in and learn the screen and its requirements before they attempt to write for it.



Grant Carpenter.

Story telling in pictures is a new and highly specialized branch of the literary profession. The lack of guide posts planted by venturesome predecessors for centuries adds to the difficulties of the scenarist threading his way through the complexities of its mazes. So rapid has been the development of this art that books written upon the technique of it are often almost obsolete before they leave the publishers' hands.

The adaptation of any story to the screen is essentially a work of translation from one medium of expression to another. In translating a book from French into English one must be equally familiar with both languages. In transferring a story, a novel, or a play to the screen one should be equally familiar with all literary forms. Many of our best-known authors preëminently qualified for this work have attempted it and failed, principally through the lack of time or patience to acquire a new technique, the difficulties of which they had greatly underestimated.

It has been but a comparatively few years since the first medical, law and dental colleges were established. Before that it was customary for a youth to acquire a profession by a long term of study with an established practitioner. In the early days of the motion-picture industry a great many news writers saw a greater future in the new field than in their own profession. They entered on their new careers with enthusiasm, and, stimulated by competition and the rapidly increasing rewards, studied, labored, and through the process of trial and error developed with the industry; but to-day many of the most successful of these are being supplanted slowly but surely by the better-trained writers. And even the best of the new recruits are confronted by obstacles almost insurmountable. Within a week three successful dramatists of national repute have in sheer desperation asked me:

Ralph Block,

who is engaged in selecting stories for the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky productions, has made the following statement regarding screen writing:

The rapid evolution of the motion picture, and the subsequent rise in the standards of motion-picture audiences, have eliminated from professional consideration what used to be called "the original" story.

During the current production year, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will probably create about sixty feature photoplays. The list from which these sixty pictures are drawn will include every work of fiction published or produced as a play in the United States, and every important work of fiction published or produced in the theater in London, Paris, Berlin, Budapest, Stockholm, and Rome. It is obvious that only the created product of a mind trained to the standards of professional writing will stand any show in such a competition.



Photo by Woodbury

Amateur writers for the screen are disposed, I believe, to feel that their work is arbitrarily excluded by motion-picture producing companies. It is, however, only the changing standards of screen production which force producing organizations to assume that works which cannot pass the gates of book and magazine publishers or play producers are not of sufficient value for motion-picture production.

"How *can* I get an opportunity to learn scenario writing?"

It is obvious that "ordinary men and women" have not the remotest chance of employment on the staff of picture producing companies, but there may still be a lingering hope that they may learn to write well enough to sell original stories for adaptation. Prompted by a flood of inquiries and complaints, the Authors' League of America requested the Screen Writers' Guild to make an investigation of the schools of scenario writing and so-called selling agencies operating in various parts of the country. The investigation occupied nearly a year and was as thorough and exhaustive as possible. In its report, published last fall in the *Author's League Bulletin,* the committee stated:

About a year ago the *Chicago Daily News,* coöperating with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, inaugurated a scenario contest, offering $25,000 in prizes ranging from $10,000 to $500. The Goldwyn Company obligated itself to produce the first prize winner, and with high hopes of getting a lot of available screen material, reserved an option on all stories submitted at $500. This condition practically barred the professional writer, who learned long ago to avoid prize contests in which he risked the sale of his work at less than the market value. The amateur writers, however, were spurred to their best efforts, and the result was about 27,000 submissions—and a sore disappointment to the producing company. It demonstrated that the product of the amateur writer is practically worthless, for not one story in 27,000 was found to have sufficient merit to warrant the exercise of the $500 option reserved. It is probable that the first prize winner would never have been produced, if the Goldwyn Company had not obligated itself in the matter, for its complete reconstruction by a professional writer was necessary to use it on the screen.

Even if the amateur writer could produce available screen material, there are still many reasons why he cannot sell it to a producer.

"But," you say, "he has done so in the past. Why can't he do it now?"

Permit me to quote once more from the report of the *Screen Writers' Guild*:

It is a matter of common knowledge that in the beginning the picture producers took screen material where they found it, assuming that there could be no possible objection if they extracted a profit from what they regarded as the tailings of a worked-out and abandoned mine. The authors received nothing —not even credit—and not only offered no objections, but regarded the appropriation as a compliment or a joke.

But even appropriation involved the effort and expense of research and adaptation, so the producers hit upon a device for shifting the labor upon the public by offering a trifling sum for "original stories." Dishonest producers assumed quite properly that the resulting flood of stories had been, for the most part, stolen from the authors, so they, in turn, stole them from the public. Honest producers who bought material in the belief that it was original often found half a dozen claimants for every story produced, and began exercising more caution in buying.

The amateur, through the appropriation of his stories, or their repeated rejection, became discouraged, and there was a falling off in submissions. Confronted by a scarcity of available material, the producers offered higher prices in the hope of luring the professional writer, but this merely stimulated the amateurs to renewed efforts and precipitated a new flood of submissions with no perceptible improvement in quality. Not one story in 10,000 was found available, and producers were exceedingly cautious about buying that one, for the professional writers at about this time discovered that their material was valuable, that they were receiving nothing for its use, and that they had legal rights which the producers and the public might be forced to respect.

Between professionals who would not write for the screen and amateurs who could not, the producers were almost hopeless; but not quite. They still believed that writers might be trained and recruited from the amateur ranks, and were not only willing but eager to encourage any move in that direction. At about the same time, the discouraged amateurs began to suspect that there was something to scenario writing that they did not understand and to clamor for information concerning the highroad to success. The first effort to meet this demand was in the form of articles on scenario writing in the trade journals; then books on the subject were published, and a little later the correspondence schools sprang into existence. One of the very first sold a small pamphlet and a diploma for $1, and when, after a very brief period of activity, the United States government closed the fraudulent concern, $300,000 in deposits were seized and returned to its dupes.

While amateur writers were studying the "new methods" and "short cuts" the producers succeeded in luring the best-known writers into the game by paying prodigious sums for their work. In a very short time the experienced scenarist in close and constant touch with the various studios and their requirements discovered that there was no demand for his original work, and he was forced to the more technical but less remunerative continuity writing.

When I came to Hollywood nine years ago the demand for original stories was tremendous, though the prices paid were about one-tenth what is now offered for available material. With my experience I believed that a quick fortune could be made from pictures. Though I was in close and constant touch with the demands and requirements of the producers my sales were few. As an author I regarded scenario writing, with which I was thoroughly unfamiliar, as mere hack work; and it was not until I was forced into it by the uncertainty of the story market that I discovered it was a new and highly technical art that in time would be adequately appreciated and remunerated. In the last five years I have followed it almost exclusively, not through necessity but through preference.

At this time the sale of an original story to a producer, even by an experienced staff writer, is comparatively rare. I know of one man who has been a scenarist for thirteen years, who, in the old days put more than three hundred original stories on the screen, who has been the foremost writer and adapter for the largest producing companies in the industry, who has the advantages of broad acquaintance and close personal contact with the leading producers and directors, and who has been trying vainly for three years to sell a single original work.

In order to check the purchases of original stories from unknown writers, the investigating committee of the Screen Writers' Guild sent a questionnaire to all of the principal producing companies in Hollywood. The answers disclosed that out of more than forty-two thousand submissions in one year, only four had been purchased. And the producers declared most emphatically that the product of unknown writers is worthless; that the greater part of it is returned unread, and that they do not want it submitted to them. Experienced scenario editors declared that not one story out of ten thousand submitted by amateurs contained even the germ of an idea.

But what would happen if the editor should find a good story among the ten thousand? His suspicions as to its originality would be immediately aroused, and the better the story the more suspicious he would be.

"From whom was this stolen?" he would ask.

In the early days of the industry the expenditure of $10,000 upon the production of a five-reel picture was considered extravagant; but if a legal controversy arose over the rights to the story no great loss would be suffered if the picture were never shown. Now when from $50,000 to $150,000 is spent on an ordinary program picture, and from $150,000 to $1,000,000 upon a "special," the producer cannot risk a fortune upon the mere assertion of an individual unknown to him. Even a copyright means little, for it carries with it no presumption of ownership. The producer prefers that the publisher should take the first risk, and if no complaint of plagiarism or appropriation is made he will even then request his staff of attorneys to make a thorough investigation before he will buy. There have even been cases in which well-known writers have defrauded the producers by selling appropriated material as original. "Let the buyer beware" is the legal

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Has Valentino Changed?

An adoring fan who met him when he was already a matinée idol but not yet a star, visits him at the studio to find out

By Ethel Sands

FOR months and months, it seems to me, I have been reading about the wonderful change that has come over Rudolph Valentino, and I must say that I have resented it quite a bit. Writers actually seem to take the attitude that a change in him would be an *improvement*. People act as though he was a Sennett bathing girl who had suddenly learned how to act, or stopped beading her eyelashes or something. They don't seem to realize that if Valentino has changed any, there will be a lot of broken hearts when he comes back to the screen in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Of course, I didn't expect that I would ever have a chance to find out for myself whether he had changed or not. Just because Providence once opened wide the motion-picture studios and said, "Ethel Sands, you're just a fan and you don't know anything about writing, but PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is going to let you write your impressions of the most popular people in pictures," I didn't suppose it would ever happen again. That just shows you never can tell. For more than a year I had settled peacefully down in my home town of Plainfield, New Jersey, and gone to movies four or five times a week just like any one who had never been privileged to visit the stars and watch movies made. And then like a bolt from the blue came a letter asking if I'd like to go over to the Famous Players-Lasky studio to watch Rudolph Valentino making scenes for "Monsieur Beaucaire."



Rudolph Valentino seems to take his work very seriously and after you've watched him for a while you cannot imagine him playing around as other actors do.

Would I like to go! That's about as silly a question as asking a girl if she would like to dance with the Prince of Wales or marry a millionaire. I simply lost all interest in everything else, even food, and just sat watching the clock until time for me to go.

On the way over to New York on the train I began to get worried. Suppose he had changed! It was all very well for me to meet him out in California when he was just a leading man and I had Dorothy Dalton beside me for moral support. He was unaffected and cordial and awfully friendly, and even at that I got so fussed that I couldn't look at him and when I tried to speak the words simply froze in my mouth. If he was any more impressive than that now I'd just die. Likely as not he would be, too, after being abroad where simply every one—not just dyed-in-the-wool picture fans like me—made such a fuss over him. Why I've heard that even Queen Marie of Roumania asked to be introduced to him. And beside that he's turned into a poet. I suppose he was a poet all the time, because those things don't happen to people suddenly—even to Valentino—but at least he hadn't published a book of thrilling poems like "Day Dreams" when I met him before. It's a wonder I didn't just dive out on the railroad tracks to be flattened out by a train. At that time it seemed an easy death compared to what was before me.

The nearer I got to the Famous Players studio over on Long Island the more the whole thing seemed like one of those crazy nightmares where you keep going and going, and you're afraid to go on and yet panicky for fear you'll miss something if you stop. And believe me I would have missed a big thrill if I had lost my nerve and refused to go on. When I got inside the studio it was all just as thrilling as though I



With their beautiful brocades and frilly costumes, the people in "Monsieur Beaucaire" look like part of a valentine.

had never been in one before. The maze of settings, odds and ends of scenery, weird lights, clicking cameras, noise of hammering, orchestra music, bells clanging, and picturesquely garbed players strolling about, all set my heart to pounding with excitement.

One of the sets was all lighted and there was a lot of action there, so I started looking right away for Mr. Valentino. I couldn't locate him but I did recognize Mrs. Valentino from her photographs. She is a tall, slim young woman, very modish, with her hair done in braids wound over each ear. She seemed to be supervising what every one was doing—very quietly, you know, but with the appearance of authority. Every one says she is a great help to her husband as she looks after a lot of details and helps to group the characters. She is an expert at that and designing settings.

The set they were working on was the boudoir of *Mme. Pompadour*. The men wore buckled slippers and frilly velvet coats with lace sleeves and the ladies wore big ruffled skirts, and high white wigs, and the whole thing was so dazzling that the actors didn't look like people at all but like designs for valentines.

I couldn't really appreciate it at all, because I was anxious to see Valentino. They could have shown me the crown jewels, all the art treasures of the Louvre and told me I could have my choice of all the exquisite brocade costumes and I would most likely have said, "Yes, but when do we see Valentino?"

Mr. Wingart, the patient publicity man who was showing me around, said he guessed we'd find Rudy downstairs, so we hurried off there through a maze of halls and down a narrow stone staircase. It sounded good to hear him refer to Valentino carelessly as "Rudy." It showed the studio staff wasn't any more in awe of him than they used to be. We found him taking a fencing lesson in a wide space all closed in with old scenery, and when Mr. Wingart went in to tell him I was there I just leaned limply against a piece of garden wall for support and nearly knocked it over.

I don't know just what I expected him to do, but I know I was completely floored when he rushed right over and shook hands with me and called me by name. He seemed to remember the day in California when he took me riding, though I don't suppose he possibly could really with all the wonderful memories he has!

I was glad when he excused himself and went back to his fencing for a few minutes because it gave me a chance to try to catch my breath and try to think of something intelligent to say.

It's funny, isn't it, that any one could set your senses simply to reeling the way he does. The strangest part of it is that he doesn't do anything to try to dazzle you. He is very calm and serious and intent on what he happens to be doing. He never seems to notice your confusion, and that makes you feel doubly foolish. The only other person I've ever seen who has that same peculiar fascination is Gloria Swanson. They simply hypnotize you and yet seem unconscious of doing anything unusual.

Ever since that face-clay tour of Valentino's a lot of fans say that they have outgrown the Valentino fever, but that is just because they haven't experienced the thrill of his mesmeric power on the screen for so long. When he comes back in "Monsieur Beaucaire" I'll wager that they will be more enthusiastic over him than ever. All of his popularity and his trouble and his marriage and travel and the homage that has been paid to him don't seem to have made him a bit less unaffected and natural.

In his black satin breeches and padded jacket he was quite a boyish figure and he was so deft and alert he seemed expert to me. He never was just satisfied, though, and kept trying harder and harder. It was



There are some scenes in a theater that will make every girl wish that she could be the one Valentino is serenading.

fun to pretend to myself that I was the heroine watching the villain and hero fight for dear life over me. An imagination like that would be a dangerous thing for you if you were around fascinating people in a studio often.

When they stopped fencing and came over to me, panting with exertion, the instructor praised Valentino for learning quickly.

"But I love to do it," Mr. Valentino cut his praises short by saying in his deep, slightly accented voice. "I used to fence, but that was almost ten years ago and I have forgotten the little I knew then. I practice now every morning before I make up and go on the set. I've been at it almost two months and it will take at least two weeks more before I will be proficient enough to make the dueling scenes."

He went off again to practice with his left arm, as *Monsieur Beaucaire* is supposed to be the best swordsman in France, and in one fight he gets wounded in his right arm and must be able to use his left. It looked terribly difficult to me but he did it quite gracefully.

I wanted to ask him how it felt to be returning to the movies, but with Rudy—you see, he makes you feel so friendly that right away you think of him as "Rudy" and not as "Mr. Valentino"—looking right at you and talking enthusiastically about fencing you simply can't think of anything else. Talking to him is disconcerting. You find yourself so interested in what he is saying that you forget to study him, or else it is the other way around and you don't hear what he is talking about if you allow yourself to look in his eyes. It all sounds quite irrational, but most all girls will understand the next time they see a close-up of him.

He still smokes cigarettes incessantly and is as serious and intent on his work as ever. Somehow I cannot imagine him playing around the way other actors do. He is seriously engrossed in his work every minute. He seems older and not so boyishly handsome as he was two years ago but his smile has the same dazzling effect and offsets the somewhat somber expression of his eyes.

I am glad that he is returning to the screen in a foreign characterization, for I think people like him best in those. He seems to know what he is best suited for and doesn't try to play other sorts of parts and seek to steal somebody else's thunder the way other actors are always trying to do by imitating him. His next picture for Famous Players will probably be a South American story. After that he will have finished his contract and will be free to make pictures for the Ritz-Carlton Productions, where he will have more authority.

When Mr. Valentino went to dress, we went upstairs. I was in a better state to appreciate things then, having really met and talked to Valentino and having the prospect of seeing him again in a little while before me. So I got really thrilled seeing Lowell Sherman and watching Sidney Olcott direct. Mr. Olcott rehearses his people a lot and gets everything running absolutely smoothly before photographing a scene. Everything is accomplished without any shouting or confusion and there are no hurt feelings from actors getting bawled out before the rest of the company.



He takes a fencing lesson every morning before he starts working in the picture.

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Making the Settings Act

Believing that motion-picture backgrounds should have dramatic value, Cedric Gibbons tried in "Three Weeks" to make each den a debauch and each pillar a prayer.

IT is impossible to go further in massive and elaborate screen settings," according to a statement by Cedric Gibbons, the famous art director of the Goldwyn Studios, and it seems as though it would be just about impossible to find any one to disagree with him. Especially if they had happened to see "The Common Law," "Lawful Larceny," or any of those other extravaganzas where a few tons of scenery more

or less meant nothing to the producer—and even less than that to the plot of the piece. Already innumerable times we have had whatnotted pillars and festooned balconies as far as the camera eye can reach. There is no longer the least bit of novelty in a boudoir the size of the Roman Forum, so it is up to the art directors to think of a new kick to put in them. Something, obviously, must be done.

Symbolism; that's it.

"In the past, the designer of settings has built a probable background for the action of the story," Mr. Gibbons says. "Now he must go a step further; he must design a dramatic background. By that I mean a background that augments the drama transpiring before it. The keynote of this is making the set act with the actor.

"In 'Three Weeks' the sets came nearer to expressing and assisting in the dramatic movement than any I have as yet designed. They are, I hope, the beginning of a happier time for the set designer and an easier one for the director.



"To illustrate. After *Paul* has been sent abroad to forget the *Parson's* daughter and after the *Queen* has left her diseased and dissipated *King, Paul* and the *Queen* meet at a hotel in Switzerland. Now instead of trying to reproduce some actual hotel in all its tiresome detail, was it not better to design a set, which to these unhappy people meant forgetfulness?



"A terrace, then, above earthly things, a somewheres different from anything they had ever seen—so high in the sky that, in looking over the parapet they would realize the smallness of their former lives and leave them free to love as the gods.

"Now to carry further the mystery of the *Queen,* her rooms were no ordinary hotel interiors, but something which made *Paul* wonder who and what she was. They expressed an indefinable sense of refinement and culture and yet he was unable to place them in any period. The walls were round, giving his whirling imagination no rest.



"In the scenes where the *Queen* discovers the *King* with his mistress and denounces him, the set is large, the walls are covered with material on which is a violent design of jagged lines, radiating upward. The floor is black and shiny, representing a pool, like some venomous reptile. From out of this slime and filth rises up, pure and straight, a shaft of white masonry, through which comes the *Queen* above her *King.*

"I sincerely believe the sets acted."

It all sounds as though the new scenic art of the movies was to be developed along the lines of a musical score, with a theme for each character. Remember the dissonant "root-a-toot-toot-a" that signalized the ride of the clansmen in the accompaniment to "The Birth of a Nation" or the "O-la-la" that any orchestra always plays for a Nita Naldi entrance? Well, that's the idea. The shaft of white masonry is the motif that represents the beautiful *Queen,* and whether or not she was as upright as that will have to be fought out between Elinor Glyn and the Dorcas societies.

Even if you don't care for the sets in "Three Weeks" don't condemn the theory behind them.

Erich von Stroheim—the Real Thing

The cynic of the typewriter meets the realist of the movie cognoscenti.

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

GENERALITIES are, of all wordy snares, most dangerous. It is so easy, after spreading one, to turn about, catch the heel in it, and so be laid ignominiously on the grass.

The tricky quality of generalities is, indeed, one of the most disturbing factors of life. If we could pigeonhole everything with one sweeping gesture, life would be quite simple—and restful. But unfortunately for our peace of mind we occasionally run into real estate salesmen who quote poetry and poets who have the aurelian psychology of *Mr. Babbitt*.

Before coming to California I liked to hold with George Jean Nathan that movie actors were a herd of unlettered barbarians. They made so much more money than I made that I enjoyed looking down on them with a feeling of intellectual superiority.

But I hadn't lived long in God's glorious Southland—as we Californians love to call Los Angeles, Hollywood, Tia Juana and environs—before I began to realize that the wretched movie actors didn't run true to form. There were plenty who talked and acted just as I had pictured them. But on the other hand there was a small but decided minority that refused to play the game. Instead of spending their time off the lot in the traditional and accepted way, these perverse creatures had evidently hired tutors and proceeded to bone up.

When I was introduced to one I could tell it in a minute. He would just as likely as not bowl me over with, "Oh, Mr. Ryan, you remind me of a character in Andreyev's 'Waltz of the Dogs.' Have you read it? You must. Most effective blending of realism and symbolism since the advent of post-impressionism!"

Of course you might expect something like this from Charlie Chaplin, whose penchant for learning is his own personal eccentricity, properly exploited by his press agent, just like Pola Negri's temper or Bebe Daniels' proclivities for speeding. But it didn't take me long to gather that being one of the cognoscenti in the movies was not confined to personalities.



Erich von Stroheim.

There was a fringe of thinkers in the movie camp. What were they doing here? Well—that's another story — a dozen stories in fact, or a hundred stories, for the reasons vary with each individual. But here they are. And they are to be reckoned with, unless I miss my guess. They are to be reckoned with in the future of the motion-picture art—when as an art it is freed from its present incubus—business.

When I accepted an invitation the other night to the bungalow of Erich von Stroheim I knew pretty well what sort of person I was going to meet.

For many seasons past I had enjoyed watching this polished villain performing those subtleties of seduction which outraged the sturdy peasantry and delighted my own decadent soul.

His monocle, his hair cut, his bracelet—all symbols to us of the worst element of wicked foreign dukes and things! His click and bow—the confounded militarist! And the way he had of looking with veiled eyes from which arrows of understanding would dart to prick Victorian hides contemptuously. You know they say no decent woman is safe on the same lot with him!

How he ravaged our native optimism with his carryings-on, overturning our idol of virtue with cynical toe, encased in a varnished boot. How we squirmed in our seats to see the statue toppling and to realize that it was very loosely attached to begin with.

Of course he always got his in the end. Virtue always got picked up and brushed off and set back on the pedestal. But we never felt that Von Stroheim's punishment was quite strong enough for his crimes. And as we issued from the theater with snorts and outraged tossings of the head, the memory of those veiled and cynical eyes continued to haunt us unpleasantly—until removed by some good wholesome exhibition such as "Daddies."

We realized vaguely that here was no cheerful uplifter, but a diabolical realist. And realism is very

strong meat for our tender young bodies; bodies nurtured on the infant food duly prescribed by the great American dietician, Dr. Frank Crane.

But some minds there were in which a seed of thought was planted. How were they ever to grow up if they continued to eat only infants' food? So to these precocious youngsters—and not a few there were—came a glimmer of the truth.

To those who still believe that Erich von Stroheim is just a slick villain, doing on the screen the dirty tricks he would like to do off of it—if he had the chance—I have a little problem to propose.

Suppose this debased person had a chance to make a lot of money by making a lot of pictures. Being purely a materialist and a perverted one at that, what would he do? Make a lot of pictures and make a lot of money, of course.

But he isn't. He isn't following your formula at all. For Von Stroheim could—in fact he is being urged by his producers to—make a lot of money by making a lot of pictures. Von Stroheim is paid a salary by Goldwyn *only when he is actually shooting a picture.* It would please Goldwyn to have him shooting the year around.

Instead he has made one picture in the last year, "Greed." He has now been engaged for months in the painful and unprofitable labor of cutting this picture. In other words he has been working for months for nothing. Why? Because the artist within him will not let that picture go out until, as nearly as is possible, it approximates the thing he was dreaming about when he was directing it.

Von Stroheim knew what Frank Norris was aiming at when he wrote "McTeague." He knew what Von Stroheim was striving for when he directed "Greed." He made that picture as he knew it ought to be made to satisfy both artists.

Now he is nightly performing the appalling but necessary labor of mutilating his vision to make it fit the mold imposed by censorship and the exigencies of space.

When I talked to him he had it down from forty-three reels to twenty-six. He said it seemed impossible then to take out another inch. But having cut it in half once he hoped that he could nerve himself to do it again.

The agonizing part of the business is that Von Stroheim knows that many of the scenes which are truest to Norris the novelist, truest to Von Stroheim the director, truest to life itself, will have to come out or be smeared over with something sweet and sticky to get them by the censors.

We were sitting on the divan in the plain little bungalow—outside the movie belt of Hollywood—which is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. von Stroheim and their infant offspring. We had been talking about many things. Scion of a stiff-necked military family of the old régime, he had been an officer in an Austrian regiment. He knew Vienna—Vienna before the war.

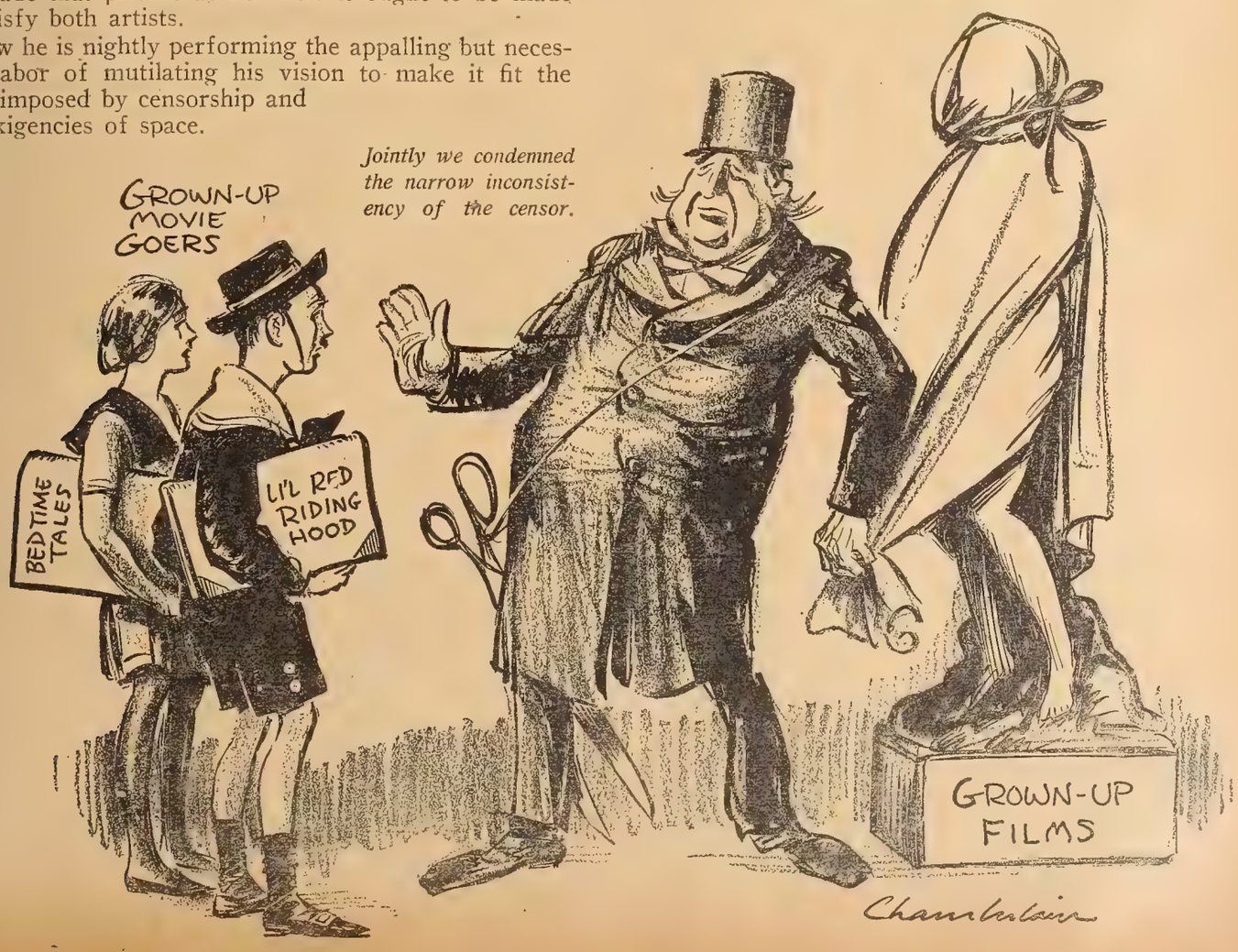
From the humiliations of his war-time struggles in America—the days when he was the hated Hun, when he and his wife were stoned in American streets—the talk descended to his present problems and the maddening restrictions with which the artist working in the medium of motion pictures is forever surrounded.

Von Stroheim told me what he is up against now—in trying to cut his picture, "Greed."

"I could take out sequences and thus get the job over in a day," he said. "That would be child's play. But I can't do it. It would leave gaps that could only be bridged by titles. When you do such a thing you have illustrated subtitles instead of a motion picture."

This villain, you see, is painfully conscientious.

"The very things that made the book a classic are, unfortunately, the first things that a producer would



Jointly we condemned the narrow inconsistency of the censor.

expect to come out. To him they seem unnecessary. But they are the picture. The flavor of it. Eliminate them and you have a bare skeleton. Action. People running in and out—killing one another. But we don't know why, because we don't know the characters.

"No. I prefer to sacrifice some of the action, some of the physical contact, and show more of the thought. That is the harder task. But that is what I am determined to do."

Von Stroheim, I believe, is the first director who ever tried to photograph thought, at least in this country. In "Foolish Wives" there is a close-up of Dale Fuller as the servant girl which runs one hundred feet. The thoughts follow each other through her mind. You can see them in her face. You can hear her think:

The scoundrel! He has betrayed me. He has taken my savings. Revenge! The different ways to take it. Shooting. Poison. Oh, I love him! But I shall kill him. He shall suffer in his death. Fire! That is the way. How wonderful he will look burning up!

Von Stroheim is confronted with one hard task in preserving the flavor of thought in his new picture. Another and even harder task is to preserve the realism which is his passion and at the same time keep within the bounds prescribed by the censors—even within the bounds prescribed by public sentiment as influenced by certain elements in this country.

"Do you know," said Von Stroheim, "somebody tried to get me to take the edge off *McTeague* by having him wake up in the dental chair to find it all a dream? What a travesty such an ending would have been. All this unpleasant but truthful realism a dream—all this exact psychoanalysis taking place in the mind of a boob who was asleep, dreaming it. Impossible! How impossible, how outrageous it would have been."

He leaned forward, clasping both hands together and thrusting out his doubled fists in a straightforward gesture.

"Oh, yes. It would have taken the bad taste out of some mouths. But what a taste it would have left in the mouths of others — of those who think!"

Jointly we condemned the narrow inconsistency of the censor, who will listen to a sermon in which evil is contrasted with good in order to make the good the more resplendent, but orders a movie director to cut the evil out of his story and obtain his effects without any contrast whatever.

"There are scenes in my last picture—there will be scenes in anybody's picture — which, detached from the rest and flashed on the screen, would have no reason for being. For example, in 'Greed' there is a scene in which the heroine goes to bed, taking with her a bag of five thousand gold pieces.

"The woman has been so warped mentally that she has become a miserly imbecile. Naturally, the scene, by itself, is not a pretty one.

"Now if I saw this scene detached from the rest of the picture, not knowing the story, not knowing the psychological forces at work in the mind of this character as Norris describes them, why I should say myself that such a scene should not be shown. When you put it in relation to the other scenes preceding there is nothing offensive about it."

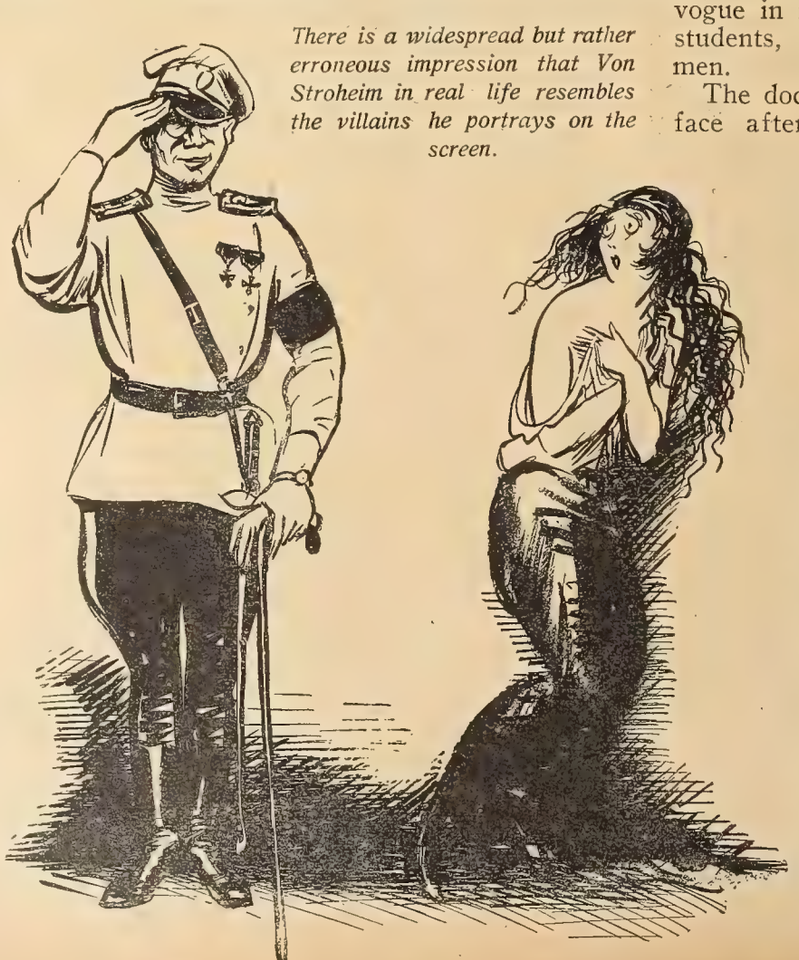
Von Stroheim is afraid that his own little boy, growing up in an atmosphere of outward repression, will be tainted by the unclean minds that are so woefully occurrent under such a system of thought as largely obtains—I say it with sorrow and humiliation—in our American democracy.

I don't know what howls of protest such a statement will evoke. I don't know how some of those who have hissed Von Stroheim the Hun, who have proclaimed him unfit to be seen by any "decent American woman," will take it. And I don't give a concentrated, double-jointed hang.

To-morrow the Goldwyn press agent may flood fan magazines with still pictures of Von Stroheim with his kiddie on his knee and may quote him as saying how delighted he is that his beloved child will have the opportunity to develop into a hundred-per-cent American.

Truth is truth. I am telling you what Von Stroheim told me. Not Von Stroheim the actor, but Von Stroheim the gentleman, the observer, the thinker, the father.

Von Stroheim has reached an age and a viewpoint from which he can smile every time he gazes into a mirror at the image of the dueling scar that decorates his brow. In his youth as cadet and subaltern he fought seven duels—with swords—according to the code in vogue in middle Europe among students, officers and gentlemen.



There is a widespread but rather erroneous impression that Von Stroheim in real life resembles the villains he portrays on the screen.

The doctor who sewed up his face after the encounter that left the scar was kind enough to make a clumsy job of it—so the young blood could proudly wear the cicatrice upon his countenance.

"That doctor knew the value of my scar —as an attraction to the opposite sex," said the director with a grin. "Women. They are back of every foolish prank which a young man plays. Women are supposed to be the advocates of peace. It is not true. For what are duels fought? For what is war waged? A woman. Women.

"If there were no women war would be impossible. And as

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Strongheart Pulls Some Star Stuff

The king of canine stars shows that he knows just how an interview should be conducted, but away from the interviewer he reveals a more doggy personality.

By Helen Klumph Photographs by Richard Burke

AMID the yowls and sharp staccato barks of a thousand ecstatic pups, Strongheart and Lady Julie sat in bored magnificence on a dais built to raise them over the heads of the rest of the great annual dog show at Madison Square Garden in New York City. They were the honored guests who neither went through their paces in the judges' ring nor barked appreciation of some special brand of dog biscuit from a booth. They were, at times, as impassive as the Woolworth Building being stared at by tourists. They sat there as remote in experience and point of view from the uncouth and mischievous Irish terriers just below them as the king and queen of a motion-picture carnival from the plodding, eager clerks who elected them.

"Ah, how do you do?" boomed Strongheart in a sonorous tone when one of his trainers nudged him and murmured something about my being from the press. He nodded to Lady Julie and his trainers who were busily giving out autographed photographs—a sort of fill-my-place-as-best-you-can sort of nod from a man who was called away to attend to important matters. "I am *so* glad to meet *you,*" Strongheart beamed at me confidingly. "You know, I always read your





Taking a picture of Strongheart was no easy matter. In the picture below he appears with Lady Julie.

stuff. Don't have time for much reading, and so I just have to confine my attention to the best. Let's see, you write for the *Kennel Gazette,* don't you? Or is it the *Filmlovers' Review?*"

I had heard something of the sort from other actors. I murmured, "No, not quite."

"Quite a bore all this," Strongheart assured me, waving his sleek and sensitive nose toward the crowd. "Not that I don't appreciate the honor that has been paid me, y'understand, but it is a great strain to come before an audience like this that has no understanding of the sort of life an actor lives and the problems he faces. Now if they were all like *you*——" He edged over closer to the rope that separated us.

"Besides, I think that personal appearances are a bad policy," he went on. "Our audiences grow to love the parts we play, not what we really are. Of course, I have always felt that I belonged to my public and I have tried to model my life along

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Photo by Frank Bangs

Dick Barthelmess is having a disagreement with his company which may delay his future productions.

Manhattan's

Observations about the metropolitan

By Leland

THE past month has been rather slow around New York, so far as the grand and glorious motion-picture industry is concerned. The high point was reached with the opening of Mr. Griffith's "America." The picture received wildly enthusiastic criticisms from most of the papers—many of them, however, bringing out the fact that there were a lot of things that could have been done with a story about the American Revolution that Mr. Griffith completely ignored. It looks to the writer as though the picture was going to be a tremendous box-office success, and that, after all, is the thing that makes pictures possible. The opening night was a typical movie opening — press agents, exhibitors, writers, actors, yokels, high society, et cetera. This particular evening of evenings had as an extra, added, superspecial attraction, a gathering of the Daughters of the American Revolution, army officers from Governor's Island, Colonial Dames, Sons of the Revolution, members of the Order of the Cincinnatti, and Mr. Jake Shubert. Mr. Griffith is still working on the picture, and by the time he gets through with it nobody will recognize it as the same picture as that which awaited the movie world on the eventful evening of Mr. George Washington's Birthday.

Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are back from Africa, where they have been taking scenes for Ingram's latest, "The Arab." They have become fascinated with Africa, and have bought a house there, where Rex plans to retire and take up the art of sculptoring seriously—motion pictures are not going to figure in his life at all from now on—but Mr. Ingram is not the first member of the motion-picture industry who has decided to cast that sterling art behind him, and then turn around and make more pictures "bigger and better than ever." I'll lay a bet of ten to one that next summer will find him hard at work again on the Metro lot in Hollywood. The most interesting thing about the Ingrams' return was the visitor they brought back with them, one young man, of Arab origin, by name Kada-Abd-Ed-Kadir, aged ten. They found him in Tunis, and became so attached to him that they are going to adopt him. Kada speaks French fluently, but his English is very meager. The one word he uses with perfect ease is "Okay." One asks Kada how he enjoyed the "Music Box" and his reply is "Okay." His reaction to New York is "Okay." The Ingrams dress him in his native garb, and the night I saw him he had on a white-and-black headgear, set at a jaunty slant, black boots, and a flaming red cape. He is utterly lacking in self-consciousness, and has the manners of a young prince. At present his consuming passion in life is Alice Terry. Any one who even looks at her immediately incurs the hatred of Kada. He will appear personally in "The Arab" and every one will have a chance to get a good look at him, then



Rex Ingram and Alice Terry have brought back a young Arab from Africa who will appear in their next picture.

Bright Lights

goings-on in motion-picture circles.

Hayward

Jackie Coogan had better watch his step, for he has a real rival in the fascinating Kada.

There was a lot of talk a year or so ago, when Valentino was being kept off the screen, about a successor for him. It looks now as though his successor might be Dick Barthelmess, for, at the time I write, Barthelmess has just had a falling out with Inspiration, the company with which he had signed a long-term contract, and has sailed away to Bermuda for a vacation, after which he plans to take his case to the courts, hoping to gain freedom to make his future pictures under another company.

It is Dick's claim that the Inspiration Company has broken its contract with him, but the company, I understand, does not recognize this claim, and so there is no telling what will happen. Under the contract he still had to make twenty-one pictures for Inspiration. It would be a big disappointment to the fans if this disagreement should result in any long delay in Dick's working in future pictures, either for the Inspiration, or for some other company, and every one will hope, I am sure, that the matter will be settled in a shorter time than it took for Valentino's dispute with Famous Players to be brought to an end.

Rudolph Valentino is working in the East now on "Monsieur Beaucaire," and Famous Players have surrounded him with a wonderful cast of players. Bebe Daniels is his leading woman, and Helene Chadwick and Lowell Sherman are also helping him out. I saw Valentino, Bebe Daniels, Sherman, Mrs. Valentino and Robert Kane the other night at the Club Lido. Mrs. Valentino, as far as clothes and looks go, had the rest of the party licked to a standstill. She and Rudolph make a wonderful-looking couple. Robert Kane is not only the production manager of Famous Players, but apparently the entertainment manager also. When the stars come to New York it is his job to show them the town. On another night I saw him, Gloria Swanson, Adolph Zukor and Heaven knows who else at the Lido, which still continues to be the rage. On this night Miss Swanson had on one of her peculiar costumes, with headdress and all. Why she wears them is a mystery, for she is ever so much more attractive in simple garb.



Benjamin F. Finney decided to become a movie actor and within six months had the luck to be Betty Compson's leading man.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Renee Adoree stopped off in New York, on her way to Cuba.

My special agents have been informing me all winter about the goings-on of the picture colony in Palm Beach and Miami, and it has finally reached such a point that I feel it imperative for me to go there in person and investigate the conditions. As I write this I am on a train speeding through the sunny South, and next month I shall be better informed about the actual conditions. Some of the people who have been wintering there are Norma Talmadge and husband Joe Schenck, Betty Compson, Lois Wilson, Alan Crosland, E. H. Griffith, Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, Jack Dempsey, Irving Berlin, William Jennings Bryan, and Mr. Ben Finney. In

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

The Making of "Peter Pan"

The question of who will direct and who will play "Peter Pan" is now as widely discussed in film circles as the possibilities for "Ben-Hur" were six months ago. William de Mille, James Cruze, Alan Dwan, and Fred Niblo all seem to have a good chance of being the director to be chosen. May McAvoy, Betty Compson, and Gloria Swanson are all mentioned as likely to be honored with the rôle of *Peter.* Marilyn Miller, who is expected to appear next season as *Peter* on the speaking stage is also under consideration for the rôle in the films, it is said. There are several persons, however, who insist that they heard through a friend of a friend who once met Barrie that he wanted a boy to play the rôle in pictures. Those people usually insist that Glenn Hunter and none other will play it, though some would prefer George Hackathorne.

It is high time for the public to speak up. If they don't let their preferences be known, there is no telling who will get the part. A friend of The Observer's who insists on remaining anonymous nominates Jackie Coogan for the rôle of *Peter,* wants John Robertson to direct the picture, and insists on having Marshall Neilan on the lot as "gag" man. Other nominations are in order. A contributor to the *Morning Telegraph* opens the list by suggesting Louis Wolheim or Ben Turpin. After mature deliberation The Observer favors Will Rogers as his candidate for the rôle.

Play Them on Your Piano

If some one were suddenly to ask you to play a few bars of Valentino or give them the air of Mae Murray, you might think they had suddenly taken leave of their senses. But not, however, if you had been following attentively the musical scores that accompany feature pictures.

Until such time as screen symphonies are composed to accompany individual motion pictures, their musical scores will be made up of excerpts from other compositions. And so long as this system prevails certain passages that express the personality of the leading player will be made the central theme around which the whole musical score is built. In time this leads the attentive motion-picture fan to associate certain themes and certain composers with their favorites.

After arranging the musical scores of a great many motion pictures, Mr. Theodore Stearns, formerly an orchestra leader and now music critic of the *Morning Telegraph,* formulated some interesting ideas about expressing the players in music. Charlie Chaplin, he says, is best expressed by the "Pathetique Symphony" of Tschaikowsky; some of the "Pelleas and Melisande" music by Debussy has the illusive, delicate charm of Lillian Gish; Mae Murray and the "Manon" music by Massenet both stand, he says, for French frivolity; Pola Negri suggests to him Dvorák, the dances of Brahms, and Grieg's "Sunshine Song;" Bebe Daniels he finds hard to classify. She is a Latin type, but not a conventional one. Some of the "Rosenkavalier" music he suggests to her.

What Will Hays Does

Ever since the Will Hays organization was set up by the motion-picture producers, The Observer, in company with several thousand other motion-picture fans, has wondered just what his work consists of. He has heard vague murmurings of Hays wielding a good influence over the industry, he has heard rumors of a carefully organized fight against censorship, but until recently he never heard of a single specific action taken by the Hays organization —that is outside of speech making.

Now, however, all that is changed. Mr. Hays, he is informed, is keeping a close watch of all scenario material purchased and he has frowned upon the contemplated productions of "The Yoke" and "Damned," causing them to be dropped by Warner Brothers and Universal respectively. He also took offense at the posters prepared by the Goldwyn Company to use in advertising "Three Weeks" and these were destroyed.

Title Changes

One of the things about which The Observer has often grown excited and one against which he will continue to rant until old age overtakes him and stills his tongue and typewriter is the practice of changing the titles of stories when they are made into motion pictures. What, for instance, is gained by calling "Cape Cod Folks," "Women Who Give?" And why should Jane Murfin's play, "The Sign," which deals with the difficulties of a minister with his vestrymen, be called "Flapper Wives?" Such title changes savor to him of dishonest advertising, for they misrepresent the product they seek to sell.

The Observer is not against *all* title changes. In fact, he believes that when the Paramount officials discarded "The Laughing Lady" and adopted "A Society Scandal" as the title of the latest Gloria Swanson picture they were giving the public a more adequate idea of just what type of picture it is.

Is the Radio Hurting the Movies?

Producers and exhibitors throughout the country have been discussing the question of whether or not the widespread interest in radio was hurting the business of the motion-picture theaters. Opinion seems to be divided on the subject. It would be interesting to hear what the fans think, or what they have observed in this connection. Do those of you who are both movie and radio fans find that your interest in radio tends to make you visit the theater less frequently, or do you see just as many movies and play the radio after you've returned home?

The Challenge to Fame

A review of Norma Talmadge's career, and some thoughts regarding her future.

By Edwin Schallert

IN the present period of picture history it is not customary to chant hymns and canticles only. The voice that is raised in psalm of praise is frequently shouted down. And those sometimes seem to attain the widest vogue who can fling forth a violent tirade.

No stars in the films, however brilliant or luminous their past records, but are aware of this insistent new clamor around their shrines. While each still enjoys the fragrance of ascending incense on many occasions, each has more recently also felt the shock of explosions.

Not long ago several photoplaygoers, and particularly one, sent especially bitter and biting shafts against Norma Talmadge, who has always been regarded as one of the most cherished idols of the screen. A change apparently had been detected in her presence, and consequently a few of those who formerly admired her deeply fastened upon her a peculiar rebuke. They indicated that she is not taking her work seriously, that she has become complacent and satisfied with her place in the film firmament, and that since "Smilin' Through" she has accomplished nothing worthy of comment.

I should, indeed, not notice or call your attention to this possibly prejudiced view, were it not that to an extent it is supported by my own observations. I mean by this that during the several years that she has been in California, I too, have detected a change in Norma, but a far more subtle one than the comments of some of her critics would imply.

I began to observe this first just after she had come back from Europe, and began working on "Within the Law." That is the picture, in truth, that much seems to have hinged on, for the fans that I have mentioned, or at least the one, remarked on the indifference of her portrayal, and I do not think that any one could be unaware of this. There was wanting at least the old-time spontaneity. Her portrayal was what you might call studied, and even a bit dull, though the film was better as a film than its predecessor, "The Voice from the Minaret."

I do not believe that, so far as she



Photo by G. Maillard Kesslere

herself is concerned, this was as apparent in either of the subsequent features that she made, "Ashes of Vengeance," or "The Song of Love," but still the impression exists, and it is my impression to an extent, that Norma is not fully what she was—a rhapsodic, ecstatic, and entirely carefree being, who lived vibrantly in her emotions, which seemed to hold her in a sovereign sway. To be sure, she is not so radically different that she is not the same person, but she has appeared to lack something of her wonted exuberance, to be more self-contained.

I remember the very first time that I met her nearly ten years ago on the old D. W. Griffith lot. Ten years—what a lot of time! It was a fleeting encounter, while she was under contract to the Fine Arts Company, just beginning, in fact, the first radiant part of her bigger adventure in the films.

It was before she had gone East to film that series of beloved productions which included "Poppy," "Panthea," "The Ghosts of Yesterday," and the melodramatic, though appealing "De Luxe Annie," in which the magnetic and handsome Eugene O'Brien was her leading man, that established her fame. It was, in fact, before she had even become Mrs. Joseph Schenck and the peculiarly effective guidance for her career, which she has always enjoyed, had been assured.

I can recall now how she raved vividly, intensely, seemingly with her entire soul over something, nothing—a new book, or play, or was it Griffith's picture, "Intolerance," just showing or about to show? Whatever the subject of our discussion it seemed to fill and thrill her entire being, and she absolutely lived and dramatized her enthusiasm over it, burning like a wind-swept flame.

Norma has never been what you might call a developed and cultivated hothouse flower of pictures. She has been the rarest bloom of the rambling passion vine, vagrantly, wildly budding right at the start, hardily, determinedly growing on, never truly to be transplanted, for she has ever and always drawn the richness of her beauty and her charm from the warm sunlighted soil of natural impulse.

There is a long lapse between my fleeting first impression and my second meeting with her. All of five or six years, indeed, had slipped by and she had meanwhile won her coronet of laurels, and had become the idol of a popular adulation that was equaled in its way by practically no other star. For to many, indeed, Norma has been more of a real source of fascination even than Mary Pickford.

Norma had come West to have her first trial at playing a titled historic personage in "The Duchess of Langeais," subsequently released as "The Eternal Flame." She was on a new venture, and fully aglow with its tingling possibilities. Except for a certain mellowing influence, she was the same wildly impulsive being that I had encountered on the first occasion. Her marriage had proved an aid and a marvelous safeguard for her future, because her husband was both husband and her impresario and *chargé d'affaires,* and had been the essence of kindness to her family as well. Yet she still disdained, as in the olden day, to be aught but what she herself was.

She told me, laughingly, how she had always called Mr. Schenck "dad." This was indeed no reflection on the fact that he is considerably older than she, but is indicative of a typical Talmadge trait, which orders relationships, or at least the names that attach, according to the individual whimsy. Mrs. Talmadge, for example, to her daughters has always been "Peg"—from her first name Margaret—for they refuse to let her grow maternal. And Norma even stood out vigorously against Joseph Talmadge Keaton, Jr., or the newer Keaton son addressing her as "auntie" which as far as I know, neither has become sufficiently articulate to do as yet.

And now to chronicle and set down the probable causes for that gradual and apparently somewhat puzzling change that I have noted, which I feel has been perhaps somewhat misinterpreted in its meaning.

The listlessness that was observed in Norma's portrayal in "Within the Law" may, of course, have been just a temporary and passing thing. I feel personally that it was possibly due to the environment and unsettlement about the immediate future. The picture was made in a different studio from the one where the company was accustomed to working, and there were various financial deals in process of negotiation at the time in which Norma was interested.

The great trouble has been that in neither "Ashes of Vengeance" nor "The Song of Love," which immediately followed, has Norma risen to any really great new heights, nor has she had the fullest sort of opportunity to do so. "Ashes" was a rather slow costume parade; very beautifully done, that did not offer her an adequate rôle, except in a few resplendent love scenes, and though "The Song of Love" has been popular as a program feature, it is nothing but skeikish trash. These films naturally and doubtless, too, quite justifiably, enabled Norma's critics not only to find fault with her progress but with her self.

I personally would not belittle the thought that she is at a turn in her career, and that, like other celebrities, she must take cognizance of certain alterations in the nature of screen entertainment, and throw herself heart and soul into her work anew. And I have not the least doubt that she herself, realizing the new weight of fame's requirements, is doing this zestfully and energetically now. I am told that even during the time when she was recently vacationing in New York and yachting about Florida, she was continually restless and desirous of getting back to the studio and beginning on her new picture, "The House of Youth."

Norma has never really dallied. She has not been content to bide her time and wait for the coming of a better inspiration, as have some of the other

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Photo by Lucas Kanarian

"Secrets," Norma's most recent picture, is heralded as her best production since "Smilin' Through."



Photo by G. Maillard Kesslere

NORMA TALMADGE



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

PRETTY Sara Mullen is a newcomer who has the prestige of being supported by Mary Carr and Tyrone Power in "Damaged Hearts."



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

ONE of the most seductive figures in recent popular fiction is *Savina Grove*, so Alma Rubens seems an ideal choice for the rôle.



SHEDDING the somber background of "Icebound" for the lighter "Sinners in Heaven," Richard Dix can now allow full play to those flashes of humor that always endear him to his audiences.

Photo by Richard [illegible]



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

BEATRICE JOY will be launched as a star immediately after the next Cecil De Mille production, "Triumph." "Changing Husbands" is the tentative title of the story which will be her first star picture.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

MAE BUSCH proved such a responsive and dependable player in "Name the Man" that Victor Seastrom has chosen her to play the lead in his second Goldwyn picture, "The Tree in the Garden."



Photo by Henry Waxman

IT takes a sweet pensive girl like Kathryn McGuire to get the full humor out of comedy situations, so Buster Keaton persuaded her to forsake serious drama temporarily and play opposite him in comedy.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

HELENE CHADWICK

They Aren't All Millionaires

Helene Chadwick, f'rinstance, neither owns real estate nor lives at the Ambassador.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

STORIES innumerable have been told of the great director stopping the Transcontinental Limited long enough to permit him to dash out to the rosy-cheeked country girl in checked gingham, standing in the waving wheat field.

"You're just the type for *Maud Muller,*" the great director is accustomed to saying, in these fictional masterpieces. "How would you like to be a movie actress—your name a household word? I shall make you famous!"

Then the rosy-cheeked country girl is generally quoted as saying, "Oh, sir, how kind you are!" She signs on the dotted line—using her gingham lap as a desk—and receives twelve hundred dollars a week for a year or two. Then it jumps to three or four thousand, depending upon how gracious the author is feeling when he approaches his later chapters.

That's the way it goes in the movies and in fiction. Real life boasts less action and more realism. For example:

"Is it Holdtight Hosiery or Sylflike Sweaters to-day?" asked the rosy-cheeked city girl, as she sauntered into the advertising photographer.

"Nothing to-day, girlie," he replied.

Her face clouded with disappointment.

"Say," he suggested helpfully, "why don't you try these moving pictures? I hear that they are making 'em over at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street in that old street-car barn. Why don't you try there?"

Curious, rather than hopeful, the girl boarded the subway, and, after some exploring, discovered the "studio." At the dingy office she inquired for the casting manager.

"You 'ave 'ad no experience? Nossing doing," advised the Gallic gentleman in charge.

A young man entered the office. As he saw the girl his face lighted with pleasure. "Who is she, Gasnier? We'll test her."

So they put a cowboy hat on her pretty curls and told her to make faces. When it was all over they offered her a year's contract as a movie actress!

"How much do I get?" asked the girl.

"Thirty dollars every week!"

If you are smiling cynically and murmuring things about my imagination, save your smiles, banish your doubts, and call on Helene Chadwick to corroborate the tale you have just read, for she is the heroine who left advertisements for movies.

The fables of filmdom have it that the path to Fame is long and devious, that many hours are spent on waiting-room benches, and that rebuffs are common and inescapable. But these same fables also incorporate the idea that there will be found a pot of gold and a Rolls-Royce at the end of the long, long trail. "After years of extradom," the chronicles run, in effect, "Trixie Trickface found herself famous, with cars, maids, jewels. . . ."

You never read about the successful actresses who are not rich. . . . You are about to begin.

Helene Chadwick has been a popular leading woman for some two years or more, yet she wears no sables, she boasts no diamonds, she owns no California real estate, and in New York she does not stop at the Ambassador or the Ritz.

"I suppose I should," she said. "But I think it's silly to blow so much on hotel bills and maids and things. I can't afford to. I stop here at this nice little family hotel. It's opposite my sister's home, and I like it."

Where are the stars of yesteryear? Where are the gilded lilies of pomp and circumstance, the daintily stepping, upstage Poppaeas of the perpendicular platforms? Where, indeed? Betty Blythe had confessed that friends had advised her to swank more but that she found it too great an effort; Mae Busch had admitted that interviews irked her; Dick Barthelmess had smiled at the "bigger and better" program of more conventional stars, and Pearl White had cried, "Art is the bunk!" These dicta, in one brief year, followed by Helene Chadwick's modest ideas regarding hotels, are more than enough to give one pause. Perhaps, you will find yourself believing, perhaps picture players are people!

Helene Chadwick did not find it difficult to break in, but it was not the golden cloudburst that she had read about and heard her friends discussing. The movies brought her a job, not a vocation. Thirty dollars a week was no more than she had earned posing for advertising photographers.

"But of course the work was fascinating. I loved it. I still do. There's always something new coming up. You start on a new sequence, go to a new part of the country, find new angles on life. Movie work is never boring. But I haven't found it the source of sudden wealth that I used to imagine was the lot of every movie actress.

"With Pathé and with Goldwyn I received *very* modest salaries. I am just beginning to realize how poorly I have managed my affairs. From now on I shall free-lance."

In common with many other girls, Helene Chadwick signed the first contract offered her when she came to Hollywood after her early Pathé pictures in the East. And as she grew popular on the screens of the country, her salary remained the same, her employers farmed her out to other companies at treble her regular salary, and her employers pocketed the difference. The system is, I presume, fair enough. What a company loses on a contract with a star whose popularity drops to zero long before the contract has run its course, it must make up on another actress. But that this is a working out of the law of compensation, and therefore just, is not so apparent to the girl who finds her services in demand and her pay envelope still as slim as ever.

"The first picture I did in Hollywood was with Robert Warwick. Then Goldwyn cast me in 'Heartsease' with Tom Moore. While we were finishing that, Rupert Hughes was looking for a girl to do his 'Cup of Fury.' The casting director suggested me.

" 'Oh, no,' said Rupert, 'she won't do. Too young.' But the casting man urged, and Rupert tested me. The tests delighted him. He signed me, and the condition was that I sign for a year. Thus I bound myself to Goldwyn. It proved highly profitable to them."

Under Hughes' direction she made many of her best pictures. "Dangerous Curve Ahead," "Scratch My Back," and "Gimme," were all admirably suited to her

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Over the

Fanny the Fan pauses to reflect on picture circles and make a few ob shows, diets, plastic surgery, and

By The



Photo by W. F. Seely

When Helen Ferguson went and had her nose operated on little did she think of the grief it would bring to the girls who used to pride themselves on looking like her.

"YOU promised to tell me all about fat reducing," I reminded Fanny as she breezed into Crillon and dropped on the bench beside me. "What have you decided is the best way—exercise, diet, or——"

"You might try worry as they suggest in 'Lilies of the Field,'" Fanny volunteered casually, "but none of those things is really necessary. All you have to do if you want to remain just skin and bones is to try to keep up with motion-picture affairs in New York. Going to the opening of 'The Thief of Bagdad' and braving the crowd there was about as restful an experience as getting involved in an East Indian holy war."

Fanny paused while she removed the sheer chiffon harem veil from her tiny hat, but wouldn't admit whether it was the "Bagdad" influence that started the style or whether Claire Windsor was wearing one when she came home from the land of the sheiks. Knowing that I was fairly bursting with curiosity about the Fairbanks première, she took her time getting around to it.

"Just about everybody in New York was there," she finally assured me, "and the rest of the world was congregated out on the curb trying to catch a glimpse of the celebrities. The police reserves were called to handle the crowd and Mayor Hylan's personal guard had to help clear the lobby a few times. Even if you had been all dressed up in your largest pearls and had your invitation, your tickets, your birth certificate, and a letter from Will Hays, I believe the police would have acted as though you didn't belong there and poked you along with their clubs.

"I don't wonder that the people who didn't have tickets wanted to congregate in the lobby. Morris Gest had put on quite a show there. There was an East Indian singer up on a little balcony, a lot of dark-skinned musicians playing timbooras or oompahs or whatever they call them, and simply clouds of incense.

"If your senses weren't completely drugged by the time you got in the theater, the usher presented you with some little blue cotton flowers drenched in Fleurs de Bagdad. The theater was lighted with big brass filigree lamps, there were Willy Pogany murals on the walls and the boxes were hung with small Oriental rugs like a bazaar. It seems to me that Mr. Fairbanks took a long chance on putting the whole audience to sleep before the picture ever started.

"Lady Diana Manners and the Duchess of Rutland, her mother, were there. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, the mayor and his wife, Charles Dana Gibson, Otto Kahn, and a wide



Elinor Fair is going to Miami to make "The Water Babies."

Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Teacups

the latest happenings in motion-servations about premières, flower little games for movie audiences.

Bystander

assortment of counts, ambassadors, East Indian princes, and exhibitors from New Jersey attracted almost as much attention as the motion-picture stars. Gloria Swanson looked very sweet and demure with her hair slicked down tight and held in place with a semicircular platinum ornament. Bebe Daniels looked gorgeous, of course, and Helene Chadwick looked unflurried and lovely. Of all the men in the audience, Ernest Torrence looked the most distinguished—partly, I suppose, because he towered over the rest—and Rudolph Valentino and Holbrook Blinn sneaked out behind him and tried not to be seen at all. And of all the women there, the most stunning were Mrs. Valentino and Gilda Gray. That reminds me that the government of some South Sea Island or other—I never knew before that they had any government; I thought that was why people liked to go there—has offered all sorts of inducements to Gilda Gray to come there and make a motion picture. But I hear that she is going to make one right here instead. And *that* reminds me of Lucilla Mendez, a little Spanish chorus girl whom Gilda Gray engaged to appear at Rendezvous, her supper club. If people throughout the rest of the country want to know what rouses a New York after-midnight crowd out of its usual apathy, they can see Miss Mendez dance in a cabaret scene in 'The Uninvited Guests" a Metro picture. She is one of those girls who fairly sizzle with personality."

"But speaking of openings, as you have been for the last half hour or so, what about the opening of the Flower Show? I heard *that* was about as dignified and orderly as——"



Claire Windsor ana Bert Lytell have at last returned from Africa, Algiers, Paris and points west where they made "A Son of the Sahara."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Lilyan Tashman, whose smart appearance and chic clothes are the envy of almost every girl who sees her, is going to be in the next Gloria Swanson picture, "Manhandled."

"A prize fight," Fanny cut in. "Honestly, people just invite trouble when they ask Mary Pickford to be guest of honor anywhere. As soon as word gets around that she is going to be at an affair, a mob congregates there and they'll stop at nothing short of murder to dispose of the people between them and Mary. You would think that the Grand Central Palace would be big enough to hold any crowd—it's almost as big as Conway Tearle's studio was in 'The Common Law'—but it hardly held all the fans who came to see Mary and the orchid that was named for her. Joseph Mendla of West Orange was responsible for the new orchid specimen and it was his idea to name it for Mary Pickford. But would you believe it?—he didn't recognize her when she arrived and neither did any of the other horticulturists. They expected her to be a little girl with curls down her back.

"Lady Diana Manners was supposed to be the official hostess at the Girl Scout Tea Garden at the



Photo by Richard Burke

Two or three times Dagmar Godowsky has been all packed to go to Hollywood when a picture engagement made her change her plans. Now she intends to stay in New York.

Flower Show that afternoon but she sent word that she was indisposed."

"Who wouldn't be?"

"Well she might have been a good enough sport to come even if there wasn't any chance of her getting much attention while Mary was there. Incidentally, Lady Diana's leading man in 'The Miracle'—one of them, that is—is playing the lead in Elmer Clifton's new picture. Maybe you remember him. His name is Orville Caldwell and he played with Katherine Macdonald in her last two pictures. Then some one let out the fact that Elinor Glyn had said that he was 'the perfect man' and evidently he went into retirement for a while to live down the kidding that let him in for."

Fanny paused long enough to take a hasty look around the restaurant, and then chattered on.

"Do keep your eyes on the door while I'm eating. I'm expecting Helene Chadwick, and I don't want to miss her. Not that I have an engagement with her but she is always likely to drop in here for luncheon when she doesn't have to be at the studio. She is looking for an apartment in this neighborhood. She is tired to death of hotels and she is likely to be here for months and months after 'Monsieur Beaucaire' is finished, so she might as well find a home. A company has been formed here to star her!"

"Tell me about getting thin," I remarked, reminding Fanny again that she had a message of great value to give the world. "What is Virginia Valli's way, and what is Pauline Garon's way, and what have you decided is the best way?"

"The best way," Fanny volunteered with a beaming smile, "is to make a luncheon engagement with Betty Blythe and misunderstand where you are to meet. That's what I did yesterday and I am sure I lost ten pounds worrying for fear something had happened to her. I went to her apartment and her maid told me she had just hurried away somewhere to meet me. I tried the Ritz and she wasn't there, so I jumped in a taxi and rushed up to Elysee where she usually is when she isn't at the Ritz. From there I phoned all of her secretaries, press agents, managers and relatives—anybody who might know where she was—and found she was supposed to be at the Ritz. And evidently just as I rushed back there she went to her apartment looking for me. By that time waiting around and looking for each other had become a sort of obsession with both of us. We told every one we saw that we were looking for each other until I am surprised the police weren't called out to help in the search. Finally, Betty gave up and went to a florist's and ordered a 'Gates Ajar' made of rose-colored tulips sent to me."

"Anybody else would have sent you Paris green and poison ivy for wasting their time."

"And Betty's so busy, too. She wants to leave for California and there are loads of things she has to do before going.

"Claire Windsor's left for the Coast, you know. She and Bert Lytell and the rest of Edwin Carewe's company got back from abroad a while ago but Claire only stayed in New York a few



May McAvoy has gone back to Hollywood in a blaze of glory because she has been chosen to be featured in two big coming productions.

Photo by Richard Burke

hours. The Goldwyn Company insisted on her returning to Hollywood at once to make a picture for them. She says that sheiks simply don't amount to anything in the desert social circles. The Bachaghas and Kaids are the real men about the desert.

"Anna Q. Nilsson has come to town and if you don't want to listen to raving, you'll just have to choke me. She is such a delightful person. We had luncheon up at Sylvia Ashton's with Alice Joyce one day when Anna first got here.

"She and Alice Joyce have been friends for years, you know. I always get worried about Anna losing her lovely Swedish accent—people are always rushing up and asking her, 'How is your accent now?' as though it were a gifted child or an ailment or something—and I discovered that Alice Joyce felt just as the rest of us do about it. It would be simply a calamity if she let that lovely accent go altogether.

"Anna told us that she was scheduled to talk over the radio a while ago in California and as she was awfully busy she got her press agent to write a speech for her. She worked right up until the last minute when she had to rush over to the broadcasting station, so she didn't have a chance to look over the speech. And when she got there she found it very serious and academic and full of long words, so she simply wouldn't spring it on an unsuspecting public. She just started to talk impromptu and she got so nervous that her Swedish accent came back strong. She imagined that no one would be able to understand her, but really she made a tremendous hit. She got a lot of letters from cooks and nurse maids and governesses telling her how her voice made them homesick for dear old Sweden.

"She was wearing one of those tiny black hats and a simple tailleur—not when she talked over the radio but when we were having luncheon—and she admitted that she had ordered another suit just like it since she came to New York. Simply every one is wearing them. Soon we will all look as standardized as Balieff's Russian Soldiers. Madame Frances is designing simply oceans of clothes for Anna and she is taking so many hats back to Hollywood that I think it would be easier for her to charter a freight car than to pack them in trunks.

"She and Mrs. Regan—Alice Joyce, you know—were talking about some little diamond pins that are just coming into style. You simply must get one. When Mrs. Regan mentioned that she knew a place where you could get them for three fifty or four I was quite interested until I discovered that she meant three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars. The pins are about an inch high and are a scroll monogram of your initials. You wear one on your hat, or the shoulder of your dress, or on your necktie if you're wearing a tailored suit. And you *don't* wear any other jewelry."

"That's fortunate," I admitted. "By selling everything else one owned, she might clear enough to buy one."

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Photo by W. F. Seely

It looks as though Mae Allison would be the next picture star to be featured in a Broadway musical comedy.



For the first time in two years Anna Q. Nilsson has come East where she is renewing old friendships and reveling in the shops, as well as playing one of the leading rôles in "The Mountebank."

Photo by Russell Ball



Such a production as "The Sea Hawk," for which four historic vessels had to be reconstructed, is bound to be expensive.

This Question

The film producers have recently decided that pictures

By Edwin

WHEN the world of motion-picturegoers hear some fervid and tingling rumor about some producer spending $1,000,000 for a single cinema entertainment, they generally accept the news nowadays without any great ruffling of their composure, and sometimes even with a languid yawn.

It is an old story that the film magnates, or at any rate certain persons connected with the movie industry, where wallets are presumed to be plethoric, and bank accounts voluble, are accustomed to talk enthusiastically and perhaps a trifle too exuberantly in terms of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars, whereas the average individual, who may pay for his butter and eggs in cash, is quite content to speak simply of dollars and cents.

There are pictures, quite a few of them, that have run as high as a million in their cost, if not more. That fact is generally known. But there seems no popularly conceded reason why on this account the gloomy gray workings of the wheels of finance should be brought to the attention of people, who are happily accustomed to gaze on the glittering, whirling, star-bedecked surface of art.

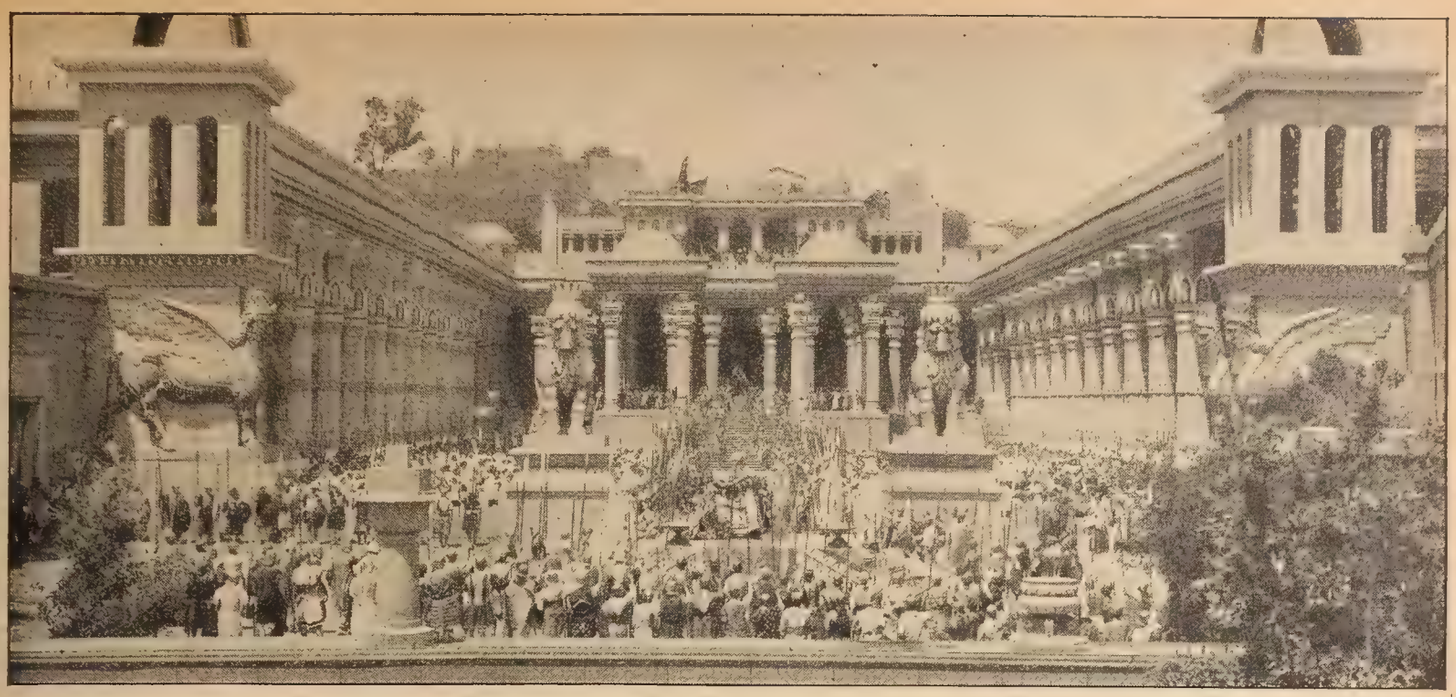
Yet the fans should know something of the manner in which the dollars and cents that are given in by them at the box office are eventually disposed when they are reinvested in pictures. You are, it seems to me, entitled to some information regarding the charges of extravagance, at least, recently voiced in some quarters, about which you have probably heard. For, on the existence or nonexistence of such extravagance and its aftermath in efforts at economizing may depend much of the future quality of the productions that you may enjoy.

During the year, which closed a few months ago, there was, as nearly everybody knows, every evidence of prosperity in movie making. The previous success of "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood," "Blood and Sand," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and other such films stimulated the ambitions of a multitude of producers to do more spectacular things. More cash by a score or more of millions was put into features than during a previous twelve months' time. The salaries of certain prominent players advanced prodigiously, the investment in elaborate and costly sets, if one wished to make any sort of picture at all, was tremendous; gorgeous and expensive costumes and other incidentals that spell money even to the casual glimpser of the cinema became dominatingly the rule, and, all things considered, there was what might be termed a great and glorious boom.

Not unexpectedly there followed right in the wake of this a period of rather singular depression. It wasn't that there was any sudden and disastrous suspension of work, except possibly at one or two studios, for the most popular actors went right ahead getting jobs. It was rather that the successes of the year, which had been purchased for such a huge outlay, left the pessimistic sentiment behind them that the producers had overtaxed themselves financially. The question heard most constantly was: Will there be an adequate return?

Superficially regarded, this might seem somewhat doubtful. Any number of knowing authorities can, in fact, be found who blast and condemn what they call the studio system, and also take a violent whack at what they say is squandered for settings and stars. While they do not discount the public demand for better pictures, they express emphatic doubts as to whether any of the bigger productions can make money, because there are so many of them. While, as a rule, they offer little uniformity of opinion regarding economy programs, as such, they are all agreed that the cost must come down, though quite a few of them also admit that this must be accomplished without destroying or affecting the enchantment of the show.

Of course, all of this has been prologued and epilogued with a great hubbub about waste. Exactly what waste is, generally speaking, nobody seems to know. But every department in a studio can point out the deficiences in other departments, and nearly any one can cite instances where money has apparently been



Huge sets and mobs are cheaper in Europe—where "The Shepherd King" was made—than in America, but at best such a production is expensive.

of Extravagance

are too expensive, but what is going to come of it?

Schallert

thrown away, or has not returned what was anticipated in the way of glamorous results.

Nearly everybody, for example, remembers rather amusedly the prehistoric sequence in "Adam's Rib." It was, at best, dubbed a very ineffectual proceeding, and by many was regarded as a downright burlesque. The players looked as if they had been taking a mud bath, and one could hardly see the forest for the trees.

This particular venture of Cecil B. De Mille's is estimated to have cost something like $75,000 or $100,000 all told. It was an innovation in film producing, because all the giant redwoods were built right in the studio with a view to obtaining a fantastic and legendary atmosphere, and consequently necessitated an unusual amount of financial risk.

If things had turned out well Mr. De Mille would have been roundly applauded for his enterprise, and the cost quickly forgotten. But, as it was, the experiment—for such it was—failed from an artistic standpoint, and was generally termed a joke.

Now with "The Ten Commandments," it is apparently a different case. This picture is estimated to have cost $1,250,000, conservatively speaking, several times more, in fact, than "Adam's Rib." The bulk of the money went into the glorious biblical prologue, a huge sum having been spent for the location work and the settings with the sphynxes, and also a comparatively large amount, no doubt, on the technical work in connection with the opening of the Red Sea.

All of this shows very brilliantly and dazzlingly on the screen. In truth, the costly biblical prologue literally is the salvation of the film because it offers so much of spectacular interest, and the production, with long runs in New York and Los Angeles to its credit, will probably return a tremendous amount of money, running possibly up to several millions, to the Paramount organization which pays the bills. Mr. De Mille is naturally the hero of the hour, and can have as much leeway as he wants, undoubtedly, in the matter of money.

Almost any week, you can hear of some instance where, through accidents or delays, weather conditions, et cetera—including the erratic mischief of some temperamental star—great sums of money are apparently just dumped into the studio ash can, along with the trash. Lots of times a little foresight—or a little strenuous discipline in the case of some of the stars—might prevent these losses. But there are other circumstances that can seemingly be regulated only with the greatest difficulty, or foreseen by the greatest clairvoyance.

Not long ago, for instance, I was on a set where they were making a big earthquake scene. The walls of a huge bank building, lightly constructed, were to be broken away and tons of rock and débris were to be dumped on the studio stage. It looked as if the whole thing was to come off in great shape, and I watched the scene with intense interest, because, after all, an earthquake disturbance is on the silver sheet somewhat rare.

Immediately after the simulated catastrophe, I noticed that there had been some sort of hitch. I couldn't at the moment decide what it was, but I gathered from the caustic comments of the director that somebody had made a slip.

Upon inquiry, I learned that what had actually happened was this:

To add reality to the scene, a prop boy had been stationed on a gallery right above the set, with orders to drop down a handful of fine mineral dust, so that the air might appear a trifle clouded as it would naturally be in a real earthquake, owing to the shake-up of the débris.

The boy, through a misunderstanding, had instead dropped a whole bagful, making a haze so heavy and thick that nothing but a blur could be caught by the camera. Consequently the entire set had to be rebuilt, and the scene shot over again, while the company had to pay the extra expense, including salaries of players, labor on reconstructing the set, et cetera, which was said to amount to $6,000 to $7,000.

Viewed casually such occurrences as this look like the wildest sort of financial debauch, and people, even

around the studios, are wont to ask: "Well, why aren't such things prevented?" A more appropriate question, I would think, would be: "Can such accidents be avoided?"

The earthquake that I have described was a really crucial development in the plot. The whole climax depended on it. The scene had to be taken right, or not at all, and though the director might fire the prop boy when he got mad about the mistake, he couldn't very well eliminate the scene just because of the extra few pounds of dust, or the expense that this entailed, when a total production cost of something in the neighborhood of $150,000 was involved.





"Wild Oranges" called for a cast of but five characters, and only a few specially built sets; it is, however, one of the most picturesque and thoroughly interesting pictures shown this season.

Personally, to be sure, I feel that too many pictures that are popular are dependent for their success on what is known as spectacle. This includes fires, floods and scenes of like disaster which—thanks to technical advances, can now generally be done economically in miniature—as well as mob scenes and the glittering dance hall or cabaret stuff that never appears as good on the silver sheet as it does on the set, even as many of the castles and palaces that were built last year, and the rich kingly and queenly brocades and velvets do not always photograph anything like their real beauty.

Affected by "The Marriage Circle," "Anna Christie" and "A Woman of Paris," many of the producers are hoping to get away from this sort of costliness during the current year. They feel that mental drama is perhaps better, or at any rate cheaper. They expect in a measure to bring the stories to the fore, and a majority of them, owing to the demands of many exhibitors who want to offer variety in their entertainment, with incidental comedies, cartoons and the like, have decided to compress the length of pictures, thereby eliminating a portion of the expense, and taking less chance with weird, wild and uncertain effects that are often used merely to fill out a script, or add to the apparent monetary value of the film.

This caution, of course, is to be recommended, where it is sincere in its aim toward better pictures. On the other hand, it would be a vast mistake to hamper such men as have demonstrated their ability to make great pictures, by drawing the lines too tightly on their experiments. It is only by these experiments—like De Mille's—that the photoplay is, as a rule, made to live and progress technically and pictorially.

If, for instance, Douglas Fairbanks had been limited to considerations of money, he would never have attempted anything like "The Thief of Bagdad," because practically every step taken was the result of many tests with photography and the construction of sets. Not only that, but Doug had to use and have trained many supernumeraries, and even principal actors, who had rarely, if ever, been before the camera, because new types were needed in the story.

I am sure that every fan, even those who are demanding that Doug return to his former sort of plays, will agree, on seeing this picture, that no matter how much money was spent, it was well spent; and though it is estimated that the cost will be approximately $1,500,000, with possibly $500,000 more tacked on for exploitation, distribution and other merely commercial costs, it is undoubted that the income will be equally noteworthy. There are, of course, few pictures that have grossed over a million dollars, and only a rare one that has grossed over two—the "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "The Four Horsemen," and possibly one or two of Chaplin's, Fairbanks' and Mary Pickford's coming most readily to mind—but the tendency in returns with the better class of big productions like "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," and a few of the newer features, has been so amazingly upward be-



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A Letter from Location

Mary Astor writes about the filming of "The Fighting Coward" in its original Southern locale



To Myrtle Gebhart

En route home from
Natchez, Miss.

DEAR MYRTLE:

The last time you heard from me I was on my way to New York to spend the Christmas holidays. Do you know what happened? The Friday before Christmas I had to leave for Natchez, Mississippi, so as to meet Mr. Cruze and his company, who expected to start right to work on "Magnolia," which will be released under the title "The Fighting Coward."

Of course I was disappointed in leaving New York, but I was also pleased, for in a way, I had never been so far South. So with visions of Southern hospitality, hot biscuits, and the usual good time one has on location, off I started.

We, mother and I, went to an old hotel. I wish you could see the size of the rooms—as large as some of the California bungalows, and on each floor a sort of glorified mezzanine which, I soon learned, is a "gallery;" in fact, all porches are "galleries."



Christmas, when by all the rules and traditions on which I was reared, old Santa should be speeding along in his sleigh, imagine our surprise to hear a regular fourth-of-July celebration—cannons and firecrackers! No one seemed to know just the whys and wherefores of all this noise, but it seems it is the custom among the negroes. All the fruit stands sold holly and mistletoe and fire works.

I admit Christmas morning was rather quiet for us, away from all our friends; but soon telegrams began to come in and when we came back to our room after breakfast—a mighty good one, by the way—what do you think had happened? On the table stood a darling little Christmas tree, all dressed up. It looked just as if it were smiling and trying to make us happy. On it was a little card from the Natchez Woman's Club.

Well, you can't blame us for a few tears, but from then on we knew we would be happy in Natchez. We found there was to be a tree for

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Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in pictures.



Photo by F. W. Seely

A RISING YOUNG MAN

ANY number of svelte young men can generally be found in Hollywood, or for that matter, in any other center of youth and bandolined caprice, who might qualify for the rôle of city slickers in the movies. They can part their hair in the middle with consuming grace, smooth back their locks around the temples, fling forth a callow, sallow smile and raise a surreptitious eyebrow, wear a flaring coat, broad trousers and variegated vest, and otherwise prove their suitability for the background of an extravaganza à la cabaret, as we know these from the screen.

But the chap who can be a part of and yet differentiate himself from this motley, mobby throng, and become a somebody really is the exception that taps home a whole new set of rules. The friends and admirers of Eddie Phillips assert that he is one of these exceptions who will soon be one of the incandescent favorites of the screen.

Some fans may have recollections of Phillips from the time he appeared in Mary Pickford's production of "The Love Light." He was the young Italian boy who became blind. That was his screen début, and it was made under circumstances that reflect on his peculiar determination and ingenuity.

He posed as a real Italian, Eduardo Phillippo, when he went to get the job. The deception has become a famous one that is talked about even to this day. Phillips didn't know enough about the Italian language to argue with a fruit vendor over the price of bananas, but he managed to cultivate an accent that enabled him to get halfway across the Continent from New York before he was finally found out. Even then he succeeded in convincing Miss Pickford that as long as his subterfuge, aided and abetted by a swarthy make-up, neatly applied, was so good, he was the right man for the part.

That is history now, and as the immediate aftermath was not particularly encouraging in jobs, Phillips has since forgotten all the Italian that he knew. Lately he has played light crooks, as in "Through the Dark," and those smooth city fellers as in "The Nth Commandment," both of which featured Colleen Moore.

"The Whipping Boss," that is soon to be released, afforded him one of his first really sympathetic parts, and in "The Plunderer," recently completed by Fox, he is also a healthy juvenile lead. So that, he feels, will go to shape his career more pleasantly and popularly. As a consequence, you may well watch for him and see whether you like him as well in these rôles as in "Flapper Wives," where he appeared as a somewhat flip man about town opposite May Allison, and some of the other features mentioned. For his ambition, as it happens, is to do parts like that of Glenn Hunter's in "West of the Water Tower."

POLA'S NEW DIRECTOR

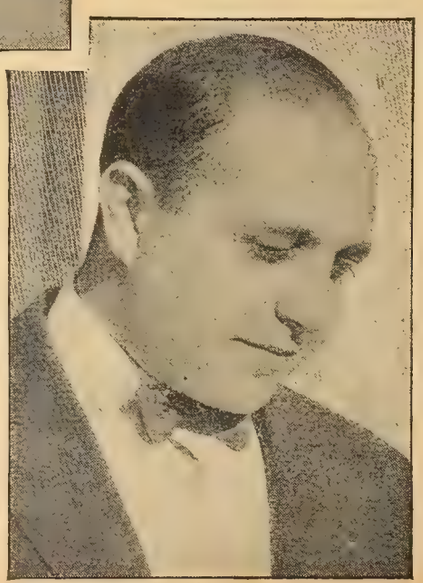


Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

FOR the first time in many months critical observers in Hollywood have stopped shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders over the future of Pola Negri. They feel at last that there is a possibility of her reawakening to be her one-time throbbing, thrilling self, as made known in "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," and other foreign productions. This reason is her new director, a Russian who has but lately come from abroad.

His name, which looks terribly unpronounceable, is Dimitri Buchowetzski. In

appearance, Buchowetzski might, with largesse, be described as sufficiently prepossessing to be an actor. A trifle rotund perhaps, but flashing a handsome pair of eyes. As a matter of fact, he was on the stage in Russia, when he was younger and possibly less portly. He portrayed juveniles in the theater in Moscow. During the turbulent days of the revolution he fled from his native land, and that was when he became interested in film production—this in Germany, where he met Pola Negri.

Those who have viewed "Peter the Great" and "All for a Woman" can tell of his real achievements and art, and the majority of them contend that he is one of the ablest of the Europeans. Rex Ingram, in fact, made the statement once that he considered "All for a Woman" the best feature that he had seen from abroad.

Buchowetzski does, indeed, bring a fine sort of distinction with him from the lands across the sea. He is peculiarly and fascinatingly cultured, and has a love for the arts that is as naïvely exuberant as a child's enjoyment of a wonderful set of playthings. He talks with zest upon music, drama and kindred things and, what is more, he is a person with such a tremendous sweep of energy and fire and temperament that he literally takes you off your feet.

It is easy, indeed, to realize that in assuming sway over such a tempestuously vivid personality as Pola Negri, he would be qualified, through his own fiery feeling, to cause her presence to flame anew. He has, no doubt, the power to bend and sway her too, through his resistless and restless sort of vigor, that American directors, accustomed to more formal and reserved means, might not have.



Photo by Richard Burke

A GIRL OF THE RITZ

IT is interesting to find a girl who has no pose other than the one Nature and her own experiences endowed her with. Such a person is Edith Allen.

She is as attractive and as modern as the advance Paris styles she usually wears. In the Ritz she is a consistent part of the gathering of last year's débutantes, next year's prima donnas, and the rest of the younger element of the world of fashion. In Hollywood her modish clothes brought not a few giggles—according to her own spirited account—from the flat-heeled, sports-clad sisterhood.

The story of Edith Allen's entry into pictures has often been told, but it is so unusual that it is worth repeating. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry saw her dancing at Montmartre in New York, found a mutual friend to introduce them, gave her a test and took her to Hollywood to play the rôle next in importance to Alice Terry's in "Scaramouche."

"To tell the truth, that wasn't my first experience in pictures. More than two years ago I wanted to find out what I'd look like on the screen. I went to see Harry Rapf, lied to him and said I had had experience, and got the part of a maid in 'Why Girls Leave Home.' I looked so awful on the screen I thought I would never try again. I went back to vaudeville. But people raved so about the wonders Rex Ingram can do with beginners that I thought I'd see what he could do with me. You've seen 'Scaramouche' now and you know. Do you suppose I'll ever look that nice again?" A male interviewer couldn't have been restrained at that moment from saying, "Yes, right now."

Miss Allen had plenty of opportunities to play in other pictures as soon as "Scaramouche" was shown, but one thing and another interfered. When she was on the verge of starting one picture, the hot weather descended like a blanket over all New York and she fled to Saratoga and the horse races. Another time a company tried to tie her down to a five-year contract but that sounded like too long a time to guarantee that she would continue doing anything. But eventually—really a matter of a few months—Whitman Bennett came along and decided she was the very girl he had been looking for to feature in a series of pictures, the first of which is "Virtuous Liars."

If all the screen-struck girls in the United States were forced to tell the truth about their ambitions I believe that at least 90 per cent of them would wish for a career like hers rather than a more ambitious one dedicated to art with a capital A. She is young and pretty and vivacious and her responsibilities rest on her shoulders lightly enough, so that she will probably continue to be like that. Her ambition is to live at the Ritz, spend a fortune on clothes, and have time between pictures to go to lots of theaters and parties. She covets the mantle of Irene Castle rather than that of Dusé.



Photo by Evans

THE COUNTESS STOOPED TO CONQUER

FROM the stately halls of a picturesque old French château to the mob lots of the Hollywood extras is the difficult pilgrimage that Gypsy Norman traveled with fortitude and pride. For Gypsy is a real countess.

A while back many impecunious titled foreigners flocked to Hollywood, some with mythical glories, a few genuine. La Comtesse Edita de Beaumont reached the mecca of all screen aspirants when their novelty had worn off and the flurry occasioned by employing coroneted extras had subsided. Besides, and this is the astonishing thing about her, she didn't tell anybody she was a countess! That fact came to light when a Los Angeles society woman who had known her abroad told it.

Other impoverished nobles sought gold and publicity in Hollywood by parading their titles and with haughty airs of condescension intensely irritated our own girls competing with them for screen work. But Gypsy wanted to win by ability alone.

The widow of a French war officer—of a distinguished family—Edita, la Comtesse de Beaumont, was left with her little boy to care for on a very small income. Estates of vast proportions went to ruin and their sale netted but little. That, she decided, must be saved for the education of Pierre, her boy.

"What could I do? I had not been trained to earn my living." Her English is perfect, that quaint, schoolbook English, with a slight accent. "An ironic awakening that was, for me. I had clothes, perhaps a distinguished air, but of actual beauty, I had none. I was no longer a girl. That is not such a handicap on the Continent, where the mature woman is preferred to the youthful actress who knows nothing of life.

"I wished to learn to act and became an extra in the European productions immediately after the war. For months so hard I worked, in the big mobs, jostled, trod upon. . . . *Non,* it was not what you call an easy life.

"I studied, learned, and gradually I progressed. After a time I was featured. I then decided that, with this experience, I should have no difficulty in your Hollywood. Others had been warmly received, so here I came, with my Pierre. Surely I should be given an opportunity? But no. I had no press agent, no shouting to precede me; I was unknown. Here conditions I found so different. Not experience, not mature intellects, did your directors want for their films, but youth and prettiness."

Though she shrugs aside the hardships that have been hers, they are of interest because of the splendid manner

in which she bore them, a lesson which our own girls might well study. The woman who had been bred upon the finest traditions, who had been served in the smallest wants, suffered actual privations. She made friends with her neighbors but shared her heartache with none.

"You can't compete with these youngsters," they told her, sometimes kindly, again with a brutal frankness. "Maybe it's true, about your European cinema work, but we've heard that tale so many times."

A while back a change crept into our screen demands; fundamental training began to be more appreciated. With the new trend, Gypsy won her chance. Week by week, in small bits, once again she worked her way up the hard road which she had traveled before; again she studied and learned, adapting her experience to the new methods. Until, in the Fox production, "Gentle Julia," she played her first real part in an all-star cast, that of Bessie Love's older sister.

She is yet far from public acclaim and doubts if unusual favor will ever be her portion. But a good living is now rewarding her struggle and she is able to give her small Pierre advantages.



Photo by Richee

THE GIRL WHO WAITED A YEAR

"YOU can wait if you want to," the boy in the office at the Lasky Studio used to tell Alma Bennett day after day, "but Mr. De Mille's busy and won't see you. There's a chance he *might* see you some time, but what a chance!"

But even the office boy's cynicism couldn't break down pretty Alma Bennett's stubborn determination to see Cecil De Mille and try to get engaged as a regular member of the studio stock company. She waited a year before she succeeded in seeing him, coming to the office almost every day and patiently sitting on a bench in the outer office with dozens of others. But she was the prize sticker of them all. Even after all that time it was only because some of the boys who worked in the studio interceded for her that she got to see the grand mogul himself.

He had some tests made of her, and the result was a long-term contract with Paramount.

Alma Bennett was no screen-struck little girl from the Middle West when she started her year of dogged waiting. She had had considerable experience.

"My folks moved to Los Angeles a few years ago and like most youngsters, I was movie struck. Many of the casting directors told me to go home and finish learning my A B Cs, but finally one gave me a chance in a comedy. It was water stuff and I couldn't swim, but I learned in three days."

A contract with Goldwyn which netted little but extra work followed and then she played leads in a few Fox pictures. About that time Alma took herself into the corner where she does her deepest thinking and decided that she simply wasn't getting anywhere at all!

"Nervy of me, I know," she told me, "but I picked Cecil De Mille and Paramount as the ones I wanted to work for. A director who has the time and inclination to develop new talent, a big concern that will give you all sorts of parts and back you up with publicity seemed to me the only ones who would get me anywhere. So I began to camp there and in almost a year I got to see Mr. De Mille."

There isn't anything unusual or startling about Alma Bennett, except perhaps a fleeting resemblance to Bebe Daniels. She is about nineteen, plays the violin nicely, likes outdoor sports and lives at home with her family. But she showed dogged determination that one would never expect of her—and she may surprise us again in her screen work.



Photo by Freulich

A NEW INGÉNUE STAR

"THERE isn't much to tell," Laura La Plante, the newest Universal star, begins the tale of her life and proceeds to consume in the telling two hours and one box of chocolates, weaving into her story all those little happenings so important to each of us, giving it an individual charm which belies its commonplaceness.

But after all, hers is similar to the history of many movie girls. An ordinary childhood in an ordinary San Diego home, knowing not the pinch of actual poverty but many little economies. A visit to cousin Violet in Los Angeles four years ago suggested the possibility of movie-extra work to help buy clothes for the following year of high school.

"Can't say I had any ideas of self-expression." Laura is quite candid. "Didn't think I could act. Didn't think much about anything, except I would like to make some money.

"Violet lived next door to a director, so we went over to see him, scared half to death. He looked me over and shook his head. Too awkward, too plump—hair just plain yellow and not even curly! But I kept pestering and finally he sent me over to Christie's and they gave me extra work and 'bits,' on a guarantee of four days a week at five dollars per. Then I got the daughter part in 'Bringing Up Father,' the Jiggs comedy—and fifty dollars a week. Also the big head.

"But none of it lasted, as they discontinued the series after three pictures. Following a rôle at Ince, I played the second lead with Charles Ray in 'The Old Swimmin' Hole'—and got one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week!" Laura is a matter-of-fact little soul. "I persuaded mother we needed the money more than I needed any more high school, so she and my sister moved here and I played 'young heavies,' crook accomplices, and leads in serials."

As a reward for her work with Reginald Denny in "Sporting Youth," they crowned Laura's fair head with stardom in program pictures. In the first, "Excitement," she plays a rather too peppy, jazzy, flirtatious young creature, written for her predecessor, Gladys Walton, but the rôle promised her in her second, "An Old Man's Darling," is more of her type—not quite so hard boiled.

Laura's charm lies in her freshness, her naïveté. Though nineteen, she's still pretty much a kid, proud as can be of the way she is taking care of her mother and sister, bubbling with excitement over trifles, getting a great thrill out of every moment.



MOSTLY ABOUT DOLLS

A BEWILDERING combination, six-year-old Muriel Frances Dana—as all children possessing personality and inquisitiveness are bewildering. In keeping with the new order of things which demands child-naturalness upon the screen, Muriel is a wholesome, normal kiddie, possessing the long-distance, non-stop question-appetite of the world, a sincere passion for French pastry and dill pickles—preferably together—and an inherent thespic sense which responds, without self-consciousness, to the suggestion of "make-believe."

She dances, sings, is taking piano and organ lessons, but her parents are striving to keep paramount the question of her future as a human being, rather than her screen career and are doing all that can be done to keep her unspoiled, though admitting it sometimes is a problem!

Photographically, she bears a certain resemblance to Baby Peggy. But there the similarity ceases, for Muriel's work, particularly in "Daddies," is free from the mechanical quality of Peggy's, and is indicative of a purely individual talent, provided she is permitted to remain much herself: a girl-child not pretty in doll-like fashion but irradiating a quaint personality and appeal. Her forte is in just such a spirited characterization as she plays in "Daddies," blending comedy and pathos.

"Muriel, you must tell me something about your work."

"Yes'm, it's lots of fun when they don't goggle at you an' say, 'Isn't she cute?' I'm not going to be cute, I'm going to be a lady an' wear a velvet dress with a train. See my new swings in the back yard? Know Jackie Coogan? He gave me an ivory chiffonier for my chil'ren's clothes. Judy thinks it's very nice, only now poor Judy's awful sick."

She is going to be featured soon in a picture called "Baby Fingers," that was written around her personality.

"Judy has person—person—what you have to have to be a movie star," Baby Muriel gravely informed me, displaying her favorite doll. "Besides, she's got the croup. I've got it, too," calmly. "That other thing, that you have to have," patiently seeking to make clear to our dazed grown-up mentalities the myriad channels which a child's mind may travel at once. "Mr. Ince said I had it, per-son-al-ity, but I don't know what it means. Only you got to have it. Mother says always say thank you when folks say something nice about you, but always say to yourself, 'What others say is all right, but it's what you know you are yourself that counts.' That means," gravely, "you mustn't get the swelled head."



Photo by Edward Bower Hesser

DOLLARS AND DOUGHNUTS

IT takes money and pull to get you into the movies!" wail the disappointed pilgrims to the fount of make-believe.

But be it known by all those present, the wailing little girls don't know what they are talking about. Margaret Morris, Universal leading lady, stands five feet something in refutation of that oft-heard complaint that "the girls with money and pull can get in." Margaret's father, a Minneapolis business man, is very well to do; Margaret had "connections," through which she got nothing but vague promises that never materialized; it cost her, with apparently every asset, over two years and much heartbreak to crash through the portals of filmdom, where competition is the most keen in all the world, where personality, not beauty and wealth, is the only sesame.

We shared our early struggles and our tears, Margaret's cash and my doughnuts, for we roomed at the same house. What a disheartened trio we were! Margaret had failed to make any noticeable impression upon the casting directors; another girl writer had had her scenarios rejected; I couldn't get my articles accepted by the magazines. Except for the checks that came to Marg from home and which she generously shared, we were pretty much in the same boat. Of an evening, we would drown our sorrow in onion sandwiches, tea and soggy doughnuts, and analyze Margie. It got to be a pastime with us, considering her qualifications through the eyes of critical friends.

Her charms were manifold. Pretty, graceful, trained in dancing and deportment since her infancy, a product of one of those finishing schools where fashionable young ladies are polished off and given a discreet shine, her wardrobe boasting the most heart-palpitating array of lovely clothes, we all thought that Margaret's screen début would be an easy matter. But we all thought wrong.

"What's the matter with me?" she used to ask in her low, sweet voice—dulcet, modulated, a keynote to her whole personality of quiet charm. "I'm not beautiful, but I'm what they call pretty back home. I have loads of clothes and I do know how to wear them. I photograph well. Can I act? How do I know? They won't give me a chance to find out! They are courteous to me; father's influential friends here arrange interviews for me; the casting directors give me vague promises—and bow me out politely—boredly."

Continued on page 100



The Screen in Review

The month's film offerings contain not only the greatest screen novelty ever filmed, but several good pictures in which our finest actors appear.

By Agnes Smith

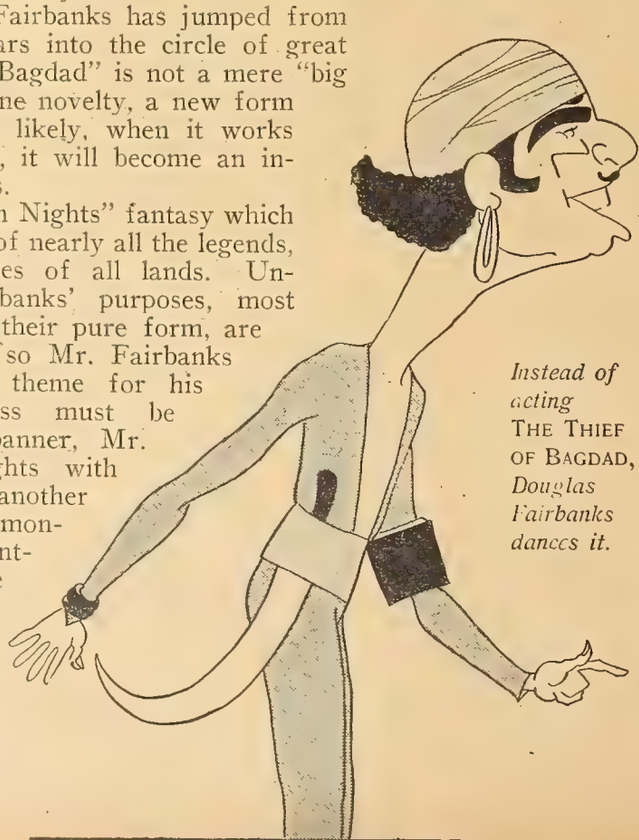
Julanne Johnston keeps admirably in the spirit of "The Thief of Bagdad."

WITH prayers to Allah and with the fatherly blessing of Morris Gest, "The Thief of Bagdad" opened in New York and it probably will run until the sands of the desert grow cold and the local reviewers run out of adjectives. Douglas Fairbanks has achieved such an astonishing success that he will be obliged to take Mary and rush to Europe to escape from being elected mayor.

For, in one great leap, Fairbanks has jumped from the ranks of the movie stars into the circle of great showmen. "The Thief of Bagdad" is not a mere "big star" picture. It is a genuine novelty, a new form of entertainment and, very likely, when it works its way out in the country, it will become an institution just like the circus.

The picture is an "Arabian Nights" fantasy which manages to embody streaks of nearly all the legends, folk stories, and fairy tales of all lands. Unfortunately for Mr. Fairbanks' purposes, most legends and fairy tales, in their pure form, are without purpose or moral, so Mr. Fairbanks was obliged to invent a theme for his Oriental hero, "Happiness must be earned." Carrying this banner, Mr. Fairbanks rushes into fights with fire and dragons, like another *Siegfried;* he battles with monsters and strange enchantments; he rides to the Citadel of the Moon and plunges into the depths of the sea.

It is a great temptation to make much of the tricks and camera magic in "The Thief of Bagdad." It is a great temptation to play the wise guy and speculate as to how the feats were accomplished. But what's the use? It's much more fun to accept the picture in childlike faith without bothering about how the magic carpet was made to fly or how Mr. Fairbanks managed to walk about at the bottom of the sea or how the army sprang up at the gates of Bagdad. If you really want to enjoy the picture, you must pray, as you enter the theater, for the faith of a child.



Instead of acting THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, *Douglas Fairbanks dances it.*

It is enough to say that the simplest magic of Mr. Fairbanks makes Cecil De Mille's parting of the Red Sea look like the parlor trick of an amateur magician. The wonders of "The Thief of Bagdad" create a perfect illusion; Mr. Fairbanks has made not simply one or two marvelous scenes, but he has endowed the whole picture, even in its smallest detail, with beauty and with the mysterious charm of a legendary thing. "The Thief of Bagdad" is probably the greatest conjuring trick ever performed by any one.

Mr. Fairbanks has enlarged the horizons of the motion picture by several miles and fans owe him a real debt of gratitude. For he has shown that, by beauty and imagination, the screen may escape from its curse of cheapness and banality and become a real story teller. He has devoted himself wholeheartedly to the task of leading the screen into the land of enchantment and adventure and by

his intelligence, his energy and his initiative, he has placed the whole film world forever in his debt.

I was lucky enough to see "The Thief of Bagdad" at a matinée when the theater was crowded with small boys. And it was a pleasant thing to see them grow much more excited over the adventures of old legends than they would have been over something prosaic like a bank robbery. And it was also rather good to see the older persons in the audience spellbound by the sheer beauty of the scenes as if this one picture atoned for all the ugliness and awkwardness of countless other movies.

For the picture is gloriously beautiful, a marvelous visualization of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." In fact, one might say that it is a sublimation of the "Arabian Nights," for certainly Sir Richard Burton never described such a flawless Bagdad nor such a dream city, innocent of all dirt, poverty and smells. If you are a grown-up person and you have read the real "Arabian Nights," you are apt to find it a little difficult to reconcile this highly spotless Bagdad with the ripe Oriental capital of the old stories.

So it is important that you see "The Thief of Bagdad" with the eyes of a child. For in making a perfect picture, Mr. Fairbanks has overlooked the fact that only children demand perfection. When you are grown up you ask a little less. For instance, after several hours of the perfect beauty of "The Thief of Bagdad," you grow a little tired of it. It's all too good and you are only human. You begin to crave a stretch of lively comedy or a touch of villainy or a little emotional stuff. And it's only natural that you should. For, while you have been feasting your eyes, your brain has gone to sleep and your sympathies have grown numb from disuse, your realistic sense breaks through the illusion of the fairy tale and your critical mind tells you that *Ulysses, Sinbad* and *Siegfried* were more human.

Still, when you go to a movie and begin to think of *Ulysses, Sinbad* and *Siegfried,* it's a pretty sure sign that you're looking at an unusually fine movie. And it proves precisely what Mr. Fairbanks has done for the screen. He has made it think in a sweeping and heroic strain. He has turned it from a chronicler of petty quarrels and scandals into a teller of great deeds. If he has overlooked the human side of it, it is only because the idea is still a young and callow one.

Pages might be written about the picture from a technical standpoint. The most important technical feat is accomplished by Mr. Fairbanks himself. Instead of acting the picture, he dances it. To make myself clear on this point, I will explain by saying that if Mr. Fairbanks' performance were reproduced on the stage in a play, it would look out of place; but it would fit in perfectly with a ballet or pantomime. Acting is Fairbanks' weak point; he is in no way a remarkable actor. But he is wonderfully graceful and wonderfully muscular. He has made much of his athletic prowess before, but in "The Thief of Bagdad" he becomes a movie Nijinsky instead of a movie Lionel Strongfort. His leading woman, Julanne Johnston, keeps admirably in the spirit of the picture by dancing her rôle. I don't mean jigging or clog dancing nor yet toe dancing; I mean the lovely patomime of Flora Revalles.

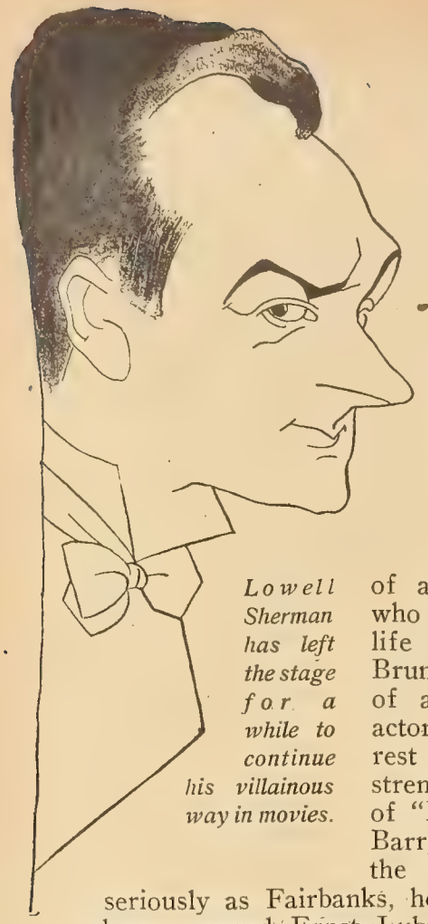
Some of the trick stuff—which is the magic that will get the money at the gate—seemed oddly familiar to me. Where had I seen it before? I looked at the program and found the name of Hampton Del Ruth down as technical director. Mr. Del Ruth used to work for Sennett and on other comedy lots. So Keystone cops flew long before winged horses and Ben Turpin was the humble predecessor of *Ahmed* the thief. Besides Mr. Del Ruth, credit also should go to Raoul Walsh, the director, and Arthur Edeson, chief photographer, not to mention the low bow that goes to William Cameron Menzies, the art director.



The chief claim to interest of "Thy Name Is Woman," is that the leading rôles are played by Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro.



"Beau Brummel" does not measure up in all respects to John Barrymore's talents but it has bits of magnificent acting.



Lowell Sherman has left the stage for a while to continue his villainous way in movies.

"The Thief of Bagdad" is the work of a great showman; "Beau Brummel," with John Barrymore, is just a picture starring a great actor. The pictures were shown almost simultaneously in New York and of course the Fairbanks triumph was so much bigger that it seems silly to compare the two films.

While "The Thief of Bagdad" is the great achievement of an actor-business man who has devoted his entire life to the movies, "Beau Brummel" is the brief fling of a remarkable actor; a short rest between two strenuous seasons of "Hamlet." If Barrymore took the movies as seriously as Fairbanks, he would have engaged Ernst Lubitsch as his director, spent several months in careful planning and then stepped before the camera for "Beau Brummel."

Now as pictures go, "Beau Brummel" is excellent, but it seems too bad that a Barrymore —or should I say the Barrymore?—has two standards — one for the stage and one for the movies. Partly because the picture is too long and partly because the scenario was constructed without a full realization of the screen possibilities of Clyde Fitch's play, the picture seems lacking in deftness and finesse.

I should have wished the *Beau* to be something of a male Gloria Swanson, an elegant gentleman who fought his duel with society by wit and subtlety. Barrymore's *Beau* is a little too wry and a little too sour. And as for the vanities of the first gentleman of Europe, I wish Lubitsch had been on hand to give us more details of the sartorial secrets of the "king of fops."

During most of the picture, Barrymore walks through the scenes with the ease of an actor who happens to know more about his profession than any other man in the game. Only in the scenes of *Beau's* exile and disgrace does he launch forth into magnificent acting. And these scenes are pure gold. The ounce of tragedy compensates you for the ton of comedy that has been somewhat clumsily managed.

Except that the picture doesn't measure up in all respects to Barrymore's talents, there is no particular reason to call in the police to protest against the Warner Brothers production. Most of the picture is pleasingly set, except for one background that might have been copied from an ancient Fox drama starring Valeska Suratt. This particular setting shows the wonderful *Beau* making a gallant fight against the wiles of a vampire, surrounded by sofa cushions as big as flivvers and perfumed by the best brand of incense in Hollywood. Carmel Myers, who plays the naughty lady who pestered poor *Beau,* also struck me as being an off-note in a good cast. Miss Myers behaved as though she had stepped in the studio from an Oriental drama by mistake.

As *Lady Margery,* beloved by *Beau,* Mary Astor is delightful to look at and one can forgive her for being rather immature. Willard Louis, as *Beau's* "fat friend," the Prince of Wales, gives a picture of a royal boob that is worthy of Emil Jannings. Louis is going to be starred in "Babbitt" and so you may look forward to a treat. Irene Rich, as the *Duchess,* is her usual sweet self.



In "Happiness" Laurette Taylor adds another to the long list of cinema CINDERELLAS.

Some Enchanted Acting.

There is no bigger dramatic idea back of Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "The Enchanted Cottage," than when two people are in love they usually think of each other as being beautiful. Upon the fragile and sentimental idea that not only is love blind but it is also cockeyed, Pinero built a whimsical drama which was only a mild success on the stage but which promises to be much more successful on the screen because it was lucky enough to fall into congenial company.

"The Enchanted Cottage" brings into play the acting resources of Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess is one of the few of the younger stars who can act when the occasion requires it. As a crippled and embittered war hero who is driven by loneliness to a marriage with an equally homely spinster, he has to go through much of the picture as a distorted and mentally sick man. And then he suddenly has to become handsome. Thanks to the skill of Mr. Barthelmess and of May McAvoy, who plays opposite him, the scene in which the two ugly ducklings turn into swans is an exquisite and touching moment.

Nothing really happens in "The Enchanted Cottage." A man and a woman meet and fall in love. They become so beautiful to each other that they fancy a miracle has taken place. Will the rest of the world believe in the miracle? A group of practical relatives visit them and believe they have gone mad. Nevertheless, they are still in love and the illusion remains with them.

The picture has neither obvious nor commonplace appeal. But it has the charm and appeal of a real love story. It has delicacy and fine feeling and a touch of true sentiment. And the acting of Mr. Barthelmess and Miss McAvoy is a treat. Mr. Barthelmess plays with unstellar earnestness and sincerity; somehow or other, you don't expect so much careful endeavor from stars. You only expect them

to walk through a picture and look pretty. Miss McAvoy's acting is so fine that you forget all the dreary pictures she has made since "Sentimental Tommy."

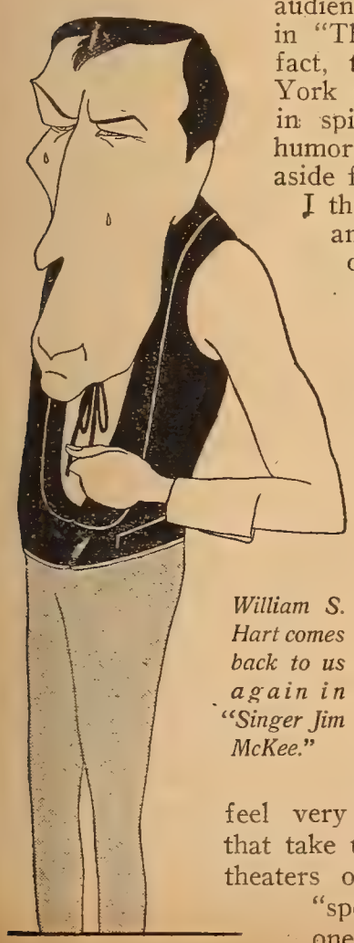
John S. Robertson, who directed "Sentimental Tommy," also directed "The Enchanted Cottage," which probably is why you are so thoroughly taken in by its charm. Josephine Lovett adapted the scenario from the Pinero play, eliminating those moments in which, to quote Robert Benchley, Sir Arthur's wings of fancy became entangled in his spats.

Where Men Are Spaniards.

All went well at the first showing of Fred Niblo's production of "Thy Name is Woman" in New York, until the big scene. The big scene shows the hero and the heroine confronted by the usual perplexing situation. "What to do? What to do?" cries the smuggler's beautiful wife when she realizes she is in love with the handsome soldier whose duty is to bring the wily gent to stern Spanish justice. "What to do? What to do?" exclaims Ramon Novarro, as the rural cop who knows that he must choose between honor and eloping with Barbara La Marr.

At this tense moment in Mr. Niblo's Spanish drama, William V. Mong, as the husband, settles the problem. He bursts in upon the unfortunate couple, in the fastness of a mountain lodge, and strikes a noble attitude in the doorway. But in his hand he carries a fishing rod and, squirming and fighting on the end of the rod, is one lone poor fish.

Immediately the audience knew what to do. It laughed. Maybe it was wrong to laugh, because maybe Mr. Niblo had intended "Thy Name is Woman" as a successor to "Blood and Sand." You could see, all the way through, that it was meant to be strong drama. But, somehow or other, the best dramatic situations had a way of backfiring and affecting the audience like so many gags in a Mack Sennett comedy.



William S. Hart comes back to us again in "Singer Jim McKee."

Other and less sophisticated audiences may find nothing funny in "Thy Name is Woman." In fact, the majority of the New York reviewers took it seriously in spite of the rollicking good humor of the audience. However, aside from its comedy high lights, I thought it was a dull picture and the direction seemed downright clumsy. Mr. Niblo obviously made a praiseworthy effort to free himself from the chains of melodrama and spectacle and to substitute quieter and more thoughtful drama. But it takes a keener imagination to develop an intimate drama than to produce a spectacle and the details, which might have made "Thy Name is Woman" a good picture, are hopelessly conventional. This may sound like a good old-fashioned panning but I feel very strongly against pictures that take up space in good legitimate theaters on the plea that they are "special attractions" when any one with two cents' worth of honesty knows that they ought to go into the regular movie theaters at regular prices and only advertised by the regular line of adjectives. If "Thy Name is Woman" comes to you as a straight and honest movie and not as a specially priced "wonder classic" you may not expect much of it and therefore you may not be disappointed.

The picture's chief claim to fan interest is the fact that the leading rôles are played by Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro. Miss La Marr has the equipment of an unusually interesting actress. If she only would forget that she is a dangerous siren! As for Novarro, he struggles with a bit of character drawing but every time he threatens to get away with it, an inept subtitle comes along and boots him with a slapstick kick. In other words, Novarro plays the rôle of a Booth Tarkington Spaniard, while the subtitles insist on describing him as a great, big rough meat eater. The confusion is sometimes disastrous.



Anna Q. Nilsson proves that she is a good sport by wearing plain clothes and getting all dirty in "Flowing Gold."

Justifiable Murder.

William Hurlburt's play, "Lilies of the Field," has been beautifully murdered to fit film demands and to keep the censors in their lovely state of innocence. I merely mention the slaughter as a fact, although an unimportant one, as I refuse to get worked up over the slaughter of a Broadway success.

If you want to see the picture—and you will want to see it—go early and avoid the rush. It tells about a group of ladies who are as naughty as the local censors will allow and it relates the adventures of the character played by Corinne Griffith, who is tempted and tempted and tempted to allow herself to be set up in a beautiful apartment. Her love for her child triumphs over all the inducements to go out and romp with the rest of the gals.

The picture is a little shoddy, a little cheap, and a little vulgar. But when it cuts loose on a waiting world, the dishes will be piled high in thousands of kitchen sinks while mother goes to the movies and learns that the wages of sin is a Fifth Avenue charge account. And you cannot blame the women for wanting a glimpse of the world where there is neither toiling nor spinning and where the clothes are beyond belief. It's all quite harmless.

And as for father, he will leave the lawn mower idle to see Corinne Griffith. All the women reviewers find Miss Griffith a bit languid and rather undistin-

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"America—Series One—The Sacrifices"—D. W. Griffith. History of the American Revolution as every school child would like to see it. The Battles of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, the ride of Paul Revere, and the surrender of Cornwallis pictured in authentic and stirring fashion with an appealing love story woven through it all. Lionel Barrymore, Neil Hamilton, Charles Mack, Carol Dempster, and Louis Wolheim, as well as many others, do splendid work in it.

"The Marriage Circle"—Warner Brothers. A high comedy of married life directed by Ernst Lubitsch with the last ounce of humor extracted subtly from each situation. Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou, and Marie Prevost are the principals.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. The Book of Exodus spectacularly filmed and a modern-problem drama that is pretty much Cecil De Mille. The Biblical sequence is massive and thrilling. Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, and Richard Dix do their best to make the modern episodes appear genuine and human.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. Horror on horror and thrill on thrill, backed up by huge, impressive sets, mobs of extras, and Lon Chaney's most elaborate disguise and acting.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A gripping film epic of the pioneers who crossed the Western plains with a hymn in their hearts and guns on their hips. Great herds of buffalo, bands of marauding Indians, and the seemingly endless wagon train battling against the forces of nature are essentially the leading actors in the drama, though Ernest Torrence's and Tully Marshall's performances rank with the greatest.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Two Wagons—Both Covered"—Pathé. A priceless burlesque of the great screen epic, with Will Rogers playing both the hero and villain.

"Three Weeks"—Goldwyn. All that the censors passed of Elinor Glyn's poor little erring queen was a few rounds of seductive smiles aimed at the impeccable Conrad Nagel and coming from Aileen Pringle draped carelessly on a tiger skin. If you have a taste for highly colored romance, though, this is the hottest the screen can give you.

"Daddies"—Warner Brothers. The sweetest picture full of the sweetest kiddies, all romping around, spreading sweetness and light. There are unsaccharine moments when Mae Marsh and Harry Myers are highly entertaining.

"The Yankee Consul"—Associated Exhibitors. Douglas MacLean throwing himself into an old musical-comedy plot with so much enthusiasm that you cannot help enjoying yourself.

"Pied Piper Malone"—Paramount. A slight little story of a man so beloved by children that when he is ordered out of town they follow him. Thomas Meighan, with his irresistible Irish charm, makes it seem possible.

"The Virginian"—Preferred. An excellently told melodrama of the rough-and-ready West that is an authentic transcription of the famous novel. Kenneth Harlan plays the featured rôle.

"The Great White Way"—Cosmopolitan. A love story of a musical-comedy actress and a prize fighter all dressed up with Broadway's bright lights, the fire department, the races at Belmont Park, prize-training quarters, and Follies' rehearsals. Anita Stewart, Oscar Shaw, contributors to the Hearst papers, and leading sportsmen all appear in it.

"Black Oxen"—First National. The famous novel of rejuvenation screened with Corinne Griffith as the beautiful *Countess*. Interesting, though naturally no as explicit as the book was.

"Wild Oranges"—Goldwyn. A gripping psychological melodrama with but five characters in which a girl and her grandfather are dominated by a murderous half-wit. The Hergesheimer atmosphere has been captured by King Vidor, and the acting throughout is splendid.

"Six Cylinder Love"—Fox. An ingenious comedy about the trials of some young married people who find that it isn't the original cost, but the upkeep of a high-powered car that tries men's souls.

"Fashion Row"—Metro. All of the usual attractions of a Mae Murray picture and a few new ones. Masquerading as an immigrant girl for a while, she contributes some adroit bits of characterization.

"The Eternal City"—First National. —Everything but a good scenario. Barbara La Marr, Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore, and Richard Bennett; the ruins of Rome, the Fascisti, thrilling pageantry, and many striking interiors.

"Scaramouche"—Metro. Rex Ingram brings the French Revolution to life with a gay, reckless spirit. The story of a romantic adventurer of France, invested with rare beauty and dignity. Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, and Lewis Stone head the cast.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"The Stranger"—Paramount. Freely adapted from Galsworthy's famous story "The First and the Last." It is faithful to the London atmosphere, but it is slow and dull, and all the splendid acting of Tully Marshall, Betty Compson, and Richard Dix cannot save it from mediocrity.

"Yolanda"—Cosmopolitan. The screen's largest collection of fifteenth-century knights, moats, drawbridges, old castles, kings, dukes, and exquisite costumes. Marion Davies has never looked lovelier, but the story provides only one scene where she can use her lately developed talent for real acting.

"Shadows of Paris"—Paramount. Pola Negri as a fiery apache. So far as she is concerned the picture is good stuff, but the scenario writer, the costumer, and the director didn't give her adequate support.

"Painted People"—First National.—A Cinderella comedy that takes in factory hands, stage folk, and sham society. Weak in genuine sentiment, but abounding in comedy. Colleen Moore is highly amusing, and she is supported by Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon, Mary Alden, and Mary Carr.

"The Song of Love"—First National. The story of a desert girl and a handsome French officer who masquerades as an Arab. If you just cannot resist seeing every picture Norma Talmadge makes, you will have to see this one, but be prepared to see little of merit but Norma.

"When a Man's a Man"—Principal. For the admirer of Harold Bell Wright's books. This picture glorifies the great open spaces with John Bowers as the chief glorifier.

"The Shadow of the East"—Fox. A romance of India by the author of "The Sheik," in which an Englishman is haunted by a native girl after he has married an English wife.

"My Man"—Vitagraph. Dustin Farnum as a big he-man who sets out to prove that he can be as successful in love as he is in politics. Patsy Ruth Miller is the girl.

"The Rendezvous"—Goldwyn. Marshall Neilan's idea of what Russia would be like if they had Sydney Chaplin as comic relief. The story and settings are muddled, but of course a Neilan picture cannot be thoroughly bad.

"The Extra Girl"—Associated Exhibitors. With little help from the scenario Mabel Normand succeeded in making this hackneyed comedy exceedingly funny in parts. A case of wasted genius.

"Twenty-one"—First National. A light and charming little story of a rich boy's love for a poor girl that takes Richard Barthelmess back to the sort of rôles he used to play with Dorothy Gish. Dorothy Mackaill plays the girl in this.

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model"—Goldwyn. Just one big thrill left in the old melodrama, and that comes toward the end of the picture. The old thriller is all dressed up in expensive modern clothes, but has no place to go.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Next Corner"—Paramount. A banal, trashy story of an American wife who is lured away from her husband by a slick Spaniard. The cast includes such capable players as Conway Tearle, Dorothy Mackaill, and Lon Chaney, but they cannot do much under the terrible handicap of a bad story and poor direction.

She Fooled 'Em

And Irene Rich warns all casting directors that she is going to continue to fool 'em indefinitely.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



Photo by Richard Burke

THE bland fellow behind the registration desk at the Plaza asked for the name again.

"Rich?" he repeated, with an extravagant lift of the eyebrow. "Rich? Miss Irene Rich, you say? . . . I don't know whether she is registered or not."

It was manifest that he had never heard of her, just as many people have never heard of her. For years Irene Rich has been acting. For years she has been in pictures. Yet who of you can name two pictures in which she appeared prior to her flashing performance in "Rosita?"

Here is another fantastic fable of celluloidia, the fable of the girl who showed the casting directors they were wrong.

For years Irene Rich appeared in little, inconsequential parts. One day she was cast as the star's "friend." For months she did friendly rôles. The next step upward was "neglected wives." That stamped her. She was declared a neglected wife for all time. Then, just as she was determining never to let a movie husband desert her again, Mary Pickford came along and asked her to do a test for *The Queen* in "Rosita." And with this part within her reach, with the wiseacres laughing and assuring each other that she would never get away with it, Irene Rich made the effort of her life, and came through with flying colors and any number of interesting offers—offers that had nothing to do with erring husbands or neglected wives. She made a distinct hit in "Rosita."

When I finally found the lady it was at the information desk. "Has any one been looking for Miss Rich?" she was asking.

She is young and slender, younger and slenderer than her pictures had led me to expect. And she was in a daze, for the time being.

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What Betty from

A few of the strikingly beautiful that were especially designed by

Photographs by



No really chic woman's wardrobe is complete without one black dinner frock is the dictum of Paris, a rule of fashion that Betty Blythe was glad to accede to when she was shown the design for the gown pictured below. Sleeveless and decollete, the very simple lines of this dress are relieved only by a slightly flaring flounce below the knees, and the black only by a simple ornament of rhinestones.



Naturally, the clothes that interested Betty Blythe most in her shopping tours in Paris were dinner gowns and evening wraps, for becoming as the smart tailleurs and daytime frocks are they are of little use to her, as Betty's days are almost all spent in costume at some motion-picture studio. Her favorite evening wrap is of heavy metal brocade, a conventional pattern of apricot on a background of dull blue and silver. For the sake of warmth this is edged with seal, so soft and silky that it seems like ermine. Betty Blythe found that just as the smartest evening frocks are of pale, plain colors, the wraps are heavily figured and brilliantly colorful. The lines are plain, but not so severe as in wraps for daytime wear. This one she selected because the wide, loose sleeves and the graceful folds around the shoulders gave her the effect of being swathed in a luxurious wrap rather than merely being covered with a coat, as simpler wraps have a way of making one appear.

Brought Home Paris

gowns and one of the evening wraps Paris couturiers for Betty Blythe.

Larry O'Daye

The Paris designers, having set a fashion for classic simplicity in evening gowns, refuse to alter their lines now. But Betty Blythe found that all the variety one could want is to be found in the exquisite fabrics of which the evening gowns are made. The one below is of tiny white crystal beads and sequins so minute that they seem to have been spun in the silken fabric. A headdress of the same material completes the costume.





A slightly more elaborate dinner frock than the plain black one is this one of midnight blue trimmed with strips of burnished silver. It offers many suggestions that one could adopt for her own wardrobe, for the tulle sleeves clasped on at the elbow, the arrangement of stripes over a plain slip, and the flattering low waistline of leaves overlapping one another, are all heralds of new modes. This dress follows in effect the simple lines prescribed by the fashion arbiters of Paris, and wisely followed by Betty Blythe. A woman of her height should not seek to appear shorter, but should wear long, simple lines, so as to achieve the ultimate effect of her dignity and grace.



Photo by White *In "The Moon Flower" Elsie Ferguson appears as a lovely adventuress and Sidney Blackmer as a sentimental young man.*

On the New York Stage

Critical glimpses of the newest attractions in the Broadway theaters.

By Alison Smith

QUITE suddenly last season, the New York managers discovered a promising young playwright called Will Shakespeare, who had written some sure-fire stuff for the stage. The result must have astonished that portion of Broadway which could always tell you—with details and figures—just why Shakespeare meant ruin to the box office.

There were two famous, embattled *Juliets,* arriving almost on the same night to test their relative powers in the rôle—and the better *Juliet* won. Then there was John Barrymore's immortal *Hamlet* which set the older and the younger set of critics to squabbling in a dispute loud enough to reach from Longacre Square to Park Row. (It reached a stage where it wasn't safe to mention Edwin Booth to a critic under fifty or John Barrymore to one who had passed that reminiscent age.) There were *Rosalinds* and *Shylocks* and more *Hamlets* and all the *Merry Wives.*

You can imagine the situation, when I tell you that I wasn't at all surprised to hear Al Jolson say in all sincerity that he was going to play *Othello* in black face, though unfortunately that priceless performance didn't quite come off. I believe he meant it at the time, however, although I had my suspicions about Will Rogers' announcement that he would play *Romeo* —"at least," he added, "I can't play it any worse than it has been played before."



Photo by White

Walter Huston gives a very touching performance as MR. PITT.

Neither of these two talented tragedians realized his ambitions, but almost every other actor on Broadway found his or her way into a Shakespearean cast. And most of the papers and most of the discussions were full of what press agents so quaintly call "the bard."

"The Serpent of the Nile."

This tumult and shouting has died and aside from a few usual and inevitable productions—like the annual season of Sothern and Marlowe — the de luxe Shakespearean revival is now a dramatic memory. So the announcement that Jane Cowl was to play *Cleopatra* to Rollo Peters' *Antony* came with the excitement of a hope reborn.

For most theatergoers that hope was realized. Though the same generation that had seen Booth in "Hamlet" and would have none of John Barrymore, found this "Antony and Cleopatra" so altered as to be a little shocking. It is true that something has been done to the play to give it a very modern slant. The quarreling of the Roman politicians sounded exactly like a warm battle in Tammany Hall. "This guy *Antony* has a sweetie in Egypt," *Octavius* had the manner of saying. "Now a feller's personal life is none of my affair, see. But he hadn't ought to neglect the army for no petting party on the Nile."

I don't mean to blame the excellent actors who played these rôles for this atmosphere, for no one could

be more sedate in their efforts to act like Roman senators. And the rolling words of Shakespeare were like honey in their mouths. But there it was and altogether I think it is a tribute to the play. After all, if Shakespeare had been writing it to-day, it would have been done in just those political terms. In fact, he might have stretched it a bit and put in a few oil scandals.

Anyway, Jane Cowl's *Cleopatra* catches this tone; she is the modern woman, inventive, self-sufficient, resourceful. She brings out humor in the rôle that I certainly never suspected when I read the play in an English course at school. Moreover she is ravishingly beautiful in costumes which suggest the Ritz sometimes and Egypt occasionally but more frequently both. Perhaps it isn't the *Cleopatra* of the old days, but it is a lively and stimulating performance and I am sure the author would have been the first to appreciate it.

Rollo Peters' *Antony* has been criticized as too weak and youthful, but after all, this particular hero was no strong, silent Roman; he talked love incessantly like a babbling brook and was ready to drop all his armies and run at the rustle of a skirt. After all, it was the tragedy of the dreamy, poetical lover forced into the position of a soldier and making a mess of the job. And this, I think, Mr. Peters caught and held perfectly in spite of the protests from the press.

The production was a lavish one and the minor parts were well played. It is a performance worthy to be placed among the best of last year's Shakespearean output—except, of course, the Barrymore *Hamlet,* which will stand alone, I think, in this generation of playgoers.

Again *Lady Macbeth.*

While discussing the bard, it may be added that Clare Eames has contributed an interesting *Lady Macbeth,* to the annual James K. Hackett performance. Up to this time, her most important rôle had been that of *Mary Stuart* in Drinkwater's drama of that name. She has also been identified with *Queen Elizabeth,* a rôle in which she first attracted attention when William Faversham brought out his romantic version of "The Prince and the Pauper," and movie audiences will soon have a chance to see her extraordinary picture of this historic lady when she arrives with it in a forthcoming screen play.

Puppy Love.

Two plays with the same theme but with very different treatment reached New York almost on the same night this month. They are "Fata Morgana" and "The Moon Flower," and the theme is the behavior of a very young man captivated by a woman of the world several years older.

The Theater Guild produced the first and, in the eyes of this playgoer, it is by far the better play. It is simple, sincere, and so frank that if the film directors ever buy it, it will keep the censors busy for weeks.

A siren past thirty is blown into a house where a schoolboy has been left alone while his family are spending the night at a dance. There is a sudden infatuation, a flare-up of boyish passion and bitter disillusionment in the morning when the boy discovers that what to him was an eternal love was to the woman only a passing phase of amusement.



Photo by White

"The Moon Flower" is a mixture of romantic melodrama and domestic satire.



Jane Cowl gives a lively and stimulating performance as CLEOPATRA.



"Fata Morgana" has all the heart-break of misunderstood youth in it and it brings to the stage remarkably fine performances by Morgan Farley and Emily Stevens. Photo by Nickolas Muray

All this was written by a Hungarian author and laid in a country where young men seem to take such matters more to heart than we do. At least, it is our habit to assume that puppy love is one of the most harmless jokes in the world. When Booth Tarkington writes a play with this theme he sees to it that his *Penrod's* love affairs are bashful flirtations with the pig-tailed little girl who sits in front of him in school. Whether this is true of our own young boys and less true of the European youth, I am not qualified to say, never having been a freckled-faced lad myself. In any case, as told by this playwright Vajda, it turns into an absorbingly interesting drama with all the heart-break of misunderstood youth in it. Oddly enough, it was written as a comedy and the audiences laugh at the unhappy, absurd boy just as they laugh at him in life.

One reason why the thing is so acutely real is the remarkably touching work done by a young actor called Morgan Farley. He plays the boy and it is his first real chance on the stage. Emily Stevens as the woman has the bright, sophisticated glitter of her type though she hardly seemed alluring enough to manage such fast work in the first act.

"The Moon Flower."

In "The Moon Flower," the siren is not only a woman of the world but a woman of the half-world and the boy is a penniless young clerk. He, also, is Hungarian, which indicates that the people of this nation have a tough time with their young men. Anyway, they meet at Monte Carlo and the hero's pious desire is to take this beautiful creature away from the bearded grand duke who owns her.

He succeeds after a brief and expensive courtship but the next day his *Moon Flower* returns to the nobleman's yacht so that the grand duke has the last laugh after all. It is almost an Ouida plot, full of the sunshine of the Riviera, and evil noblemen, and the jingle of coins from the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. But Zoe Akins, who adapted it from

"Hell-bent fer Heaven" is a simple, sincere study that has attracted several of the more intelligent, imaginative motion-picture directors. Photo by White



the Hungarian, could not resist from kidding it in its most intense moments; the result is neither straight romantic melodrama nor dramatic satire. For, with all her skill she could not disguise the fact that the author took his young man seriously.

Certainly Sidney Blackmer, who plays him, took him seriously enough. If he had been content to present the boy simply as a sentimental idiot—which he was—there might have been more appeal to his work. But in this rôle he seemed to fancy himself as a hero and the facts of the case were all against him.

Elsie Ferguson, however, as the lovely adventuress, was perfect. She almost made you understand the young man and believe in the plot. Never has she looked more beautiful or carried with her such an atmosphere of glamorous romance. Any play is worth while that could give us this picture. Incidentally it may reach the screen with her in it, though with the habits and morals of the *Moon Flower* radically changed.

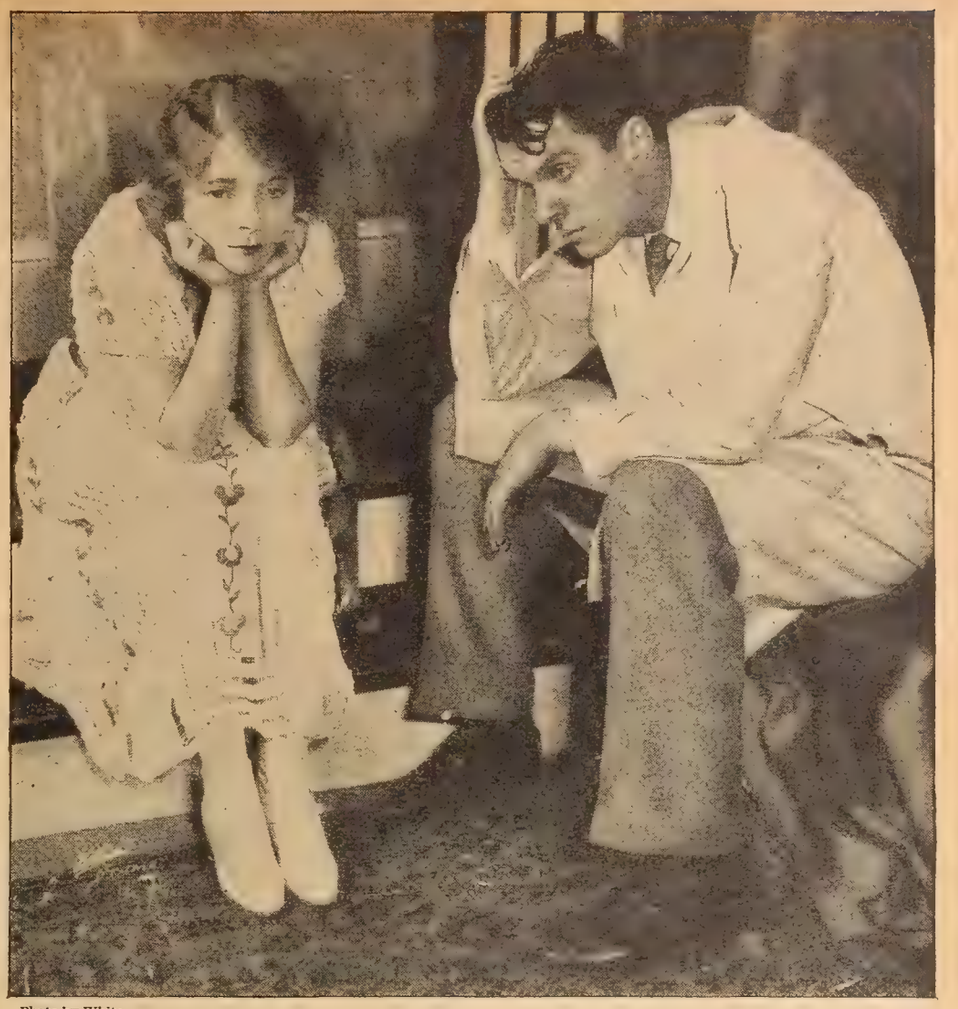


Photo by White

"We Moderns" is just one of those old sermons against the younger generation, in spite of the irresistible acting of Helen Hayes.

Zangwill Views with Alarm.

Neither of these two plays showed any disposition to scold their erring young folks; in fact, Zoe Akins seemed rather proud of the sins of her young man. But with "We Moderns," we are back into the old sermon against the younger generation which Israel Zangwill has woven into his play.

It wasn't so very long ago that everybody was blaming the younger generation for everything. But there has been a swing of the pendulum and most of the plays for this year present the young folks as the saviors of their generation. Mr. Zangwill, however, is still back where Scott Fitzgerald started. His play is the old story of the gabby little flapper who talks back to her parents and airs her views on sex. You are led to believe that she might have come to no good end had not her mother conveniently fallen ill and brought her back to repentance. On this pious note the play ends.

You may have gathered from this that the drama—Mr. Zangwill calls it a "comedy"—is about as exciting as the year-before-last cover of a ten-cent magazine. It isn't even good preaching, for even Helen Hayes' irresistible acting of the flapper cannot make you care what happens to her or hope for anything except the fall of the curtain. O. P. Heggie, Mary Shaw, James Dale and Kenneth Mackenna are also in the cast. They are all excellent actors and worthy of a better cause.

"The Outsider."

A playwright has to be careful how he represents a priest or a mother on the stage but there is one long-suffering figure that it is always safe to abuse—the

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Photo by White

"The Chiffon Girl" is the latest musical comedy and is neither better nor worse than most of its predecessors.

Hollywood High Lights

New thrills and throbs along the highway of the cinema.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

A Clinic for Stories.

WHAT seems to bother everybody nowadays is the adapting of the sexier sort of stories to the screen. The scenario writers call the process a "treatment," talk like doctors or beauty specialists these days, saying, "I am giving this novel a treatment," or "that play a treatment."

The idea is to devise ways and means of getting around sensational situations and yet keep the theme of the book intact. The "doctor" has to assume a certain point of view that will meet with the approval not only of the director and the stars, but also the guardians of morals. Nor can he neglect the feelings of the novelist or the playwright.

An instance in point is the ending of "Cytherea," which was changed so that *Lee* goes back to his wife, and forgets about the doll and the other ladies. Frances Marion secured the approval of the author, Joseph Hergesheimer, for this, and she told us that he had said if he were doing the novel over again he would probably end it the same way himself.

Edwin: What is your idea of a good treatment?

Elza: Why do you ask—when you know I've just come from the beauty parlor?

The Flickering Fantasies.

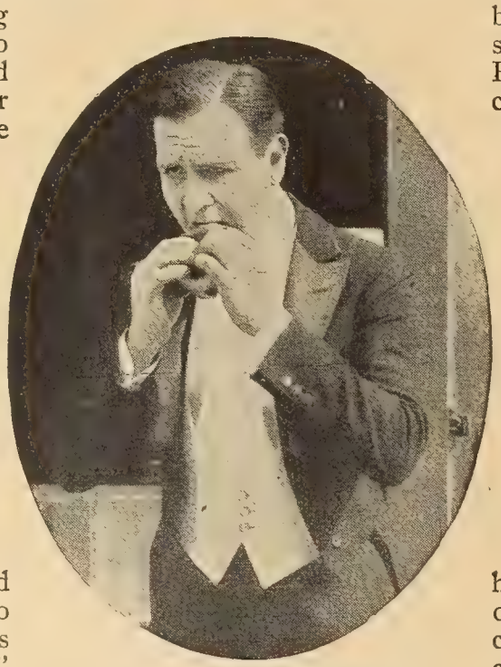
The hopes for a flare of fantasy have not been relinquished despite that few have yet seen fit to follow the leadership of Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad." That picture will be a long time circulating through the country. It opened in New York and a few of the larger Eastern cities this spring, but the Hollywood showing is not scheduled until the fall. The general release is also to be about then.

This is easily the record, for it will be nearly two years from the time of the actual starting of work until the general distribution of the production. And if Doug keeps on at this rate he'll be an old man before his next film is released.

Harold Lloyd is going to help along the cause by making "Alice in Wonderland," and it is very probable that Mildred Davis will play the title part. It won't be possible for her to undertake this until sometime late in the year because of the anticipated joyful event in the Lloyd household.

Miss Davis should suit very well the rôle of the arch *Alice,* who had so many amusing adventures with all kinds of quaint beings like *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee, Old Father William,* the grinning *Cheshire Cat,* and the funny *Field Mice* in the fanciful realms that Lewis Carroll brought to life.

Another fantasy that is now in sight is "Water Babies" from the Charles Kingsley story, that is now all but forgotten; and "Peter Pan" will be filmed by Famous Players-Lasky this summer.



Conway Tearle gets a quick lunch at the studio counter.

Pola's Joy.

The most enthusiastic person in Hollywood just now is Pola Negri. She literally bubbles a Pollyanna gladness, and she apparently has cause therefor.

"I am going to have three of ze best plays I have effer made zis year," she told us recently. "I am simply entrance' with happ-eeness. I have two wonderful directors and everyzing I want!"

You know, perhaps, that Ernst Lubitsch, who made some of her biggest plays abroad, has been engaged to direct two pictures starring her, as soon as Dimitri Buchowetzski, the Polish director, completes his two.

Pola also informed us that she is going to do Hermann Sudermann's furnacy novel, "The Song of Songs," and that the scenario will follow the book rather than the play, which makes things difficult for the newly organized studio medical aid.

The Nose for News.

Emulating, perhaps, artists and sculptors in their formal unveiling matinées, Helen Ferguson gave an "unmasking tea" following an operation upon her nose. This, undoubtedly, will be of record as the most unique and cosmic afternoon in Hollywood's social history.

After the guests were seated and served with sandwiches and oolong, Helen swept into the room with all the savoir of a prima donna, only instead of singing she permitted each guest closely to inspect her new nose from all angles and then to touch it for good luck. The doctor who performed the miracle was honor guest.

There were many exclamations of admiration, of course, but the most surprising thing was that none of the guests could recall just how Helen looked before she had the slight bump removed near the bridge of her nose. It is very beautiful now, at any rate, and through this, in combination with her lovely black hair and gorgeous brown eyes, Helen's attractiveness is considered vastly emphasized. Douglas MacLean thought so and promptly engaged her for an important part in his comedy, "Never Say Die."

All of the nose operations in Hollywood have not been as successful as Miss Ferguson's. Lucille Carlisle, former leading woman to Larry Semon, whose olfactory member was slightly prominent, but one of her distinguishing features, none the less, decided some months ago to go into temporary retirement and then one day emerge with an entirely new nose to surprise

her friends and the directors. She was obliged to remain in retirement a long time thereafter, she averred, because the change of facial expression accompanying the new nose caused her humiliation and great unhappiness.

Mrs. Syd Chaplin, wife of the comedian and sister-in-law of Charlie, was also dissatisfied with her nose. She felt it needed to be reduced in size; so to achieve such result, she had some cartilage removed from the tip.

However, after the operation she decided her nose had been irreparably indented and looked much worse than originally. And to prove just how much this meant to her, as it probably would to anybody, she sued the plastic surgeon for one hundred thousand dollars.

Moral—by Elza:—Only women with journalistic aspirations should have their noses done over. It helps develop a news sense.

Dangerous Curves Ahead.

After King Vidor's production "Mary the Third" is released, there probably will be established a new type of flapper, because the director has decided that the heroine shall have a suggestion of curves and a healthy, well-nourished look instead of the pencil contour which has been in vogue.

In order to comply with directorial mandate, Eleanor Boardman, who plays the leading rôle in the picture, took on ten extra pounds at a milk farm by lying in bed the better part of two weeks and drinking a glass of rich, creamy milk every half hour.

Ben Lyon, a new juvenile, who played on the stage in New York, essays the same rôle in the film version. He also appeared in those flapper frivolities, "Flaming Youth" and "Painted People."

More Free-lancers.

Dorothy Mackaill is taking her place right along with the busiest of the free-lancers. Immediately after finishing the lead in Frank E. Woods' picture, "The Child Bride," she was engaged by Fox to appear in "The Man Who Came Back."

Jack Gilbert was to have been starred in this, but just at that time he decided that since his three-year contract with Fox had terminated, he would not renew it, nor sign any more starring contracts for a while.

Consequently Jack O'Brien, a newcomer, was cast in the name part of "The Man Who Came Back," and Gilbert set out on the romantic highway of the free-lancers. Eventually we wouldn't be at all surprised if he were seen in a production with his wife, Leatrice Joy, although they both amusedly say no to this supposition.

Wanderers Return.

After an absence of six months two of Hollywood's wandering daughters returned home; one from New York, the other from sheiky Algiers—May McAvoy and Claire Windsor.

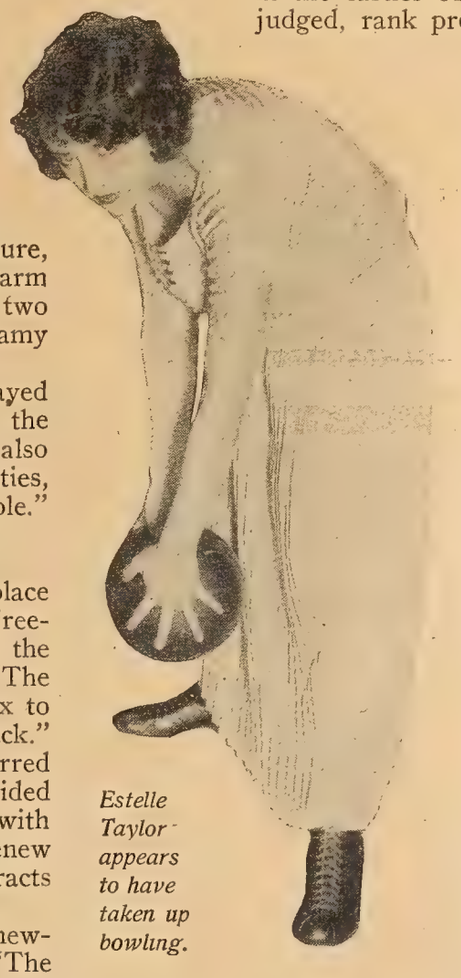
Miss McAvoy, during her New York stay, played in "West of the Water Tower" with Glenn Hunter, and in Richard Barthelmess' picture, "The Enchanted Cottage."

Some disappointment was felt at the denial of her engagement to Glenn, reports of which had numerous times been circulated. But at least her name may be associated with his in a professional way if plans for her playing with him in a stage tour of "Merton of the Movies" mature.

The New York sojourn has seemed to lift Miss McAvoy out of the ingénue class and place her at the head of charming, well-poised débutantes. She has been again appearing under the direction of William de Mille in "The Inside Story," in which Malcolm MacGregor plays opposite.

Miss Windsor was greeted on her return from Egypt and northern Africa, where she appeared in "A Son of the Desert," by a crowded station of friends and tons of flowers, and looked ravishing in a costume of gold cloth and summer ermine, while under both arms she carried a half dozen long-legged, Oriental dolls.

She spoke with aloofness of sheiks, and spoiled Elza's dreams of ever playing mah jong some Sunday with the lord of a tent on the Sahara, by vividly describing the rich mosaics and fancy electric-light fixtures in the castles of the Bachaghos and Kaids, which, we judged, rank pretty high in the Desert Blue Book.



Estelle Taylor appears to have taken up bowling.

The important news is out that the other baby in "Helen's Babies"—there are two of them, you know—the new Baby Peggy picture, is to be baby Jean Carpenter. This makes a regular baby farm when you take it all together.

And then they try to say that the pictures are not still in their infancy.

Charlie's Decision.

The most important decision made in ages was reached by Charles Chaplin. Out of dozens of applicants, he selected the new leading woman for the comedy on which he is now working. Her name is Lita Gray, and she is the only leading woman that Charlie has had beside Edna Purviance, since he quit the old Keystone comedies. At that time, he and Mabel used to frolic together occasionally, but Miss Purviance joined him when he went with Essanay.

His present comedy is not the first in which Miss Gray has played with Chaplin. She did a small part as one of the angels in the heaven sequence of "The Kid." She was then just a little girl with curls, whom Chuck Reisner had brought to Charlie's attention.

At that time he did not have any real plan for putting her in comedies, but he said in fun that some day he would make her his leading lady. She visited the studio on various occasions thereafter, but Charlie never brought the matter up again.

Then one day, when she and her mother were contemplating a trip, they came over to say good-by. After the usual formalities Charlie looked at the girl with astonishment and exclaimed:

"Why, Lita, you've grown to be quite a young lady. If you decide not to go I think that you would do splendidly as a leading lady in my next comedy."

The girl and her mother both gasped. They could hardly believe their ears. And then the mother finally found her breath and said:

[Continued on page 109]



Again—the Color-film

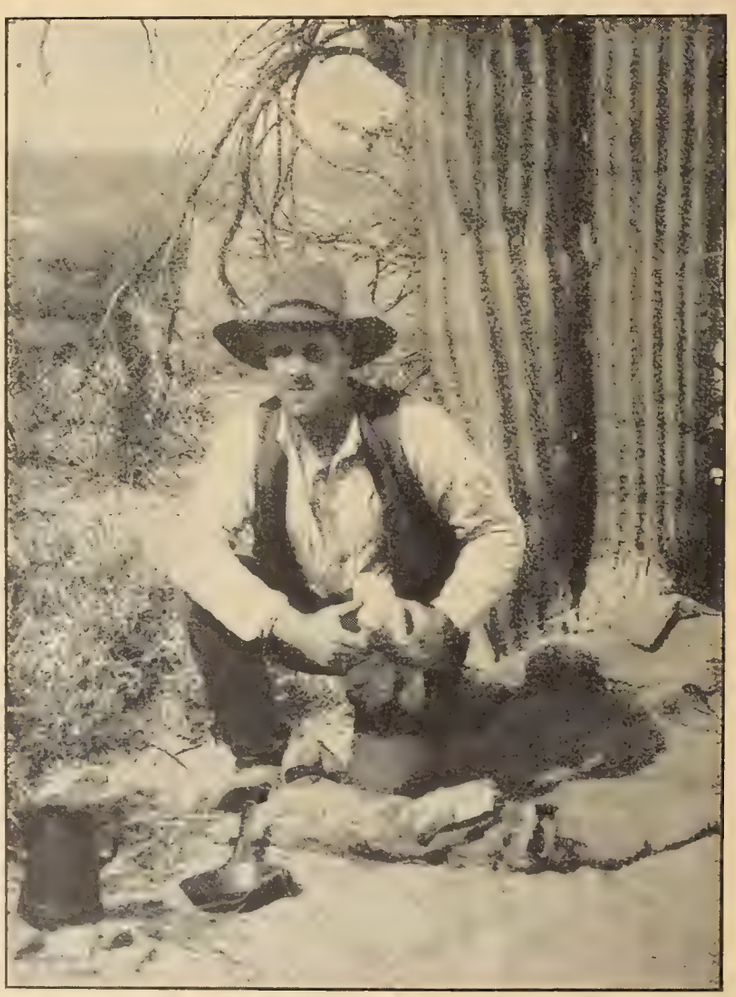
Famous Players-Lasky are reviving wide interest in the process by filming their entire production of "Wanderer of the Wasteland" in natural colors.

By Caroline Bell

INVENTORS have been experimenting with the idea of color photography almost since the beginning of motion pictures. But so far only a few attempts have been shown on the screen, and none of these has been entirely satisfactory. A feeling of disappointment, and skepticism about all-color pictures ever becoming practical, seem to have been the general attitude following these exhibitions.

But the subject aroused considerable interest again recently when Paramount decided to permit Technicolor to make an entire production in color for their release, at almost twice the cost of black-and-white filming. They feel that the process has been perfected to such an extent now that successful all-color pictures can be made, and they intend to follow this initial film with others.

The reason why Zane Grey's "Wanderer of the Wasteland" was selected as the story for this production is because of the desert background. Heretofore, the color experimenters seem to have tried to crowd as vivid hues as possible into the costumes and settings of their pictures. In "The Great Adventure," which was the first all-color feature, the result was unpleasant and distracting because of the strong reds and greens that dominated the screen, and in some scenes ran ludicrously. "Toll of the Sea" was better, but far from perfect.



Noah Beery, at the top of the page, and Jack Holt play leading rôles in the picture.

Scenes for "Wanderer of the Wasteland" are being photographed in Red Rock Cañon, in an untraveled section of the Mojave Desert, with Irvin Willat directing and Joseph A. Ball supervising the photography. There the players, headed by Jack Holt, Noah Beery, Kathlyn Williams and Billie Dove, will act out the story in a setting of dim, misty-color tones. The jagged cliffs of sandstone, shading from a delicate shell-pink to

Continued on page 108



What New York Has Done for Gloria

A change of scene, a change of friends, and a change of interests lie behind the amazing improvement in Gloria Swanson's work in her recent pictures.

By Leland Hayward

OF all the motion-picture stars, Gloria Swanson has changed, and improved, more than any other in the last six months. It was only a few years ago that she was acting under Mack Sennett's banner in his famed comedies. To-day she is undoubtedly one of the very big stars. The other day I saw a still of her in a bathing costume of a few years ago, and I could scarcely believe that it was a picture of the person that I know as Gloria Swanson.

Her story is fairly well known by this time. C. B. De Mille first saw the possibilities in her and converted her over to his famous trick bathtub, funny telephone series of pictures. She was never called upon to act, but her part was chiefly to walk through the pictures, dressed in the most elaborate and exaggerated costumes that all the Lasky designers could devise. The movie-loving public of the world took note of her at once, and she became a strong favorite—and was finally made a star at a tremendous salary.

At this point Elinor Glyn wrote a couple of stories for her, and they became fast friends. People from the Coast tell me that Madame Glyn was the turning point in Miss Swanson's life. It was she who taught Miss Swanson the manners of the grande dame—to be an interested listener at all times—there is nothing so fascinating to a man as a woman who is willing to let him talk on and on—to be gracious and charming to every one with whom she comes in contact and to be reserved at certain times—for the famous English exponent of the art of love taught Miss Swanson the greatest lesson a woman can learn—that of not talking when the subject is something of which she knows nothing. Any woman who can learn to let a man talk his head off and keep quiet herself is quickly going to gain the reputation of being a brilliant woman.

This stuff went great with the public—"Gloria Swanson the Best-dressed Woman of the Screen"—and all that. She had more nonsense whispered, talked and written about her than almost any one, except, perhaps, Charlie Chaplin. She was press agented to death and made an illusion so exaggerated as to become incredible. Some say she almost believed the piffle herself.

And then she became tired of hearing people say she couldn't act and decided she would discard the fantastic clothes and get-up and go in for the heavier school of dramatics. After much argument she convinced the Famous people that she could get away with it and they agreed to let her try "Zaza." That would give her plenty of chance to act all over the place. "Zaza" is one of the "actiest" pieces ever composed for the stage or screen; every emotional actress of any note in the world has tried it, and those who haven't, crave to. I talked with Miss Swanson just

before she started it, and she was rather upset about the whole affair.

"I've always wanted to try *Zaza* and now that I've got the chance I'm scared to death. People have called me a clothes-horse for so long that I'm even doubtful whether they'll accept me as anything else. And there's no way of telling whether I can do it or not until I've tried. I sleep and think *Zaza* day and night, and I'm a wreck from the worry of it."



When the picture was released it met with great success nearly everywhere. Some of the critics claimed that she overacted it badly, but it was a rôle that couldn't help affecting some people that way. The most important thing was that her sales started increasing, and have been climbing steadily upward ever since.

Next came "The Humming Bird," and that has met with a phenomenal success. In it Miss Swanson, in contrast to her former rôles, is dressed almost in rags through a large part of it. Most fillum men were very skeptical about Miss Swanson minus the elaborate clothes but it seems as though people will pay money to see her in almost anything. Her pictures have not always been good, but her success has never wavered and her popularity is continually increasing. Most stars, when they get one or two bad pictures take a terrible slump, but Miss Swanson weathered her bad-picture slump and hung on to considerable popularity.

The Gloria Swanson one meets to-day differs considerably from the Gloria Swanson of six months ago. She has developed along many lines, both of thought and appearance. She has always possessed an alert mind, but New York has given her much more chance for thought than Hollywood ever could. And she dresses very, very much better than she did when she stepped off the train at the Grand Central. Miss Swanson's tendency is to overdress, but in the East she has had more than ample chance to study the best-dressed women in the world, and she has profited by it. When she came East Miss Swanson was to make only one picture, and then return to the Coast. At that time she was quite willing to admit New York was very nice for a visit, but there was no place in the world like Hollywood and she wanted to get back there just as quickly as possible. Now she is a confirmed New Yorker and has decided to stay in the East from now on, if she has her say.

Of all the picture personalities, Miss Swanson's is one of the strangest I've ever encountered. Sometimes when you meet her she looks radiant and she will fairly startle you. The next time you see her you say to yourself, "How could I ever imagine she was attractive?" From a strictly artistic point of view she is far from beautiful. Her features are all incongruous, but put together they form a sort of crazy-quilt which is rather odd and exotic. The only two things really beautiful about her are her eyes and her feet. As for her much-vaunted figure, I have always felt that was almost her weakest point.

However, what she lacks in beauty she makes up for in personality—it is a tremendously strong one; few who meet her fail to be very much impressed by it. Even greater than this, she has sex allure right to her fingertips—more than almost any woman I have ever met.

The most favorable place to meet Miss Swanson is in her home, for there you will find her wrapped in a gorgeous Spanish shawl or a piece of Chinese brocaded cloth, and with the soft lights and strange atmosphere she is unusually intriguing. And she is a gracious hostess, doing everything in her power to make one comfortable.

As a rule when one meets Miss Swanson around town, in a restaurant or some such place, she does not shine her brightest. I saw her one night at the Palais Royal with a Miss West, who does something or other in pictures, and a couple of boy friends. I believe her costume was meant to be bizarre. Leonora Hughes, who dances there nightly with Maurice, sat at the next table, dressed simply, in perfect taste. Julia Hoyt was there, and even she looked reserved. I recall also seeing Bonnie Glass, the dancer, Thelma Converse, who appeared in Gloria's last picture, and Constance Bennett. Beside these, and other celebrities, there was the usual gay crowd of stock-brokers' wives with strange men, stock brokers with stranger women, lilies of the

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Photo by Maurice Goldberg

GLORIA SWANSON



At last Pola Negri is escaping the frills and artificialities of her first American-made pictures. Each successive one is an improvement over the last, and soon such pictures as "Men," which she is now making for Paramount, may make people forget entirely those first gaudy affairs.



In "Men" Pola Negri is again under the direction of a foreigner. This time it is Dimitri Buchowetzski, the Russian artist who was responsible for the direction of "All For a Woman" and "Peter the Great."

When the history of the films is written, Mae Murray's infinite capacity for devising new costumes and wigs to lend variety to her pictures should provide material for two or three volumes at least. The quaint outfit which she wears in the picture at the right is for "Mademoiselle Midnight."





Many a director who saw what an enchanting picture Barbara La Marr made in the scenes in "The Eternal City," where she wore a white wig and fancy costume, must have yearned to have her in a picture of his in similarly striking garb. Maurice Tourneur was the first to secure her, and "The White Moth" is the picture in which she wears this towering wig and extravaganza costume.





Carrying the Rivoli Dance Programs to the Screens of the World

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

Lillian Powell, who has often appeared at the Rivoli Theater in New York City during the last two years, is one of the first dancers to have her numbers filmed by the De Forest Phonofilm, which records the musical accompaniment as well as picturing the dance. Recently two filmed dance numbers of hers which she had often performed in person at the Rivoli were shown there on the screen.





Lillian Powell, who was trained at Denishawn, dances many of the picturesque numbers which Denishawn dancers have performed in concert halls throughout the country. Her first numbers to be filmed were a sword dance and an Egyptian dance, and these may later be followed by the Hula Hula and the languorous waltz, in which she is pictured here.

Every Doing



Photo by Paul Grenbeaux



After three or four of the foremost players on the screen had announced their intention of playing *Juliet*, the first famous heroine of a dope scandal seemed fair game for anybody. So some of *Juliet's* best balcony stuff was written into "The Perfect Flapper," and Colleen Moore plays it, it appears from these glimpses, with her usual gusto.

Body's Juliet





Leatrice Joy, too, has seized an opportunity to play a little of *Juliet's* blighted romance, with Rod La Rocque as her *Romeo*. Her chance comes in Cecil De Mille's "Triumph," where the balcony scene appears in a dream episode somewhat fantastically treated, but not burlesqued as in "The Perfect Flapper."



Photo by Freulich

Exquisite little Mary Philbin will next appear in "The Inheritors."

The Strenuous Life

Each of the leading women out on the Hal Roach lot has her own way of keeping fit.



While making "The Way of a Man," Allene Ray found that hiking was much more enjoyable if she was properly dressed for it. These heavy boots, breeches, and sweater, with an old slouch hat, proved the ideal costume.

One of the questions frequently asked of feminine players in Hollywood is, "Do you really take systematic and regular exercises, or do you just pose in that fetching gym suit before the still camera?" And the most popular reply is, "Do you think I could keep fit if I didn't?" Believe what you will about the exercise, but the pictures *are* attractive! Swinging on the rings just below is Ena Gregory, Stan Laurel's leading woman.





Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's leading woman, must have had long practice at this; otherwise she couldn't do it.



Photo copyright by Keystone Photo Company

A glimpse of the crowded ballroom at the Ambassador on the occasion of a fashion pageant and ball sponsored by the hotel and Cecil De Mille.

The Charm of Hollywood

It isn't only the motion-picture studios that make Hollywood a unique and appealing town.

By Elsa E. Brocker

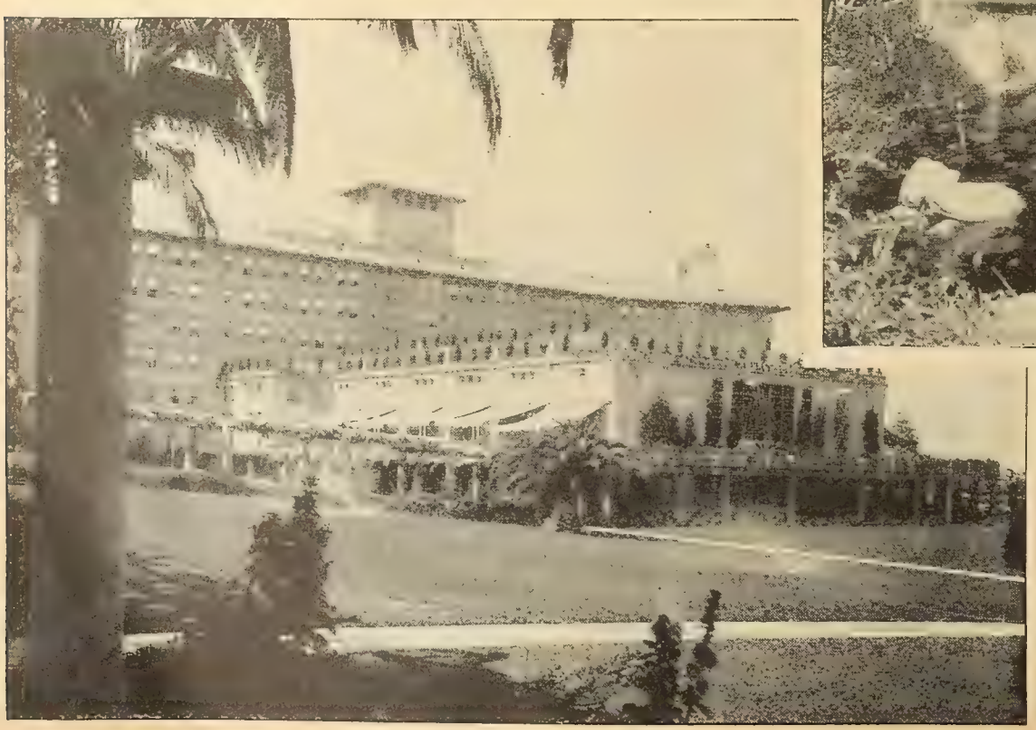
THERE is a charm about this hub city of the motion-picture industry which eludes analysis, and yet remains so marked that after a six-month residence within its confines, people rarely have a desire to leave, and if unfortunate enough to be compelled to go, there is usually a longing to come back.

It is partly the climate, of course, for who can resist the



Photo by Charles W. Beam

California is famous for its cafeterias and there is none more charming than Hollywood's Garden cafeteria.



The Ambassador Hotel, at whose dances the younger motion-picture set are always to be seen.

Photo by Graham Photo Company



magic of long, languorous summer days. To a large extent there enters into it, too, the pastoral loveliness of its environments—the purple hills with their daily silent call of inspiration "to look upward and beyond," and the beauty of the shaded boulevards and streets, with their picturesque, drooping pepper trees and towering eucalyptus.

Its architecture, so well adapted to the tropical climate which has made it famous, helps to place Hollywood on the map on its own account. Spanish villas with their delightful patios; the little pink, yellow and white Mexican pueblo courts, resembling so many tasteful pieces of French confection set against a background of purple hills; the Moorish castles of prominent movie stars, and just plain American homes surrounded by rose hedges—all do their share to cast about Hollywood a unique and irresistible charm.

The sudden concentration of

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Out on the veranda of the Hollywood Country Club one may find Kathleen Key or some other prominent player languorously watching the strenuous sportsmen out on the green. Photo by Albert J. Kopec

Another Problem for the Stars

Their servants and other personal employees are all getting the acting craze, which, as most fans know, is a hard thing to discourage.

By Elza Schallert

A FAMOUS film star told me not long ago that she didn't believe most individuals who entered her home in the capacity of servants were really interested in their special duties of cooking, or butlering, or chauffering—except to use them as stepping stones to screen careers; the inside track, as it were.

She cited the case of Jenny to prove it.

Jenny was a woman approaching forty, not particularly prepossessing but highly skilled in the fine, but rapidly dying, art of cooking. She came to the star in December. By January she had the blessings of all the star's friends for her marvelous roasts, gravies, and gooseberry tarts. But by April, Jenny seemed discontented and unhappy, so one day, not being able to suppress her desires any longer, she frankly confessed to the star that she wanted to go into pictures, and pleaded with her to make it possible.

She said she cared little for cooking, except the hundred and ten dollars per month it brought, and that her burning, dying ambition for ten years had been to make a name for herself on the screen. She felt that the star had surely observed her "dramatic type" and, therefore, would see that her "talents" were properly developed.

The star couldn't conscientiously encourage Jenny. The best she could do would be to help her get work as an extra. She explained this to her, but Jenny couldn't understand, so she left.

The case of Jenny is quite typical of many household employees in the film colony. Nearly every celebrity has told me of one, two, three and even four instances of film mania among his or her domestic retinue at one time or another. Very few actresses are spared this irritation. Of course, there are a few like Corinne Griffith, who have had the same personal maid and housekeeper for many years, or like Mae Busch who for twelve years has enjoyed the services of one personal maid, who simply adores her and wouldn't accept the rôle of the *Queen of Sheba* if it were offered her. For Bodamere I can't say the same thing, however, because her desire to act on the screen is nothing short of an obsession. She longs to be the "female Wallace Beery" of the screen. Character actress, in other words.



Madame Bodamere, who is known as generalissimo of personal service to Mary Pickford, is enthusiastic about appearing on the screen, and was given a part with screen credit in "Rosita."

Bodamere in private life holds the coveted position of personal maid to Mary Pickford. In professional life, however, she is known as Madame de Bodamere. If you saw "Rosita" you will know what I mean, because in that picture she played the part of a maid in the service of the Spanish king. For four years, through the grace and kindness of Mary Pickford, she has played atmosphere, bits, and small parts in each of the star's productions. Even in "Dorothy Vernon" she plays a bit.

Bodamere is a French woman with a bright mind, about forty-three years of colorful experiences, and a great big heart overflowing with devotion to Mary. But because of this love and devotion for Miss Pickford, she feels that she is more than a maid, and consequently stoutly objects to the cognomen.

"Madame, please do not call me maid, will you?" she implored me.

What could I call her? Surely not an "attendant," because "attendants" belong in the category of nurses and are employed by mentally and physically feeble people.

"I am—what you say—a *generalissimo of personal service* to Miss Pickford. Yes! Generalissimo." And then her face fairly beamed with satisfaction.

Miss Pickford was making a scene in "Dorothy Vernon" and while watching her I asked Bodamere whether she really was as wild over screen acting as I had been told.

"Ohhhh! You hav' no *i-dee-aa* how I von' to a-a-a-ct! The screen is only what I have been dreaming of for five years. Right away after I go to Miss Pickford in New York, I *beg* her to also let me be in 'The Love

Light,' which she was making, and she did. You didn't see me in that picture? *Ohhhh!* Too bad! I had *a beeg paa-rt.* But no screen credit. Yes, but in 'Rosita' I had my name on the screen. Did you see? Ah, it was so vonderful!

"Miss Pickford is so good to me. She is the greatest woman in the world to-day. Look at her now, madame. See her golden hair. I brush it often. And look at her beautiful face. *Ohh!* Just like my own baby, I love her. And how smart she is. You have no idea. She knows *everything.*

"Ohh, but how sad I was when Miss Pickford told me so much of my part as *Lady in Waiting,* with vonderful costume and everything, in 'Dorothy Vernon' was cut out. I just wanted to die. I cried all night and next day."

And to convince me, she started in to weep copious tears.

I dare say she did cry all night, but I also know that on the following day, after riding horseback strenuously for many hours and making several big exterior scenes of "Dorothy Vernon," Miss Pickford, and her secretary drove into town from location and purchased at one of the shops several "dress-up" gowns for Bodamere, just so she wouldn't feel too bad about what fate befell her part in the picture.

I asked her what she would do if she ever had to make a choice between remaining with Miss Pickford or pursuing her "art." She cannot always be a maid actress or vice versa.

"How can you ask me such a question about going away from *her?* It would *kill* me. But then, I *must* act. And Miss Pickford will give me opportunities when she can. She told me so. Oh, yes, I *must* act."

The condition of members of domestic and personal entourages becoming film struck has always existed, stars tell me, but instead of abating, since it daily becomes more difficult for the newcomer to make an entrance into pictures, it is growing stronger, if anything. The sane, kindly, sincere advice of stars themselves apparently means nothing to the house maid who in her heart *knows* that she would have been the ideal *Anna Christie,* instead of Blanche Sweet, or the butler, because he's English, who has always felt that he, instead of Percy Marmont, was the perfect type to play *Mark Sabre,* in "If Winter Comes."

Perhaps it is their daily contact with the famed stars that is partially responsible for the employees becoming inoculated with the film bug. By nature they may have a love for acting, or perhaps a strong directorial bent, but certainly association, albeit through service, with people prominent in the picture world, tends to stimulate their latent artistic desires.

It isn't, of course, that the celebrities discourage ambition or curb talent of any one in their personal service. On the contrary, they are generous and sympathetic and even go so far as to use their chauffeurs or personal maids or valets for "atmosphere," just to give them the thrill of being in a picture, and making five dollars extra. But, of course, since the stars do not hire cooks to act, but to bake mince pies, it is not reasonable for them to be expected to make a protégée out of Sally simply because she feels the urge to play parts like *The Spanish Dancer.*



Nellie Bly Baker, secretary to Chaplin, did a remarkable bit in "A Woman of Paris."

As a protection against film mania attacking her household, Priscilla Dean now has her beautiful Colonial home in Beverley under the full management of a Southern mammy and a corps of assistants. Barbara La Marr, too, has engaged a Southern quartette to manage her ménage, and all of them have agreed in writing that the only art they have interest in is frying chicken and baking corn bread.

So far as I can determine, there is but one instance of an individual in the personal employ of a famous star who has been deliberately chosen by the star to appear in his or her productions and then advised and helped to embark upon a screen career.

That lone case is Nellie Bly Baker, for seven years secretary to Charlie Chaplin. Often, during that time, Chaplin told her that she was a rare character type and undoubtedly could make a career for herself on the screen if she desired. But Miss Baker had not the slightest desire to act. At his invitation, she would now and then walk across a set in one of his comedies, or play a tiny "bit," but meeting the many interesting people with whom her work brought her in contact meant much more to her than donning grease paint.

Now, however, she is thoroughly imbued with the idea of becoming a screen actress, and it is all due to Chaplin's interest in her. If you saw "A Woman of Paris," and the censors in your town didn't eliminate the famous massaging scene, you will recall a marvelous bit of acting by the woman who played the masseuse. It was one of the most subtle scenes in the entire picture, and it was dominated by the masseuse—Nellie Bly Baker.

That was her first big opportunity. She proved what Chaplin predicted for her. She will have more opportunities for him to test her ability, because he has created for her a part in his new comedy. She will probably learn by working under his direction much about great screen acting. She may even achieve success. Already she has begun to receive other offers. She appears in the character of a shrewd maid in Constance Talmadge's latest production, "The Goldfish."

But how different is her case from Jenny, the cook!

The Best-dressed

Times Square and the rest of the theat their own. Fortunately some of our mo

By Harold



Photo by Ro[illegible]el Ball

Rodolph Valentino is the best-dressed man on the screen, according to a man well-known in New York and Newport society. He wears the clothes of a gentleman with the manner of a gentleman.

MUCH has been said of the lessons that can be taught by the movies in history, geography, and science. But little has been said of the lessons in manners and modes. And yet the screen could, and indeed does, exert a powerful influence in these connections. Hundreds of thousands of adolescents unconsciously procure and retain impressions from picture productions, impressions as to what is "good form" in deportment and "good style" in attire. Some of the examples thus followed are quite unworthy of emulation.

Mrs. Cornelius H. Tangeman, of New York and Newport, is one of the best-known society women in America, one of the most beautiful and one of the best-dressed. Her pictures are constantly reproduced in the newspapers and magazines, and when she appears at the Casino at Newport or at the opera in town, she is always the observed of all observers. So it was to Mrs. Tangeman that I went with two questions, "Whom do you consider the most beautiful actress in the movies? And whom do you consider the best-dressed?" And Mrs. Tangeman straightway replied, *"Elsie Ferguson! Elsie Ferguson!"*

Which is, to say the least, highly significant, emanating from such an authority. For Miss Ferguson is not spectacular in appearance—as is Nita Naldi, for instance, nor sensational in array—as is Gloria Swanson, for example. She merely looks well-bred, and dresses with good taste. Not for her are costumes suggestive of the bazaars of Cairo and the temples of Calcutta, set off with headgear combining characteristics of Chinese pagodas and Dutch windmills!

Indeed, many of the female favorites of



Young men in the audience who copy Rod La Rocque's conservative styles in dress can't go wrong.

Men on the Screen

rical world have fashions in dress all tion-picture stars do not follow them.

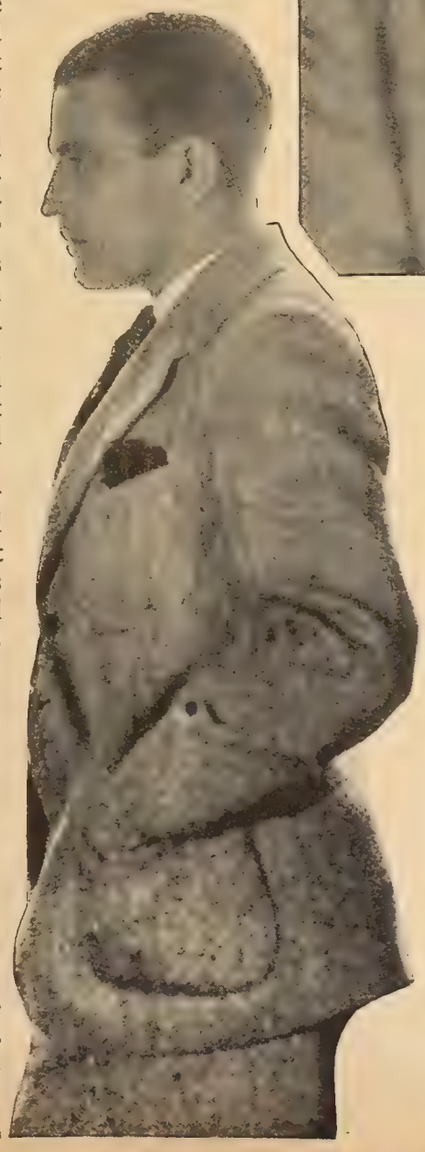
Seton

the movie studios, in portraying "a lady," dress the part in the fashion of a wanton. There are, of course, notable exceptions to the rule.

Boys and men are not nearly as impressionable as are girls and women, but they are influenced nevertheless. And in regard to modes as well as manners. Girls who like to imagine secretly that they are "like Elsie Ferguson," might acquire some of her distinction of deportment, and boys who like to imagine secretly they are "like Rodolph Valentino," might similarily acquire some of his elegance and taste.

Following the judgment of Mrs. Tangeman concerning movie women, I asked a gentleman, also well-known in New York and Newport society, his opinion concerning movie men. He stipulated that although I might quote his words, I must not mention his name. His words were these: "Rodolph Valentino is the best-dressed man on the screen. He proved this fact at the outset of his career, in 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' and in subsequent presentations, including 'The Young Rajah.' He wore the clothes of a gentleman with the manner of a gentleman." And that, after all, sums up, in a concise form, what constitutes "good taste" in dress.

Times Square, New York, is a little world of its own, and yet its subtle influence is distributed far and wide, for from Times Square go forth the actors to stage plays and picture productions, taking with them their Times Square personalities and their Times Square habiliments. And the latter commodity is, to adopt a phrase from Holy Writ, "fearfully and wonderfully made," with the accent on the *"fearfully!"*



Richard Barthelmess' clothes always follow the more conservative fashions of Fifth Avenue, never of Broadway. Photo by Frank Bangs



Photo by Hurley

When Douglas Fairbanks occasionally appears in scenes calling for modern clothes he wears them gracefully.

In Times Square every day thousands of men pass to and fro, greeting friends and acquaintances, and congregating at street corners. Their loud voices correspond with their loud clothes. The jargon of "the show business" is concomitant with the jargon of the tailor shops. Ludicrous garments produce ludicrous effects, but song pluggers and bootleggers look each other over, and are satisfied with the result. "Nobby" and "classy" are the euphonious expletives employed to designate the monstrosities disfiguring "the human form divine." Coats, skin tight across the shoulders and loosely draped across the hips, have skin-tight sleeves culminating in satin-piped cuffs that flare out at the ends, as do also the narrow cuffs of the otherwise skin-tight trousers. The long vent in the back of the coat, and the eccentric pockets, cut at curious angles, complete the absurd effect, along with skin-tight low collars set off by diminutive neckties.

In striking contrast to these peculiarities are the conservative fashions of Fifth Avenue men, whose coats in no way resemble those above described, there being no draperies over the hips and no long vents in the back. Trousers made by Fifth Avenue tailors are loose instead of tight, and do not flare out at the cuffs. Bow ties are

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A Bedtime Story for Fans

About the foolish flapper who felt she was fitted for a fling in the films.

By Jimmie Adams
Christie Comedian



Once upon a time there was a flip little flapper who took a long, lingering look at herself in the mirror and loudly shouted: "How can the movies get along without ME?" Before any one had a chance to answer the question she bought a ticket to Hollywood and boarded a train to the land of fame and fortune.





Now this little girl KNEW that she was a natural-born actress and could supplant any of the film favorites without half trying. After several months of graceful starving she learned that there were hundreds of other girls looking for work in the movies, and all of them had been convinced that they were world beaters—in front of the old cracked mirror at home.



One dreary day, while staggering down Hollywood Boulevard on her well-worn heels and empty stomach, her bleary eyes landed on a darling little sign in a restaurant window which hollered, "Waitress wanted." Now she is dishing out light lunches and heavy conversation, and is getting all the movie atmosphere she can digest.

MORAL: If you know you are a movie actress, remain that way—and don't try to become one.

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guished. She is, as the saying goes, a man's woman. But, in all fairness, Miss Griffith deserves her great success after so many years of patient waiting for her chance. Conway Tearle, Crauford Kent, Myrtle Stedman, Sylvia Breamer, Cissy Fitzgerald—of the famous wink—and Phyllis Haver—of the famous bathing suit—are in the cast.

Another agreeable murder was performed on Alfred Sutro's play, "The Laughing Lady," which emerges as "A Society Scandal," starring none other than Gloria Swanson. After a few real pictures, Gloria takes a little relapse and begins to dress up again. But she has learned her lesson. Believe me or not, there are moments in "A Society Scandal" when Gloria lets you know that she thinks her clothes are funny. For instance, after getting all fixed up to ensnare the upright young lawyer, the wary gentleman sends around word that he can't come. Whereupon Gloria gives her metal dress a hitch as if to say, "Thank goodness, I can get this off and put on something comfortable."

Like "Lilies of the Field," Gloria's picture is food for the tired business woman and the weary housewife. Sometimes it is entertaining and sometimes it is just plain foolish. But it is awfully easy to look at.

Upward and Onward with William de Mille.

"Icebound" is a good picture which may, as the title hints, leave you cold. It is, however, a sane, intelligent, restrained, worthy, and all-that-sort-of-thing version of Owen Davis' play, which took the Pulitzer prize for being the right sort of American drama. The plot concerns a righteous New England girl who reforms the wayward son of the Jordan family. It is the old-style down-east drama refined by thought, blessed by intelligence, and purified of its crudities.

William de Mille has a strong kinship with the New Englanders and his handling of the theme is authentic. And his selection of players, particularly for the minor rôles, is wonderful, because "Icebound" depends upon its small characterizations for its humor. Richard Dix seemed to me too heavy and not quite youthful enough for the rôle of the wild young *Jordan* lad, but Lois Wilson was a splendid choice for the young woman who is the very embodiment of the New England conscience.

Wherein Jack Makes Good.

Evidently John Fox, Jr., is Jack Pickford's favorite author, for every once in a while Jack comes forward in a new tale of the Southern mountains. Now I could go for years without seeing Jack Pickford and not feel that I have missed anything. But I am awfully glad I saw "The Hill Billy." Jack has an elusive sort of charm. When he is good he reminds you of Mary Pickford but when he is bad he doesn't.

"The Hill Billy" catches him in his best mood and, moreover, the story is delightfully told and beautifully photographed. It is the sort of picture usually described as "ideal family entertainment." Lucille Ricksen is his leading woman, although it seems a little imposing to describe her as a woman. She has a lovely childish simplicity that has almost been lost in Hollywood since the craze for flappers and jazz stories.

And Still Another Good One.

I don't know why Universal changed the name of "My Mamie Rose" to "Fool's Highway." It's rather mean to call the poor old Bowery by a name that might be used to describe Broadway. "Fool's Highway," adapted from a story by Owen Kildare, is a rare story of the '92s when a big glass of beer cost one nickel—half of a dime—when the Germans and Irish ruled the East Side, when hand organs played "The Sidewalks of New York," and when life was as picturesque as an old-fashioned dime novel.

Irving Cummings has caught the pleasant atmosphere of thirty years ago and has made routine melodrama interesting simply by setting the clock back three decades and turning the picture into a costume story. And the picture is brightened by the presence of Mary Philbin, who acts with so much gentleness and sincerity that she wins you completely. Miss Philbin is easily the most persuasive of the younger players; she reminds you of the girls in the early Biograph pictures, which is the highest praise that I can think of. Pat O'Malley, William Collier, Jr., and Max Davidson also contribute some good bits.

"Yes, Suh, Kunnel!"

I am almost ashamed to say anything more about the directorial genius of James Cruze. I have praised so many of his pictures that I might be suspected of taking expensive presents to buy up my good will. But, although I never have seen, talked with, or so much as exchanged a picture post card with Mr. Cruze, I am willing to stand by my statement that he is the greatest boon that has struck the movie business since Charles Chaplin jumped to fame.

"The Fighting Coward" is the newest picture, and for an example of Simon-pure American humor, it would be hard to beat. Adapted from Booth Tarkington's play, "Magnolia," it satirizes the Southern code of honor as it has been immortalized in romantic fiction and the drama. But, like most of Cruze's pictures, it is something more than comedy; it has moments of drama and an agreeable streak of romance.

Cullen Landis is seen as a dreamy boy who is kicked out of his father's home because he is a coward. Going to Natchez, he learns the technique of the fine art of fighting—which means that he learns to throw a terrible bluff—and soon establishes a mighty reputation as a "kil-lah." Whereupon he returns to the scene of his former humiliation and behaves just like a hero broken loose from the pages of a "befo' the wah" novel.

Unfortunately for Mr. Cruze's satirical sense, there are persons who took "The Fighting Coward" seriously. A woman I know bitterly regretted that he descended to film a conventional story of the old South and criticized him severely for using so much Southern dialect in his subtitles. So be careful whom you take with you when you see "The Fighting Coward." Be sure to tell them beforehand that it is all a joke and just meant in fun.

Cullen Landis is a wonderful "fighting gentleman," while Mary Astor's beauty shines serenely forth as the heroine. Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery are towers of strength in the cast.

At Last, a Real Matinée Idol!

If I should tell you the plot of "The Galloping Fish," you might send out a hurry call for a lunacy commission. And if I should tell you that a trained seal registers the biggest acting hit of the month, you might begin to suggest padded cells.

But Thomas H. Ince has captured a seal that makes a lot of the movie actors look like so much dried herring. This foolish fish is shiny all over like Valentino's hair, he bounces around like Fairbanks, he has the emotional facility of George Walsh. If Fred Niblo had used him in "Thy Name is Woman" instead of the feeble trout now on display, the picture would have been a knockout. The big fish is so good that, when he passes on from overwork, Mr. Ince ought to build a life-

size iron statue of him in Culver City.

"The Galloping Fish," as a picture, is downright funny. It is just sheer ingenious nonsense. Of course, to quote Beatrice Lillie, the plot is as "catch as catch can as can be." Sydney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin and Lucille Ricksen act with all the old-time abandon of the Keystone days. All in all, it's one of the best casts I have seen in a long time, with Syd Chaplin setting the pace for the fun.

And Also——

I wish James Kirkwood and Lila Lee all sorts of good luck in their costarring venture. "Love's Whirlpool" is pretty plain sort of melodrama but it is not bad, Lady Violet, not bad, if you care for that sort of cinema. James Kirkwood can act, you know, and Miss Lee is a delightful girl.

"Daughters of To-day" is perfectly terrible and that's all I care to say about it, except that the younger generation ought to complain every time the producers come out and label them as a bunch of oil cans, if you get what I mean.

When I heard that "Mrs. Dane's Confession" was to be released, I suspected that it had been unearthed merely because it boasted the presence of Count Salm, who married the immensely rich Millicent Rogers and thereby broke into the newspapers. So I stayed away from it; maybe you will, too.

Henry Hull and Jane Thomas, both of whom are seen too infrequently, are the leading players in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," a pleasant adaptation of an old-fashioned novel.

I should like to give more space to "Happiness," which brings Laurette Taylor back to us again. But, to be frank, Miss Taylor bores me just a little bit. I know that she is an excellent actress and I realize that it is remarkable how well she photographs, but I get a little tired of professional *Cinderellas*. Thanks to King Vidor, however, it is a good picture for those who haven't my crabbed spirit.

"Backed by National Advertising."

"Flowing Gold" is a story about the rush to cash in on the dividends of nature's gift to the automobile industry. In other words it is a melodrama of the modern Klondike, the oil fields. The best thing about the picture is a fire in the oil fields, which is good thriller stuff. As for the rest, it is mostly jumpy melodrama made almost plausible by the acting of Anna Q. Nilsson and made vital—I believe vital is the word—by the presence of Milton Sills, who is just his great, big two-fisted self.

This is the first month in a long time that Milton Sills has done his stuff in only one big picture. And for that matter, I haven't been seeing much of Wallace Beery lately. Does this mean that the producers are abandoning the idea of all-star casts—which, you may have noticed, usually meant the same, identical cast—or does it mean that some of our popular heroes are getting more particular about the parts they play?

This Question of Extravagance

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cause of longer runs, that Doug is justified in assuming that he will reap an adequate, if not an immensely profitable reward. He takes a big risk, to be sure, while he is doing this, but then he is, after all, a pioneer.

If the fans have felt that some pictures were a disappointment, because they have only had a would-be glamorous aspect, during the past season, they can charge this up in many cases to unsuccessful experiment, but they cannot say that on this account all the money was badly spent, or, for that matter, any great part of it. It is something to learn what not to do, and though many picture makers have been taking a hard lesson in meeting accounts payable with accounts receivable that are very slow about coming in, they are finding that the grief is not without its compensations in the acquiring of knowledge, at least. Every business, anyway, whether it be banking or laundrying or dealing in shoes, has a certain amount to charge off every year to profit and loss. And that's not saying a thing about stage failures, and other adventures in the arts.

Where more time and energy and care could profitably be expended in pictures is in the adapting and preparing of stories for the screen. It is absolute folly for a director to go out to make a feature with a script containing say fifteen hundred scenes when there is not a chance in the world of his using more than four hundred or five hundred, the average length of scenes being about twenty feet. A number of instances approaching this have developed every year, especially since the movies have been feeling their modern growing pains, and the resultant pictures always stand a chance of being more or less of a mess, because so much ineffectual labor has to be put into them in the cutting room. Nearly always in this case some expensive sequences, procured with tremendous trouble, are likely to be thrown away.

The one thing that irritates me about Erich von Stroheim, for example, who is logically to be considered one of the most artistic directors of the day, is his impractical tendency of late to overshoot his pictures. The long delay in the release of "Greed" is chiefly due to the fact that he had to cut this down from something like forty reels to the usual big-feature length of ten or twelve.

Stories—better still, just themes—developed in such wise as to be compact and convincing, full of drama and action that convey meanings that are ordinarily put into words, these are the recognized need of pictures now. It has been definitely determined that pictorial beauties alone, particularly glitter, gloss and other such kindred flubdub, growing solely out of rather garish settings and costumes, cannot put over drama, when there is no drama there.

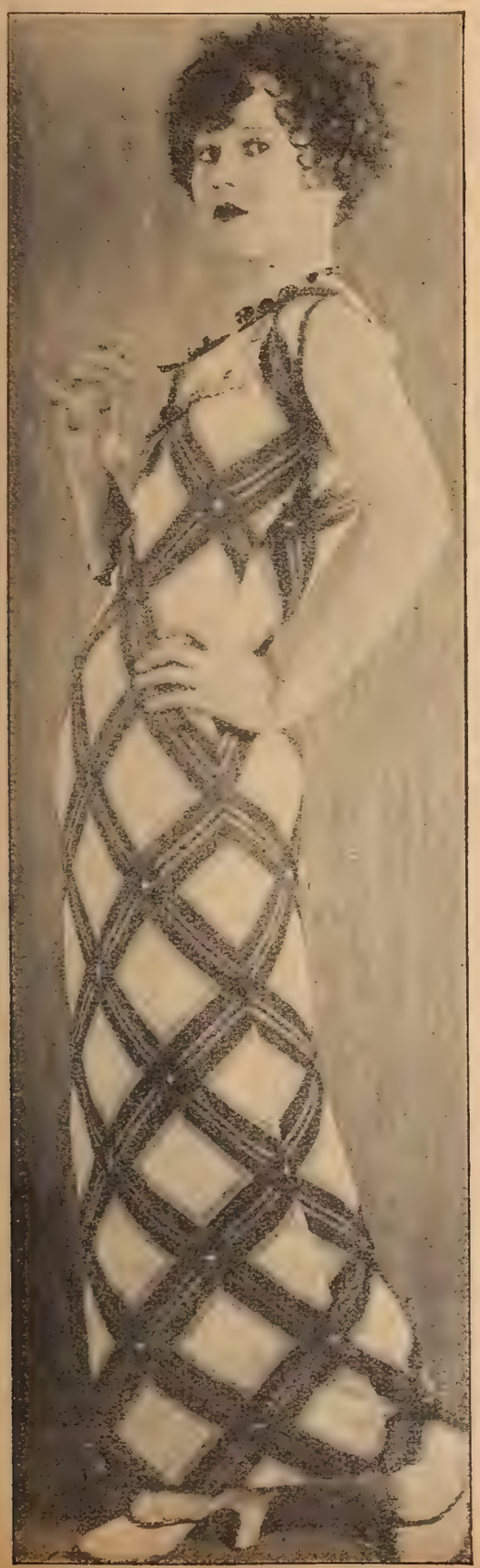
This does not mean that the fans will not henceforward find enjoyment and look forward to historical and costume subjects, when these are rightly made. Every one will, for one reason or another, want to see such films as "Ben-Hur," "The Sea Hawk" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," which will be of the expensive class, because these will, I feel sure, have many attractions besides those of architecture and ancient dress.

The producers have been learning the value of greater naturalness in the handling of even such productions and ideas, and consequently they are willing to take a chance on making such spectacular films when these do not come into too devastating competition with a flood of others.

The impression, therefore, of what the reaction to supposed extravagance means, is that we are to have more variety in subject and treatment of subjects, both modern and historical, and perhaps, too, a more dignified and artistic simplicity on our screens.

The Cutest Girl in Hollywood

That is the title generally bestowed on Alberta Vaughn, the diminutive star of the Witwer "Telephone Girl" stories.





CUNNING little Alberta Vaughn with her pert expression and snapping eyes is one of those persons about whom every one exclaims, "Isn't she cute!" So when John Oshanna, a noted Persian artist, visited Hollywood and heard about her he decided that she was just the person to pose for some startling decorative effects that he was devising.

The big picture in the upper corner shows the background that he designed for her, and the other two pictures show her as she appears in the "Telephone Girl" pictures.



Your Chance for Selling Scenarios

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principle involved. Suppose a stranger should offer you a good automobile at a bargain, would you buy it upon his unverified assertion of ownership?

But apart from all other arguments, the principal reason why the average person should not be encouraged to try to write for the screen is the fact that no big company engaged primarily in the production of motion pictures is interested in, or is likely to buy, from now on, any appreciable amount of the literary output of any save professional writers. You can verify this by making an inquiry direct to any of the picture-producing companies. And having learned this, you will doubt the sincerity of any claims to the effect that "thousands of new stories are constantly being needed for future productions" and that "as the present supply of writers cannot possibly supply this demand" your golden opportunity lies in quickly fitting yourself for getting your share of this easy money.

And I wish to emphasize the fact that no "course of training" has ever been devised which can be depended upon to develop the average man or woman into a professional writer. Courses of study have their value, but the training of the professional writer calls for something more than this alone. If this were not true, our universities alone would be flooding the country with an enormous excess of writers every year. Now and then persons of unusual gift will, in the future—as they have done in the past—shoot up from obscurity, defying all rules. But in proportion to the vast number of persons who are trying to write, the number of these is insignificant—no more to be considered as a model whose success you might reasonably hope to emulate than is that of Valentino, Henry Ford, or Edison. The apprenticeship of the average successful professional writer is one that usually covers a period of several years of actually working at the craft of writing, quite apart from any course of study taken by way of preparation.

I would not go so far as to say that no stories are ever sold to motion-picture producers by persons other than professionals. Universal recently announced the purchase of three stories as the result of a contest in which the students of two hundred and thirty-two colleges and universities participated, and in which nearly five thousand stories were submitted. Other instances of this sort in which sales occasionally are made by nonprofessional writers would show, if analyzed, a similarly insignificant number of successful aspirants in proportion to the large number of persons eligible to compete, and who are trying to compete, for the prizes at stake.

In conclusion, it is not my wish to discourage persons who are ambitious to write from attempting that form of self-expression. My purpose has been rather to show the conditions which confront the person who is considering writing for the screen, to point out and explain why it is not a promising field for the beginner.

Manhattan's Bright Lights

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all probability no reader of this magazine has ever heard of B. F. Finney, so I think I had best tell a little something about him, as you are quite likely to hear from him in the future. He is a very good-looking young man, aged twenty-five, home, Richmond, Virginia. He comes from an old Southern family—his father is president of the University of the South—and he is quite well to do. He has always been very popular in the society and club circles of Richmond, New York, Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, and points east and west. About four months ago he came to me and asked me if I could help him get in the movies—he had a burning desire to become a movie star. At first I didn't believe him, but he was so serious about the whole thing that I introduced him to some picture people. His first picture was "Blood and Gold"—he, Leonora Hughes, and Jimmie Thompson all worked in that picture, and used to play bridge between the scenes. Ben decided that he wanted to go to Florida for the winter, so he moved to Miami and took a house there. Betty Compson was just about to start "Miami" there, under the direction of Alan Crosland, and when their leading man got sick they had no one to play opposite Betty. Ben stepped in and saved the picture. The next thing any one knew Mr. Benjamin F. Finney was leading man for Betty Compson in a real moving movie. And from the stills he looks very good. All of which goes to prove that it's a snap to get in the movies—if you get a good piece of luck like that. Oh, yes, I almost forgot; Ben owns a police dog, one of the finest in the world, and Lynn Shores, the assistant director told me that they used the police dog in the picture, and that the dog stole the picture from both Betty and Ben.

Mary Pickford, with all her fame and greatness has never forgotten to be human. She has one of the sweetest dispositions and natures in the world, and along with that has a marvelous sense of humor. One afternoon I happened to be in their apartment at the Ambassador, while Mary was being interviewed by some woman writer on clothes. Mary mentioned a new ermine cape that Douglas had given her for Christmas and the woman writer simply had to see it.

"You know, that coat has nearly been my downfall," Mary said. "Ever since I've owned it I feel as though I have to go out all the time to show it off, and the first thing you know, Douglas and I will be going on all those wild parties I've heard so much about in Hollywood."

Of all the picture people in the world Mary and Douglas stand apart from the rest. They are not only the most popular, but the most charming, and they are the criterion that all the rest try to live up to.

Every once in a while some wild story that has absolutely no foundation in fact gets into circulation about a motion-picture star and then every one—company, star, newspapers, and friends have a terrible time trying to stamp it out. Some of these stories never quite die out. You may remember the story that used to crop out now and then that Corinne Griffith had a wooden leg; that one side of Eugene O'Brien's face was paralyzed and incapable of changing expression, and that Tom Mix was deathly afraid of horses and wouldn't mount one for worlds. No amount of evidence to the contrary ever quite discredited these stories in the minds of some people. The strangest of all rumors, though, is the death rumor. Mary Pickford was erroneously reported dead several times and had a hard time persuading people that it wasn't true. So did Theda Bara. And the latest person to suffer from this rumor is Gloria Swanson. Recently hundreds of letters have been received by her company condoling over her death. No one knows where the story started or why, but New York newspapers have received so many inquiries about it that their representatives have had to go out to the studio and call on Miss Swanson herself to make sure that there was nothing in it.

Costumes—By Correspondents

Some day when Kathleen Key finds just the right sort of rôle, that credit line will most likely appear on the screen.

One of the most thrilling things about a young player's fan mail is that you never can tell what it may bring. Some girls inspire their distant admirers to send mash notes, some girls get gifts of rare bits of lace and jewelry, but the motto of Kathleen Key's admirers seems to be "Say it with costumes." Perhaps it is because Kathleen Key herself is so picturesque that people want her to have unusual, decorative things to wear. In any case, she has recently received these three national costumes from far-away fans. An old Spanish dowager living in Cuba sent her the glittering dress and lovely lace shawl; the ukulele, grass skirt, lei, and all came from a friend in Honolulu, and the mandarin suit from Peking.







Unfortunately, Kathleen Key has never played any characters of Spain, Japan, or Hawaii, so she hasn't had a chance to wear these costumes in a motion picture yet. Soon she is going to Italy to play in Goldwyn's "Ben-Hur," so it looks as though she wouldn't get around to use them for a long time. The fans who sent them shouldn't despair though, for she intends to wear them if she has to write the scenarios herself. In the meantime we might suggest that Miss Key seems to have no shoes that are suitable to wear with these costumes, so while the fans are about it they might provide her with rhinestone-heeled Spanish slippers, Chinese shufflers, and a can of Hawaiian brown paint.

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field, millionaires—and sometimes their wives—a typical Broadway aggregation. Some of these women completely overshadowed Miss Swanson, and made her costume look exactly like Hollywood. As I said before, her dressing has improved, but she still has a tendency, particularly in the evening, to trot out all the family and cinema heirlooms and dazzle the metropolis.

Sunday night is open house at her home, and one finds there rather a variegated crowd. When she first came East Miss Swanson tried to teach New Yorkers the thrilling games they play on the Coast—charades, truth, consequences, and guessing games, but Easterners don't seem to enter into that sort of thing with quite the abandon they do on the Coast.

Instead of the old propaganda sent out about Miss Swanson they are trying a new slant. Now that she is making what might be loosely termed artistic pictures they are surrounding her with a literary and artistic background. Not long ago she gave a tea at the studio, and besides all those who write for the newspapers and fan magazines she had corralled all the prominent authors who were free on that particular afternoon. Fannie Hurst, D. H. Lawrence, Rebecca West—and John Farrar, the editor of the *Bookman*. Nearly every time I see Miss Swanson I can look behind her ten paces and see John Farrar.

Several Sundays ago I happened to be sitting in the Russian Eagle when Miss Swanson came in, followed by Robert Kane of Famous Players, the author, Scott Fitzgerald, and his wife Zelda, a Mr. Lee, who is chiefly noted for making all those amazing special automobile bodies that you see the movie stars reposing in, in photographs—and, tagging along behind, whom should I spy but Mr. John Farrar. I was informed by one of them that they had been to a tea given by the very celebrated English writer, Rebecca West.

One of the few genuine emotions Miss Swanson shows is her love of music, particularly of a barbaric kind. Barbaric music with wild, haunting strains is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Russian Eagle. The famed orchestra there knows Miss Swanson and plays directly to her. I have a mental view of her now, sitting there, with her eyes half closed, her head a trifle sunk, moving to and fro with the primitive beats of impassioned gypsy tunes. The whole place is a perfect background for her, with the candle lights flickering ghoulish shadows here and there, the weird and fantastic paintings on the walls and the mystic-eyed boy sobbing on his violin.

Even the reserved Russian nobles, who act as waiters, cooks, dancers, singers, doormen, and coatroom boys, have fallen under her charm. On this same night the prize singers paid a most delicate attention to her. Chanting some weird piece, they slowly walked towards her corner, one of them holding a cup in his hand. Growing ever closer, and still wailing their hearts away they finally bowed down before her, and presented her the cup, filled with a peculiar Russian concoction. Whether it went on the bill I have never been able to discover.

Miss Swanson has worked long and hard for her success. Her stardom did not come overnight, but was something she struggled and fought for. Her life has been anything but easy—she has had several blighted romances, and these have given her a hardened outlook on life in general and men in particular. But these hardships have made her an actress of real ability—for I am inclined to believe that no woman can be a really first-rate actress without having had her share of life's tragedies. That's what's the trouble with the new flock of leading women—they're all milk and honey. How can any one who has never felt a deep emotion act one? The mental picture one has of so many of our young players is that they all live in one-hundred-thousand-dollar homes, think a Rolls-Royce is just a trifle vulgar and have to ask their private secretary each morning whether De Mille has asked for them to appear in his new picture, and whether Douglas Fairbanks has been bothering them again about costarring with him.

Gloria Swanson never arrived where she is to-day in that manner.

As Gloria has climbed up the ladder of fame she has educated herself to a remarkable degree. She has read widely, if rather vaguely. She has a genuine love of the theater—it might be of interest to note that she is tremendously anxious to try the legitimate stage. The last time I talked to her she informed me that she had a desire to try musical comedy, which only goes to show you that you never can tell.

If she would be absolutely honest with you I think she would tell you that she rather loathes many things connected with a movie career. Gloria the girl hates all the notoriety and publicity, but Gloria Swanson the famous star lives on it and loves it. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if, when her present contract is up, she quits the movies. She saves about half her salary and should have enough to stop.

One of the other real emotions she shows is her love for her baby, Gloria. And she is bringing her up sensibly, trying to keep her from being the usual stage child.

Miss Swanson's few months in the East have broadened her tremendously. The experience has opened her eyes to many things which previously she had not seen or experienced. In New York she comes in contact with all manner of persons, and from each she is willing to learn something. Not only does she make herself charming by being a good listener, but from some she learns valued information. And all this is reflected in the pictures made in the East. "Zaza" and "The Humming Bird" are by all odds the best pictures she has ever made. It is a distinct relief to have her step from the golden-sunken-bath period into something more approaching real drama.

The hardest thing about writing of Miss Swanson is the fact that one deals with two distinct personalities; Gloria Swanson the famous star, Gloria Swanson of the ermine capes and astonishing headgears, Gloria Swanson, the delight of manicurists and college boys, Gloria Swanson, a bit of a "poseur"—and Gloria the little Chicago girl who has worked so hard most of her life in pictures. Her transformation into the grande dame of to-day is one of the miracles of the cinema. Now she is reserved, impulsive, rather sweet, and with an earnest desire to learn about all the wonderful things in the world.

Her future looks bright with promise so far as scenarios are concerned. Famous Players have corralled several big Broadway successes for her and intend to let her keep on trying a wide variety of rôles. After "Manhandled," which is said to have been written in some strange way by the sales department, she may make either "The Swan" or "Spring Cleaning." Some time in the near future she is to make "Argentine Love" from a story of Ibanez; she is to play the leading rôle in "Aren't We All," a smart English comedy in which there is a new twist to the old double standard idea. An imposing list, indeed.

She is still barbaric and I think always will be. That is nearly her greatest charm. It would be interesting to see her if she could go a step farther and live a year in Europe.



At Home with Thomas H. Ince

A rambling, picturesque edifice built in the style of an old Spanish ranch house is Dias Dorados (Golden Days) the new home of the noted motion-picture producer.

THE early history of California with its tales of vast ranches and magnificent old homes so fascinated Thomas H. Ince that he decided to recreate on his Beverly Hills estate an old Spanish ranch estate such as the early settlers in California had. He has been planning this home and collecting furnishings for it for years, and the actual building of it has taken two years. So that everything in the house would look very old, materials were weathered in various ways. The stucco on the house itself was painted with adobe mud, which was later washed off. The tiles and ironwork were made by Mexican workmen, who used the most primitive methods.

On the estate there is a good-sized trout pool, a bowling green, tennis courts, and a swimming pool. In the house there is an autograph room which contains many documents and pictures concerned with the early history of California, a projection room built like a ship, and Mr. Ince's own suite boasts a complete Turkish bath establishment.

The picture above shows a glimpse of the house, the one at the right Mr. Ince and his three sons, Bill, Tom, and Dick, and the lower one a view of the dining room.





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lines that lived up to their highest ideals, but dogs will be dogs, you know."

He seemed to think our camaraderie sufficiently established to justify resting his paw on my shoulder.

"The motion pictures need people like you," he told me feelingly, and my mind groped back in an effort to recall who it was who had last said that. "If we are to give the best that is in us we must have sympathetic and constructive criticism. I want *you* to help *me*. Won't you help me to try to find a good story? I feel that loyal as my public has always been, they will object if I don't find bigger vehicles. I'd like to do one of the classics. I want to do bigger and better pictures."

He nodded an apology to me as he was called away.

"That woman insisted to my secretary that she had something important to say to me," Strongheart murmured with an air that can only be described as very *entre nous*. "And what do you suppose she had the nerve to ask me? She wanted to know what kind of hair restorer I use around my neck where my harness rubs. Nothing seems to be too intimate for these people to ask. But then," with an air of a man who knows his book of etiquette, "I suppose they do not know any better."

Already I had taken up so much of his valuable time that I started to take my departure. But there was something he seemed eager to say to me.

"Don't call me Valentino's successor," he begged of me. "I want people to like me for myself, not because I remind them of some one else. It has been a great annoyance to me that my work has been compared to that of Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, William S. Hart, and Richard Dix. They are all very good, of course, in the limited range of rôles they play, but just watch me in my next one. I suppose you saw 'The Love Master.' I thought that was a very good little picture and the critics were very kind to me. But they are all wrong when they compare my work to that of those other actors. You would never do that, I am sure. I have always felt ever since I first read one of your articles that here was a woman who understood. You always seem to strike right at the very heart of things." He beamed at me languishingly.

I hurried away before he could say more. I didn't want to hear that although the public looked upon him and Lady Julie as an ideally happy couple, she really didn't understand him.

But my conviction that Strongheart was just a blasé and egotistical young motion-picture star, well versed in the art of making an impression, has been altered. None other than his photographer has shown me that a warm heart beats under Strongheart's shaggy coat.

"Strongheart arrived at my studio to pose for his photographs with the same air of polite indifference that other male screen stars affect," Richard Burke told me. "His trainers brought him and Lady Julie, just as other stars are lured there by their press agents.

"Unlike the others, though, he didn't start going into rhapsodies to me about the people who would give him a lot of publicity. His first instinct, shared by his young wife, is to look about any strange place for possible cats. There is no photographing until he is sure there are none about.

"His temperament is highly exciting to the photographer. When he finally sat down on a piano bench with the camera aimed in his direction, an arc lamp was abruptly switched on. The trainer, his assistant and I had to go out on the roof adjoining my studio after him. He doesn't like flashlights, and no one had explained the difference between them and arc lamps. That matter disposed of, he got so interested that he twisted back and forth looking first at one lamp and then at another until I nearly wore out the handles of the camera trying to keep him in focus. Finally he became quite still, staring with unblinking eyes at Julie, who was watching the proceedings from a comfortable floor cushion that she had discovered.

"Then just as every one was breathless with expectation and I started to squeeze the bulb, Strongheart yawned. The next exposure was ruined by the ringing of the telephone; Strongheart thought he ought to answer it. Then he discovered that when he got so hot that he panted he was allowed to go out on the roof and cool off. Sometimes I got a picture of a headless dog, sometimes only a background.

"It didn't seem as though there was anything left to distract his attention but just as a picture was to be made the rattle of high heels on the walk to the studio attracted Strongheart. He went to greet a visiting member of a chorus, with Julie leaping after her errant husband. The little chorus girl seeing the police dogs bounding toward her did some bounding on her own account.

"When peace was restored a family group was arranged featuring the Strongheart with the little chorus girl, Julie having decided that her husband's interest in her was not dangerous to her or the little ones back on the ranch. The Strongheart family were, in fact, more calm than the girl who shakily said, 'Nice doggie!' from time to time, thereby offending the majestic Strongheart.

"The leave taking of the Strongheart was quite affectionate. They shook hands with me and then leaped up and kissed me. It isn't quite the usual custom with stars.

"Usually the parting remark is: 'Now I want you to promise me that you will not allow any one else to see these proofs until I have O. K.'d them. The fans visualize me as young and handsome and while I am not a doddering old dodo by a number of years, still I have certain angles I wouldn't want used, you know.'

"Strongheart was too big to notice such trifles. If he has any pet vanities he hid them from me. He didn't seem to mind even having been photographed with a chorus girl, differing in that respect from another male screen star who after having been lured into a picture in much the same manner really didn't sleep well until he came to the studio and personally destroyed the negative."

So Strongheart, you see, is a dangerous man even when masked with his company manners, but a much more likable one when he is just himself.

A MODEST TASK

By L. B. BIRDSALL

I do not crave for movie fame,
Nor do I seek to have my name
Flashed out in letters two feet tall,
The idol of both great and small.
Let others shine among the stars
And drive their diamond-studded cars,
But give to me a humble task;
One modest job is all I ask.
Just let me don a costume, trim,
And teach those beauties how to swim.

What a Difference a Wig Makes

Film players illustrate how in changing their coiffures they have radically changed their personalities.



Peggy Shafer, at the left, wears in "True as Steel" one of those fascinating French wigs made of silk yarn which give one a grotesque, doll-like appearance.







Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Agnes Ayres, at the right, becomes quite a different person from the sunny blonde we have known in the past when she dons this sleek coiffure, and Mae Murray subdues the sparkle that is hers when she puts on a black wig in "Mademoiselle Midnight." The oval in the center shows how Helene Chadwick seems to put on years when she puts on a light wig, and the lower one illustrates that Carmel Myers is as alluring in pastel tones as she is in vivid ones.

Continued from page 57

Sitting there around the kitchen table, our woebegone eyes rested upon a pretty, slim young creature of eighteen in an old blue bathrobe—mine, for the simple reason that I had got to hers first, an exquisite thing of velvet and fur. Calm brown eyes met ours, their sweet womanliness lightened by an appreciative twinkle. Brown hair exquisitely coiffed, with always the correct fashionable "do." She had instinctively those little right touches and graces of breeding.

"Trouble with you, Margie," vouchsafed Mrs. K., our landlady, who had seen so many girls come, stay a while and go home heartbroken, "is that you've no push. You have to be known to be understood, brought out. Flip young things with half your looks and none of your training and breeding whirl in and on the strength of snappy personalities attract interest. Brazen, fresh, you aren't—and you've got to have more self-confidence to break into the movies. You're too well-bred to stand out in a crowd."

But Marg couldn't learn how to "stand out." Her aristocratic mother and moneyed father had too firmly implanted in her being the roots of breeding and taste. It was instinctive for her to dress exquisitely but too quietly—one day we succeeded in getting a scarlet frock on her amid her tears and protestations, but back she came in five minutes, her face red with mortification because a fellow had called, "Hello, kid!" Instinctive, too, for her to step aside, wait to be served rather than to push up, demanding. A gentle rose was Margaret, a pale, shell-pink rose, among vivid hollyhocks, and perky snapdragons, so no wonder she failed to rivet attention.

Roses are easily crushed, but she stood her disappointments, as day after day she made the rounds of the studios seeking work, usually without the faintest encouragement, with a surprising fortitude, a quiet pride. A few extra engagements came her way, bits in Wanda Hawley's and other films, and a fairly good rôle in one of W. Christy Cabanné's pictures.

But after that nothing more for a while. She had no cause to worry except that desire for self-expression, to do something worth while and not always be known merely as a rich man's pampered daughter. Generously she shared her shekels with us less fortunate sisters in misery. One day, though, during the Cabanné picture, some extra made a thoughtless, unkind remark, "Oh, well, no wonder she gets a good rôle, look who her people are. Pull!"

Marg cried all night, for surely no "pull" had greased her path. Next day she wrote Father Morris that thereafter she intended to be strictly on her own and wanted no help.

"I guess," Margie set her teeth grimly, "if these poor girls struggling for a foothold in the movies can get along, so can I. It will be good for me. Suppose something should happen that would really throw me on my own resources? This has certainly shown me my own incompetence and the uselessness of the education girls of means are given today. I can't do anything but wear expensive clothes well—and that isn't getting me anything to write home about!"

The family did prevail upon her though to accept the small monthly income check from a part of the property left her by her grandmother. "Life-saver," we called that check, for not only did it help out the earnings of her one-or-two-days-a-week picture work but also it brought necessities for us, for Marg would give the very food off of her plate, and did often, doing without herself, when I was ill and needed things. One month "life-saver" would pay overdue room rent, next it would buy Margie a new dress, again it would mean the payment of part of my doctor's bill. For two weeks, when we were both "low," we lived on fifty cents a day—and how we did connive, with crackers and peanut butter and doughnuts!

Finally the struggle proved too hopeless in outlook and Marg's resistance wore out. Letters from home entreated—father was ill, mother worried, they were lonely. She could have a car of her own, clothes, travel, anything, if she would give up this foolish movie business. When they consented to her trying to get into stock there, Margaret gave up and went back.

"Call me a quitter if you want to," she cried the day she left. "But I admit it's too much for me, this heartbreaking movie game."

For a while she reveled in the contentment of home, of having her breakfast in bed, of little attentions by doting parents. Then the old rebellion surged in her again and she secured an engagement in stock there in Minneapolis, working like mad, giving one play while rehearsing the next week's and learning her lines for the third following week. The training was what she needed to bring out her poise, the confidence of doing something, however unimportant, well.

Eight months ago she came back again for another and a final try at the movies. The sweetness of her still there, but accented somehow in her poise. Forward she never could be, but she had the confidence she had lacked before, and the stage training had taught her to accentuate her natural graces. In little indefinable ways she stood out, seemed to irradiate more personality in place of the self-restraint that had so held her back before.

Almost immediately she secured a "bit" at Universal, which led soon to a South Sea Island rôle in the serial, "Beasts of Paradise," following which she was costarred with Pete Morrison in another serial, "The Ghost City." Now she is commencing a third, "The Iron Man," with Luciano Albertini.

She has to swim, ride like a cowgirl, fall down cliffs, do all the strenuous things of serial action. Many a bruise has that fair skin suffered; many a time has that carefully nurtured body rebelled at the long hours and arduous athletic labor. But not once in the past few months has Margie called quits. And now, selected by the Wampas—publicity men—as one of the "Baby Stars of 1924," having in view as a reward rôles requiring more acting and less stunting, her star glows bright with promise.

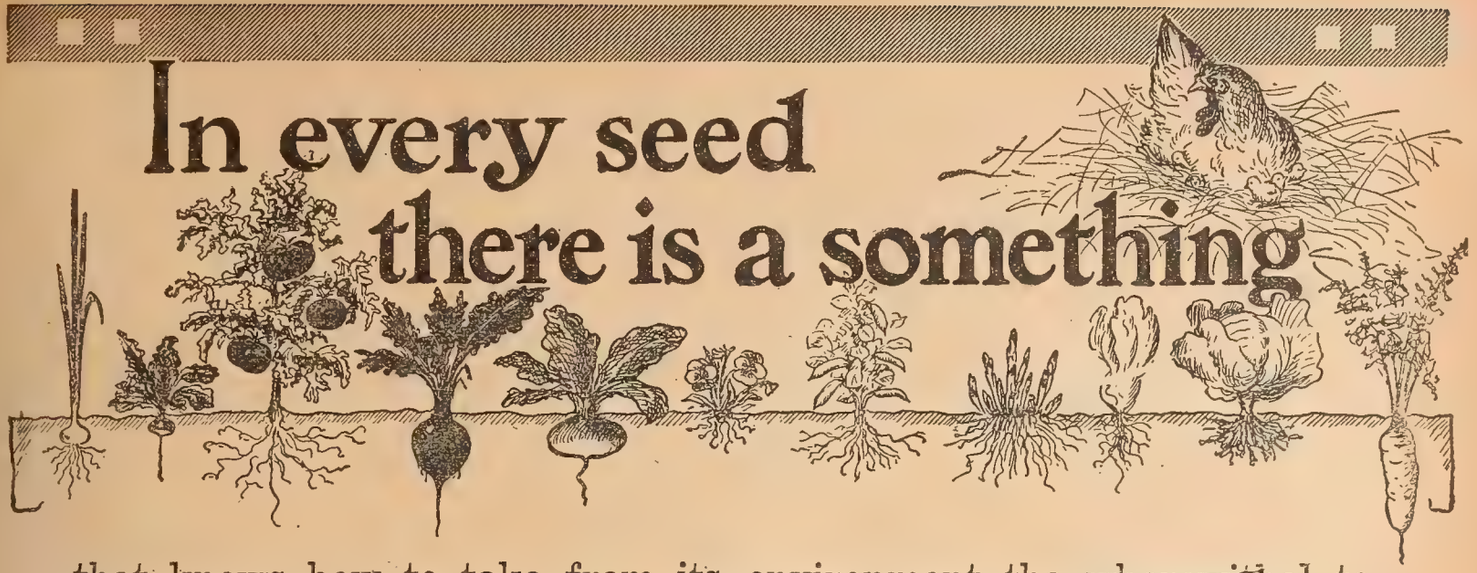
"I don't know which has been harder—the struggle of breaking in or the stunts I've had to do in these serials," she smiles reminiscently when we manage to meet for hurried luncheons. "I anticipated nice, quiet, acting rôles, society drama, the sort of background I'd been used to. I never dreamed," the placid brown eyes twinkled, "I'd develop into a harum-scarum Western heroine. But it was a chance, so I decided I would do the best I could in this stunt-action stuff and perhaps the other will come later.

"Dollars didn't help me any. I wonder what really did get me in? I've given up trying to figure it out—it just finally happened."

"Didn't," I always reply stoutly, for the past couple of years have taught me things too and I can see the stamina that those months of hardship and struggle forged in her malleable character. I can see the qualities that she herself is either blind to or else too modest still to admit. "It was doughnuts that did it—the idea of being on your own. Grit. Determination."

So you see even a little rich girl can succeed eventually in the movies—provided she doesn't die of old age first. I say "even" for I think I have shown you, in the case of Margaret Morris, that the way is no easier for one possessing money.

In every seed there is a something



that knows how to take from its environment the ~~wherewithal~~ to build the body of the organism it animates. From the little seed you place in the ground this **something** sends roots into the earth, blades or branches into the air, and takes **from** the earth and the air that with which it builds.

Within the egg this **something** is wooed to life by the warmth of the brooding mother's breast.

CHIROPRACTIC

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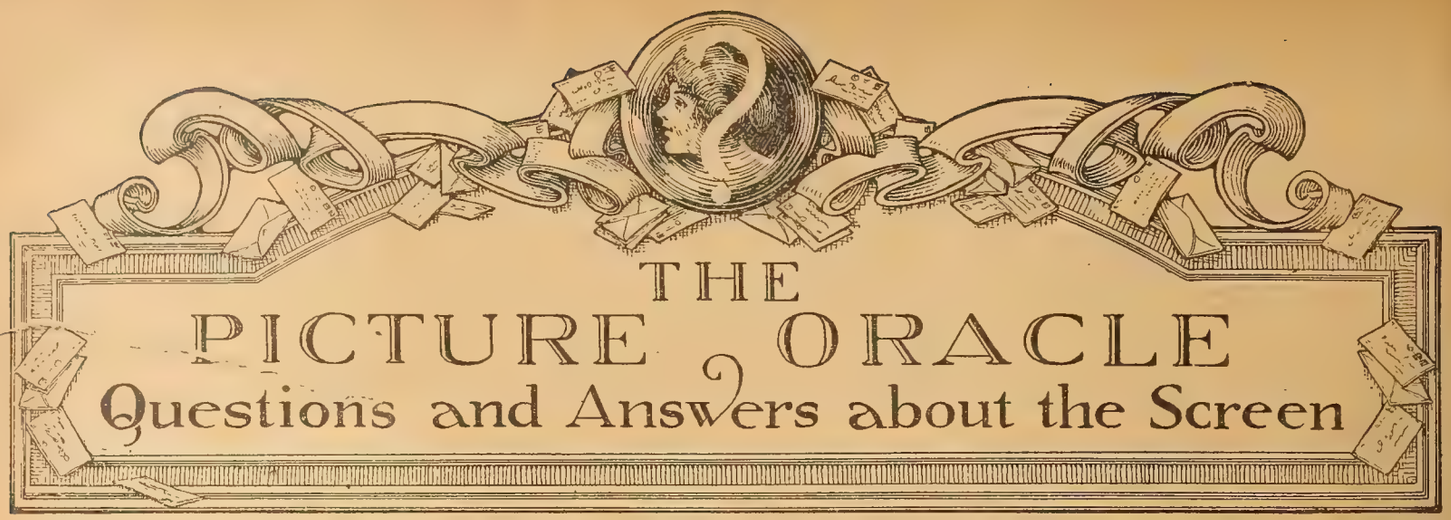
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

MYSTIFIED.—You're back promptly, I see. Well, here are some more movie definitions for you to add to your list. A back light is a strong illumination placed behind characters, so as to outline them with light. This is the method by which the curls of the ingénue and the toddling infant are transformed into dazzling blond haloes. Double exposure is the photographing of two different scenes on the same film at different times, but so spaced that they harmonize perfectly and look like one complete picture when shown. In the beginning, only two exposures were made on a film, and that was considered a great achievement, but now, with the wonderful technical advances in the motion picture, a much greater number of exposures can be made successfully. The record, I think, is that attained by the camera man for "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," which has never been released owing to legal tie-ups. For one scene in that picture, showing a vision of millions of angels, forty-nine exposures were made. A cutter is a motion-picture editor. He puts the disconnected mass of thousands of feet of film into a cohesive, dramatic film of the required length; cuts down scenes so that they won't drag on the screen, decides on what stays in and what comes out, and is generally recognized as one of the most important factors in a studio. It is true that a cutter can actually make or ruin a film. An exchange is a branch office of a distributing organization, through which exhibitors in the surrounding territory can rent their films. The large distributors have exchanges in most of the important cities in the country. The crank is the handle of the camera; to crank a scene means to photograph it; crank speed is the speed at which the crank should be turned in filming a scene; this varies with the nature of the shot. If it is desired to have the action appear faster than normal, the crank is turned more slowly than usual, and vice versa. It works by opposites, you see. A miniature is a tiny set photographed so that it appears like a full-size scene when shown. Shipwrecks and many other scenes that call for enormous damage are usually photographed in this way. The effect is just as thrilling—except to the initiated eye, the expense is small, and the danger nil. A wind machine is an ordinary airplane propeller mounted on a movable base that is placed at the edge of a set to blow everything around in simulation of a wind storm. A projection room is a small room in a studio or a film-office building in which film is shown. Scenes usually are developed immediately after they are taken, and run off in the projection room, so that in case retakes are necessary they can be photographed right away. It is also a tremendous help to a director and his company to be able to see each day's work screened.

WAITING.—Yes, I think Marion Davies would be glad to send you a photograph of herself in the boy's costume in "Little Old New York," and Viola Dana one of herself in that apache costume you were so keen about. But be sure to specify that you would like pictures in those particular outfits; and also, inclose the usual fee of twenty-five cents with each request. John Bowers played the rôle of the drunken hero whom Betty Compson finally reformed in "The Bonded Woman." Yes, Allan Forrest appeared as *Nikky* with Jackie Coogan in "Long Live the King." He is also with Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

EILEEN.—Robert Frazer hasn't been vacationing from the screen, but has been spending a lot of time on "Women Who Give," which is the final title of the picture made from "Cape Cod Folks." For that picture, Mr. Frazer and some other members of the company spent a couple of months at sea getting some special scenes. You may also see him soon opposite Pola Negri in her new picture, "Men." Shannon Day has been in Hollywood all the time, too, but she hasn't been appearing on the screen very often. However, she plays the title rôle in "The Fiddlin' Doll," one of the Universal short-reelers starring Billy Sullivan. Dustin Farnum plays opposite Patsy Ruth Miller in the Vitagraph film "A Battle of Love and Roses."

CANADA.—I'm glad to set your anxiety at rest by telling you that William Farnum has not retired from pictures. He was off the screen for almost a year after completing his Fox contract, resting up. But now he is coming back as a Famous Players-Lasky star, and from all accounts will have a wonderful opportunity to win back the great popularity he enjoyed years ago, which has been waning somewhat in recent months. It is likely that one of his first pictures for Famous will be "The Littlest Rebel," which was one of his most popular stage successes.

AMBITIOUS.—There are numerous jobs in motion pictures that could be filled by women beside that of acting, jobs in which they are preferred to men. That ought to hearten you. But it is almost as difficult to break into them as it is to get a screen trial, as the field is already overcrowded. You know Hollywood is just full of stenographers, telephone operators, et cetera, who thought they were born to be movie actresses. However, if you do go to Hollywood to live, as you expect, here is the line-up of jobs in the film industry that are available for women, *provided you can get 'em.* There are the hairdressers, seamstresses, costume designers, milliners, stenographers, typists, telephone operators, film cutters, splicers, film retouchers and other laboratory workers, librarians, film editors, musicians, publicity workers, artists, set designers and dressers, script girls, readers—that is, those who read fiction and plays for screen possibilities—scenario writers, secretaries to stars and executives, title writers, plaster molders, casting directors and executives in the various branches of the industry. So look over your talents and see if you can qualify for any of them.

E. D.—Henry Walthall appears in "The Woman on the Jury." Sylvia Breamer has the title rôle and Myrtle Stedman is also in it. Mary Roberts Rinehart's story "K" was filmed several years ago by Lois Weber with Mildred Harris in the leading rôle, and now I hear that it is going to be made over again. Mrs. Rinehart's "The Breaking Point," has just been completed with Patsy Ruth Miller and Conway Tearle. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is being filmed now with Valentino as the star, and "Magnolia" has been released under the title "The Fighting Coward," with Cullen Landis and Mary Astor in the leading rôles.

WILLIAM F.—Charles Chaplin first came to this country about thirteen years ago with an English vaudeville troupe called Fred Karno's Company, presenting a sketch called "A Night in an English Music Hall." Of that original troupe several stayed in this country and went into motion pictures. Beside Chaplin, the number included Fred Karno, Jr., who is now with Hal Roach; Albert Austin, who became a film director; and Alf Reeves, who is general manager of the Chaplin studios in Holywood. One of the members was killed in the war and the others returned to England.

E. G.—How many titles in a film? Well, that depends. An average production of the action type running about fifty-five hundred feet that is well made and edited contains around two hundred and fifty titles. The more thoughtful, complicated type of picture usually requires more. It is every director's dream, of course, to eliminate as many titles as he can by having his characters act instead of say things, and to simplify the necessary titles as much as possible. Hugo Ballin, with "Journey's End," and Charles Ray, with "The Old Swimmin' Hole," tried the no-titles-at-all method, but the general verdict seemed to be that they would have been better if they had had some titles. Titles have improved a lot recently, though, and in the productions of the best directors are growing fewer and simpler all the time.

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The Best-dressed Men on the Screen

Continued from page 89

popular, but are not of insignificant proportions, and spread out over the collar instead of being tucked away under it.

Such clothes were worn in pictures by Rodolph Valentino, and are still worn by a few of the, alas, lesser-known leading men, including Rod La Rocque and Nigel Barrie. The Times Square type I have seen worn by Herbert Rawlinson and Reginald Denny, and, in its extreme ugliness, by Carter de Haven and Johnny Hines. When Douglas Fairbanks occasionally appears in scenes calling for well-made clothes, he wears them gracefully. Ramon Novarro has not yet been afforded an opportunity to assume modish attire. Conway Tearle dresses with good taste, and so does Conrad Nagel. David Powell, Richard Barthelmess, and Eugene O'Brien conform to polite standards.

In the theater the problem is the same as in the studios. Times Square tips the scale in the wrong direction, "nobby" and "classy" effects being in the preponderance. Lowell Sherman, who has alternated between the stage and screen, is one of the best-dressed men in the profession, and Cyril Maude, Norman Trevor, Charles Cherry, William Faversham and Lionel Atwill are correctly clad. Leo Ditrichstein adheres to a conservative standard, as does also Henry Miller.

A genius is, of course, a law unto himself. He is not measured by ordinary standards. John Barrymore is an acknowledged genius. In the theater and in the studio his artistry as an actor is the outstanding consideration. In private life his attire is decidedly unconventional, as you will agree if you recall the pictures accompanying the article about him in a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY. Even when wearing evening clothes, he adheres to a sport shirt, with a wide, black scarf, knotted sailor fashion, beneath a broad Byronic collar, his wife, who calls herself "Michael Strange," wearing a collar and tie precisely similar.

Canada's Contribution

A delightful personality story of lovely Norma Shearer will appear in next month's PICTURE-PLAY. Myrtle Gebhart has written a sympathetic entertaining story about this talented, beautiful young girl who struggled so hard to get established in motion pictures.

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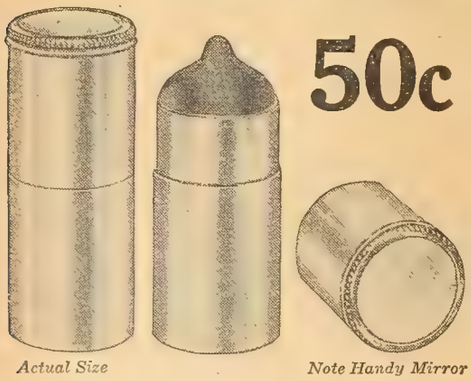
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The Charm of Hollywood

Continued from page 85

enormous wealth in Hollywood has demanded the best, and the best of everything has been brought to Hollywood.

Its exquisite shops are constantly growing in number, and many of them are unique in their methods of luring the unwary shopper to buy.

And one must not forget the cafeterias, where one can eat a most delicious dinner in coolness, comfort and at moderate price. However, if one's purse is particularly heavy, there are innumerable more expensive and luxurious cafés and restaurants where one may dine, possibly in the company of a famous motion-picture star or two.

Picture natural amphitheaters in the hills, where you may hear the finest of concerts; motion-picture houses that surpass any in the country, studios that are the last word in modern equipment, and climate that cannot be excelled, and you begin to realize why Hollywood has become one of the most famous places in the world.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

"And Alice Joyce is going to London to make a picture," Fanny babbled on. "She just cannot get reconciled to leaving the screen entirely even though she is pretty busy with her children and her sculpture class and——"

"Sculpture?" I couldn't let that go by without an explanation.

"Yes, she is studying at the Art Students League, and she is awfully interested in it. She and Anna Nilsson used to make little clay models years ago but she never had any lessons before. Well, the picture she is going to make is 'The Passionate Adventure.' One of the Selznick brothers is taking a company abroad to make it. Marjorie Daw is in it, too——"

She talked on and on about British-made pictures but it seems to me too painful a subject to dwell on. And anyway I got to thinking about how marvelous a picture would be that had Corinne Griffith and Alice Joyce playing sisters in it and I didn't listen to Fanny.

"But speaking of more cheerful things, have you heard about the new game to play at the movies? It is called sharp-and-soft focus. You know how these artistic camera men love to make close-ups of the heroine that are all woozy and soft and out of focus and then shift to the hero or the villain and photograph him all sharp and clear? Well it has always bothered me; I get to wondering what sort of photography he'll use when he gets a close-up of them together, so now I take bets on it. 'Lilies of the Field' is the best of the new pictures so far as that game is concerned. Corinne is all soft focus and Conway Tearle is all sharp, and when they are in scenes together sometimes it's soft focus and sometimes sharp. At one time during the picture I was three dollars ahead betting on soft focus but when it finished I just broke even."

Fanny got out her vanity case and started powdering her nose with an air of finality but I just couldn't let her go until I heard about some other people, so I stuck the menu in front of her and strongly advocated strawberry tarts.

"And what about Rudolph Valentino; have you been to the studio lately?" I asked her.

"Oh, didn't you hear? Oh, no, you wouldn't," Fanny chuckled. "Well the court atmosphere and all the powder and perfume and beauty spots got to be too much for the electricians, so one day they all showed up with their hair powdered and wearing beauty spots. They walked around with mincing steps and would have kissed Valentino's hand if he hadn't been stronger than they were. They looked so funny that every one got almost hysterical.

"But speaking of daintiness reminds me. Did you read in the paper about Ramon Novarro and all the bottles of perfume he brought back from abroad with him? The customs officials were suspicious when they found so much bottled goods in his luggage, but Mr. Novarro insisted that it was perfume. He said that he 'liked pleasantly fragrant rooms.' Somehow the more I see of Ramon Novarro the better I like Bill Hart. And speaking of Bill Hart, he is in New York now. He has been having some trouble with Paramount because they want to pick his stories for him. As though any one could know more about what Bill Hart fans like than Bill Hart himself. He has made one hundred pictures and they've all been popular, so I should think the company would

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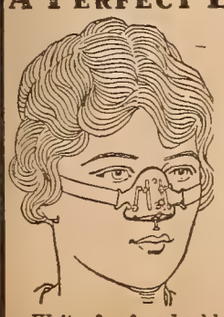
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let him alone and concentrate their whole scenario force on trying to find a good story for Pola Negri.

"It is nice to have so many motion-picture players in town. Elinor Fair's here, you know, for the first time in a year. She is going down to Miami to make 'The Water Babies.' Dagmar Godowsky is here too. She had her trunks all packed to go to the Coast two or three times and every time just as she was ready to leave, some one would want her to make a picture. May McAvoy has gone back to Hollywood in a blaze of glory because she was selected to play the leading rôle in 'Tarnish.'

"Mae Allison is living in New York now, studying music and dancing. She has had two or three wonderful offers to be featured in Broadway musical comedies but she hasn't been keeping up her vocal lessons the last year or so and she won't go on until she feels that she can do her best. Won't it be nice when she steps out in musical comedy? There will be a trio of ex-film stars on Broadway then—Madge Kennedy, Constance Binney, and herself. I hope they will call her first show 'Cherry Blossoms' because that is the nickname Sylvia Ashton gave Mae the first time she ever saw her and her friends think it expresses her personality perfectly.

"After Lilyan Tashman saw herself in 'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model,' she wasn't keen about making movies at all. She went right out and signed a contract to play 'A Garden of Weeds' on the stage. They made her wear a wig in that picture, you know, and some funny clothes and it does Lilyan a terrible injustice. She is always so well groomed and so smart looking, she is the envy of every girl who sees her. I am glad she is going to make more pictures after all, so that people will see what she really is like. She is working in Gloria Swanson's 'Manhandled' now.

"And that reminds me that I must rush away and see if I can get an appointment with Gloria's hairdresser. I like the way he shingles her hair——"

"But before you go," I pleaded with her, "what is there in that story about stars hiring a claque to applaud them when they arrive at movie premières?"

"Ssh!" Fanny hushed me mysteriously. "That is only a rumor. And besides, if some poverty-stricken extras can make a few extra dollars out of the stars' vanity, why make a fuss about it? But if you insist, I'll tell you about it the next time I see you."



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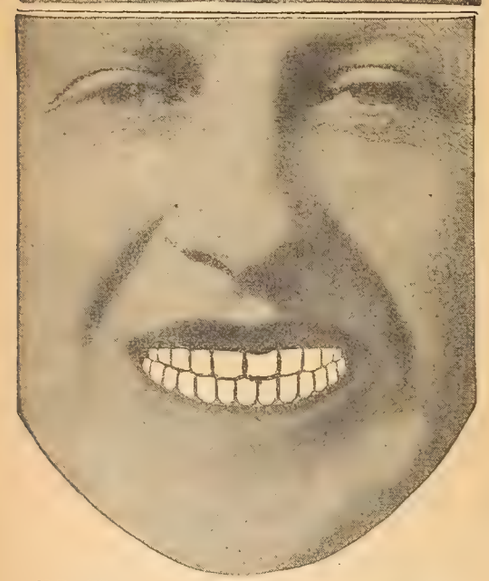
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On the New York Stage

Continued from page 69

doctor. Bernard Shaw did in "The Doctor's Dilemma," with cheers from all the patients in the audience. While "The Outsider" hasn't precisely this theme it amuses itself with incidental digs at the medical profession to the great delight of the first nighters.

The Outsider is a surgeon with advanced ideas who tries to break into the charmed circle of orthodox medicine in order to cure a girl crippled for years. What makes the case hopeless for the other side is the fact that Catherine Cornell plays the crippled girl, thus winning your sympathy from her first pathetic entrance. It seems the best work of her increasingly brilliant career, but then everything she has done of late seems the best that could possibly be done by any actress. Certainly in this play she has the power to make you believe, temporarily at least, that faith can move more mountains than all the pills and plasters ever invented.

Lionel Atwill has the other sympathetic rôle of the valiant outsider. He also has caught from the direction—for which Robert Milton is responsible—a simplicity of naturalness which has banished all the affectations of some of his other rôles. But the real service toward the cause of Right Thinking was rendered by Miss Cornell, who makes the play vivid and alive. With the right director, this play could be given to the screen with a force and sincerity that would surpass the excitement caused by "The Miracle Man." Only I can't think of any one but Catherine Cornell in the principal rôle.

"Welded."

The power of Eugene O'Neill was brought home to film fans through the excellent screen version of his "Anna Christie," which had the success it deserved. Here is his first play for this season. Interesting as it is in many ways, it is hardly the material for the sort of popular triumph that followed the life story of the plucky and pathetic *Anna*.

It is a study of married life with Doris Keane as the wife and Jacob Ben-Ami as the husband. These two are facing a bitter crisis but it is not the usual domestic drama of the mismated. They love each other deeply but because of the strange intensity of their personalities, they cannot be happy either together or apart.

They try to talk things out, as husband and wife have tried to do for centuries, and with the usual result. There is no hope of understanding. All of this talk is interesting and significant but it is not presented in a very dramatic form. Nevertheless, it is real enough to make you feel that you are eavesdropping at the door of the married couple across the street. Somehow I think most domestic tragedies are like this rather than the result of some sudden flare-up of rage or jealousy. But these familiar themes are certainly more adapted to the average play. And try as I might, I couldn't possibly imagine "Welded" in the movies.

"New Toys."

Here is one playwright's idea of what happens after "the first year" when the tiny garments which the wife was making as that curtain fell, are being worn by a small son or daughter. There was an excellent chance for real comedy and drama here, but I think the two playwrights missed it. They have turned it into cheap comedy and still cheaper pathos where the husband is left at home to mind the baby while his wife is making her début on the stage. What sincerity there is in the piece, is put in by Ernest Truex, who is artist enough to make most anything sincere. Vivienne Osborn plays the wife and Louise Closser Hale a sentimental old grandmother. In the end she brings husband and wife—to say nothing of the baby—together again by as sickly and mawkish a piece of sermonizing as has been heard from our stage for years. If you have ever seen any of Miss Hale's outbursts of brilliant and sophisticated common sense, you can imagine how these lines stuck in her throat. But she gulped bravely and uttered them.

I have a feeling that Gropper and Hammerstein, who wrote this play, didn't believe a word of what they were writing. Their idea was to string together some popular situations of the mother-home-and-baby variety to get the public, while Frank Craven, when he wrote "The First Year," did it from the depths of honest observation. I wish Mr. Craven would give his version of the situation at home after the baby comes. "New Toys" was a real theme treated as bunk.

"Sweet Seventeen."

This bit of fluff begins like a Booth Tarkington comedy and turns into a very mild bedroom farce. It pictures the adventures of a flapper

who tries to save her family from poverty. Her innocent efforts end up in a bedroom where every one is misunderstanding the perfectly pious reason why she is locked in with a scared young man. There is a lot of gabble and flurry but of course it ends with the same old explanations. Marian Mears plays the flapper in the best manner of *Penrod's* "baby-talk-lady."

"In the Flesh."

For years I thought "The Golem" the best movie ever made until I saw Maurice de Feraudy in "Cranquebille." This was a French film which Hugo Riesenfeld brought into the Rialto Theater under the name of "Bill." Anyway, it was as near perfection as anything ever gets on stage or screen. And this week I was overjoyed to meet Maurice de Feraudy himself "in the flesh," as we say at personal appearances.

He has come over from the "Comédie Française" in Paris, one of the oldest and greatest institutions of actors in the world. He is playing a representative list of the classic French playwrights—I saw him in "L'Avare" by Molière, which was brilliant and mocking beyond all my dreams of the work. But nothing he will ever do can remove my first impression of the puzzled, buffeted, enraged old man who was the *Old Bill* of Anatole France's story on the screen. M. de Feraudy "in the flesh" may never reach your home town theater but if you get any chance to see his picture, don't miss one of the greatest things ever filmed.

Among Other Things.

It is too early yet to tell what catches of the stage season have fallen into the movie net, although every day or so a new rumor about the Reinhardt screen productions—especially "The Miracle"—arises, only to be contradicted the next morning. They do say that "The Goose Hangs High" has been secured for films at a price which must stagger the young author. Both "Hell-bent fer Heaven" and "The Shame Woman" have stuff in them which should be a temptation to the more intelligent and imaginative movie director, but both of them—and especially the latter—would have to be handled with gloves because of the censors. It is a pleasure to report that both these simple and sincere studies are flourishing in a somewhat belated success on Broadway.

In America's Finest Homes

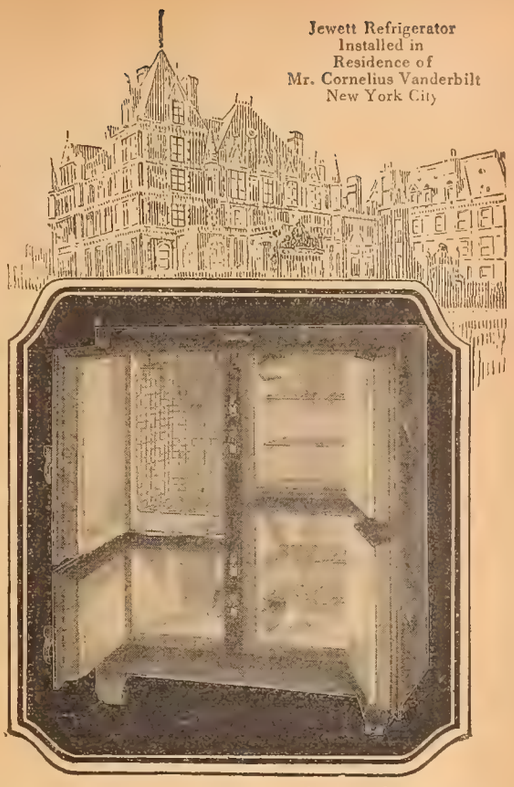
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They Aren't All Millionaires

Continued from page 43

simple, sincere style of acting. The Chadwick range is by no means unlimited, but, neatly handled, it is pleasing and effective.

Upon completing her Goldwyn contract Miss Chadwick appeared as one of the reasons in "Why Men Leave Home," following which she turned her eyes toward Mecca, Long Island. At any rate, she heard they were looking for actresses to support Rudolph in "Monsieur Beaucaire," so she presented her credentials, and, quickly enough, got a job.

"They wanted me to sign a contract," Helene told me, "but until something irresistible comes along I shall remain a free woman. I'm not being used by Famous until the English episode so in the meantime I've made an independent picture called 'The Masked Dancer.' In Germany it was a play called "The Nude Dancer,' I believe. It has been materially redressed for the movies."

Lowell Sherman, who will also adorn the top-heavy cast of "Beaucaire," played opposite Miss Chadwick in "The Masked Dancer."

"He's so much fun," she said. "In the midst of the most impassioned love scene before the camera, he recites 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' pretending to make ardent love as he talks. Luckily the camera hears nothing."

As Helene talked it became apparent that experience had been a kind teacher. She has profited through her past mistakes, and as a result, to-day she is face to face with stardom.

"Not real stardom, but temporary, trial starring. I'm going to Hodkinson from Famous, and star in two pictures. If they go, there'll be more. They wanted me to sign for six, but I'm not at all sure of myself. I'd rather experiment and see how the two take with the public.

"I'd rather be a popular leading woman than a 'ham' star."

Patently, this is a sensible attitude, and, had she asked me, I should have advised her that she was wiser than she knew. The screen has too many stars, and not enough good actresses. (Many a good actress ceases to be a good actress once she sees her name in electric lights.) There is hardly enough sparkle in Helene Chadwick to make her a great box-office magnet. And unless you are magnetic at the box-office you never amount to a great deal as a star. On the other hand, the girl is well equipped to do rôles of the light and domestic variety. She possesses charm and spontaneity, two almost priceless assets.

Her position among the ladies of the shadow stage is comparable to that of Owen Moore or Conway Tearle among the gentlemen. She is dependable, but not the type that stirs up frenzied controversies among the fans.

Personally you would find her a fair example of the self-supporting American girl, pretty, vivacious enough, not in any way unusual. She admires the fiction of Ethel M. Dell, the profile of John Barrymore, and the pêche Melbas at Kress' Drug Store in Hollywood. She reminds one of neither Nazimova nor Naldi, La Marr nor Goudal. She is approximately as exotic as a Palm Beach suit, yet she inspires the same comfortable feeling.

Indeed, if her name were not Helene Chadwick, it might well be Legion.

Again—the Color-film

Continued from page 72

deepest rose, and the great stretch of gray desert broken only by cactus and dun-colored patches, make an ideal background for a color film, according to Mr. Willat, because while they lend an exquisite beauty to the production they are not so strong that they distract attention from the players.

By the Technicolor process scenes are filmed actually in color, rather than being printed in color, an earlier method that proved faulty. A much larger camera than the one that films in black and white is used, with special equipment and negatives prepared to receive natural color.

If the public attitude should convince producers that a real demand for color-photography exists, it would cause changes in the entire business that would almost revolutionize the movies. Not only are a specific technical process and a special camera equipment necessary, but the whole scheme of background, of interior decoration and of costuming would have to undergo radical changes.

Just what the future of color-photography may be remains for time to tell, but at any rate it represents another milestone in the screen's progress, and is important if only for its stimulating effect upon the industry as a whole.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 71

"W-w-well. I never thought that it would happen, but it has. Do you remember that you told her she would become your leading lady four years ago?"

And Charlie smiled as is his wont.

Just like Edna, Miss Gray has not had any general experience in the films. She wisely kept away from the other studios, because it is a known fact that Chaplin does not like to use players in his comedies who have worked under other directors.

Hollywood Headlines

(Day by Day)

April 1. All Fools' Day. Hollywood celebrates with appropriate social functions.

April 2. Nineteen gate crashers devise new strategy for entering studios with gas balloon.

April 3. Famous star decides to aid beauty by having left ear tip tilted.

April 4. Small-town exhibitor, with wife and thirteen children, arrives for winter.

April 5—Saturday—Cecil De Mille begins new aquatic picture—better than Red Sea disaster.

April 6—Sunday—Fifty companies decide to go on location to save holiday overhead.

April 7. Thirteen thousand tourists seek jobs as extras; doorkeeper in frenzy.

April 8. Pay day is celebrated with bonfires, speeches, and fireworks. Real-estate men confer on chance of enlarging field for investment.

April 9. Lady star pays beauty specialist umpty-ump dollars to have ear tip tilted; starts new style in shingles—in preparation of undertaking.

April 10. Fifty per cent of producers decide to make mystery melodramas.

April 11. Forty-nine per cent of producers after conference about producing society triangle plays decide on mystery melodramas.

April 12. One per cent of producers considering costume plays decide to make mystery melodramas with costume cutbacks.

(We apologize for this, because they don't all agree that well any more.)

April 13—Sunday again—Holiday, except for overhead, which goes on working as usual.

April 14. Star of tip-tilted ear decides neither shingle nor ear lives up to anticipations; will wear wig while hair grows out.

April 15. Gas balloon explodes.

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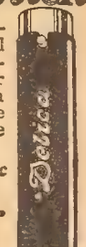
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The Challenge to Fame

Continued from page 34

first-magnitude stars, like Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Fairbanks. Her contracts have called for the delivery of a certain number of pictures in a certain specified time, and she has completed them as required.

Despite this, it can hardly be said that, even during the less brilliant phases of her career, she has ever consistently been satisfied to adorn with her personality a routine set of plays. The variety of her rôles, at least, and the fact that some of her features have been lavishly bedecked, have signified her desire constantly to achieve something different, and this has not been due altogether to business management, but is very largely reflective, too, of her own esprit.

Most of all, though, what the fans have responded to in Norma during every part of her career, is her *really personal,* deeply emotional, and romantic appeal.

"Secrets," which has shown in New York and Los Angeles, but is not to be generally released until the fall, is perhaps the most revealing, among her recent plays, of this Norma that is attractive to all. In this she blends her maturer skill at characterization with what she herself has of poised intimate feeling, and Eugene O'Brien is her leading man once again.

You will see her in the prologue, with graying hair, hoping for the return of her husband to health while he lies seemingly upon his deathbed. Then—as through memories that crowd around her—you will view her successively as an eloping bride, as a young married woman helping to defend her husband and child from a melodramatic onslaught of cattle rustlers, and finally as a woman of middle age seeking to preserve her family happiness in defiance of the presence of another woman.

In the epilogue, there is a return to the character of the beginning, and the disclosure of how much the "secrets" of married life of the two have come to mean when age stalks upon them.

"Oh, I loved doing 'Secrets,'" Norma told me. "Better than anything since 'Smilin' Through.' I feel that it is one of the most human plays that I have ever had, and it gives me some of my very best chances to act beside.

"I had a *terrible* time playing the gray-haired lady," she continued. "Me—a *gray-haired lady!*" and she drew up her shoulders in mock horror.

"I think it was the hardest thing I ever did in my life.

"When they took the make-up and costume off I could hardly get the hump out of my back. A regular Lon Chaney—except for the mole!"

You know, of course, that there are really no airs about Norma. This has in truth been told many times. She makes few pretentions in dress, as a rule. When you meet her casually on the street or in a store she is more likely to have on a woolen sweater than to wear a furred cloak. She seems to love to remain one of the throng, and asserts her own oblivion to the fact that she is ever observed.

One day, when I met her at a hotel recently, she was the center of all eyes in passing. The antics of a couple of young girls were particularly amusing, because they tried so obviously to decoy her attention. They had—so Norma's press agent informed me afterward—spent the whole morning following her around prior to my arrival, while she was doing some shopping.

Then, when we commenced to talk while seated in the hotel lobby, they secured a place of vantage on a neighboring davenport, where they could watch.

Finally, all else failing, they gave a demonstration in pantomime of how they would act out a love scene.

Such indeed, are the attentions that Norma perhaps unconsciously—I *do* feel, however, that she is somewhat more sensitive to them than heretofore, possibly because of the sort of criticisms that have been creeping in on her work and herself—excites when she appears in public, but she would never let them trouble or embarrass her. Her nature dictates that she shall be free to live and breathe as other people, and, because she is so easily entertained—that she shall not be bored, nor be restricted by the thoughts of the crowd as celebrities often are.

Will Norma retain this worship and this fantastic and at times mad interest in herself? That is an interesting and absorbing question, indeed, in this time and strange age. The old order passeth; the new begins. And there is a growing discrimination and more carefully voiced taste that is influencing the destinies of all the familiar and famous stars. Many of these are building on bigger and stronger foundations more glittering achievements, and for these they may eventually be better loved. But they all have a newer and bigger responsibility in whatever they do.

Norma shares heavily in this responsibility. She is secure. Yes.

And she is fortunate. But material security, wonderful as this is, is not everything.

There are other subtle questions of worthier and more tasteful accomplishment that loom big and large in the future of every celebrated star who has the heritage of fame. All of them will need to make greater and more convincing endeavors in the future to maintain their standing, and to gain.

"Secrets," with its romantic glimpses of married life, should indeed reinstate Norma with *all* her fans. It gives high promise of doing this. But the other pictures that follow must be a fine, true revelation not only of Norma's art, but of her more magnetic personal self.

She Fooled 'Em

Continued from page 63

"I've just seen 'The Miracle' and I've never felt more exalted in my life! It was simply inspiring. Such grouping! Such pantomime! And atmosphere such as one only dreams of."

It followed that Miss Rich had come to New York for a brief vacation from the ardors of the cinema, for a short respite from the sharp-shooting camera man. She was preparing to return to Hollywood.

"I've seen 'Rain' and 'Outward Bound' and Dusé and the Moscow Art Theater. I've bought some ducky new gowns and frocks, and now I'm all ready to go back home."

There is little of the theater about her, and less of the affected woman of the world. She is spontaneous in her enthusiasms, outspoken in her beliefs—which are never radical—and charming in a mild, gentlewomanly way.

Rather than join the babbling afternoon tea crowds that fairly overflowed into the lobby, we strolled out to Fifth Avenue, where New York is always at its best.

"This city fascinates me," said Miss Rich. "But if I were living here I should require a millionaire's income. I can't stir from the hotel without seeing so many things that I simply feel must be mine!"

Eastern hospitality, too, she assured me was equally as cordial as the more frequently acclaimed Southern and Western brands. Every one had been so kind to her.

I ventured to congratulate her upon her beautiful performance in "Rosita."

"I played in 'Rosita' with the fury born of desperation. I had to show the casting offices how mistaken they were about me," said Miss Rich. "I realized, you see, that I was almost buried alive in a succession of namby-pamby, colorless parts. It's bad enough for a star to be obliged to do the same thing over and over, but it's fairly deadening for a garden-variety actress.

"Of course I enjoyed supporting Will Rogers in that series of Goldwyn pictures. I enjoyed it immensely. He's a priceless wonder, but I didn't grow an inch artistically. That sounds topheavy, but you know what I mean.

"In every casting office I was simply a 'second leads' sympathetic type. Being a 'type' of any sort is one of Hollywood's tragedies. You are called upon to do part after part that strikes the same note. You become mechanical, you get in a groove, repeating yourself over and over, until you slide into old age, and 'characters.'

"I had often pleaded with casting directors to try me at something different, but it's as hard to change a casting director's mind as it is to cry real tears. So when Miss Pickford gave me my chance I said, 'Here's where you stand or fall! The casting people say it can't be done. Fool 'em!' And I fooled 'em.

"*The Queen* didn't get much footage, but every scene she had counted, I think. It was an impressive rôle and I put my whole heart and soul into it. And playing opposite Holbrook Blinn was a treat. Such an artist! Just as Miss Pickford is, too. . . . Oh, I loved the part."

Following her triumph in "Rosita," Miss Rich was promptly snapped up by the astute Warner Brothers, who cast her in support of John Barrymore's *Beau Brummel*, after which they featured her in "Lucretia Lombard," also known as "Flaming—for the sake of the more artistic exhibitors—Passion."

"Now that I've broken the spell of being a 'type' I'll never get in the rut again," vows Irene Rich.

How they must envy her, the actors who continue to play butler after butler, grand duke after grand duke, bishop after bishop! How the "neglected wives" must envy her her newfound freedom!

But if they choose, doubtless they can find inspiration in the moral of this fable of celluloidia: *If you've got the equipment, you can fool 'em sooner or later!*



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A Letter from Location

Continued from page 51

each member of the company, and by the time they arrived we were in high spirits.

After luncheon we had a dress rehearsal up in the huge ballroom, big enough for two bungalows. We had a great laugh at Mr. Torrence with his checkered trousers and a black patch over his eye—he plays *Jackson*, a "good" gambler. Miss Dunbar, Phyllis Haver, and I had to ride up in the elevator, one at a time, for, you know, we were wearing the big crinolines of 1848. They look lovely, but I wonder how the girls of those days ever had any fun.

Next day the great game of "waiting for the sun" began. It either rained or it was too cloudy to shoot. We went down to the river every morning bright and early—mostly early—and got ready. We used an old river boat, piled with bales of cotton and negroes. About one hundred and fifty Natchez girls and women, dressed in the wardrobe dresses brought from Hollywood, were passengers, and I think they were mighty sweet and patient to come down morning after morning and help us get what I believe will be some of the best river scenes ever made. However, I also believe it may have been the cause of some of them deciding not to choose pictures as an occupation, for several girls told me they had no idea it was so much work.

After the river scenes were made we expected to go to a beautiful ante-bellum home, where, the script said, we were to sit on the porch and drink mint julips or chase butterflies, only—it turned cold and froze. We did get some beautiful shots of the trees and that gray moss, though. I have never seen such lovely drives and woods. I hope I can go back some time and see it in the summer.

One morning the local theater manager opened his house to us, and, while it was pouring rain outside, we sat in there and were highly entertained by a talented young man's organ playing. After the others had gone back to the hotel I persuaded the manager to let me try my hands at the organ. It's lots of fun, with all those queer stops and funny things. Now I want one of my own.

The negroes were a study to me. They receive very low wages and seem to have no idea of the value of a dollar. I think some of them made enough out of our company in wages and tips to keep them the rest of their days.

One afternoon a very funny thing happened. A lady, a member of the Natchez Woman's Club, took mother and me for a ride. We were about three miles out on a rather lonely road, when we got a puncture. It was only a few minutes when along came a rickety old wagon and team of mules, and a sleepy old negro driving.

The lady stopped him with, "Hey, niggah, do you know how to change a tiah?" "No, ma'am," he answered. "Well," she said, "you get right down heah and learn how." And he did, poor old soul. He had a hard job, too, for we discovered that some one had "borrowed" most of our tools. Well, he worked for nearly an hour and finally got us fixed up. She gave him a quarter and he bowed and scraped and "thank-you-ma'amed" all the way across the road.

We did not get to go to a cotton gin, though we did see him bale it. I can't really explain just how it is done, but they press the huge bales as they come from the gin, where, you know, they take the seeds out of the cotton. Do you remember when the first gin was invented? I don't either, now. But it was in our school history, I remember. Well, they put it under pressure of steam, by which the bale is squeezed to less than half its size. The man in charge suggested it might be a good plan for reducing, but that isn't what I need, although I gained six pounds while in Mississippi.

We were there two weeks and Mr. Cruze decided we'd better go back to Hollywood. We were glad, of course, for there is no place like home. Yet we were a bit sad to leave the Natchez people so soon, for they were wonderful and did everything they could to make us happy and we know the weather conditions were not their fault.

We have a special car coming home and we're having lots of fun. Cullen Landis has his phonograph. We stopped four hours in New Orleans and some of us took a sight-seeing bus. It was very interesting to see the old French district and many old historic buildings. I only wish we could have stayed several days, but all good things must end.

"The Fighting Coward" is finished and even if I am in it, it's a good picture. It was lots of fun to make it and I hope every one will like it.

If you have never been in the South, Myrtle, you don't know what you have missed. Good-by, dear.

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Has Valentino Changed?

Continued from page 23

After a while Valentino joined us, wearing gray trousers and a heavy white sweater and dark-colored glasses. I would have loved to see him in costume, but he wasn't working that particular day. That is, he wasn't actually appearing in the scenes but he and Mrs. Valentino and Sidney Olcott were working hard all the time conferring on the way things should be done. He doesn't seem to overlook a single detail. Once when they seemed to have everything settled he came over and told me about a young man in the company whom they brought over from Paris. You just wait until you see him! He is a little like Valentino and a little like Ramon Novarro and all the rest of the Latin clan. His name is Andre Daven and the way he happened to be in "Mousieur Beaucaire" is sort of like the fairy tales screen-struck youngsters imagine happening to themselves.

Mr. Daven was a writer for a French magazine and went to see Rudy when he was in Paris. At first glance Rudy thought he was Ramon Novarro, and when he found he wasn't he told him he certainly ought to go into pictures because he was just the right type. He took him to Deauville and Biarritz and a lot of interesting places with him, and kept urging him to come to America and enter pictures, but Mr. Daven hesitated. Finally, when he went to the boat to see Rudy off, the latter's insistence won him over. Rudy had wired over here and got him a contract so there would be no uncertainty about his getting work. I think that was awfully nice of him, especially considering how good looking Mr. Daven is. Some people might have been afraid of rivalry from such a magnetic young man.

At the end of the day Mr. and Mrs. Valentino and Sidney Olcott seemed as fresh and full of vitality as they were when I got there, while I was just as limp as a rag. But I suppose that isn't so surprising after all. They are used to all the excitement of being celebrities and making movies, while I am not at all used to having my dearest wish granted—like my wish to see Valentino again.

And now that I have seen him again in person and found him the same unassuming and fascinating young man that he was before, I am doubly anxious to see him again as an actor. I am sure that in "Monsieur Beaucaire" he is going to be just great.

Erich von Stroheim—the Real Thing

Continued from page 28

long as there are women there will be war."

Now I daresay all the women fans will be down on us. I really don't see how the press agent can antipropagandize this slip. Perhaps the women will not be down on us at all. It will be interesting to see. It's hard to tell—about women.

But if the reader—man or woman—is now thoroughly disgusted with us both; with Von Stroheim for saying what he did and with me for reporting it, there is just one thing that I have to offer in extenuation.

I am relying on the reader's love of truth and reality to save us. For I believe the reader, however he may disagree with Von Stroheim's views, will have an admiration for the man's honesty.

That is the key to Von Stroheim. His love of truth as he sees it. He is a realist—an imaginative one or he could not be the artist he is—but a realist nevertheless. Such a realist that he is willing at any time to sacrifice his own advantage for the sake of truth.

Illustrative of this devotion is the incident of Sir Gilbert Parker's visit to Universal City right after the war. The English novelist had expressed a desire to see movies made. Irving Thalberg, the capable business manager, had him in tow. He had promised to show him some rousing stuff—military stuff—with the redoubtable Von Stroheim directing.

Out on the lot galloped a troop of cowboy cavalry. They galloped out, that was all. For the trained eye of the director, running over their equipment, marked the absence of obesity in the saddlebags. These troopers were supposed to be taking the field. Von Stroheim knew the saddlebags should contain rations. He knew that thousands of men, fresh from the World War, would mark that discrepancy and murmur:

"Humph! Just like the movies! They don't know anything about soldiers. This is just a picture."

He didn't wish them to think it was just a picture. He meant that they should be so lost in the action they would forget this palpable fact.

Accordingly, he ordered the saddle-

bags filled. Thalberg scowled and Sir Gilbert Parker looked puzzled, to say the least. For more than an hour the overhead went on and the shooting stood still—while that crazy Von Stroheim filled the saddlebags.

"I knew they were timing me," he said. "I was embarrassed, yes. I should have liked to have pleased Thalberg—he was business manager. I should have liked to have performed for Sir Gilbert Parker—he evidently expected it. But I couldn't do it. It would have been wrong. To me—if you can understand what I am trying to say—to me it would have been a sin.

"Such details as these are not intended to attract attention. They are to distract attention. To give the audience a feeling of absolute security in the reality of what they behold on the screen. Each one of these details will escape many persons. But somebody will catch it. Somebody else will catch another detail.

"Each must be given this sense of security. He will receive it by glancing casually at some little detail—and finding that inessential absolutely correct. As soon as he feels that realism prevails, and no sooner, he will be able to lose himself completely in the story that is going on before his eyes.

"I sincerely believe in the educational value of pictures, as secondary to their entertainment value. The audiences must know that what Von Stroheim produces is done with the utmost honesty and is just as reliable as the National Geographic Magazine or the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"Audiences do know this, I believe. They think Von Stroheim will stand up and fight for correctness of detail; that he is willing to suffer the consequences; that he is willing to go to damnation for his convictions. And he is. Because everything he puts before the eyes of an audience must be that thing itself—the real thing."

The real thing. That is Von Stroheim. For his convictions of truth and reality he is willing to go to the place he mentioned. There is something to a character such as this—something that covers a multitude of sins.

And now, benevolent reader, if Von Stroheim and I have both succeeded in demonstrating the utter depravity of our souls, we offer our apologies and our regrets. But don't think for a minute that we are penitent. We are perfectly satisfied with ourselves. Satisfied that we have given you the real thing.

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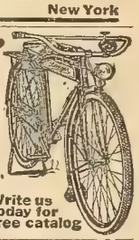
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E. S. GIVENS

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

One takes much upon himself when, knowing how successful motion pictures are, he attributes this success to nothing but tricks and intriguing titles, as Mr. Wendell appears to believe. There are all grades of pictures of course, and the theatergoing public by its support can do much to separate the wheat from the chaff, so laying a foundation for an art that combines much that is found in the theater, literature, and painting.

MYRETTA CHATHAM.

311 Washington Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

A Letter to Richard Barthelmess.

This letter is to Richard Barthelmess, and it is a reply to his letter which was published in the March issue.

Richard Barthelmess, I could have danced for pure joy when I read your altogether-too-brief letter in PICTURE-PLAY! It is difficult to analyze a fan's feelings when she sees a letter from the star who has never ceased to be her favorite or favorites, and who is so truly sincere and human as you. I am for you always, and whether that means anything I know not, but if it is possible to do so, I shall try to tell you how much I admire you. I'd much rather shake your hand than to dance with the Prince of Wales. I like you because, first, you are handsome and talented. You can put more expression and pep into one scene than certain other stars can put into six, and you don't carry an exotic, look-at-me face. It is frank, clean cut, and youthful. Second, you are blessed with personality and you are the one man who can bring words of praise from the hard-boiled fans. I have seen fans of that class sneer at stars who are known as emotional beings, and even cry "Bunk!" at them. At other times I have seen those same fans—when you came here in "Sonny" and "Fury"—sit up and rival the flappers in enthusiasm, and say "Ain't he great?" You are, to me, what no other star will ever be. I hope that you will continue to give us more pictures like those you have given us in the past, and please, don't play in costume pictures. You reign supreme in the field of the modern boy type, and to abandon your position is to disappoint many of your followers. Also, don't ever succumb to the lure of the mustache.

Best wishes to you—the greatest artist of the silver sheet.

LUELLA EWING.

Atoka, Okla.

Watch Out, Constance!

"Did you see it? Really I was surprised. Weren't you? She is so pretty and looks so well in her clothes, and carries herself so nobly. I think she is better looking than her sister Norma. But, oh, my! that picture. What a rotten story, and how silly! Why it was impossible! I left before it was over, it was so disappointing!"

That is the conversation that I heard a day after "Dulcy" had shown in our city, and, of course, Miss Constance Talmadge was the beautiful lady that was referred to.

I do think Miss Talmadge is a wonderful little actress, and she proved it in "The Dangerous Maid," with Conway Tearle. She was not herself in "Dulcy"—or perhaps too much so.

Watch out, Constance, don't make another break. Better please the public and watch the box-office receipts.

LUTHER MUA.

Beaumont, Texas.

The Stars Are Criticized Too Much.

Here is a good word or two for the much-blamed movie stars. In the March issue of PICTURE-PLAY there was a letter criticizing screen notables for not taking more of an interest in the people.

Of course, all the little slights count, especially when we so adore the screen stars. But, then, it must be very hard indeed to see to it that the numerous fans are obliged. Certainly an actor or actress must have work enough to do without communicating *personally* with so many people. I think it must be rather annoying for a screen notable to be sought after and gazed upon every place he or she goes. They always seem to be hounded by newspaper reporters and the like. I think I should be tempted to don a mask or cover my identity in some other way. It would seem as though a player's privacy would be constantly infringed upon, and this seems hard for me, as I value seclusion. I once heard a woman say of a certain actress, rather disgustedly, "H'm, whenever she's traveling, she always yanks down her stateroom curtain." But could you blame her? For who would want to be scrutinized by every passer-by? And so, don't you think that the stars *are* overblamed? Practically everything they do is known and criticized, while we ourselves do things much worse, sometimes. And lots of times people judge the stars unfairly, for often they do not know the real truth of matters.

ANNA L. ABEL.

512 North Dakota Avenue, Vermillion, S. Dak.

Regarding the Stars and the Public.

A flame touched to a powder keg was the effect of my criticism of Miss Clara Kimball Young regarding her failure to acknowledge the little novel given her by the blind man. A number of fans wrote me crying, "For shame!" Others said I was "too hard" on her—unkind, and unfair. And here is Miss Raneslow "right out in meetin'," coming to Clara's defense, asking "has the writer any conception of the thousands of requests that Miss Young and every other star has for acknowledgments of letters, books, and the like?"

Yes, I have, but they are not all from the blind, are they? And a blind author, at that. Nor was it sent begging for attention of any kind. It was sent by special messenger—your humble servant acting as such. Surely an exception could have been made. Further, a photo of the old man appears on the front page showing just how he wrote it. He asked nothing of her but a word. If the stars, being fooled by professional beggars and deadbeats, begin punishing the innocent and deserving, then I don't hesitate to criticize them. That is not right! As to your question, dear Miss Monica, "Can the stars have no privacy?" you never hear of any fans disturbing them in their homes, do you? A professional man or woman serving the public *must be expected to be stared at!*

MILLICENT STATTEN.

1938 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Hot Stuff!

Either I am growing tired of pictures or else the pattern from which the mass of pictures is now being cut is a poor one. Something is wrong—a little rift within the lute—for most of the pictures I have seen this winter have bored me to tears.

Pictures like "Flaming Youth," "The Wanters," "The Exciters," "His Children's

Children," "Children of Jazz," "Has the World Gone Mad?" "Prodigal Daughters," and "Sporting Youth"—to name but a few—all seem to follow one formula. Such elaborate sets are used to show bootleg parties, dinner dances, balls, and gorgeous grotesque café and cabaret scenes, that the talent—if any—displayed by the players is swallowed up by the strange and exotic backgrounds. Which, after all, is perhaps just as well since there is a great deal of mediocre acting on the screen today.

I did not see all of the pictures named above, but I did see "Flaming Youth" and "Has the World Gone Mad?" The whole world may not be mad, but surely somebody is, or why do we have so many pictures of this type? "Flaming Youth" left me cold. Perhaps it is because I am no longer in my first youth and have grown phlegmatic and sluggish, or my judgment may be poor that causes me to prefer pictures like "The Sage Hen" and "Driven" to these jazz concoctions.

The word "flame" seems to be a very popular word. We have "The Eternal Flame," "The Flame of Life," "Hearts Aflame," "Flaming Barriers," "Flaming Youth," and "Flaming Passion." Hot stuff! or as Farina would say: Hot dog!

E. P.

320 Central Avenue, Great Falls, Mon.

What Two Fans Saw in Hollywood.

When a movie fan meets a movie star, it is fan nature to want to tell other fans about it. And knowing that through this department of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE the greatest number of fans can share what we enjoyed in Hollywood, has caused us to write this letter.

Having lived most of our lives in Denver, Colorado, we had the pleasure of seeing an occasional movie star in a personal appearance at some theater, but that did not fully satisfy our minds.

We dreamed the same dreams that thousands of other fans are to-day dreaming—of going to Hollywood. Hollywood sounded almost like a magic word to us. We had read so much of its splendors and wonders that it seemed highly improbable for such a place really to exist. But it was there, we learned.

We at last found ourselves strolling along Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, gazing at the immense structures that have for several years emitted millions of feet of celluloid for the amusement of millions of motion-picture fans. We were at the hub of the gigantic motion-picture industry. Inside the high board walls we could hear a director shouting instructions. Outside were hundreds of people waiting and hoping for an opportunity to get into pictures. Some of them appeared a little the worse for wear and tear, both physically and mentally. These pathetic groups, we were told, were a fair representation of the thousands of misguided persons who arrive annually in Hollywood hoping to make their fortunes in the movies. The greater part of the ones we saw seemed hungry, and their clothes had become shabby from long and constant use. It was really a pitiful sight and a feeling of sympathy crept into our hearts even though they were to blame for their sad plight. They had not taken advantage of the warnings broadcast by the industry. They were in Hollywood, it was true, but many of them no doubt wished for their old homes again and the tender caresses of loving mothers.

Turning away from the studios we began to scrutinize the fine cars on the boulevards for the features of some of our favorites. We had but a short time to wait. Soon we spied a familiar face. It was Mae Murray! She was driving the car herself at the time, taking the morning air by herself with the eyes of Hollywood centered upon her.

Mae's dress was identically the same color as the car. Later in the day Miss Murray, of course, rides in the rear seat of her town car piloted by her liveried chauffeur. Miss Murray appears as unconcerned in actual life as she does in pictures and seems to maintain a sort of "I should worry" spirit.

Next we recognized the rough outline of Bull Montana's upper story. Bull was sporting a fine new touring car of a pea-green hue, and stepped on the accelerator full of determination to get through the traffic and out onto a long stretch of pavement, where he could skim over the smooth surface at a more satisfactory speed.

But they were not all riding in automobiles. A trolley car stopped and Helene Chadwick attempted to board it. The car was crowded and Miss Chadwick was forced to wait for another car. We were glad, in a way, for we could see more of her. She appeared as lovable and adorable as any one. She did not seem to mind waiting for another car. Nor was it any disgrace with her to ride in a street car. We liked this quality in her and wished to see more actresses with the same spirit. This kind seems more human.

After whole galaxies of stars and near-stars passed, as if in review, their various homes demanded our attention. It was indeed interesting to note the different styles of architecture employed in their building. Some of them—Charlie Chaplin's especially—had the appearance of a huge medieval castle. The Chaplin and Fairbanks homes are built on top of a huge hill overlooking the entire city. Jack Holt has a sign on his front gate which boldly states, "Beware the Dogs." We took the information as intended and moved on down the street. In the same block reposed the mansion of Dorothy Phillips. It was a handsome affair. Most of the homes belonging to the stars were located in the same district, which covered but a few blocks.

We departed from Hollywood and went to Victorville, the place where Bill Hart's "Wild Bill Hickok" was filmed. Many scenes are shot here every year, as pictures requiring a desert atmosphere find appropriate scenery in this locality.

It was here in Victorville that we had the pleasure of meeting some famous movie folks, Virginia Warwick, of "Four Horsemen" fame, and Tom Mix, the great movie cowboy. They were in Victorville and vicinity for the purpose of shooting location scenes for "The Ace of the Cactus Range."

MILDRED L. MILLER,
R. PERCY MOORE.

Victorville, Calif.

A Word of Advice from Porto Rico.

Why is it that some of the stars persist in having their photographs taken with very little clothes on and others go still farther and are photographed nearly in the nude? If these stars think they will gain more followers by doing this, they are mistaken, for I am sure the women don't tolerate it; true, the men may enjoy seeing it, but ask them their opinion of a girl thus photographed.

When we have a crush on a star, is it not true that we consider her as our best pal for a sweetheart? Now name me the man who will approve of his sweetheart having her picture taken this way.

My idea in writing this is not to criticize anybody, but just to call the attention of some of our favorites to their carelessness in this matter. I considered Bebe and Madge Bellamy and many others very nice girls but since I have seen



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them photographed in somewhat scant attire, my estimation of them has diminished a little, though I still like them, yet such good girls as they are ought to realize that it is not very decorous to do this.

Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, and others I could mention, do not resort to this kind of publicity in order to obtain fame, yet see where they stand.

Of course, if their stories call for them to appear practically with nothing on, I have nothing to say against it because then it is done for realism and for art's sake.

There is a lot of difference in being photographed in scant clothing of your own free will merely for purposes of publicity and appearing in a picture with barely anything for art's sake, as was the case in "The Queen of Sheba," a picture I enjoyed immensely, as I have Mae Murray's films.

I hope I have not hurt anybody's feelings by this criticism.

GENE GARCIA.
213 Santo Sepulcro Street, Paco, Manila, P. I.

A Star's Act of Kindness.

I want to tell why Bebe Daniels is one of my favorites. I like her work and think she has improved muchly over the Bebe of the early Harold Lloyd days. But this isn't the chief reason I like her so much. I admire her because her sudden rise to stardom and popularity hasn't changed her; because she is as sweet off screen as on.

A friend of mine played as an extra in quite a few studios in Hollywood and, of course, came in contact with quite a few stars. Some of them snub the extra girl, others are friendly. Bebe is one of the latter kind. One day, while working in the fitting room at the Lasky Studios under Miss West, who is in charge of the wardrobe department, where dresses are fitted on the various stars, my friend almost ruined a dress to be worn by Bebe Daniels in "Everywoman," and was severely reprimanded. She was almost in tears when the door opened and Bebe herself appeared. She came over to her and told her, kindly, that it didn't matter if the dress was ruined. Judge the thrill it gave my friend to receive a small bottle of imported perfume from Bebe, a sympathetic pat on the back, and a heartening, "Don't worry about that dress," as she left with her queer little smile. She saw the star often after that, as she was given a small part in the picture, but she says Bebe Daniels was the same always, never a bit "upstage."

Miss Daniels will never know how much that girl thinks of her for that one kind little act—undoubtedly, she has forgotten the incident—but that little extra won't.

Few stars would go out of their way to cheer up "just an extra."

BLANCHE A. REXICKER.
180 Fernwood Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

A Man's Criticism of the Way the Women Stars Dress.

Nearly every screen play reveals the overdressing and atrocious taste of our screen players.

Madame Frances is one of New York's best-known authorities upon fashions, and says our screen stars show bad taste in selecting gowns for some of their screen plays. I surely agree with her.

In pictures I saw recently Leatrice Joy wore an evening gown with fur enough to equip a royal court; Nita Naldi had the usual excessive vamp garb with enough pearls to frighten any man; Gloria Swanson appeared in a badly overtrimmed afternoon gown; Virginia Valli was wearing silk stockings for gym exercise; Barbara La Marr wore the usual excessive vamp attire; Gladys Walton had an overelaborate plumed hat; Julia Faye was wearing knickerbockers for golfing.

If the stars wear them, why blame the public for doing the same? We go to see "proper style" as well as good stories and acting, so why not "good taste" in style also?

Alice Joyce always dresses her rôle.

Elsie Ferguson never used bad taste.

Mary Pickford has never played parts calling for great display of clothes. She is always well dressed. Her clothes suit her. But when she needs the gowns of a smart woman, she wears them well.

Corinne Griffith owes much of her screen success to the fastidious care with which she has chosen her clothes.

Lillian Gish looks best in period costumes, but those she wears are correct for the time she portrays.

Constance Talmadge, Ethel Clayton, Betty Compson, May McAvoy are the smart young girl type, and choose their clothes with good taste.

Who says we men go to the movies just to see a pretty doll face and perfect forms? We men notice the clever styles as well as the woman. Why, then, shouldn't we criticize the art of dressing?

CHARLES MANK, JR.
220 East Main, Staunton, Ill.

Concerning Make-up.

For the first time I feel like calling Gloria Swanson "Glorious Gloria," and it is not since seeing her latest picture either, but since seeing her picture in a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY along with Sylvia Ashton and Alexander Bunchuk.

At first I could not make out what was different about Gloria, and then it dawned on me that her mouth looks like a real mouth in that picture. I have always admired Miss Swanson's acting, but have never really enjoyed it, as I could not keep my eyes off that hard, unnatural mouth. Of course, we all realize that the stars have to use a certain amount of make-up, and a reasonable use of the lip stick is all right. Surely the stars themselves must know when they are overdoing it. I wonder what Barbara La Marr looks like without the lip stick? I feel sure she looks very beautiful, and if she would only let us see her in one picture with, say, about one half the amount she usually uses, I believe she would gain a lot of new admirers. I once saw Mae Murray in a picture, and she had such an exaggerated curve to her upper lip that it looked exactly like a Charlie Chaplin mustache. The Gish sisters often offend in this respect. I have seen them in some pictures when their mouths looked like little red buttons.

If any of your readers happen to have PICTURE-PLAY of last September, and they will turn to the pictures of "Favorite Players," they will see a striking illustration of my contention that the stars look better when they look natural. There is a picture of Eleanor Boardman with scarcely any make-up on her mouth, and on the opposite page a picture of May Allison with altogether too much on. And May Allison is such a charming little star, too. Well, we must all live and learn.

AMY LABLONDE.
Magna, Utah.

A Handsome Player Who Can Act.

Kenneth Harlan's wonderful portrayal of *The Virginian* is concrete proof that he does not belong in Fay Margery Mandel's list of handsome but dumb heroes. Mr. Harlan is one of the handsomest men our screen has ever had, but

he *can* act. When given the right rôle he is convincingly real, genuine, and sincere, revealing great depth and humanness.

I hope that Mr. Harlan's work in "The Virginian" will be an eye opener to the producers, and that they will continue to bestow upon him pictures worthy of his splendid talent.

When I saw Mr. Harlan in person recently, I was pleased to find him such a quiet, unassuming young man, not the slightest bit upstage. There is no mistaking his sincerity; it is indeed quite refreshing and contagious.

I think that King Baggot, Ramsey Wallace, and Kenneth Harlan are the three handsomest actors the screen has ever had, and their gifted histrionic ability is just as pronounced as their good looks.

MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.
711 Superba Street, Venice, Calif.

Douglas MacLean Writes About Maude Adams.

The article about Maude Adams and her new association with the Film Guild in the recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY tempts me to add a few words of sincere appreciation of one of the finest women of the American stage—a temptation too strong to be resisted.

It was through Maude Adams that I received my first real opportunity on the legitimate stage. She engaged me to play opposite her in "Rosalind," a one-act play by J. M. Barrie, and later I appeared with her in "Peter Pan," touring New England.

Since the first day I met her, I have always regarded Maude Adams not only as a consummate artist and a splendid woman, but as an ideal. Her name symbolizes the finest things of the theater. She is loved and admired both by the people backstage and those out in front. I have never known any one so pleasant to work with, so kind and thoughtful for other members of her company or so beloved by the profession and the public alike. She always made it her personal duty to see to the comfort and happiness of every member of her company, and she was continually mindful of her obligation to the thousands of theatergoers whose appreciation and admiration had raised her to the pinnacle of success.

There are few anecdotes to tell of Miss Adams, for she was of a retiring nature and rarely appeared in public save on the stage. She usually took her meals in her hotel room and when traveling wore a veil, so that new members of the company often failed to recognize her.

Her charities were many, but only a very few of her friends knew anything of them at all. Whatever she did for those less fortunate than herself she did quietly, without ostentation and as a matter of course.

Maude Adams knows the theater from the box office to the stage entrance—knows more about its many phases than probably any woman in America to-day. She was not content merely to be one of the greatest actresses of the generation. She must know about everything else and know it thoroughly. She understands stage lighting as well as the best, and has developed numerous new types of lights and methods of illumination. Stage direction, play construction, presentation—Maude Adams knows and understands them all. In addition, she is an exceptionally keen business woman who knows as much, or more, about her business affairs, as the people who handle them.

Several years after I appeared with Miss Adams, she came to Los Angeles in "A Kiss for Cinderella." I saw her for a few moments backstage and, as always, the visit was an inspiration. I doubt if anything that might be said about Maude Adams could overstate her many admirable qualities. DOUGLAS MACLEAN.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

ELLA.—I'm sorry your letters to those players were returned from the addresses listed in The Oracle, but they were correct at the time they were written. Free-lance actors move about so much, seldom staying at a certain studio for more than one picture, that by the time a magazine is made up, printed, and released for sale the whereabouts of certain players are likely to be changed. The studios, I suppose, can hardly be expected to hold or forward mail to every free-lance actor who happens to have had a part in one of their productions; half the time they don't know where the players have gone, anyhow. Now if all these rovers would forward me a permanent address for fan mail, as some of them have done, everything would be fine. But lacking such information all I can do, since the fans insist upon *some* address, is to give the one that is correct at the time, so that they can mail their effusions and trust to luck that they will find their way to the players.

W. Y.—I can't tell you whether or not the production of "Peg o' My Heart," which Famous Players made several years ago with Wanda Hawley, was actually thrown into the fire, but I know that it might just as well be, for it was a dead loss to them, as they could never show it anywhere, since the author, J. Hartley Manners, secured an injunction against its exhibition. That is the same story, of curse, which Laurette Taylor made as her first screen production last year. There have been millions of motion-picture dollars sunk in the production of numerous films on which not a cent of return ever will be realized, through one cause or another. The "Peg o' My Heart" injunction was an unusual case, as was the unfortunate Arbuckle affair, which left the same company with two or three finished films representing a production outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars that turned worthless overnight. But any number of films are started, carried along for a while at considerable expense, then dropped because the funds ran out or the company split up or something else put an end to the enterprise in midair. Sometimes films have turned out to be so bad when completed that no distributor would take them even as a gift. The storage laboratories are full of just such filmy ghosts, representing tremendous outlays of real money, and yet having hardly the exhibition value of a penny.

FLAPPER IN LOVE.—You use strong words, my dear. Perhaps it is just as well that you see Bert Lytell only on the screen. I think he'd be rather scared of "worshiping" females. "The Eternal City" has already been released; and, in case you missed the February issue of PICTURE-PLAY, you can get a copy by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. There was an interview in that number with Bert, which was written by Malcolm H. Oettinger, accompanied by an especially nice photograph of Bert, which you can add to your collection.



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By Byram C. Kelly, A. M., LL. D.

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SOLAR STUDIO, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, Dept. 342

FLAPPER.—After "Monsieur Beaucaire," Valentino will make one more picture for Famous Players-Lasky before starting his contract with Ritz Pictures. The leading feminine players in "Beaucaire" are Lois Wilson as *The Queen,* Bebe Daniels as *Princess de Bourbon-Conti,* and Helene Chadwick as the haughty *Lady Mary Carlisle.* Rudolph's last Famous picture will be a South American story, and Bebe Daniels will again be the fortunate girl to play opposite him.

TERRY.—The Goldwyn film, "The Slave of Desire," is the latest release in which Bessie Love appears. After that, you may see her in an Ince production, "Those Who Dance." Banche Sweet, Warner Baxter, and Bobby Agnew also are in "Those Who Dance," if you are interested in any other members of the cast when Bessie is present. Miss Love is not married, and never has been. Marie Doro has not appeared in any American-made pictures for years, but she has just completed a film for the Stoll Company of England, called "Saly Bishop." Perhaps it will be brought to this country, and then you wi have a chance to renew your "fast-fading vision" of Marie.

ELISE.—The latest release in which Adophe Menjou appears is "The Marriage Circle," which Ernst Lubitsch directed for Warner Brothers, and you may see Mr. Menjou next in another Warner picture, "Broadway After Dark." Norma Shearer is in it, too. Lon Chaney is not going to play *Dan* in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." There was a rumor to that effect some months ago, but Lew Cody has now been definitely selected for the rôle. Barbara La Marr, of course, will be "the lady who was known as *Lou.*" Your old standby, Milton Sills, is still winning out on enviable parts against strong competition. His latest plum is the title rôle in "The Sea Hawk," Raphael Sabatini's romance which Frank Lloyd is directing for First National. Milton looks very dashing and picturesque in his make-up for the part, and probably will make the girls more devoted to him than ever.

A TWINKLER FOR THOMAS MEIGHAN.—You seem to like Tommy. He was born on April 9, 1884, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His wife is Frances Ring, who used to be on the stage, but whose rôle is just that of Mrs. Meighan now. They have no children, though a lot of persons seem to have gathered the impression that they have anywhere from one to six. Twenty-five cents is the usual amount to inclose for a photo, and while some players send their pictures without charge the greater number do not, so it is better to send the quarter anyhow, if you can. Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico, of Spanish parentage, and the exact date, if it means anything to your movie records, was February 6, 1899. Katherine MacDonald has not made any pictures since her marriage, some months ago, to a Philadelphia millionaire, but she may come back some time.

E. D.—John Gilbert and Jack Gilbert are the same person. I don't know why many fans think he is two different actors, as "Jack" is the usual nickname for "John." Mr. Gilbert is still making pictures for Fox, while his wife, Leatrice Joy, continues in Famous Players-Lasky productions. "Triumph," directed by Cecil De Mille, is the latest in which she appears, and Rod La Rocque plays opposite her. Perhaps some time you will see Leatrice and her husband in the same film, but their contracts would not permit that just now, even if they wanted to do it.

I. J.—Blanche Sweet has not dropped out of pictures by any means. You cannot have been following the movie news very closely lately, for Blanche has come back stronger and younger than ever. Just go to the nearest theater showing "Anna Christie" and you will get a pleasant surprise.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Gloria Swanson, Glenn Hunter, Nita Naldi, Rudolph Valentino, and Bebe Daniels, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Harrison Ford, care of Menifee I. Johnstone, 206 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gaston Glass, Norma Shearer, Ethel Shannon, Kenneth Harlan, Clara Bow, and Huntley Gordon, care of Preferred Pictures, Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

George Walsh, Kathleen Key, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, Gertrude Olmstead, and Mabel Ballin, care of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenma Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Leatrice Joy, Pola Negri, Victor Varconi, Rod La Rocque, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Mary Astor, Jacqueline Logan, Thomas Meighan, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Charles De Roche, Ernest Torrence, Cullen Landis, Edward Horton, Adolphe Menjou, William Farnum, and Bobby Agnew at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Wyndham Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, Bruce Guerin, and Wesley Barry at Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

John and Lionel Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Neil Hamilton, Carol Dempster, and Charles Emmett Mack at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Edmund Lowe, care of Fox Film Coorporation, West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Malcolm MacGregor, Barbara La Marr, Viola Dana, Renee Adoree, Alice Terry, and Ramon Novarro at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, Norma Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Constance Talmadge, and Milton Sills at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Marion Davies, Alma Rubens, and Anita Stewart, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

George Arliss, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante, Virginia Valli, Shannon Day, Billy Sullivan, Mary Philbin, Eileen and Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, Hoot Gibson, Jack Hoxie, and William Desmond at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Aileen Pringle, Conrad Nagel, Blanche Sweet, and Mae Busch at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Johnnie Walker, Ruth Roland, Jane and Eva Novak, Alberta Vaughn, Ralph Lewis, and Douglas MacLean at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924.

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

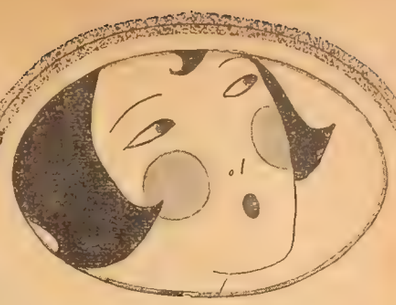
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ORMOND G. SMITH, President,
of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1924. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 183, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1925.)



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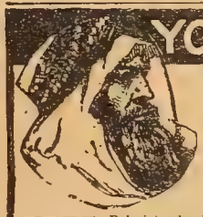
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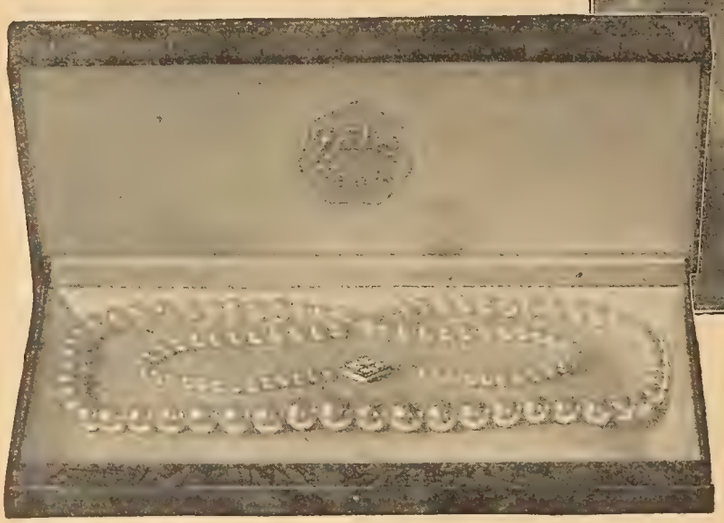
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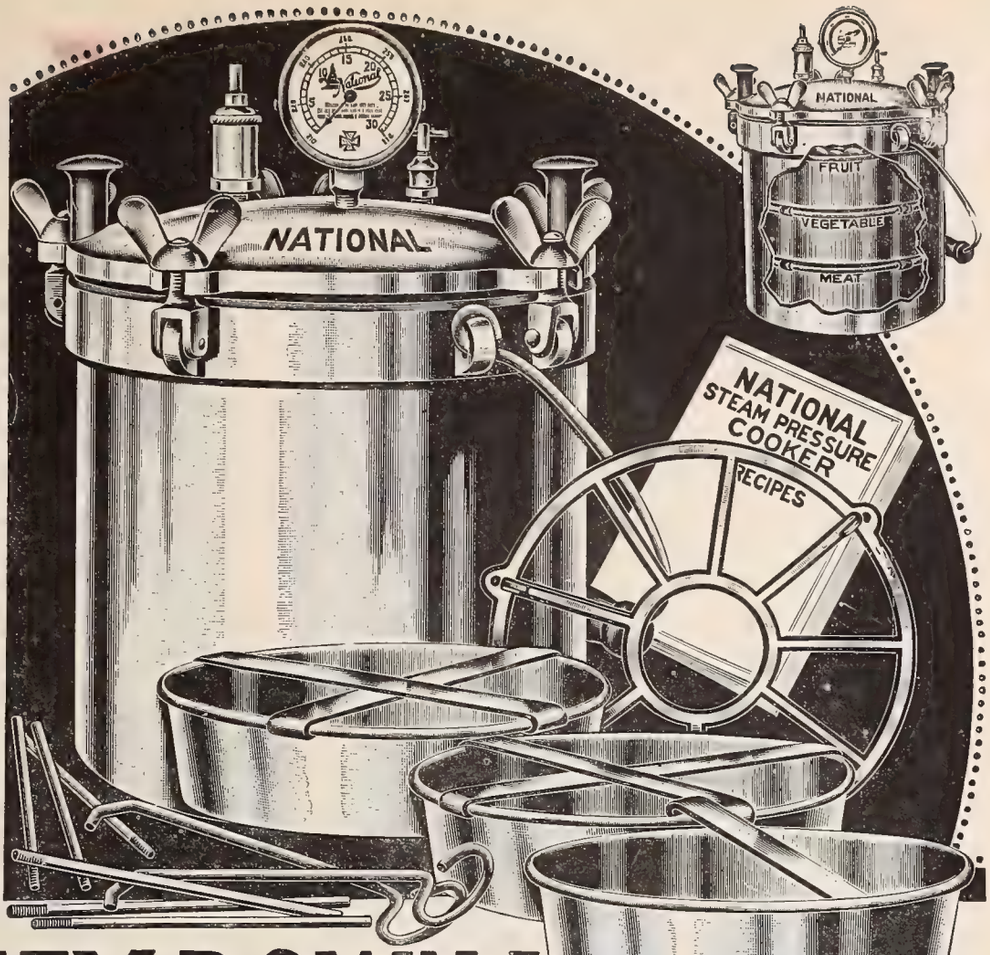
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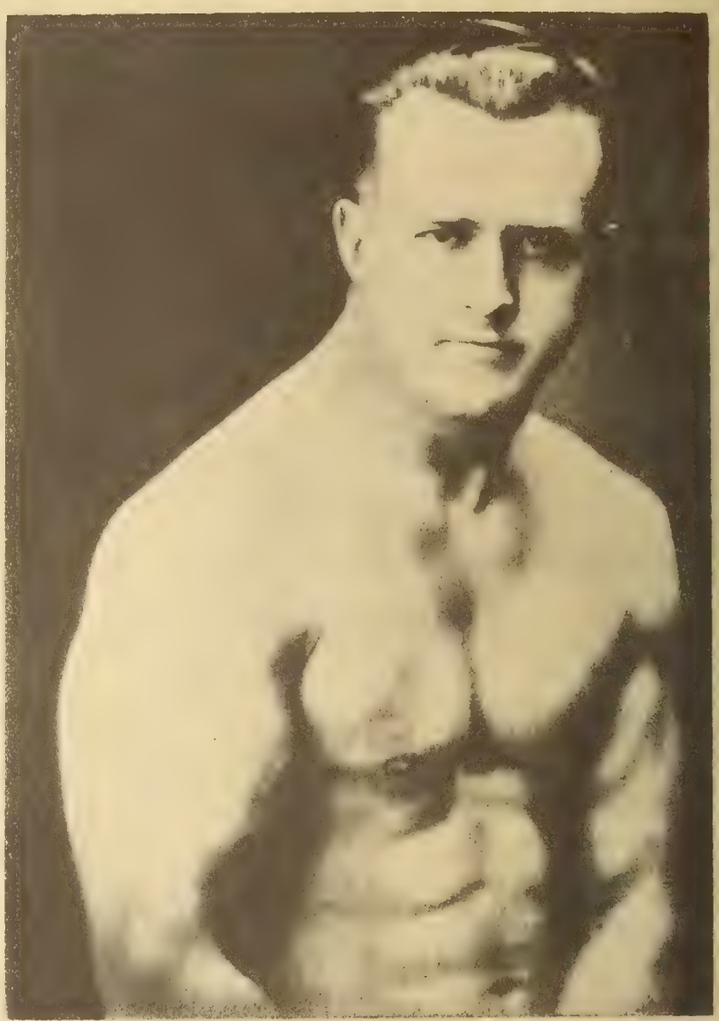
The Best Magazine of the Screen

A Slap In The Face With a Cream Puff

is not a man's way of fighting. Neither can you do a man's job with balls of mush on your arms where muscle ought to be. How long are you going to drag along this way? Don't try to kid yourself by saying: "Oh, I'll start regular exercises next week." I know a lot of fellows who kept doing that until—*Zowie*—it was too late. They couldn't make a come-back no matter how they tried.

This Is A Big Day For You

Don't put this off another second. If you want to make the best of your life, you'll have to start right now. Come on, let's go—*you and me*—and you're going to bless the day you read this message. I'm going to make you work—you can bet your old shirt on that. But you'll thank me for it, 'cause—*oh boy!*—what a different looking chap you're going to be. Just for a starter I'm going to put one full inch on those arms of yours in exactly 30 days—and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. Then comes the real works. I'm going to build out that neck of yours and put a pair of shoulders on you that will bulge right out of your old coat sleeves. I'm going to fill out your chest with a perfect pair of lungs that will pump real oxygen into your blood, shooting a thrill over your entire body and sending a quiver up your old spinal column. I'm going to put a ripple of muscle up and down your stomach instead of that roll of fat that is now hanging over your belt line. And while I'm doing this, I am also going to build muscle in and around every vital organ. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye. In fact, you will say to yourself: "What a terrible oil-can I was turning out to be; why didn't I start this long ago?"



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Vol. XX MONTHLY No. 5

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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This article was written by Margaret Reid, whose photograph is just at the left and who is one of the hundreds of pretty girls who are trying to make a name for themselves in the movies. How she got into the cast of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" she tells in her article; why she, in common with many other extras, wishes that the vogue for costume pictures would continue; what it is like to have Douglas Fairbanks, Marshall Neilan, and Charlie Chaplin start a general rough-house in the midst of working on a picture; all that and much more is told.

OTHER BIG FEATURES

of the next number of PICTURE-PLAY will be a personality sketch by Malcolm Oettinger of Anna Q. Nilsson, a frank and revealing article about Pola Negri by Myrtle Gebhart, "Pulling Their Punches" an arresting article about the fight films, and many other interesting and exclusive articles mirroring accurately the world of the films.

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Index to "Picture-Play Magazine"

FROM JANUARY, 1924, TO JUNE, 1924 : : :

The following index lists the contents of the last six issues of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE under four general classifications: *Players and Directors, Screen Productions, Stage Productions,* and *General Articles.* The first classification gives references to all photographs, interviews, and articles pertaining to the persons listed. The second refers to reviews, picture layouts, stories and location letters, about screen productions. The third lists reviews of stage plays. The fourth is a list of all general articles, under explanatory group headings.

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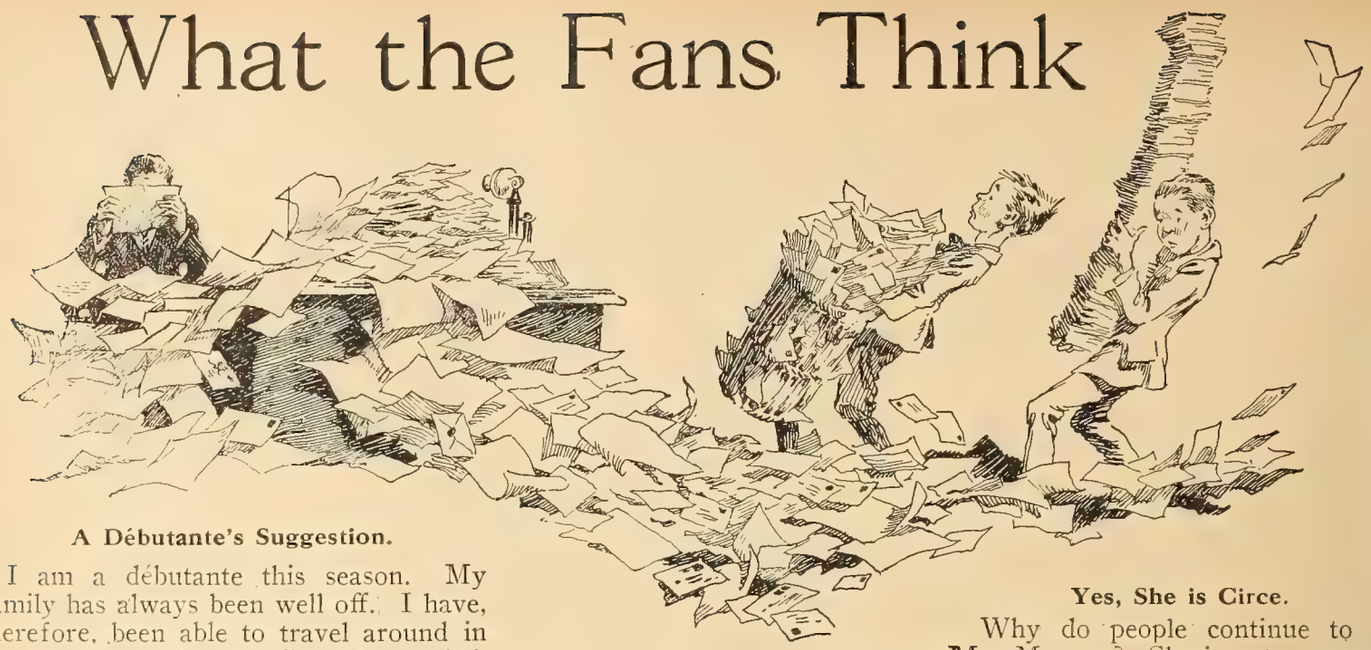
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What the Fans Think



A Débutante's Suggestion.

I am a débutante this season. My family has always been well off. I have, therefore, been able to travel around in the best society has to offer. I attended, at one time, a large social function in New York City, where Irene Castle was the only professional present. She was not there to entertain, but because she is a pet or favorite of society, and always has been. She, one might almost say, is the only actress who is really accepted by society. I also would like to remind you that her performances bring to light the most distinguished audiences of to-day. I have been prompted by several in my set to insist that Miss Castle *must* make more pictures and have as her leading man Huntley Gordon, who has been accepted into society by a certain set in New York. I know very little about what the motion-picture audiences in general desire, but I am sure that society would desert the opera when Irene was to be present. Does any one deny that Huntley Gordon and Irene Castle would be *superb?*

THEDORA ANTHONY.

Blackstone Boulevard,
Linden Place,
Providence, Rhode Island.

What a Sailor Thinks.

One of the chief enjoyments at sea is the time when the "movie screen" goes up, out on the briny deep, as they say. We are a family, not strangers, as people are at the theaters ashore. We are free to express our opinion, and we do, without blushing.

The majority like the picture presenting the most up-to-date views on our present-day life; pictures dating too far back fail to hold our interest long. I have heard a lot of discussion among the sailors about screen players and the majority seem to favor Tom Meighan, Tom Mix, and Monte Blue. The latter has a powerful drag with the sailors. Among the women, Gloria Swanson and Anna Q. Nilsson seem to hold a special interest.

As for pictures, all cannot be made on the same style, so it is up to the fan to pick from the many selections which one suits his or her taste. Variety is the essential thing about motion pictures.

In most cities of any size there are numerous shows to choose from, then it is the fan who should pick the picture desired. In a small town where there is only one show, let the ones who cannot bear the picture haul in the sidewalks.

L. G. RYAN, U. S. N.

U. S. S. *Somers* (301),
Care of Postmaster,
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Why do people continue to see Mae Murray? She is not an actress, nor even a dancer. But she certainly wears clothes. No wonder she is the apple of so many women's eyes. She is Paris and Fashion incarnate! Paris, because she is light-hearted; Fashion because she knows how to wear clothes—or how not to wear them.

Miss Murray reminds me of cotillions and youth. She is never serious or even worried. Ah! that is where she attracts people. Miss Murray has the gift of making one's troubles and misfortunes vanish. She makes her audience feel happy.

Perhaps that is why she is popular. She is not an exponent of art; but she is Circe the enchantress.

Every time I see Miss Murray I swear I will not go again, since she is not an actress or even a dancer.

But I do go again. Yes, she is Circe.

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Stories of luxury, and vice
Of lives in crooked paths, and straight;
Of hapless heroines, villains bold
And heroes—all strong, silent men—
Who fight triumphantly through life
Subdue all enemies and then
Mid splendors rare, with boundless wealth,
Countless admirers, friends galore,
Marry the maiden of their choice
And happy live, forevermore.

"Now tell me, critic, if you can,
Why don't I please the average fan?"

I told him—after due reflection—
One fact you always seem to miss
In working out these tired old plots
Real life is not a bit like this.
If your strong, silent heroes were
To treat fair maidens, young and frail
As they do in your picture plays,
They'd quickly find themselves in jail.
In any case the average girl
In real life, won't stand usage rough
From lovers, but is more inclined
If one tries it, to say "Enough
Of this; if you treat me so now
When courting—well, I really dread
To think of all the awful things
You'd do to me, if we were wed.
I think I'll tarry yet a while
For one who's gentler in his style."

(Continued on page 12)

The Long, Long Trail

By GEORGE OWEN BAXTER

A WESTERN story in which Western folk will recognize a number of good friends, and a few bad ones, too.

Morgan Valentine, the rancher, sure had his hands full of trouble. There were certain incidental ones, like a pair of great hulking sons who were quick on the draw, but the heaviest cross he had to bear was *Mary*, who had been confided to his tender care by his beloved brother.

Then, as if to fill his measure of trouble to overflowing, poor *Morgan* leads to his home a bandit who has just robbed him of his ranch pay roll. *Mary* and the bandit meet, and the story begins.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Just think what kind of world 'twould be
If things depicted on the screen
Were true to life—if women were
As helpless creatures as we've seen
Languishing in the photoplays!
When trouble comes, they never plan
To boldly meet and vanquish it
But look round for the nearest man
Content that he their foes will banish
And all their difficulties vanish.
And husbands, too, how they dictate
To wives subservient and meek!
I often think there'd be some fun
Should wives of movie stars thus speak.
Of course it's quite all right to flaunt
Superior wisdom on the screen.
Had I not shown mine, once or twice
I wonder where we'd both have been!
Husbands are always wise—in films—
It isn't always so in life.
Sometimes the man's the clever half
In other unions—it's the wife!
Poets, the ages down, have sung
Sweet songs extolling love's young dream,
And all the time, in every clime,
The main business of life would seem.
At every age, and every stage
To dally with the tender passion
Full soon some tune and then discord
Lovers, like clothes gone out of fashion
While others more unhappy still
Who by some cruel fate are parted
Yearn for each other all their lives
And finally die, broken-hearted.

Love is woman's whole existence—
At least Lord Byron tells us so—
But though he was a famous poet
There were some things he didn't know.
The cinema producer seems
To think with Byron. So we get
Thousands of pictures all the same
Based on one hackneyed subject; yet
How great is life, outside of love!
O wondrous science, how we take
Your marvels calmly, and forget
The lives given gladly for your sake.
Music and art, full oft you grant
Your worshipers a vision fair.
To keep them in your service still
And save their spirits from despair!
How glorious these far-off lands
Which half of us have never seen
Nor will see, unless fate is kind
And shows them to us on the screen!

Were I a Griffith, and produced
A superpicture—I'd not shirk
A theme congenial to my mind
I'd dedicate the film to "Work."
Youth is for love, and love for youth,
But when old Time begins to rob
Us of our youth, with what content
We turn to our congenial job!
Here are new hazards still to take
Here are rich prizes to be won,
Here is an interest that will keep
Our hearts in tune, till life is done.

And so, producer, my advice
Is—never heed the man who vaunts
His cleverness, and loudly cries:
"I give the public what it wants."
The public doesn't always know
Just what it wants, in picture plays,
So treat it like a mother wise
Who to her willful children says,
"Yes, that's a pretty tale you've told,
I'm sorry, dears, that it's a lie;
We'll try some truth now for a change,
You'll get to like it by and by."

MINNIE FARQUHARSON WARD.

Glasgow, Scotland.

From a Lionel Barrymore Fan.

I have seen a good many letters in these columns about Rudie Valentino's wonderful love making. Well, that may be so—I don't doubt it for a moment, for I've watched Rudie, and think he's wonderful. But for really thrilling love making, for splendid acting and personal magnetism he is eclipsed by Lionel Barrymore. Surely American fans realize that Lionel is the most compelling, the most wonderful figure in films? I ought to add stage, too, but as I have never had the great good fortune of seeing him in flesh, I have to be content to worship him from my seat in the cinema.

Speaking for those English fans who love him as much as I do, I assure you that we are very envious of all the U. S. girls and boys who can claim him as *their* special property, and if they don't realize their wonderful fortune, all I can say is—they're stark, staring mad! Naturally, we have our two stage idols—Matheson Lang and Gerald du Maurier—they have the most beautiful voices I have ever heard, and Mr. Lang is awfully good looking—but I hardly think they compare with your two Mr. Barrymores. After seeing "The Face in the Fog" and "Enemies of Women" I know that Mr. Lionel is my favorite motion-picture star *living*. I say this because there is one man I'll love as long as I live as my dearest shadow friend—poor darling Wally. I can't say anything sweet enough about him, so I'll leave it unsaid.

I'd like to hear from every girl or boy who loves these two stars. I have a small collection of four hundred photos of Wally, but kind friends are helping me swell this in exchange for *their* favorites—I have the princely sum of twenty pictures of Lionel—why, oh, why don't the magazines print more of him for me?

VERA A. PAQUALIN.

29 Princes Avenue, Church End, Finchley, London, England.

Concerning Von Stroheim.

I used to think that Eric von Stroheim was the most despicable man on the screen. To me he was disgusting and a disgrace to what is called the motion-picture industry, through the horrible rôles he essayed. I thought he ought to be run off the screen. He was no more than a nefarious Hun, I said, whose chief delight was to portray despoilers of women and baby killers for large sums of money.

As I—narrow-mindedly—could not differentiate between the actor and the man, I was one of those who thought Von Stroheim in private life must resemble Von Stroheim the film villain, and, consequently, that he must be an undesirable person.

How could such a man have artistic precepts, I thought? It was impossible that this horrible man could be doing anything but making capital of baseness. No good could possibly come from him, when the screen needed nothing so much as artistic contributions. I was hot under the collar about it.

Since that time I have definitely reversed my ideas. I have been in a position to learn the truth about Von Stroheim. I have found out that this actor director is one of the most consistent and earnest artistic idealists of which the screen may boast.

For instance, he has produced "Greed" from Frank Norris' "McTeague," one of the outstanding American literary classics.

Continued on page 14

Behind Locked Doors

Ernest M. Poate

MAJOR CONFORD was murdered, stabbed with his own knife! Under the body was found a syringe loaded with deadly poison. The major lived with his niece, his crippled sister and her son. At the inquest, the major's will was read and it was found that his niece had been made residuary legatee.

Whose hand struck down the old man? How came the syringe beneath the body? Why did the counsel for Mildred Conford—— the major's niece——produce the will at the inquest?

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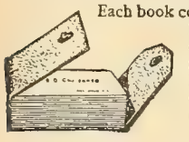
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

In doing so he has fulfilled a long-felt desire, it seems. There is no commercialism about that. It is an artistic endeavor of the highest sort, especially as he has produced the film as the book was written.

Also I have learned, from sources of authentic information—from a person in unusually close touch with what transpires in the motion-picture industry—that Von Stroheim has endeavored to make "Greed" such an artistic piece of work that he has utterly *neglected* commercialism. I was told that when the actor director made a contract with the Goldwyn Company it was stipulated he was to make three pictures in a year and receive thirty thousand dollars apiece for producing them. He was to receive a certain sum for writing the screen adaptations, and in addition was to get a salary for acting in two of them. Instead Von Stroheim has made but one production during the year, obviously receiving but thirty thousand dollars. I was told by my informant that he has not drawn a cent of salary since June 1, 1923. If he was imbued with commercialism he could have made at least one hundred thousand dollars within the same time in completing the three pictures under the stipulation of his contract.

And this Von Stroheim, surely working at art for art's sake if anybody ever did, was the man I thought would never attempt to raise the standard of the motion picture or make anything but disgusting contributions to the screen.

I would like to make him a public apology. He is doing and will do as much for the artistic standards of the screen as any one else with worth-while ideals, and much more than the others.

Incidentally, that other great screen artisan, D. W. Griffith, once made a statement that in striving for artistic ideals his reward has been but one other pair of shoes and an extra hat. The person who gave me the information about Von Stroheim said that when the latter read Griffith's statement he lifted up his feet and displayed a worn pair of shoes, remarking it was his one and only, and said he had *no* hat—he wore a cap. Instead of living in a stucco palace on a Hollywood hillside, as some of his more commercial fellows, Von Stroheim's home is in an inconspicuous frame bungalow on a busy Los Angeles street.

(MISS) FRANCES GUEST.

961 Fairfax Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

The Small Town Answers Back.

After reading "What the Fans Think" column in the April PICTURE-PLAY I must confess I lost my temper somewhat over a certain fan's supposed-to-be-humorous account of his experience at a "hick" movie. Far be it from me to dispute the writer's word, but I do think that the letter could have been written with more regard of feeling toward said "hicks," who support the movies as well as their more *critical* and ultrasophisticated city cousins—the writer, for instance! Melodramatic sob stuff may get by in a small town better than cheap vulgarity in a million-dollar setting, but there isn't a hick among us who wouldn't drive forty miles through a blizzard in a flivver to see such pictures as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The White Sister," "The Humming Bird," and others of recent success.

Do not think that the small towns are alone in their appreciation of this so-called melodramatic sob stuff. Such drivel gets by in the large city theaters where there are soft, rose-shaded lights, solemn stillness, and music that stirs the senses.

Allow me to inform you all who are weighed down by the false impression of the small towns that we who dwell apart are not exactly morons. We know that Paul Whiteman isn't a socialistic leader or that mah jong isn't a new sort of chop suey. I believe we are as capable of judging a good picture from a bad one as our more blasé city friends.

D. M. S.

Groton, So. Dak.

Some Small Towns Don't Get Good Pictures.

Several months ago in your magazine I read a letter relating to the small-town picture public. It said in part that it was strange how little attention the small-towners paid to the really good films that came their way. But the writer overlooked the fact that in most small towns the really fine pictures never come our way at all—not until they reach a ripe old age—if ever. We have one picture house, so called, but it is more like the country morgue, inside—dark, and dirty, usually cold all winter, and poorly ventilated at all times. Once a week they have "opportunity night." All the village comedians "do their stuff," followed by a Buck Jones or Jack Hoxie picture. In fact, all they have are those Western epics—"great-open-space-red-blooded stuff."

Yet just six miles away folks in the next village are seeing "Little Old New York," "Robin Hood," "Scaramouche," and films of like caliber! Why is it? Won't our manager here pay the price, or can it really be that the natives *like* that stuff? I have attended twice in a year and can certainly testify that never again will that bird see the color of my forty cents. And the curious part of it is that all this doesn't take place somewhere way out West, a thousand miles from nowhere, but only about thirty-five miles from Times Square! Our only compensation is that some of us can go to New York City about once a month and feast our eyes and ears in a real place where you can see a new picture and hear real music. Next week I hope to make up for a long dreary month by coming down to see "Beau Brummel." J. W. R.

R——, N. Y.

If it Pleases—it's Art.

I think that Miss Trix MacKenzie in her recent letter in this department was too hard on the inhabitants of Inverness, Florida. For here again arises our old question of art. What appeals to one person as the highest form of art may be the highest form of absolute boredom to another. This was brought to me quite forcibly one night, two years ago, in Nekoma, Kansas. There, too, pictures were shown in a public hall, once a week, with a projection machine of the vintage of 1912 or thereabouts, and I never appreciated the appropriateness of the term "moving pictures" before. Those pictures seemed to move in all directions at once.

The particular play that was showing on the night I refer to featured Helen Gibson as a heroine much given to the weeps and a strained expression of countenance. Also, there was a hero with no money and a gun and a villain also with a gun. The plot you can imagine. Personally, I rather regretted I had not stayed in the bunk car and read, but, as

Continued on page 114

Millions In Motors

William West Winter

FOURTH place in the great motor classic at Indianapolis is won by the *Fer-de-Lance,* a "special." Who is the builder of the marvel? The builder, a man of humble origin, suddenly finds that he is famous and the success of his car is assured.

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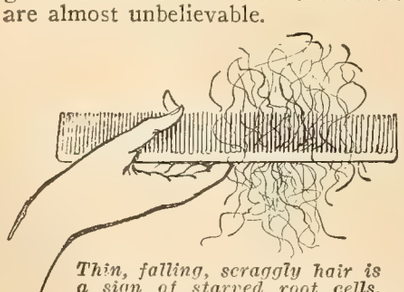
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XX JULY, 1924 No. 5



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

He has never appeared in motion pictures, but this photograph of Walter Morosco with his wife—whom you know well as Corinne Griffith—suggests that if he ever hankers for a career as a matinée idol it will come easily to him.

Box-office Appeal

Motion-picture producers have learned through experience that there are ingredients, one or more of which is necessary in the formula for a big success. What these ingredients are is told in this article.

By Agnes Smith

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



The box-office of your theater is the barometer for the entire industry.

THE next time you go to your movie theater, please give a little kind attention to the little coop in front in which sits the blonde who takes your quarters in return for admission to the show. It is the least pretentious, the least interesting and certainly the most sordid part of the theater. And yet it is the center and the vital spot, not only of your particular theater, but of the whole motion-picture industry.

The little coop is the box-office and the blonde who sits enshrined within is the uncrowned queen of the business. For when the blonde has a busy day, the glad news about the picture that happens to be playing at the theater is forwarded to New York or Hollywood and the producer thereof plans a new studio, signs up more stars and engages passage on the *Berengaria* for mamma and the kids.

When the blonde has a dull day with plenty of chances to chat with the customers, the producer of the picture that caused the slowdown announces a "policy of economy" in his studio, fires a few actors and allows the payments to lapse on his oil paintings.

And so you see, the box office which looks like such an insignificant part of the theater, is really a barometer of immense importance. It is the final court of criticism and the supreme judge of the value of a picture. It supplies the only real answer to the question, "What does the public want?" It outlines for producers the only really practical policy for making pictures.

What is a box-office attraction? What is meant by box-office value? What are the sure-fire ingredients that draw the quarters from your pocket into the bank accounts of the producers?

Here, in the plain and simple language of the Hotel Astor, where men are film salesmen, are the points that can turn just another fillum into a knock-out. Here, all kidding and talk of Art aside, is what the public really pay money to see:

Mother Love.
Cabaret Scenes.
Lively Fighting.
Swell Clothes.
Cute Kids. Also Dogs and Cats.
Sex Stuff.
"Hearts and Flowers" Love Stories.
Thrills and Melodrama, if well done.
Orgies and other glimpses of high life.
Society stuff, especially if about married life among the rich.
Flappers and Jazz.
Old Home Stuff.

Besides these points, there are certain other things that contribute to box-office success. For instance, there are a few stars in the business whose presence in a picture mean its sure success. But these stars are not so numerous as you have been led to believe. In fact, they are not so numerous as the producers themselves have been led to believe. There are scores of stars who, for years, drew big salaries from producers because of their "box-office appeal." The recent move on the part of producers to do away with excessive salaries has left the business staggering along very nicely minus several dozen "box-office stars."

Most of the real box-office stars are men. As far as I can judge from the reports of sales, the real winners are Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, Jackie Coogan and Thomas Meighan. Mary Pickford is usually credited with leading the feminine contingent, although I am inclined to think that the honor should go to Gloria Swanson or Norma Talmadge. Marion Davies and Pola Negri also figure in the lists of the best box-office attractions of the year.

Aside from the sure-fire stuff and the presence of a popular star, there is another small item that helps make a picture a success. And that small attribute is merit. In other words, every year there are a certain number of pictures that are so good that they are universally beloved by audiences everywhere. It is pleasant, for all but cynics, to know that the best pictures have, in the long run, been the greatest money makers, as for instance, "The Birth of a Nation," "The Covered Wagon," 'The Kid," and "The Four Horsemen."

But because producers know that they cannot humanly be sure of making exceptional pictures all the time because the supply of box-office stars is limited, they set about making pictures with the principles of sure-fire stuff firmly fixed in their minds. And, if you want to

estimate their success, all you have to do is to consider the elements that have raked in the heavy sugar in the last few years.

Is mother love a dramatic quality to be scoffed at as the simplest form of hokum? Just ask the producers of "The Old Nest," "Over the Hill," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" And the answer would be that mother deserves a Rolls-Royce and a trip to Monte Carlo.

And there are cabaret scenes. Any producer, filming a modern story, thinks he is going in for high art if he abstains from throwing in one good cabaret scene. He is courting disaster if he does so. And if you can use a cabaret scene and flash back on mother sitting at home waiting for her erring children to return you have a pair of your own flowers, as mah jong experts say, and you double your winnings.

Lively fighting is a tradition that started with "The Spoilers" and was given renewed life with the success of "Tol'able David." The fight is to the melodrama —Western or big city—what the cabaret scene is to the society story. If you haven't got it, your picture has no selling point, no big kick in the last reel.

Point No. 4 is: Swell Clothes. Ask any woman who goes to the movies. Ask any feminine star: Mary Pickford is about the only actress who finds that rags are royal raiment. But watch the box office at a matinée performance when Gloria Swanson, Barbara La Marr, Leatrice Joy, Norma Talmadge or any other smartly gowned star is billed to appear. Also consider the case of Cecil B. De Mille, who first discovered the gold mine of the dazzling heroine.

Most persons vehemently deny that they like children in the movies. Moreover, they claim that they wouldn't walk across the street to see a dog as an actor. However, some one pays enormous salaries to Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy and Strongheart. Even Pepper, the Sennett cat, receives a nice little allowance of catnip for appearing in a few close-ups. Kids, of course, are only for the delight of sentimentalists. But, in the dark of the theaters, there are more sentimentalists than we suspect. Hence the sight of a little darling's face and the patter of tiny feet always remains one of the most reliable brands of hokum. As a director once said to me: "When in doubt about an effect, use the close-up of a child. It gets 'em every time."

Perhaps you think that sex stuff is the strongest box-office angle. From the popularity of such pictures as "The Sheik," "Black Oxen," and "Flaming Youth," as well as from the insistence of most producers on sex lure in the titles of pictures, it seems to be an easy jump to the conclusion that the public is always in the market for hot stuff. But when you sit down and survey the certified box-office reports, you'll find such educational entertainments as "Hunting Wild Game in Africa" and "Trailing Wild African Animals" rated above the luresome triangle dramas.

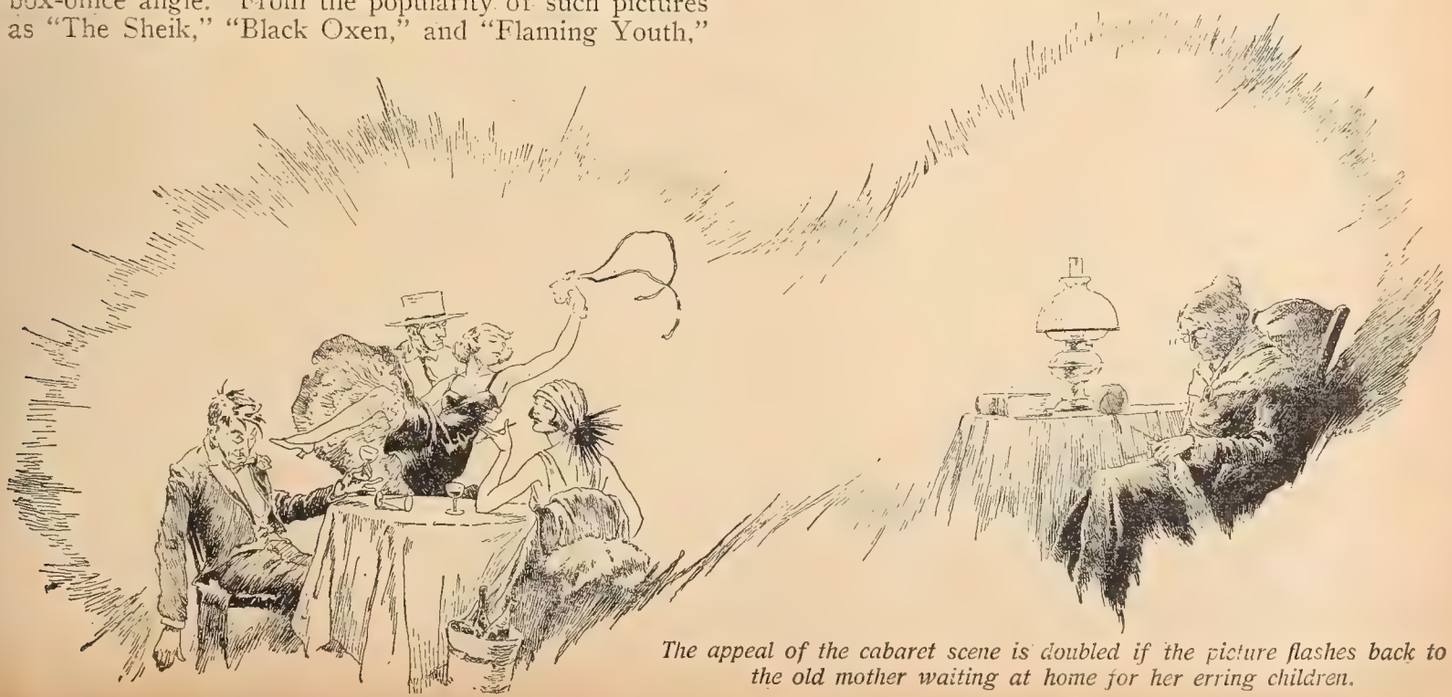
And, if you'll analyze the success of many of the so-called sex pictures, you'll find that other elements contributed to their popularity. "The Sheik," for instance, had Valentino and, besides, its lurid reputation rested mostly on the reflected glare from the flames of the book. In itself, the picture was tame and harmless. "Black Oxen," it is true, had a sex theme, but I'd be willing to bet that the idea of beauty restored to an elderly woman attracted more patrons than the sex side of the story. "Flaming Youth," without its jazz background and the advertising that backed the novel, would have been just another one of those things that comes and goes without causing any financial flurry in the business office.

If Cecil De Mille has built up an immense reputation as a director of sex stories, it has been only because Mr. De Mille has shown expert showmanship in the selection of his settings, his choice of players and the costuming of his pictures. A De Mille picture in calico and cotton stockings would be worth no more than a last year's news reel at the box-office.

Sex stuff has to be handled carefully. A lot of patrons are quite honest in their dislike of it; many others don't like to be caught at the theater where a "shocker" is playing. Still others do not believe that the screen can handle sex themes intelligently and dramatically. And it is disastrous to overdo it; ask William Fox and Theda Bara. The public that stands for the wildest sort of melodrama bursts into shouts of derision at a far-fetched sex drama.

I'll admit that it is drawing rather a fine line to differentiate between sex dramas and love stories. But by love stories, the producers mean the old-fashioned sort of romance wherein the hero and heroine are undisturbed by the temptations that beset flappers and cake eaters.

Like the sex drama, the love story is tricky unless the producer, like D. W. Griffith, has a knack for blending the well-known smile-and-tear combination.



The appeal of the cabaret scene is doubled if the picture flashes back to the old mother waiting at home for her erring children.

Moreover, the love story must be played by actors and actresses who are sympathetic to the audiences. In other words, the audience must love the stars and so play their part in the unfolding of the story.

And so, with the help of the popularity of their stars, "Smilin' Through," "The Girl I Loved," "The White Rose," "Merry Go Round," and "The White Sister" are among the films that prove that there is nothing in the world so sweet and also so profitable as old-fashioned romance.

Norma Talmadge in a love story is as near a sure-fire attraction for the exhibitor as could reasonably be demanded. Oddly enough, there is a real shortage of players, both masculine and feminine, who can be relied upon to please the public in straight romances. And yet, from the point of view of the star, playing romantic rôles is the quickest and surest way into public favor. While we all have our favorites among the stars essaying romantic rôles, so far as the box office is concerned the field narrows down to Norma, Rudolph, and perhaps Lillian Gish.



The man who works an adding machine all day finds great delight in the evening in watching some brave hero shoot up a frontier saloon.

When we get to point No. 8 — Thrills and Melodrama — we come to the basic quality of the popularity of the movie. The sole reason for the movie is merely that it moves. The faster it moves, the better the audience likes it. The swifter the action, the surer the reaction on the audience, if the plot manages to keep just one step short of delirium.

While the critics may acclaim such pictures as "A Woman of Paris" and "The Marriage Circle" as sign-posts to the movies of the future, I am inclined to think that the fellow who filmed the moving train back in the dark ages summed up the main requirement of the screen. For while it may be pleasant to sit in a theater and watch the characters on the screen engaged in thoughts, it is infinitely easier to look at a picture in which the characters snap into action.

Nobody yet has invented better box-office stuff than the thrill climax. The speedy, whirlwind finish, with nine kinds of frenzies and fits going on at once, was brought to a standardized point of perfection by Griffith, Ince and Sennett. The great public still prefers the hero of action to the hero of psychological reaction. It is more interesting to watch a man battling with fire, storm, flood and a thousand enemies than to watch a man stand still in a close-up and change his mind.

Society stuff has the same sort of appeal. It is only human nature to gloat over the sins of those who have too much money to spend. The goings-on of the richest man in town are always a good source of gossip. We like to mingle envy and disapproval. To learn that the rich have troubles and failings fills us with a sense of delight.

Would we be interested in a story of a shipping clerk's wife whose husband neglects her for the superior attractions of his companions at the corner speak-easy? We would not. But the rich man's wife whose husband strays into cabaret circles attracts us at once. If the grocer's assistant became enamored of the shipping clerk's wife, we would brand the situation as pitiful and sordid. But when a tea hound begins to court the wealthy lady, we accept it as a thoughtful slant on social follies.

And so the "society dramas" grind on, although most of them are neither real society nor real drama. But you cannot blame the public for getting tired of the drudgery of everyday life and longing for a glimpse of a butler—even though he is only a movie extra.

Jazz is only a current craze and promises to die out as a box-office attraction. And when I say jazz I don't mean cabaret scenes or dancing. I mean the rhythm of the picture itself. "Flaming Youth" was a perfect example of a jazz attraction. A story that is jazzed for the screen is one that is told in disjointed rhythm. Its scenes are snapped up, its action is filled with pep. Its plot is viewed from the angle made popular by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Its heroes and heroines are boys and girls in their teens. Its old folks are middle-aged persons of forty. It is dedicated to flappers and persons with flapper tastes. Mae Murray has been jazzing her way through pictures for several years. She is, so the flappers say, just too cute and jazzy for words.

To prove the contradiction in public taste, we have old-home stuff as another box-office attribute. It is a much more lasting quality than jazz. Like jazz, it is not so much a trick of producing a story as an inherent quality in the story itself. The old-home picture accepts for its thesis that women in kitchen aprons with their hair slicked back are the salt of the earth and that men in suspenders and big straw hats are the moral and physical superiors of men who wear cutaway coats. It is a sound theory for a picture because no one has been able to prove it definitely untrue. Such stars as Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray, Mary Alden, Ralph Lewis, Theodore Roberts, and Cullen Landis have been doing nicely for years in just such stories.

Although the producers like to believe that public

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Some Film Stars in Disguise

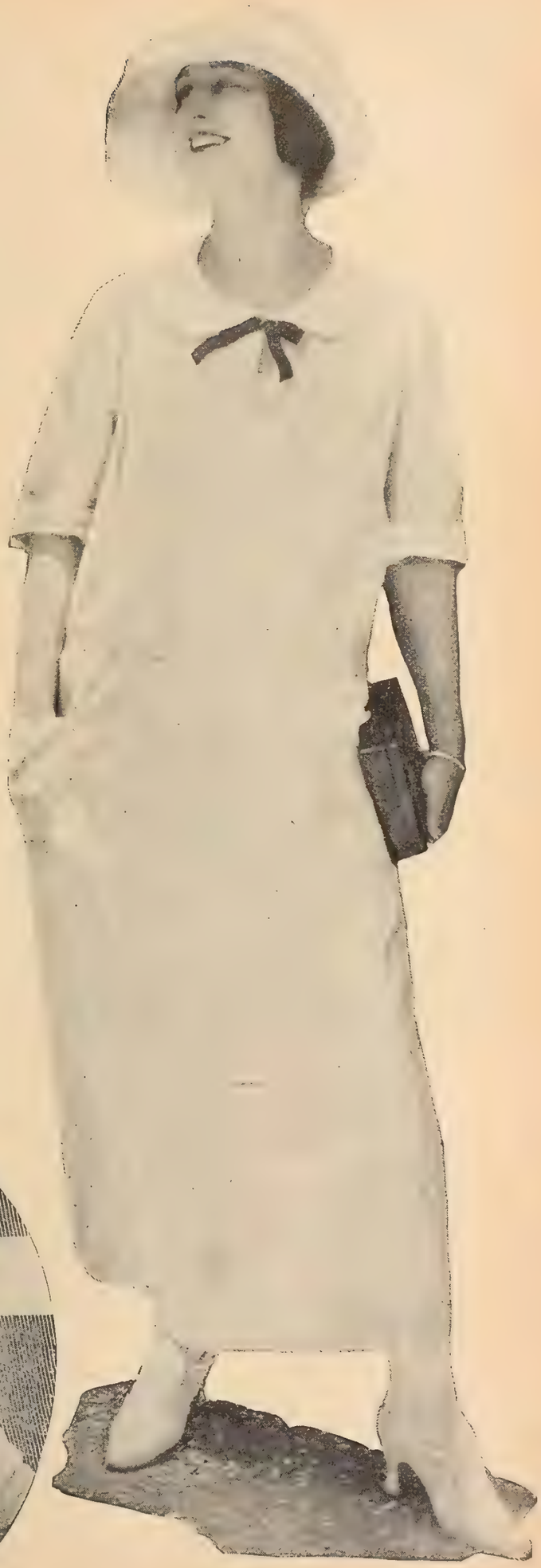
A lesson for amateur detectives in how to recognize certain film favorites—that is, if they don't devise new ways of disguising themselves by the time you have learned about these.

Glance at the pictures on this and the next two pages and see if you can recognize the players pictured here. You cannot? Well, that is just what they wanted. The public *will* stare at film favorites, so when they go out in public they usually try to look as unlike their screen selves as possible. Louise Fazenda, for instance, who is clutching a cat in the picture just below, wears simple, chic suits, and thereby succeeds in going about unrecognized. Who would expect a slapstick comedienne to dress like that? And Rosemary Theby, at the right, noted as a wicked siren, just disguises herself by going about in simple, gingham frocks.





Bull Montana, by merely pulling up his coat collar, confuses his eager fans, because they usually recognize him by his famous ears.



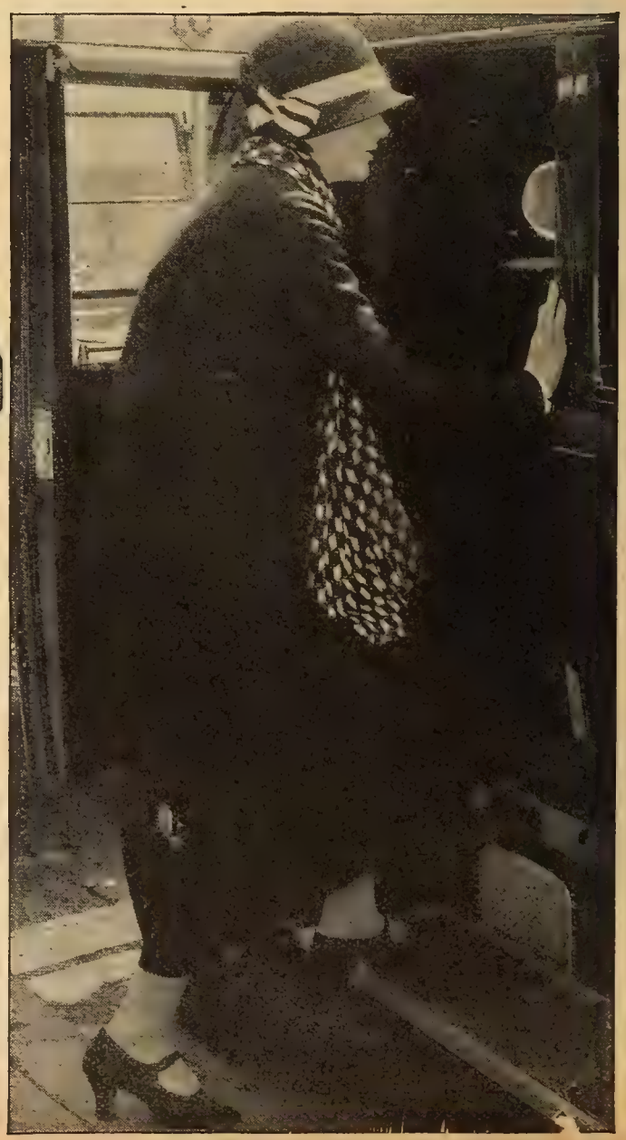
Some Film Stars in Disguise





When Betty Compson, at the extreme left, puts on mannish clothes and horn-rimmed spectacles, even her best friends fail to recognize her. Carmel Myers, in the oval picture, puts on a blond wig, which tones down her vivid coloring and changes her whole personality.





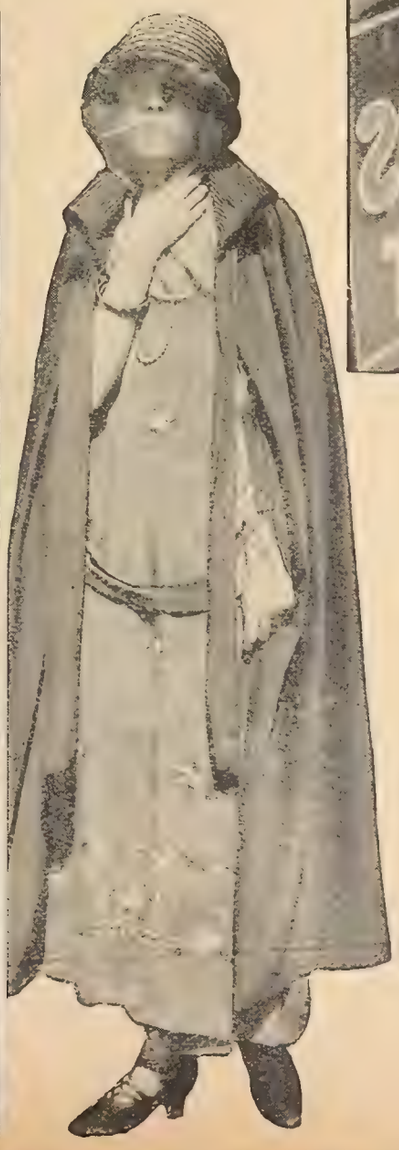
Blanche Sweet has to go to extremes in order to disguise herself effectually. She adopts severely plain clothes, a hat whose brim comes down over her hair, a fur neckpiece that she can bury her chin in, and smoked glasses that hide her eyes. This is just the disguise that Lillian Gish affects in New York. Over at the right the trim, inconspicuous figure just getting into the limousine is Virginia Valli.



Ruth Roland wears figured veils that give her features a rather scrambled appearance and wears tailored, mannish coats that hide her athletic figure and characteristic, brisk walk. Jacqueline Logan wears a high fur piece and a hat that swoops down over one eye.







People usually associate Claire fabrics and graceful draperies, and they know her by her fluffy, Windsor with exquisite soft blond hair and graceful hands. So, by wearing heavy gauntlets,

a straight coat, and a close hat she succeeds in going about unrecognized. Mary Astor wears a heavy chiffon veil and loose-fitting cloak. Her disguise is so complete that it must defeat its own object by making people suspect that she is trying to disguise herself.

Bill Hart's Declaration of Independence

After a long association the pioneer Western star and the Paramount Company have come to a parting of the ways, but that doesn't necessarily mean that Bill Hart is through making pictures.

By Helen Klumph

"IF I don't know more about making Western pictures than any one else on the Lasky lot, then I'm a failure," Bill Hart told me the day after he and the Paramount Company definitely came to a parting of the ways. "I've made a lot of pictures that have made money and friends for me, and in all that time I've been my own boss. Now they want to supervise my productions and I can't let them do it."

Bill Hart had been in New York for some weeks while negotiations were carried on with Mr. Zukor and the other officials of the Paramount organization, in an effort to patch up the difficulties that had arisen. Several times it looked as though an agreement had been reached, but Bill Hart was fighting for complete independence, and that was the one thing the company wouldn't give him.

What they wanted of him is summed up in the following telegram:

April, 3 a. m., 12-36.

E. J. Ludvigh,
Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In order to bring Hart situation to some definite conclusion, suggest you advise him I have appointed Lucien Hubbard, who supervised all our Zane Grey productions, to supervise William Hart pictures, and have selected Victor Fleming to direct first Hart picture. Have gone into Hart situation at great length, having had long conference with Hubbard and Fleming, and having read numerous stories suitable to Hart style, and we all feel if Hart will coöperate with us and let us use our judgment and experience we can give sales department kind of Hart pictures they want. If Hart will not agree to above plan with additional understanding that we will not ask him to make any story which he cannot personally see, then there is no way in which we can protect situation and get quality of picture sales department requires. We will immediately work on treatment of "Border Legion" to submit to Hart when he arrives, and are considering rapidly as possible other Hart material which he has suggested. We should be allowed to make reasonable conditions to protect our investment in Hart pictures. We are making Swanson, Negri, and Meighan pictures successfully under above conditions. To reassure Hart about Fleming and Hubbard, show him Zane Grey's "To the Last Man," which these two boys wrote, supervised, and directed. If their work is not good enough for Hart, then we are so far apart in our idea of Western pictures that it is, in my opinion, hopeless for us to go on with deal. Regards.

Jesse L. Lasky.



As he appeared in "Singer Jim McKee."

The disagreement arose when Hart was making "Singer Jim McKee," and perhaps you are in hearty agreement with the people who were dissatisfied with that picture. But boys and girls, take a look at "To the Last Man," which was made by the men they wanted to put in charge of Hart's pictures, and let me know confidentially if you think that is any better.

Now one of the most useless occupations in the world is writing criticisms of Bill Hart and his pictures. A person might just about as well write a review of the Rocky Mountains and the Western plains, pointing out their defects. Like them he may change outwardly but essentially he will always be the same. And like them he continues to be one of America's natural wonders.

Ten years ago he abandoned the stage for the screen and was the first movie cowboy to appear without whiskered trousers, carefully dented Stetson and an immaculately tied bandanna necktie. He was the man who introduced the bad man with a good heart, a type that he had known and loved during his boyhood on the plains. He was an immediate hit, and no other person — except, perhaps, Mary Pickford—has ever become so well known in so short a time.

Five years ago he was still at it—making Western pictures that were rugged and crude and sentimental. Pictures that were mostly Bill Hart, because the people who went to see him wanted Bill Hart and nothing else. If he tried to vary the type of his characterizations and the type of his plays, there was a roar of protest from his admirers.

There were four big stars in the movies then; Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and Bill Hart. With the addition of Harold Lloyd, Norma Talmadge, and Gloria Swanson they are still the big personalities of the movies.

You'll recall that at the time that Mary, Fairbanks, and Chaplin broke away from the big producing organizations, formed their own companies and established their own releasing organization, thereby indirectly influencing several other stars to follow their example, Bill Hart remained with Paramount, although it was said at the time that efforts were made to induce him to leave also. Undoubtedly his decision to stay with the company at that time formed bonds of friendship which it was not pleasant for either side to sever. But conditions and men's ideas change, and sometimes differences of opinion arise which simply can't be reconciled.

Perhaps it was because Bill Hart was satisfied that he was making the right sort of pictures and the kind that his fans wanted, and was satisfied by the arrangement that allowed him to make them—until his recent ones were criticized—that he stayed with Paramount when the others left to branch out into new fields, to make big productions with new types of stories, magnificent sets, huge mobs, and the like. For Bill's pictures which he started making again, after his tem-

porary retirement, weren't so different from those of yesterday.

"Why don't you make big pictures?" some one is always asking him. "You shouldn't be just a program star. Why you're great! Take my advice and do something really big."

"Big?" smiles Bill good-naturedly, "what do you mean, big? Do you mean mobs? Now how can I possibly have more than a hundred and fifty people in a scene if there aren't any more than that in a whole town like I set my pictures in? And how can I have big sets? Would you like a miner's shack as big as a ballroom? And you talk about big themes. Well, when have I made anything else? Aren't loyalty and courage and regeneration about as big subjects as anybody can think of?

"I don't mean that I wouldn't like to make some story by a popular author, but most of 'em don't write my stuff. Why some of them are just boys and they don't know the West as I knew it.

"Seems funny that people are just getting round to make a fuss over Emerson Hough's stories now. Why it was five or six years ago that we had him come out on our lot and talk about writing some stories for me. But scenario writers weren't paid the fancy prices in those days that they are now. I think they offered Mr. Hough about one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars for a story, and as he was getting about five times that much from magazines, he wasn't interested."

Our talk had turned to stories inevitably inasmuch as that was one of the things that Bill Hart had come to New York to fight with the Paramount organization about.

"Im a fighter, Miss Helen, and I've fought this thing out the best I can." When he is talking his face is stern and on this occasion he paced up and down the little hotel parlor with incongruously big strides. "But I couldn't give up my independence. I'd quit first. I've got plenty of money. The chief reason I came back to make pictures was because the fans seemed to want me. In spite of all this I think I'll make a few more pictures, but I'll quit altogether if I can't go on giving Bill Hart fans what I think they want.



Photo by Richard Burke

His latest portrait, taken during his recent visit to New York.

"The little pinto that has worked so hard in my pictures has done enough for one little hoss and gone up to be boss of the range on my ranch. He's happier out there where he doesn't have to do any more stunts, and I guess I would be too."

But Bill Hart doesn't dwell much on his troubles. He is a good-natured soul and much more genial than

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Soon we will hear all about the making of "Romola" in Italy from Lillian and Dorothy Gish because they are already headed home.

Over the Teacups

By The Bystander

Fanny the Fan discovers the latest haunt of the film stars, the newest thing in personal appearances, and sees departing favorites off for California, Europe, and parts unknown.

"HAVE you seen Gloria Swanson?" Fanny demanded, without even pretending to be sorry that she had kept me waiting until I felt as though I were a blight or a curse or something that had descended on the Ritz never to depart.

"No, is she here?" I looked around eagerly and only succeeded in seeing six women wearing red scarves tied around their necks à la Stroeva of the "Music Box Revue." I knew that Gloria wasn't among them. She would simply die at the mere thought of copying any one else's style.

"I don't know; that's why I asked. I simply have to locate her right away. Now that she has finished 'Manhandled' she is going to have a short vacation before she starts another picture. And I want to borrow her little portable dressing room during the interim."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser *Mabel and Hugo Ballin have left for California to make "The Prairie Wife" for Goldwyn.*

"Borrow it!" I exclaimed aghast. "Why don't you try to borrow Marion Davies' jewels or Barbara La Marr's baby or something easy? Why that portable dressing room was a present to Gloria from the workmen in the studio and it is as precious to her as though——"

But Fanny didn't even give me a chance to finish what I was saying.

"I know, but I need it terribly. I'm spending so much time seeing people off for Europe and welcoming them from here, there and everywhere that I really ought to have a home down on the docks. And I thought that just as an experiment I would borrow Gloria's portable dressing room and try camping in that."

"*Camping* in that satin and lace trifle! You have no reverence for works of art."

"Simply every one is going somewhere or just coming

back," Fanny went on, ignoring me as usual. "Sometimes I think that all motion-picture companies believe that the best location for making their pictures is wherever they are not. All in one week Barbara La Marr arrived in New York—she is going to stay here to make pictures for First National, you know; Kathleen Key came on from California and left for Paris, Italy, and Jerusalem to play in 'Ben-Hur;' Mabel and Hugo Ballin left for California to make 'The Prairie Wife;' Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks sailed abroad, Alma Rubens got back from California. And I've heard that Lillian and Dorothy Gish are on their way home from Italy.

"That reminds me—did you read all the marvelous things Joseph Hergesheimer said about Lillian in the April number of *The American Mercury*? You really ought to read the whole thing to get half an idea of how much he admires Lillian, but this is the passage I like:

"You have the quality which in a Golden Age would hold an army about the walls of a city for seven years. Helen might be different from you in every particular from the ground gold in her hair to her dyed feet, but you are one at heart. Listen, in this picture none will ever possess you, no arms will be caught about you, dragging you down to the realities of satisfaction. You will be, like the April moon, a thing for all young men to dream about forever; you will be the immeasurable difference between what men have and what they want."

"If you wrote what *you* think of Lillian there wouldn't be any nice adjectives left," I commented, but as usual Fanny's will-o'-the-wisp mind had flitted to something else.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Kathleen Key spent a frenzied week seeing the sights of New York before she left for Italy to work in "Ben-Hur."



Colleen Moore's toys are not always what they seem; this doll, for instance, opens up into a vanity case.

"Did you know that Seena Owen was going to Paris to make a picture? She has hardly had time to parade all her lovely Paris frocks that she bought on the last trip before her friends and now she is going back. She really enjoys making pictures abroad.

"And some lucky girl is going down to the South Sea Islands to make 'Never the Twain Shall Meet' for Cosmopolitan. The company has bought the yacht that formerly belonged to the Prince of Monaco and they are all going down in that. That is my idea of the way to make pictures. Raoul Walsh told me though that when he took a company down to Tahiti last year to make a picture that the actors got so blue and homesick that the highly advertised lure of the South Seas meant



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

No longer must her friends sob over the vacant chair at the Ritz at luncheon time, for Alma Rubens is back in town.

nothing in their lives. Probably all they did was sit around and play Broadway song hits on the phonograph.

"I've heard that Anita Stewart may do the South Seas picture but I think that there are a lot of people who would be better for the part. They ought to have some one who can really dance.

"And speaking of dancing, did you know that while Barbara La Marr was making 'The White Moth' recently, she injured her knee cap terribly, and went right on dancing? She was working in a big scene where there were a lot of extras and she didn't want to put the company to a lot of expense by being laid up in the midst of those scenes so she went ahead and did five dance numbers even though the pain was terrific.

"You should have been down at the dock to meet Barbara"—Fanny never tells me about things until after they have happened. Not that she is selfish, of course, but——

"Simply every one was there," Fanny rattled on. "You know Barbara came from Los Angeles to New Orleans on a special Southern Pacific train bearing messages asking tourists to come to California. There were all sorts of parties for her in New Orleans and then she boarded the steamer *Creole,* bound for New York and was officially made 'Queen of the Sea.' When she arrived in New York accompanied by her baby and his nurse, Miss Carville, who is both a sister and a friend, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Lubin, the heads of her company, and a maid or two, there was a band and a lot of decorated tugs and about five thousand people to welcome her. She brought letters of greeting to Mayor Hylan and Governor Smith from the mayor of Los Angeles and the Governor of California."

"What do you suppose they said?"

"They should have said: 'Don't let



Gladys Walton is now the proud mother of an infant, and is planning to return to pictures soon.

Photo by Freulich

this little girl get into trouble but if she does, help her out. That is what she would do for any one else.' Or they might say, 'You may think this girl is beautiful, but watch out for her because she is equally clever.' "

"Neither of those would be either dignified or formal," I remonstrated, "and you know mayors——"

"No, I don't know any," Fanny insisted, "but Jackie Coogan has met a lot of them and he told me about them one time. He said he liked their ice man better because he could wiggle his ears and the governor of California couldn't.

"Speaking of Jackie, of course you have heard that he is going to have a long vacation from making pictures some time this summer. He is going to head a committee for the Near East Relief and actually go over to Armenia or Jerusalem or wherever the Near East is with a ship load of food for the starving children.

"You see how it is," Fanny went on. "Mention any one of prominence in the motion-picture business and you'll be reminded that they are just going somewhere or just coming back. Alma Rubens just barely got back from California after she made 'Cytherea' when the companies held big private showings of that and 'The Rejected Woman' and Alma had to go to her own pictures and be lionized instead of seeing the shows that had opened while she was away.



Photo by Ned Van Buren *Doris Kenyon has joined the cast of "Monsieur Beaucaire."*

"Incidentally, poor Alma is the victim of a crazy newspaper story to the effect that she has left her husband. She didn't know anything about it until she reached Kansas City on her way from California. A lot of reporters and photographers came down to the train to see her there and Alma gloated to think that at last she had become so important. But when they asked her about her marital difficulties, she was simply thunderstruck. Some one who started that rumor had a strange sense of humor.

"Alma and Dr. Goodman have a lovely new apartment looking out over Central Park. She always has a beautiful home. I was up at her house when she first came back and she was all worried because the previous tenant had left a Sir Joshua Reynolds painting there that was valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. Alma and I didn't know whether to stand there and dramatically stand guard over it, send for the police, or wrap it up and pretend that it was just an old partition she had had removed."

"And what did you do finally?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, we went to the Ritz to talk it over," Fanny answered idly, as though it were the most natural thing in any one's life to walk off leaving a Reynolds unprotected.

"Has Betty Blythe gone to California? I thought I saw her just now."

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Barbara La Marr arrived in New York with great ceremony, having been made Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser *"Queen of the Sea."*

The Babbitts Stick Together

The movies' severest critic is quite won over when he visits the Warner Brothers studio where Sinclair Lewis' novel is being filmed.

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

MY only regret is that Sinclair Lewis, the distinguished author of Scenarios that Sell and Plots with a Punch, wasn't there, too. We Babbitt men have gotta stick together, as no less a personage than George F. Babbitt himself remarked. And we were all there at luncheon—all except "Sinny Lewis."

It wasn't his fault though, that he wasn't on hand. Sinny was down in Bermuda looking 'em over, as Harry Beaumont, the director, explained. And with the bankroll collected from the last Warner Brothers classic, "Main Street," on his hip, it isn't likely that Sinny will be back among us folks for some time to come.

As his chum Harry remarked to me: "He should worry."

But Sinny Lewis is all right. We all agreed that he has redeemed himself. He's quit being a highbrow and a Socialist crank. Sam Cohn, who rattles a mean typewriter for Friend Harry in the publicity line, said it when he remarked:

"Aw, he's one of the clan now. He's one of the upper class himself. He couldn't very well kid the people he's obligated to—not if he knows which side his bread's buttered on. Watch his next story. It's going to be a hundred-per-cent American. I tell you Sinclair Lewis is going to surprise some people."

And I think Sam's right.

I realized how thorough the redemption of Sinny Lewis had been when Harry Beaumont began telling me about the way he is making sure-fire box-office stuff out of "Babbitt."

"Babbitt" wasn't very good box to begin with. Harry admitted this much. There weren't any big punches in the darned book at all. But the director got to work, and with the aid of Miss Dorothy Farnum, scenarist, he put them in where the author had been remiss in his duty to the films.

The worst trouble with "Babbitt" from a movie standpoint was the way it kidded the American business man. Instead of taking our stupendous business expansion and our wonderful national boosting spirit seriously, why this red-headed author-guy Lewis, he just kidded the life out of us.

But, of course, that was before he saw the light. Now that he's seen the light Mr. Lewis is more than glad to coöperate in removing anything that might possibly offend. For, as Miss Farnum aptly put it:

"Gee! You can't bite the hand that plunks down the fifty-centers in the box-office window!"

"Babbitt" is a book of four hundred pages. Of these, three hundred and twenty-five have some allusion to what has become an actual word in our language since the appearance of this revolutionary novel. I mean "Babbittism."

"Babbittism" is the exaggerated boosting spirit that has made a religion out of business in this country; that glorifies the drab matter of buying and selling with the glamour of romance; that attempts to iron all Americans into its own mold and scoffs at everything it cannot understand as "highbrow bunk fit for women and cranks."

My own definition of a Babbitt is a man who will go into a hat store at high noon on September fifteenth when the sun is blazing hot overhead and buy the hottest, fuzziest felt hat he can find. Why? Because the Retail Hat Dealers' Association has announced through the editorial and advertising columns of the newspapers that the man who fails to lay aside his straw hat on September fifteenth and put on a "spiffy new felt" is a disloyal citizen unworthy to be called a booster, a go-getter or a true American.

Sinclair Lewis makes his hero, *Mr. Babbitt,* rebuke his son, *Theodore Roosevelt Babbitt,* for referring to his father as a real estate man. *George Babbitt* insisted on being called a realtor. This was a point on which he was quite sensitive.

And at his "orgies of business righteousness," Lewis has *Babbitt* making speeches on "the realtor's function as a seer of the future development of the community, and as a prophetic engineer clearing the pathway for inevitable changes"—which meant that a real-estate broker could make money by guessing which way the town would grow. This guessing he called vision.

Babbitt's favorite literature was the comic strips in the *Evening Advocate.* He believed that "dominating movements like efficiency and rotarianism and prohibition and democracy are what compose our truest wealth."

"Just as he was a joiner, a booster, and a member of the chamber of commerce, just as the priests of the Presbyterian church determined his religious belief and the senators of the Republican party decided in little smoky rooms in Washington what he should think about disarmament, the tariff, and



Your true "Babbitt" does whatever his chamber of commerce and his newspaper tell him to.

Germany, so did the large national advertisers fix the surface of his life, fix what he believed to be his individuality. These standard advertised wares — tooth pastes, socks, tires, cameras, instantaneous hot-water heaters—were his symbols and proofs of excellence; at first the signs, then the substitutes for joy and passion and wisdom."

That is the portrait of *George F. Babbitt* which Sinclair Lewis presented in his book—the book that has almost laughed the type out of its firmly entrenched position as the arbiters of American life.

But if you go to see "Babbitt" in the films you will never suspect that the author had so pictured him. There will be no allusions to "Babbittism" in the movie. My goodness, *no!*

Mr. Babbitt will wear no lodge emblems. Willard Louis, who is cast in the rôle—and you can say this much for the selection: he looks the part—told me at our little luncheon that he suggested to the Warner Brothers the wearing of a double-tooth watch charm.

After ice water had been brought, the Warner brothers sat up, looked around, fingered their own gold-mounted double-tooth charms to make sure they were still in place, and exclaimed in chorus:

"Say! Are you nutty or just crazy in the head maybe!"

Well, you ask, what have they left of "Babbitt?"



Willard Louis, who played the PRINCE OF WALES *in "Beau Brummel," has the title rôle in "Babbitt."*

Quite a bit, I am compelled to state. Harry Beaumont, the director, was confronted with this problem: how to make a box-office movie out of a story that never should have been screened. Harry Beaumont is a darned good box-office director. He hasn't missed once. He directed "Main Street" and converted that stark piece of realism into something that made pensive shop girls sigh and plump housewives exclaim: "Ain't that just too cute!" But he also retained something of the original story for the more sophisticated minds.

Harry read "Babbitt." He found, tucked away among the pages upon pages of satire on go-getters, boosters, hundred-per-cent Americans, and chamber of commerce dervishes, the romance of a middle-aged man.

In the novel there is a character called *Tanis Judique,* a vocal teacher who is beginning to fade and who would like to win a home. Behold in the movie *Tanis* rejuvenated and revamped in the person of Carmel Myers!

Revampted literally. Because *Tanis* as played by Miss Carmel is going to do some of the tallest vamping ever seen on the screen since Theda Bara made "A Fool There Was."

In the movie version *Babbitt* actually elopes with *Tanis,* deserting his wife and family. His son *Ted* follows him to the train, persuades him to ditch *Tanis* and come back to his family. The redemption of *George Babbitt.* And the picture ends with the immortal line: "We Babbitt men have gotta stick together."

As we all sat at luncheon in the restaurant adjoining the Warner lot, Harry explained what he had done to make a movie play out of "Babbitt."

"When you get into the human story it is sure-fire box," said the director. "That's the thing I played up. *Babbitt's* home life. How he tires of his wife. How he does little things that hurt her. We all do these little things at home—things we wouldn't do if we thought about it. I'm having *Babbitt* do a lot of these things. And I have a gag line I use that shows this side of it. *Babbitt's* always saying:

" 'Myra, gosh! why do you always have banana fritters for breakfast?'

" 'You asked for them, Georgie,' says *Myra,* his wife.

" 'I know—but—oh, gosh!' "

Lest you remain with curiosity unsatisfied about the

little luncheon so frequently alluded to in this narrative, I will explain that it was a get-together luncheon—the occasion being a semiofficial hatchet-burying and my own first appearance in the immediate vicinity of Warner Brothers' high-colonial art-front studio since Jack Warner told me how he was making a movie out of "Main Street"—and I printed it in his own words.

The Warner Brothers had decided that Ryan wasn't such a bad fellow after all. A little spiteful and inclined to kid. But—look at Sinny Lewis. He used to be like that. Always knocking. Thought organizations criminal. Didn't believe in churches. Always panned the upper classes and stuck up for the masses.

And look at him now! One of the boys. One of the gang. Just like the rest of us. A mixer, a go-getter—well, rather! And a he-author at last, worthy to consort with sterling novelists of the screen like Rex Beach and Harold Bell Wright!

Well, if Sinny can change that way, why not Ryan? Hence the luncheon.

And as I finished off my apple pie à la mode and, at the urgent request of my hosts, took a second helping of toothpicks, I felt that probably they were right. We're all just folks, anyway, I reasoned.

Harry Beaumont led the way out of the restaurant, pausing a moment to pat the shoulder of an old character actor with a hand on which an emblem ring glittered, the while he inquired about the welfare of the wife and kiddies.

I felt my heart melting. Darn it! we Babbitt men *have* gotta stick together.

So I followed the director into the studio and sat in a special chair, labeled distinctly "John Barrymore," watching *Tanis* vamp *Babbitt* in his private office. The studio orchestra played "Song of Songs" for the occasion and I felt the romantic lure of studio life stealing over me.

Carmel didn't look anything like *Tanis* of the book. The director said frankly that she had been idealized for picture purposes. But she looked most interesting, nevertheless. Her two lips were rouged to the pouting perfection of a ripe cherry and her clinging, dove-colored garments outlined a figure that would prove effective with a hero of much more sophistication than poor old *George Babbitt*. *Babbitt* himself was properly ensconced behind his flat-topped desk, rolling between plump fingers a cigar that bore a broad, red-and-gold band. He had a patent cigar-lighter attachment on his desk, a true *Babbitt* touch that Sinclair Lewis forgot to mention, but which was right in keeping with the character.

And *Babbitt* looked the part. Far more than Monte Blue looked *Doctor Kennicott* in "Main Street." Willard Louis is pursy, with a paunch and a double chin. He wore the business man's brown suit, the business man's hair-cut, the business man's watch-chain—minus the double-tooth charm—and his upper vest pockets were full of the fat cigars that *Babbitt* would smoke.

You may remember this actor in "Beau Brummel," where he gave a fine characterization of *George, Prince of Wales*. But I was disappointed to see him applying the same technique to *Babbitt*.

There was too much knowledge, too much sophistication, too much continental flavor to the roll of the eyes with which *Mr. Babbitt* took cognizance of the presence of *Tanis* in his office. But at that, I think Louis is probably the best *Babbitt* to be found in Hollywood. It is decidedly hard to find actors to play such parts. Most actors are distinguished-looking in some way or other. *Babbitt* was just ordinary. So are most of the other characters in the story.

Warner Brothers and Harry Beaumont are not to be blamed because Robert Rendel, a distinguished-looking English actor, who wears high-waisted trousers with plaits in them, is playing the part of *Paul Riesling, Babbitt's* best friend. Nor because Michael Dark, alias Martin Johnson, former editor of the *Dial*, and sophistication incarnate, has been cast in the rôle of *"Chum" Frink*, the newspaper poet.

These are just some of the little inconsistencies of Hollywood.

It was after we had gone from luncheon to the set that I became interested in Miss Farnum, who wrote the continuity for Harry Beaumont. Miss Farnum it was who supplied the romantic interest that had been so sadly lacking in Lewis' original version of "Babbitt."

Miss Farnum herself would get along well in Zenith, *George Babbitt's* own home town. She talks in slogans.

"'Main Street' was a state of mind," quoth Miss Farnum, "but 'Babbitt' is a state of being.

"The love story of the great



Behold, in the movie, the character of TANIS *rejuvenated and revamped in the person of Carmel Myers.*

unromantic." unwound Miss Farnum, with an upward roll of her eyes.

"Babbitt: he had the courage of convention, but lacked the courage of conviction.

"Another tragedy of Babbitt: the tragedy of the Indian summer of life."

Miss Farnum sighed.

"Men after all are so much wet clay," she added with an approving glance in the direction of the scene, where, closing the vista, was a vignette of *Tanis* doing her stuff across the flat-topped desk at which poor old *Georgie* was seated in helpless fatuity.

My tête-à-tête with Miss Farnum was interrupted. Friend Harry was advancing upon us. The action had stopped and everybody was smiling at me kindly, like the good mixers they were.

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The visit of Don Ryan to the Warner Brothers studio was a hatchet-burying celebration, marking the end of a feud that followed his first visit there.

Games with Names

By Harold Seton

I HAVE invented a new game. In fact, I have invented a series of new games! Not caring at all for either bridge-whist or mah jong, but caring quite a lot for moving pictures, I have entertained parties of friends with games involving studio stars. And, finding that this little group of men and women were diverted by these ideas, I am now explaining them for the possible amusement of others.

All that is required is an interest in picture players and some evidences of imagination. With a little patience and practice, any one of average intelligence could pass a pleasant hour with what I have called Games with Names. There is no limit to the number who could participate. And the more the merrier! Competition is stimulating.

One form is as follows: After the company is assembled, let it be announced that the object is to see who can think up and write down the greatest number of picture players with alliterative appellations, in other words, whose two names begin with the same letters. A time limit should be announced, five minutes or ten minutes, as preferred. At the end of that period, the individual who has classified the greatest number is declared the winner. If desired, a prize can be awarded.

Cases in point are plentiful, only a few being herewith recorded: Agnes Ayres, Barbara Bedford, Betty Blythe, Charles Chaplin, Dorothy Dalton, Hope Hampton, Julanne Johnston, Kathleen Key, Lila Lee, Mae Marsh, May McAvoy, Mae Murray, Mary Miles Minter, Nita Naldi, Ruth Roland, Virginia Valli.

After that, a second competition may be announced, wherein the object is to enumerate, within the same space of time, as many players as possible whose first and second names begin with letters following in immediate sequence, as a and b, b and c, c and d. Here also are many to choose from, the following being a brief selection: Alice Brady, Betty Compson, Carol Dempster, Elsie Ferguson, Glenn Hunter, James Kirkwood, Mabel Normand.

And, finally, a third form, and one that has proved highly interesting and really instructive, requiring intelligence and ingenuity, is to see who can, within a period agreed upon, record the greatest number of names well known in the movies with counterpart initials designating some celebrated personage in another walk of life, past or present.

For instance: Charles Chaplin—Christopher Columbus; Theodore Roberts—Theodore Roosevelt; Mary Pickford—Marco Polo; Richard Barthelmess—Robert Burns; Helene Chadwick—Henry Clay; Neil Hamilton—Nathan Hale; Hope Hampton—Hendrik Hudson; Mae Murray—Maurice Maeterlinck; George Walsh—George Washington; Jackie Coogan—Julius Cæsar.

Once, in playing this last recorded sequence, two participants had the same number of examples, six each, the only one being repeated in both sets being Charlie Chaplin. One gave as the companion name Christopher Columbus, and the other gave Charlotte Corday. And so, since a trifling prize had been offered, and there was no way of dividing the trinket into two halves, Chistopher was given the preference over Charlotte, as being a more distinguished personage, more worthy, in short, of being paired off with Charlie.

The Eternal Undergraduate

There is little exotic appeal about Virginia Valli, but much that is refreshing.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

"WE'LL fix a very definite meeting place," said Virginia Valli over the phone, "because no one ever recognizes me."

It was well that she exercised such caution, for never had a girl two likenesses, real and pictured, so unlike one another.

On the screen Virginia Valli impresses one as mature, womanly, and reserved; off the silver sheet there is an elfin charm about her, a girlish spirit, an ingenuous naïveté that is as delightful as it is unexpected. On the screen she looks like a contemporary of Florence Vidor, twenty-seven or thereabouts. Watching me do away with a tardy luncheon at the Algonquin, she looked no more than nineteen.

It seemed that she had had two luncheons that day, farewell affairs both, with Marjorie Daw and Mrs. Victor Heerman. Virginia was excited at the prospect of leaving for Hollywood in a brief hour.

Despite the fact that she had lunched, and was taking only coffee, there was no reference to calories, reducing, or dietetics in any form. It warmed me to the girl immediately. Given half a chance, the average woman will recite whole pages of her experiences with an apple a day or aciduous fruits or what have you.

"People never know me," she complained, as I persisted in doubting her identity. "Some one who was to meet me yesterday afternoon sat looking at me for an hour without recognizing me. By the time we met it was time for me to be somewhere else. . . . One of the local reporters described my 'blond' hair. . . . But the worst mistake was made by the boy who went overseas during the war, and wrote to tell me how he longed to look into my brown eyes. You see, they're blue. . . ."

And her brown hair is bobbed in the currently prevalent "shingle" fashion that is the mode of the moment, a coiffure that is boyish when viewed from the back, and quite feminine from the front.

By stepping deftly from "A Lady of Quality" to Goldwyn for "Wild Oranges," thence to Universal for "The Signal Tower," and on to Paramount for "The Confidence Man," Virginia Valli proves that one may succeed cinematically without being as sexly as La Mar or Naldi. She is suggestive of May McAvoy and Madge Kennedy. If Glenn Hunter had a sister, she would be a duplicate of Virginia. There is something utterly guileless and altogether appealing about the girl.

The major part of the time I spent with Miss Valli was given over to wondering how any one could look so totally different than her photographs. There has always been something mature and settled about the Valli characterizations; she has been a miniature Irene Rich, patient and lovely, but never cute. Yet "cute" describes her as she sat anticipating the patios and palmettoes of placid Hollywood. She looked forward to seeing her father and mother, and the girls. . . . It was all quite schoolgirlish. . . . She was the eternal undergraduate, a demure flapper, *Peter Pan* after subscribing to *Vogue*, sweet sixteen fresh from Fifth Avenue. In the flesh Virginia Valli becomes the symbol of youth, and when you look at her you are very likely to think of jasmine and mignonette rather than jazz and gin. Fatuous though that may sound, it is quite an honest observation.

She was probably the belle of her class at high school.

For some unfathomable reason, the powers at Universal decided that she should do "Damned," a paper-backed rewrite of Sudermann's "Song of Songs," if reports can be gauged correctly. She may never do it because the Will Hays organization objects to its being filmed. Suffice to say that here was a lurid tale of the battle of the well-known sexes and things like that, a highly inflammable box-office story calling for the simmering services of a La Marr or a Busch. So Miss Valli was chosen. As well cast Betty Blythe as *Little Eva*.

"I don't know why they chose me," said Virginia. "They've been awfully kind about letting me select stories. I had to battle for my chance in 'The Storm' but after that went so well I found it easier to land good parts." She was slated to do "Butterfly" but has been cast in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K" instead.

"The Storm" marked her return to pictures following an absence of a year or two. Previously she had been a member of the Essanay Stock Company. When she went to Hollywood from Chicago, and told casting directors that she had done leads for Essanay she heard only an icy "What is Essanay?"

Gradually she worked back into the filmy fold, and after a siege of Universal program pictures, she convinced the studio autocrats that she was the logical type for the girl in "The Storm."

"My Paramount engagement was quite incidental," she said. "I was here for a vacation following the ardors of railroading in 'The Signal Tower.' One night I went out with a crowd that included Sarah and Victor Heerman, and he asked me why I didn't do a lead for him in the Tom Meighan picture he was about to make. So I did."

As a matter of fact it proved to be a vacation, for the entire company went to Florida for "The Confidence Man."

"It *was* fun," Virginia admitted. "They gave us receptions, and Tom introduced me to all the elderly gentlemen, and the weather was heavenly. . . ."

Conversation of little moment, you say, as you read this. Indeed it cannot be gainsaid. Yet our meeting was of little moment. It was casual, it was pleasant, it was anything but dramatic.

Meetings with the lovely prima donnas of the silent opera are, as a rule, eventful, and, occasionally, breath taking. There is always, or almost always, a unique "angle" from which the subject may be viewed and considered for publication. You find, in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred, that here is a girl with odd ideas or latent talents or real blond hair. Whereupon you proceed to write about it.

With the influx of pretty and talented high-school girls to the screen, all has changed. You find yourself talking to one of thousands, rare as a buttercup, conventionalized, repeating themselves, sharing one another's views, bringing virtually the same attributes to the screen.

We had sat dallying over our coffee for almost an hour, chatting of this and that, discussing the rise of Julanne Johnston, Universal's colossal output, the new early-morning divertisement at Rendezvous, Whiteman's

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Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

VIRGINIA VALLI



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ALBERTA VAUGHN is fulfilling the promise of her first screen work and is acquiring popularity as the "telephone girl" of that series of F. B. O. two-reelers.



Photo by Strauss Peyton

THOUGH many girls would be satisfied with her beauty, Jacqueline Logan wants to win fame for her acting. She is featured in the Paramount film, "Code of the Sea."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

JAMES KIRKWOOD no longer travels his old hectic screen pace, but works now only in the productions that he and his wife, Lila Lee, are making for Hodkinson release.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

LILA LEE'S acting is conceded to have improved since her marriage, and perhaps she will justify Cecil De Mille's belief that she could become a truly great actress.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

THE screen appearances of Marjorie Daw have been infrequent of late, but soon she will be seen in "The Passionate Adventurer," a Myron Selznick production.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

EDNA MURPHY is pursuing her career in the adventurous drama as the feminine magnet of "Leatherstocking," the Pathé serial of the Fenimore Cooper tales.



LEATRICE JOY

Stardom—without Illusions

What the test of heading the cast in her own plays will mean to Leatrice Joy.

By Edwin Schallert

WHEN one keeps a tryst with fame in the films the goal of the rendezvous is generally stardom. The player bows with resignation, or jubilantly nods, at fate as clandestinely expressed through the box office. Then, with a rush—a name appearing in the bright lights; subsequently perhaps, the flowers of applause, and the rhythm of dancingly accumulating shekels, and also—less exuberantly—the scarcely secreted mediocrity of stories and plays.

There are, at least, no illusions to stardom nowadays. The race is for the few, and experience has taken the gilt off the prize conventionally awarded. The fair and favored have learned to retain their composure in the face of a rapturously advancing estate.

In view of all of which, I was not astonished recently on talking to Leatrice Joy to find that she regarded her future without any sense of smug security. She had lately been elevated to the superior position of heading the casts in her own plays for Paramount, but her own attitude was one of thoroughly judicious surrender.

I have always placed her mentally among the practical and wise personages that glitter upon the screen. And while I have sensed her radiant future, I have not felt that she could herself greet with sanguine anticipations being relegated to a solitary splendor. Something about her has always suggested a diviner sort of democracy, and the inability ever quite to lose the "common touch."

It is, indeed, a tragic thing for an actress of intense capabilities as disclosed in numerous plays, among them "Manslaughter," "Saturday Night," or even the earlier "Bunty Pulls the Strings," to be suddenly whisked from her high place as a featured player to a pedestal that is in its foundations shaky, and that depends for its steadiness upon the support of personal popular acclaim. It is even more tragic, perhaps, when one has dreamed of stardom all one's life, and then suddenly having arrived at the destination, finds the prospect not half so alluring as it had seemed. This indeed is the risk, and this the hazard.

But let us to the lady.

I have always entertained for Miss Joy the high regard that one lavishes on a personality that shines not with a borrowed glitter of finery and made-to-order emotions alone, but who in the deep sincerity of a majority of her portrayals has capably rendered service, and incidentally attracted a glamorous sort of admiration from the fans.

It was at Famous Players-Lasky studio that I met her, and she was in the midst of the dull, slow business of posing for photographs. We had our very first tête-à-tête, as it happened, with the meeting. Because, although I had spoken with her casually on many occasions, this was actually the first time that I enjoyed a real impression of Leatrice Joy.

It was fitting, of course, that when I had arrived I should find Jack Gilbert in conference with her. He had run over for a few moments during the lunch hour from the Fox studio, and his white varsity sweater, rising high and woolenly about his neck, made a striking rougher contrast to her own presence, adroitly garbed in a deep dark evening gown.

Somehow, whenever I think of Leatrice, I always associate her with raven habiliments. Not that these should be expressive of any sort of tragedy, or woe, but that they suit her personality—belong to her. Some women, I have always felt, should never wear anything but black, and she comes near being one of them.

One of my very earliest recollections of her was one night at a dansant at the Cocoanut Grove. She stood in the doorway, a resolute, clear-cut figure like an engraving. Her very manner spelled strength and vitality and rigor, even though she was then only contemplating an evening's diversion. She was black-clad, and she wore the then-rare olive make-up which she was one of the first to introduce. You cannot imagine what a portrait she made—veritably like a study done by Whistler, with her dark, sweeping, somewhat Spanishy hat set at a subtly sirenic angle, and her eyes fastened on the crowd.

Leatrice Joy came to the films not as one sophisticated, but as having actually to earn her living in some line of work. She chose pictures because she had developed a longing to express herself temperamentally in some art—like music, which she loves very much—and while the means may have been æsthetic, if you want to call it so, the end was essentially economic.

Leatrice Joy Zeidler was her name, then, and she had been born and bred in New Orleans. She had the advantages which were usual to a girl whose family enjoys comfortable circumstances. She had been dazzled by some of the premier presences of the theater, had seen the old French opera of the Southern city, and had otherwise experimented in culture without any real thought of being identified with furthering the same by any art of her own.

Then her father was taken ill, and it became incumbent on her to try to make her own way.

It is told of her, and she herself verifies the report, that her first undertaking professionally was with a small film company organized in New Orleans, and that she secured a part in the picture through her ability to cry.

At the studio they wanted some one to portray a weepy part, and none of the girls seemed to be able to exercise proper control over their tear ducts. They offered nothing in the way of copious evidence of this talent, at least.

Finally Leatrice's turn came, and she was asked to demonstrate. There was no hesitancy on her part. She plunged right into the briny of tears. She was in a mood for crying on account of her sad experiences at home, and that was the reason it appears why she only needed the slightest encouragement for her to burst into the most heartrending sobs. Perhaps it was because even at that time she was blessed with a natural acting gift.

Anyway, her tears settled her future.

Whatever Leatrice has lacked of skill since then, she has mastered. It has been a slow and painstaking process at times, but she has literally fought her way along. She went into a stock company once to learn the rudiments of technique of the stage, she practiced walking for hours at a time so that her carriage, espe-

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

"Picture-Play" is Now Indexed

On page 8 of this issue you will find an innovation which we believe will be appreciated by the large number of our readers who save their copies of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. It is a complete index to the last six issues, by referring to which you can look up everything printed about the different players and productions, as well as all the articles about picture making, acting, the activities of the stars, and the like.

With the aid of this index, which will be repeated every six months, the volumes of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will become, in a comparatively short time, a very valuable work of reference for any one who is interested in pictures.

For example: big productions, like "The Covered Wagon," "The Ten Commandments," "The Thief of Bagdad," are usually begun a year before they are shown in New York, and often two years or more before they reach some of the smaller cities. During the period of the making of such a picture several articles are usually printed in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE touching upon the experiences of the players while working in it, new methods employed in its making, the personal point of view of the director, its significance in relation to the development of motion-picture art, a review of the picture, and so on. All of this information, though interesting when read in advance, is doubly valuable when it can all be easily referred to at the time the picture reaches your city.

There are so many obvious uses to which this index may be put in looking up pictures and stories of the players that it seems unnecessary to list them.

How Our Articles Helped a Reader

The articles in PICTURE-PLAY, discussing, as they do, every phase of acting and picture making and the ever-changing tendencies in the different branches of the industry, are valuable for other purposes, one of which is indicated by the following letter that we recently received:

> I want to tell you what a splendid help your magazine was to me a short time ago. A member of a club studying modern drama, I was given the subject "A Comparison of Modern Drama and the Movies," which was quite a topic for a layman to grapple with. Although we have a Carnegie Library I was unable to find in it the material I needed, but in a file of your magazine—particularly the articles by Mr. Schallert—I found just what I wanted. After my long and fruitless search I was more than thankful for this assistance, and from now on I shall be a strong supporter of PICTURE-PLAY.
>
> MRS. GEORGE F. TROUT.
>
> Maquoketa, Iowa.

If you have not been keeping your copies of the magazine as so many do, this would be a good time to begin. You will be surprised at how soon the back copies will become valuable and interesting to refer to.

Follow the Leader

The story of how "Manhandled," the next Gloria Swanson production, came to be made, is an arresting one. Sidney Kent, the sales manager of Famous Players-Lasky, had an idea for a story that he thought would have all the elements of box-office success. He told it to Arthur Stringer, who wrote the story and sold it to a national magazine. Then Mr. Kent induced his organization to produce it. Now this seems like a fine idea to The Observer. Instead of trying to influence scenario editors and directors by constantly telling them what the sales force thinks the exhibitor thinks the public wants, Mr. Kent has put his theories into tangible form. His ideas will be given the acid test of the box office. The public will be enabled to see what a sales manager has concluded about their taste after years of catering to it.

The Observer hopes that other sales managers will follow Mr. Kent's example. Far more interesting, it seems to him, than occasional statements to the press that "Costume productions are on the wane," or "Mr. Flubdub says public tires of jazz and wants return to simple tales of homespun folks," would be annual series of pictures suggested by the sales department of different production companies.

Furthermore, he wishes that this activity would keep the sales managers so busy that they wouldn't have time to interfere with the genuine artists of the studios who are seeking to create beauty and develop a new art form.

An Artistic Experiment

Every fan who is especially interested in seeing more pictures of the type of "Sentimental Tommy," "Peter Ibbetson," and the like—pictures which are characterized by artistic handling and feeling rather than those qualities which are known as "sure-fire box-office appeal"—is hereby urged not to miss "The Enchanted Cottage."

This picture was made frankly as an experiment, and it is our guess that every one connected with the making of it had some concern as to whether it would meet the popular taste. It may disappoint some of the regular Barthelmess fans, for in it Dick drives no "zippy roadster," wears no collegiate clothes, and doesn't have a single fist fight. But what it may lack in those respects it more than makes up for in beauty, delicacy, and feeling.

Every fan to whom this type of picture is especially appealing should become a booster for every such production. For every one which succeeds will encourage the producers to make more of the same type. And for every one which fails they will be less inclined to experiment further along similar lines. So we hope you will go to see "The Enchanted Cottage," and that if you like it, you will send others to see it.

Stealing the Stunt Man's Stuff

How new methods are being used in thrilling scenes to eliminate doubles and risks

By Edwin Schallert

IT'S all wrong. Why, here, I been doublin' for movie players for years and years. And now, all of a sudden, it's getting so they don't want me any more. They're framin' so many new-fangled tricks all the time that there soon won't be a decent livin' for a double, because all the actors will be doin' their stunts themselves. Why there's Harold Lloyd, for instance, in 'Safety Last,' did that climb——"

It was the stunt man who was talking. At least one of them. And he wore an expression of excessive grief.

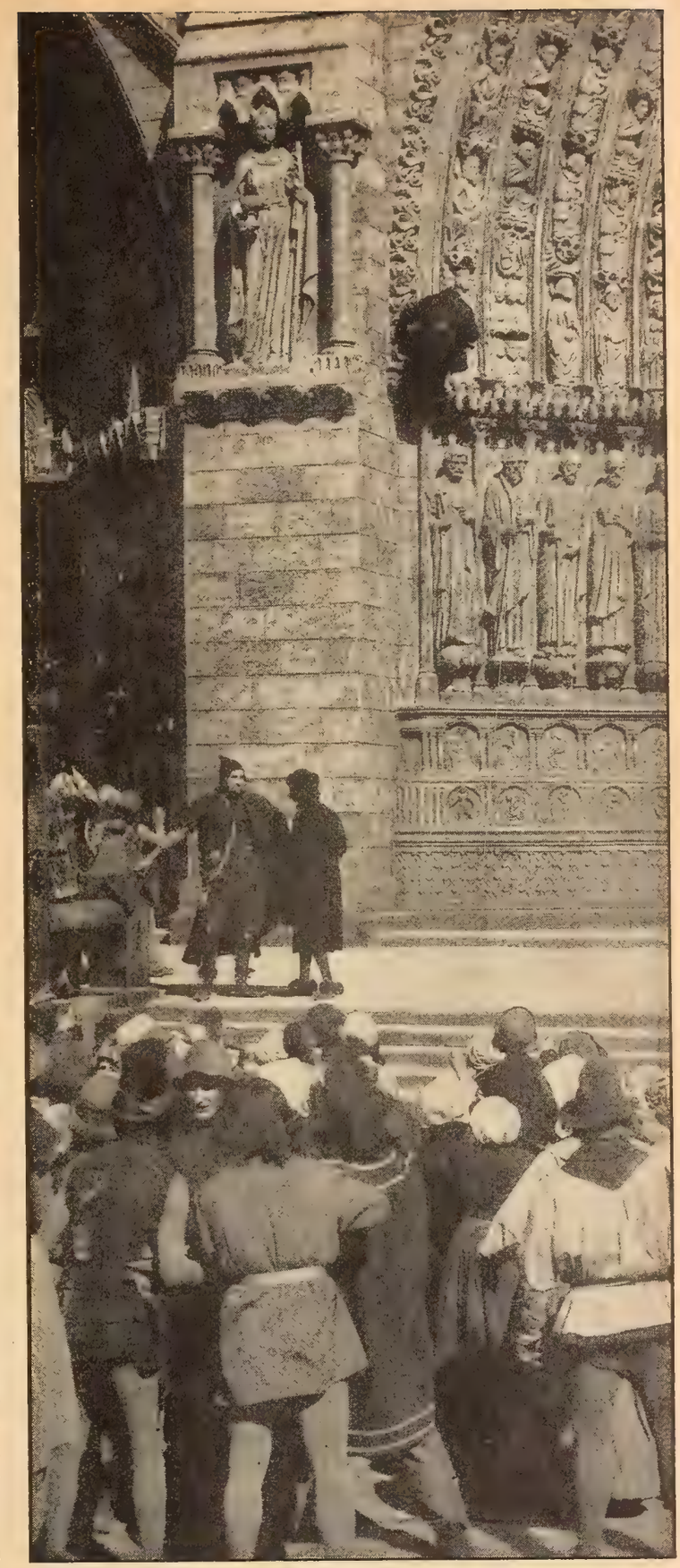
I could not share his sorrow, because personally I have never been particularly in favor of the Roman holiday effects generally attained by doubles, but I felt that what he said really demanded an investigation, because the opinion prevails among movie-goers that very few, if any, really hazardous feats are performed by the players themselves.

A recent article in PICTURE-PLAY written by Myrtle Gebhart threw much light on how the various stunts were performed by doubles, and told something of their colorful careers. It told of the climbs and falls and crashes and high dives and wild rides in which these daring individuals of the motion-picture colony, who seldom receive much credit for their work, take part. They have contributed importantly to every thrill picture and many of the most amusing comedies beside.

"Let a double do it," has long been a slogan of the makers of serials and melodramas, but it is now gradually giving way to a new phrase—"Let the camera do it," and that is the reason why the stunt man found some reason to bewail his fate.

No fan is unaware, perhaps, that much has really been accomplished within the past year in enlarging the power of the camera to obtain thrilling illusions. The Lloyd picture, "Safety Last," was striking proof of this, and a majority of PICTURE-PLAY readers know how this was accomplished through the use of sets adroitly placed on the tops of downtown buildings at different heights, as was explained in an article some months ago. The Red Sea phenomenon, also recently described, though it has nothing to do with doubles, is another vivid illustration of the camera's powers, and in various other recent films evidences may be found of where some magically achieved effect cleverly duplicates, and perhaps sometimes even improves on, actuality, particularly where in the past a double was used to perform the feat.

A really striking case is the climb made by Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," that is a combination of clever photography and setting construction, distinctly resembling that used in "Safety Last." You remember, of course, how Chaney appeared to descend the facade of the cathedral, and how at various stages you would apparently behold him doing perilous acrobatic stunts. No doubt the proceeding was not without some danger, and certainly caused Chaney a great deal of discomfort. However, in a manner which I will explain, it was accomplished with a comparative degree of safety for himself.



To begin with, the setting of the cathedral was not constructed in its entirety as you see it on the screen. Part of the building was lifesize, and part miniature. Everything, in fact, in the long shots, above the statues overlooking the door of the church was miniature. The lower part of the facade actually stood in the midst of the huge square near the Court of the Miracles.

Now you will ask, how does all this help Chaney to make his climb? Because obviously he couldn't descend the face of a miniature without virtually eclipsing it with his exaggerated form. Moreover his figure

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The

Critical comment

By Agnes



"Secrets" is just the sort of story you have always wanted Norma to play. Eugene O'Brien is her leading man

JUST because no star or producer has tried to knock my eye out with any magnificent superspectacle this month is no grounds for complaint that the new films have been lacking in interest. With "Secrets," contributed by Norma Talmadge, with "Cytherea," volunteered by Samuel Goldwyn, and with "Girl Shy," put forth by Harold Lloyd, I am inclined to think that it shouldn't be a dreary spring or summer for movie fans.

To me, Norma Talmadge and Harold Lloyd are two of the indispensable stars of the screen. Something should be done—probably by Will Hays—to insure the screen against their possible loss. Suppose Harold should follow the example of Chaplin and decide to make pictures only when the mood fell upon him? Or suppose that Norma should do a Nazimova and decide to go in for nothing but art?

"Secrets" is just the sort of story you have always wanted Norma to play. It makes "Ashes of Vengeance" looks like a rainy afternoon at the wax works. It makes "The Song of Love" seem like a hot afternoon at the Oriental Gardens at Coney Island. In other words, it's a real picture which will be ardently loved by women because it gives them a chance to settle down in a comfortable theater chair all afternoon and cry their little eyes out. And what could be nicer?

The picture is much smoother, much more appealing and much more convincing than the play; partly because lapses of time are more easily managed on the screen and partly because sentiment flourishes more luxuriantly when not hampered by the cold, crass, spoken word. Although faultlessly played by Margaret Lawrence, the stage heroine of "Secrets" annoyed me a bit. She was so meek, so docile and so completely typical of the eternal uncomplaining wife.

But on the screen, you don't have to listen to her; you merely need to look at her. Most women—either as heroines of stories or as household companions—are easier to look at than to listen to. And that is one of the blessings of the silent drama.

"Secrets" relates the love story of a young English girl. Being an old-fashioned person, her love story stretches over many years instead of running to weeds at the end of a few days. The *Mary* of "Secrets" elopes with her *John* and follows him from England to the wilds of the Western states. First comes melodrama and then as they accumulate years and prosperity, come domestic tragedy and heartbreak. After all, *John* is only a frail man, while *Mary* is a superwoman, who bears all sorts of tribulations rather than spoil her love for him by one ugly scene or cross word.

It is a great tribute to Miss Talmadge's acting that when the picture was shown in New York, the audience was filled with women who were willing to accept her heroine as a pattern of all that is best in womanhood. And yet the women who wept with her so copiously and who most enjoyed her silent suffering obviously could hardly wait to get home to start the same old round of battling with husband or boy friend.

As I watched the flappers, the feminists and the modern wives completely taken in by "Secrets," I thought of the story of the man who murdered his daughter and was found by the police in the balcony of a movie sobbing his heart out over "Broken Blossoms."

Screen in Review

on the latest releases.

Smith

Caricatures by John Decker

No one could have played the rôle of the faithful *Mary* half so well as Miss Talmadge. Norma can make you believe in love and romance; her best rôle is that of the woman in love. She makes *Mary* so resigned and yet so dignified, so meek and yet so spirited, so self-effacing and yet so proud. All in all, it is a lovely and engaging performance and, if not the most pretentious or the most dazzling, certainly the most lovable that Norma has yet contributed to the screen.

As long as I have made the picture such a tempting bit of caviar for women, I might as well go the whole way and say that Norma's costumes, running the gamut of a half a century, are extremely beautiful and bewildering in their number. And, although she ages with the years, being no heroine of "Black Oxen," she only has a few moments of looking unconvincingly "made up" for her part. As a very old lady, she shows streaks of grease paint.

Oh, yes, how could I have forgotten it so long? Eugene O'Brien is her leading man. Far better, Mr. O'Brien, to be leading man for Miss Talmadge than a star in your own right. If I say that at all times in the picture Mr. O'Brien didn't seem quite up to his rôle, I might be met by the query of "Who else could have played the part?" And I can't think of any one who would have pleased the fans better than Mr. O'Brien.

When Papa Didn't Love Mamma.

By some strange accident the film version of Joseph Hergesheimer's novel "Cytherea" becomes simply "Cytherea—Goddess of Love," instead of "Why Men Leave Home." The plot, concerning the restless man of forty who elopes to Cuba with the beautiful *Savina Grove,* was a fair victim for screen slaughtering and might have made an excellent boob shocker. But, instead, it has been turned into an unusually fine picture which, unless I am all wrong, will be one of the most popular and most discussed films of the year.

Naturally, it is easy to trace the trail of the censor as the plot unwinds; there are some omissions, many elusions, a few changes, and the story, instead of being told as straight narrative, stops every once in a while to point a moral. Also, the hero is shipped home to his wife at the end and the fascinating *Savina* is made a much younger woman than depicted by Mr. Hergesheimer.

Nevertheless, this film "Cytherea" is pretty civilized entertainment and until the motion picture can presuppose the same attitude of mind that awaits a novel or a play, it is useless to kick against deviations or distortions.



No one will want to go through the summer without seeing Harold Lloyd in "Girl Shy."

As I have said, the whole story might have been cheapened beyond recognition, and as George Fitzmaurice, its director, is in the habit of cheapening his stories, it's a miracle that Mr. Hergesheimer's escaped. However, aided by a sympathetic, intelligent, and a masterly scenario by Frances Marion, Mr. Fitzmaurice has produced a picture that reflects great credit on himself and Samuel Goldwyn—not now connected with Goldwyn pictures.

I have seldom seen a finer cast brought together for a picture. Here is acting of the very first order. There are at least four stars in the film. First is Lewis Stone, who gives the best performance of his screen career as *Lee Randon,* who fled from his wife and his house—filled with clocks—to the tropical beauties of Cuba, only to find that Cuba, like most Utopias of tourists, is a romantic delusion. Mr. Stone makes you immensely sorry for *Randon;* after seeing him, never again will you be able to look at a nice man of forty with a good wife, a good home, good children and a good golf course without a feeling of pity.

And then there is Alma Rubens, who acted as she has never acted before. Miss Rubens should be praised for a difficult achievement. In order to conceal the fact that the *Savina* of the film was much younger than the *Savina* of the book, Miss Rubens was obliged to go through many of her scenes without the helpful aid of the close-up. Instead of acting with her eyebrows, she acted with her hands, her arms and her body. As a result, her performance has aloofness and mystery. You are conscious that you are seeing too little of her; and that is a rare sensation to carry away from any film.

Next on the list is Constance Bennett, who plays the rôle of a flapper without acting like a servant girl on her night out. Miss Bennett has an excellent sense of comedy and instead of affecting that Hollywood wiggle, she manages to bring grace and lightness to her rôle. In other words, she is a real orchid and not a dandelion on a rampage.

Irene Rich plays the rôle of *Lee Randon's* wife—the mamma who didn't go where papa went. Alas, poor *Fanny,* who was only a wife in suburbia when her husband wanted a goddess of love. Only a woman of unusual sympathy and understanding could have played that rôle. And Miss Rich has both. I don't suppose any actress on the screen has made bigger strides in popularity in the last year or so than Miss Rich. Who says the public wants nothing but cuties?

I praise the acting in "Cytherea" at great length because the players deserve nothing but credit for bringing so much of the subtlety and intelligence of the Hergesheimer novel to the screen. I have said little about the story itself because who am I to write a synopsis of a Hergesheimer plot? As for the production, it is beautiful, smooth and in excellent taste.

The Modern Magic Carpet.

They do say that "Girl Shy," Harold Lloyd's newest, is not as funny as some of his previous masterpieces. However, I saw it with an audience made up chiefly of theater managers and at a particularly uproarious moment one exhibitor exclaimed to another, "Oy, hear 'em laugh. They'll raise the rental on this one!"

All of which means that no one will go through the summer without seeing "Girl Shy." It relates the adventures of a bashful boy who writes a book about the technique of love. The expert is an awkward Romeo; naturally his romance is comic.

The best thing in the picture is a gorgeous chase which is far funnier and more miraculous than Douglas Fairbanks' chase in "The Thief of Bagdad." There is nothing wonderful about riding on a magic carpet when you compare it with the thrill of dashing through crowded city streets on a runaway trolley car. The chase is long, thrilling and funny and guaranteed to throw any audience into a state of hysterics.

Jobyna Ralston is Lloyd's leading woman and is so much of a new personality that she is sure to be signed up for some dramatic vehicle; something like "Hedda Gabler," perhaps. Anyway, the little girl is good.

His Mislaid Memory.

The hero of "The Breaking Point" suffers from amnesia and whenever I think of the plot, which was written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, I get amnesia, too. It's the kind of picture that is easy to forget, not because it is so bad, but because it is so mixed up and jerky and jumpy that, before it is half over, you have worked yourself up into a high state of indifference about the whole business.

"The Breaking Point" is a typical movie—no better and no worse than the average. Evidently somebody told Herbert Brenon that the trouble with the screen nowadays was the absence of a little old-fashioned plot and as a result there is so much fool plot in this picture that you can't follow the story for the action that keeps going on all the time.

The only restful person in the picture is Nita Naldi, who plays the rôle of *Matt Moore's* "past" and who almost prevents him marrying Patsy Ruth Miller. In spite of flying time and fugitive geography—the scene shifts often—Miss Naldi is always her beautiful, placid and plump self. Obviously, Miss Naldi is an old-fashioned vamp who eats what she wants and passes up the daily dozen. Amid all the tumult, she is as restful to look at as a Greek statue.

And the Other Extreme.

If "The Breaking Point" is nothing but plot, there is almost no plot at all in "Not One to Spare." The picture was first titled "Which Shall It Be?" but the name was changed out of deference to the popularity of the poem by Mrs. E. L. Beers, which according to reports has been recited by every school child in the country except me.

"Not One to Spare" is the farthest North in sob stuff; it makes "Over the Hill" seem like a Strindberg drama. The story is simply this: a poor Vermont farmer has seven children. His wealthy and lonely brother offers to adopt one. Which one of the little darlings shall he ship away to a life of luxury? Alas, the soft-hearted man can't decide which one of the little rascals to give up, so he keeps them all.

The picture was made with beautiful simplicity by Renaud Hoffman. It is so frankly sentimental, so obvious, and so ingenuous that it defies criticism. Unless you must have raw meat and strong drama in your pictures, you will like it, although you may be ashamed to come right out and say so.

The scenes on the Vermont farm are charmingly pictured, while Ethel Wales gives such an excellent characterization as the mother that she makes the whole picture worth the price of admission. Moreover, the seven children are quite delightful, which is lucky, as they are very much present. After all, it isn't like most movies.



Jackie becomes quite a serious actor in "A Boy of Flanders."

A Couple of Dramatic Geniuses.

For those who think that Jackie Coogan is a greater actor than John Barrymore, "A Boy of Flanders" will mean an evening of high æsthetic delight. And for those who think that Jackie is just a cute kid, the picture will be nothing but an excellent film version of a popular classic for children. In other words, you'll probably not stand in line two hours to see it.

What a serious actor Jackie is getting to be! In "A Boy of Flanders" he is a sober, half-grown-up little boy, a boy with artistic aspirations, a boy with a soul. Jackie is getting to be just as much of a standardized figure as Charlie Chaplin. He is one of the few players on the screen to be called a genius by thoughtful observers of the upward trend of the silent drama.

The atmosphere of the picture is best described as quaint. The scenes are laid in the Belgium of long ago. Such pretty, pretty windmills, such cunning, cunning houses! It is all fully in the spirit of Ouida, whose prolific pen dashed off the story.

I hope Rex, the black stallion, doesn't become too successful as a commercial proposition. I hope he loses none of his fine, impetuous freshness. But after his hit in "The King of Wild Horses," we shall probably read that he has been engaged as polo pony by the Prince of Wales. With due respect to the pets of Bill Hart and Tom Mix, I think that Rex is the finest horse that ever tossed a wicked mane in front of the camera. Being a real star, Rex is surrounded by a mediocre story and a merely adequate cast of players. But personality triumphs over all handicaps and "The King of Wild Horses" is respectfully recommended for your consideration.

With the Giddy Triflers.

Remember "Skinner's Dress Suit?" Well, evidently Bryant Washburn doesn't want you to forget it. For

when Mr. Washburn isn't engaged as all-star support, he goes out and stars in a comedy of his own and all these comedies have a vague family resemblance to his greatest success. Mr. Washburn is particularly good when he essays the rôle of a man newly inspired by ambition and a comedy like "Try and Get It" is good once-in-a-while entertainment.

"Try and Get It" is light, amiable and filled with George M. Cohan Americanism. It concerns a young man who is trying to collect a bill from a man who is determined not to pay. As you can guess, once you get started on an idea like that, there is no end to the comic possibilities. Billie Dove plays what is known as "romantic interest."

Lloyd Hamilton, a persistent star of the two-reelers, doesn't quite make the grade as a feature star. He fails to take the jump so successfully negotiated by Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton. In a way, Mr. Hamilton is the victim of an accident. He was engaged by an auxiliary of the D. W. Griffith Company to take the place of Al Jolson, who suddenly departed for Europe last summer leaving the cinema art to struggle along without him.



There are at least four stars in "Cytherea," two of whom are Alma Rubens and Lewis Stone.

In "His Darker Self," Mr. Hamilton plays the rôle of a Southern lawyer who disguises himself as a negro in order to fool a band of bootleggers. At that, he might have been able to fool a bootlegger. But, technical discussions aside, the picture is weak in the gags and nifties which are the very motive power of a Lloyd comedy.

I wish Mr. Hamilton had been a violent success as an artist of the grand manner, because, goodness knows, there are too few comedies in this sordid world.

Flowers in the Gutter.

The scarcity of good comedies becomes a matter of poignant importance when you are sitting through a picture like "The Dawn of a To-morrow." Frances Hodgson Burnett's heroine makes Pollyanna look like a waitress with indigestion. Undoubtedly this *Glad* person who smiles and smiles is the dearest toothache that ever throbbed through an evening. Jacqueline Logan did all she could about it, for Jacqueline is a winsome young lady.

In case you can't recall it, the story is a melodrama of the London slums. Now according to the drawings in *Punch,* there is a lot of humor in the London slums, and according to Dickens, these same slums are simply alive with color and melodrama. But in this picture you work up a violent grouch against all the little daisies that bloom in the gutter. However, may I again call your attention to the lively Mr. Raymond Griffith, who would undoubtedly get somewhere if he weren't dogged by uninteresting pictures?

"The Confidence Man" is much better than "The Dawn of a To-morrow." For one thing, it has Thomas Meighan in the rôle of a reformed crook who gets religion just as he is about to steal the old miser's government engravings. A nice trusting old lady does the trick by telling Tommy that she knows he is a good, honest man. So there you are; that's the plot. If it sounds suspiciously like a lot of other Meighan plots, please remember that the subtitles were written by George Ade, the man who has been responsible for spreading golf and civilization in the Middle West. Virginia Valli is Meighan's leading woman, while Lawrence Wheat, in a comedy part, is so good that he is apt to find himself listed as one of the discoveries of the year.

Three Strikes—It's Out!

At the risk of making a nuisance of myself, I must tell Famous Players-Lasky not to produce this plot again. I liked "The Humming Bird" with Gloria Swanson; I was patient with "Shadows of Paris," with Pola Negri. But I draw the line at "The Moral Sinner," with Dorothy Dalton. I am all fed up with

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Thief of Bagdad"—United Artists. The greatest conjuring trick ever performed, the leading of the cinema into the land of enchantment and adventure. Douglas Fairbanks in a fantasy that embodies legends and folk tales of all lands, made wonderfully beautiful and thrilling through camera magic.

"Beau Brummel"—Warner Brothers. Another movie fling of John Barrymore and a great picture for those who idolize him. The picture does not live up to Barrymore's best talents, but it is excellent nevertheless, and it gives an entertaining, if rather dour, characterization of the king of fops, who fought a duel with society by wit and subtlety.

"The Galloping Fish"—First National. Starring in this picture is a seal that makes most movie actors look like a lot of dried herring, and the plot has the old-time abandon of the Sennett comedies. The supporting cast includes Louise Fazenda, Lucille Ricksen, Sydney Chaplin, Ford Sterling, and Chester Conklin.

"America—Series One—The Sacrifices."—D. W. Griffith. History of the American Revolution as every school child would like to see it. A stirring spectacle with an appealing love story interwoven. Lionel Barrymore, Carol Dempster, Neil Hamilton, and Louis Wolheim are in it.

"The Marriage Circle"—Warner Brothers. A high comedy of married life directed by Ernst Lubitsch with the last ounce of humor extracted from every situation. Adolphe Menjou, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost are in it.

"The Enchanted Cottage"—First National. An exquisite and touching presentation of a fragile and sentimental idea. Richard Barthelmess as a crippled and embittered war hero and May McAvoy as a homely spinster are excellent, though their performances may not appeal to the people who like only prettiness and stirring fights.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. The Book of Exodus spectacularly filmed plus a modern story à la Cecil De Mille.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. Horror on horror and thrill on thrill backed up by huge, impressive sets, mobs of extras, and Lon Chaney's most complicated acting.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A gripping film epic of the pioneers who crossed the Western plains with a hymn in their hearts and guns on their hips. Great herds of buffalo, bands of marauding Indians, and the seemingly endless wagon train battling against the forces of nature are essentially the leading actors in the drama, though Ernest Torrence's and Tully Marshall's performances rank with the greatest.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"The Fighting Coward"—Paramount. A delightful satire on the old Southern code of honor as immortalized in fiction. James Cruze directed it and Cullen Landis appears as the timid hero who learns to throw a mighty bluff. Made in Mississippi, the scenery has that languorous, Southern quality.

"Lilies of the Field"—First National. Not as naughty as the stage play, but a glittering vehicle for Corinne Griffith. She plays a beautiful young mother, who is tempted and tempted and tempted. Never did she look more beautiful nor act more convincingly.

"A Society Scandal"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson gets dressed up again in foolish costumes, but she doesn't hide her sense of humor. A fine, entertaining picture for the tired business woman and the weary housewife.

"The Hill Billy"—United Artists. Jack Pickford in a beautiful and sincere tale of the Southern mountains. He has an elusive sort of charm and at times is an inspired actor. The picture is exquisitely photographed.

"Icebound"—Paramount. A worthy picture which may leave you a trifle cold. Directed by William de Mille, this story of a righteous New England girl who reforms a wayward son is rugged and intelligent.

"Flowing Gold"—First National. A melodrama of the oil fields with some big thrills. Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills play the leading rôles.

"Three Weeks"—Goldwyn. All that the censors passed of Elinor Glyn's poor little erring queen was a few rounds of seductive smiles aimed at impeccable Conrad Nagel. If you have a taste for highly colored romance this is the best the screen can give you.

"The Great White Way"—Cosmopolitan. A love story of a musical-comedy actress and a prize fighter all dressed up with Broadway's bright lights, the fire department, the races at Belmont Park, prize-fight training quarters, and Follies' rehearsals. Anita Stewart and Oscar Shaw play the leading rôles.

"Wild Oranges"—Goldwyn. A gripping, psychological melodrama with but five characters. A girl and her grandfather, dominated by a murderous half-wit, eventually find release. King Vidor has admirably preserved the spirit of the Hergesheimer story.

"The Eternal City"—First National. Everything but a good scenario. Genuine Roman scenery, the Fascisti in person, huge mobs, striking settings, and a cast that includes Barbara La Marr, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett, and Bert Lytell.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Thy Name Is Woman"—Metro. A thoughtful melodrama concerned with a smuggler, his beautiful wife, and the officer who comes to bring him to justice. It just fails to be convincing in spite of the noble efforts of Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro.

"Fool's Highway"—Universal. A love story of the Bowery in its most picturesque days, with Mary Philbin in an appealing rôle.

"The Hoosier Schoolmaster"—Hodkinson. A pleasant adaptation of an old-fashioned novel, with Henry Hull and Jane Thomas in the leading rôles.

"Happiness"—Metro. Laurette Taylor on the screen again as young and gay as ever. If you don't mind professional *Cinderellas*, this will entertain you, as Miss Taylor is skillful and her comedy persistent.

"Love's Whirlpool"—Hodkinson. Just the ordinary job-lot sort of melodrama, but not bad of its kind. Lila Lee is sweet and sincere and James Kirkwood is skillful.

"Yolanda" — Cosmopolitan. The screen's largest collection of knights, armor, moats, drawbridges, castles, kings, dukes, and costumes. The one element lacking is a gripping plot. Marion Davies never looked lovelier and when given any chance she acts with power and conviction.

"When a Man's a Man"—Principal. Glorifying the great open spaces à la Harold Bell Wright. John Bowers does as well as might be expected of the hero, and a capable cast helps him.

"The Song of Love"—First National. Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl in one of those wild-life-on-the-desert affairs. The picture isn't much good, but Norma does all she can for it by making her part ingratiating.

"The Extra Girl"—Associated Exhibitors. A case of wasted genius. With little help from the scenario Mabel Normand succeeded in making this funny. A story of a girl who went to Hollywood to break into the movies.

"Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model"—Goldwyn. Just one big thrill left in the old melodrama, and that comes toward the end of the picture. Claire Windsor plays the poor little girl of the many adventures, all dressed up in modern clothes.

FAIR WARNING.

"Daughters of To-day"—Selznick. Another exposure of the wickedness of the younger generation. Worse than any of its predecessors, many of which were terrible.

Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in pictures.

Neptune's Daughter Acts Under the Sea



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Annette Kellermann has done the seemingly impossible; she has photographed an entire sequence for a movie under sea, with complete sets and detailed dramatic action and in much more realistic fashion than such scenes ever could be obtained in a glass-inclosed tank.

Her story tells of adventures of *Shona,* an Irish girl whose father is interested in the pearl fisheries. Within this story is a fairy-tale sequence concerning the adventures of a princess and a mermaid. All of this action takes place under water. To achieve the realistic effect, Miss Kellermann used a new invention, a bell-shaped cabinet, lowered and raised by cables, with a glass window through which the camera man films the action. Wherever possible, she selected places where the water was shallow, yet it had to have sufficient depth so that the sets would be completely covered.

First the sets were built and then lowered down to rest upon the ocean floor, anchored as firmly as possible. Real sets, such as appear in the interiors taken in any studio, were used. The sets were made mostly of rocks, which helped to weight them and hold them steady. Between the rocks were fastened shells, seaweed, and other plants.

At a preview in Los Angeles, those under-sea scenes evoked considerable praise and caused much discussion as to how they were made. They are marvelously clear, every bit of action in such relief as if made up above in a strong sunlight; the undulating water, the many kinds of fish and vegetable life, the seaweed and coral—all of these add a naturalness that quite amazes when one sees the actors remain down there for such a long while.

"Our most difficult work was in matching the scenes together," Miss Kellermann said. "The longest I remained down was three minutes and eighteen seconds, as a rule only one or two minutes. I would act as much of a scene in that time as I could; then come up for a rest."

The light, she pointed out, was quite clear, aided by large mirrors, each the size of one side of a big room, anchored on rafts above at such angles that they reflected the sun's rays down below. So quiet and still was the water in most places that her clothes and hair did not have the soaked appearance that is customary when one goes for a swim in the ocean. Indeed, the whole thing has a fairylike, gossamer beauty and charm that should make it a decidedly pleasing novelty.

Annette Kellermann will be remembered as the "modern Venus," whose graceful curves, daily-dozen exercises and athletic propensities filled the daily papers a few years ago. Screen fans will recall her also, for she appeared in "The Darling of the Gods," "Neptune's Daughter," and other productions.



Photo by Apeda

PETER PAN, PERHAPS

PETER PAN, you remember, was the boy who never grew up, but the boy who may play *Peter* on the screen was quite grown up at the age of eight. He had by that time chosen a profession and succeeded in it and he even belonged to the union, which *Peter* would never have done even in this practical world.

The little boy is Joseph Depew, who is the child casting directors in the East usually send for whenever there is a boy part that demands finesse and any considerable dramatic talent. When he was only four years old he went on the stage, and by the time he was eight he was a member of the Actors' Equity, knew the best booking agents on Broadway, the quickest route to the Fort Lee studios, several dramatic recitations, how to make an audience sniffle and weep, and how to put over vaudeville gags. And he was learning to spell.

The spelling lessons weren't much fun. Neither was history, geography, arithmetic or composition—all of which were given to him in large doses when the theatrical managers and motion-picture directors didn't need him. Kindly, gushing ladies who thought little boys should be happier going to school and having their afternoons free to romp and play were horrified at Joe's announcement that he hated to get back to work, when a theatrical engagement closed and school confronted him again. But even at that tender age Joe had learned that it was more effective to turn his melting brown eyes on women than to argue with them.

Now, at eleven, Joe has slid out of going to school very often by almost always being busy at the studio. Not that he doesn't have to do his lessons. There is a law requiring that. But Joe finds it much more pleasant to do his lessons in a dressing room at the studio with the chance that he may any minute be called away to play with Valentino, Bebe Daniels, or Lois Wilson.

Not that he is upstage toward the neighbor boys who haven't his advantages. Just a short time ago, after seven weeks spent working in "Icebound" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," at the studio, Joe made the rounds after school one afternoon with a friend of his who delivers groceries. The boy persuaded Joe to help pull up the heavy dumb waiters in the apartments where he delivered and at the end of two or three hours gave him fifty cents. It looked like a lot of money to Joe, because it was something you could spend on candy and marbles and tops. At the studio they pay you checks—three hundred a week it has been lately and they say soon it is going to be a great deal more—but a check is just a slip of paper that you put in the bank.

Joe has three highly prized possessions; a letter from Kate Douglas Wiggin saying that in "Timothy's Quest," he was all and more than the author hoped for, a review of "The Steadfast Heart," from the *New York Tribune* in which Harriette Underhill said he ran away with the whole show, and an autographed picture of William S. Hart and Pinto Ben.

His particular idol is Sidney Olcott. Other directors can criticize him but if Mr. Olcott calls him down he simply breaks down and cries. And the affection isn't all on Joe's side either, for Sidney Olcott has already decided that if he is the lucky director chosen to make "Peter Pan," Joseph will play *Peter*.



Photo by F. W. Seely

NO TIME OFF FOR MONG

THAT middle initial of William V. Mong's name must indeed stand for Versatility. For in his sixteen years upon the screen he has played hundreds of characters, ranging from heroes to villains of deepest dye, all nationalities. This season, with the growing popularity of the character actor, he has come into his belated own. Scarcely an actor in Hollywood has been kept busier and many times he has had to double up on productions.

"I want to play ordinary old fellows, in situations that strike the heart," he says. "I like to see the cranky old codger bellowing at his pretty grandchild when you

know all the time he worships her; I want the hero to win the girl and the grandfather to grumble over it."

"The Clay Baker," in which Mong starred for five years upon the stage, is still a favorite topic for reminiscence among the old-timers of the boards. Mong also acted in it for the screen nearly sixteen years ago; it was the second two-reel picture made by Colonel Selig. He loves to talk of those days, when he organized the first scenario department—with the aid of a second-hand desk, two pencils and a pen—acted several parts in each short film and doubled as handy man around the lot.

"We weren't allowed to see the rushes then, except when something was wrong, in which case the buzzer would call us in," he mused, among the hurdy-gurdies and old clothes shops for "Rose of the Ghetto" scenes. "One day by accident I achieved the close-up that Griffith later immortalized. I had been turning the crank on another actor's work and, when the buzzer summoned me to the projection room, found the colonel quite irate because I had somehow cut off the fellow's legs, only the upper half of his body, magnified, showing on the screen. I meekly promised not to make such a mistake again and the film of the first close-up was thrown away."

During the years in which he combined acting and writing, many stories came from Mong's pen. But no more, he says.

"Each man should stick to his craft. Let us try to do one thing well—there are plenty of workmen for each job."

A courtly gentleman of the older stage-school, Mr. Mong. He is well read along many lines quite foreign to his work, and is very proud of his ranch and his pedigreed pigs that have won many medals at county fairs.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

AN IRISH *ESTHER*

THE flower of Hollywood was culled to be tested for the rôle of *Esther* in Goldwyn's production of "Ben-Hur." Among the eligibles was Gertrude Olmstead, as she had just completed her Universal contract.

When somebody mentioned that the test was for the coveted rôle of *Esther,* Gertrude, of course, became excited. "A brunette in a blond wig with an Irish face to play a Jewish character! Am I really conscious?"

She is still slightly dazed from the shock of their final choice of her and is tremendously eager to make good. Naturally, for it may mean a big thing to a career that heretofore has promised nothing exceptional.

Esther is a sweet, gentle character of deep spiritual feeling. Her drama would tax the capabilities of any young actress and one feels a certain curiosity to see what Gertrude, pretty, but rather untested, will give to it by way of depth and realism.

A beauty-contest winner, Gertrude had been fêted by the home-town Elks, and made a great fuss over. In Hollywood, she found herself merely one of many.

She went through a terrific and nerve-wracking training at Universal—in comedies, Westerns, everything made on fast schedules. Her lack of talent was pointed out to her often in unsympathetic fashion—for the directors have little time to train novices, or to humor girls whose feelings have been hurt. Her first years out here were not easy. But their lessons she tried, the best she could, to understand.

"I can realize now how dumb I was. Even now I'm not half as clever as Colleen and Pat and Helen and Carmel. I can't think of smart, witty things to say. I'm just ordinary, the same as if I lived back in Illinois and went to parties and didn't act in the movies at all. But anyway," with a flash of spirit, "I'm not as dumb as I used to be!"

No, the past three years have not made *Cinderella* into a great beauty, a splendid actress, an intellectual paragon. Gertrude is still just a pretty girl of perhaps less outstanding qualities than some of her companions in Our Club. Gray eyes and a wealth of brown hair frame a sweet but rather inexpressive face; grace, girlish charm she has; and for hobbies: dancing, eating chocolates, tending to her pansy-beds and going to the movies.

Recently she played rather girlish, insipid rôles in "George Washington, Jr." and "Cameo Kirby," and Gene Stratton Porter selected her as an ideal type to play the second lead in "The Girl of the Limberlost." But none of these rôles gave her a chance to develop acting ability.

In no way extraordinary—and yet perhaps in these very nebulous qualities of her lies the reason for her being given the rôle in "Ben-Hur," because the policy of casting the production is to secure actors whose personalities are not great public favorites. The picture is to be featured rather than any individualities and, were the actor's personality too familiar, his talent too proven, it might detract from his realistic impression of the new rôle.

Will capable direction, as in other sudden successes, bring out unsuspected ability in Gertrude Olmstead and give us another of those surprises that from time to time add interest to the movies?

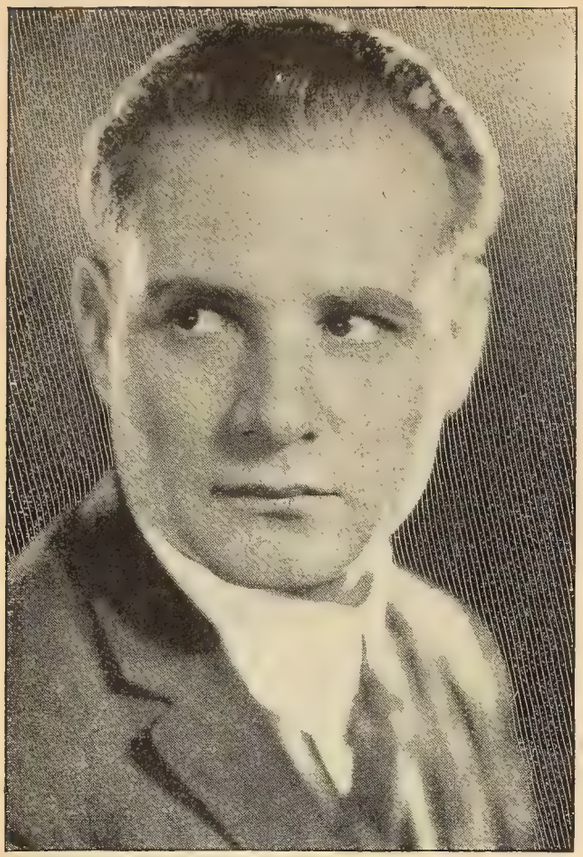


Photo by Richee

WAS IT LUCK—DO YOU THINK?

THE quality about Charles Ogle that draws around him old and young alike on the studio lot, is his kindliness of manner. The sympathy of heart that shone so unforgetably through his interpretation of the old doorman in "After the Show," which marked the turning point of his screen career, is a genuine attribute.

After many years on the stage, Ogle came into the movies in the days of their crude beginnings, played a year or two on all the lots, doing all sorts of rôles, and in 1909 signed his first contract. Since that date, except for brief vacations of but a few days' duration, he has been idle only one month!

A mine of reminiscence, Charles Ogle. Absorbed, the studio folks listen, as he weaves glamorous pictures of the past.

"I played with the three Pickford kids—but they were called Smith in those days—when they started on the stage. Carried Jack on for his first rôle—his salary was twenty-five cents a week. Used to hold Mary and Lottie on my knees, with Jack climbing all over me begging for gumdrops. Why, I put Jack's first pair of pants on him, when he graduated to boyhood.

"I toured in a company with the Kimballs when Clara, now Clara Kimball Young, was just a tiny tot. An inquisitive mite, that one, and wily. Used to bother us something awful, when we menfolks would sit smoking, and we'd say, 'Run along, honey, it isn't nice for little girls to stay in the room where men are talking and smoking cigars.' And we'd have to bribe her with candy."

Several hundred rôles he has played, few of them particularly conspicuous ones. But he has made money; he has invested wisely.

"Lucky, just plumb lucky, that's all," he drawls in his soft voice.

At nineteen, in order to obtain the money to gratify his mother's ambition that he study law, he went on the stage, doing everything from musical comedy to playing a tuba in a circus. Having at last completed his legal education he settled down to practice law and dallied a bit with politics. Uneventful years passed. Then, the old love of acting forever stirring him to restlessness, he returned to the boards, playing for twenty years in all the sure-fire "meller-drammers" of the day. Then he drifted into pictures.

"That was the luckiest thing I ever did," he says.

HUNGARY SENDS A MISSIONARY

TIME was when any deep and essential emotion in pictures had to be registered either by some frantic tortured wringing of the hands, or some strained expression on a player's face. Shades and nuances were virtually unknown, and the real business of putting over the significance of a scene was usually left to a subtitle.

This custom is now being outgrown as a really finer technique is developed. The beginning of this technique was really the performances of European actors, and more recently the very direct influence exerted not only by them, but also the directors who have come to Hollywood. The actors have not thus far been so much in the spotlight, but there is one who probably will be, and that is the Hungarian, Victor Varconi.

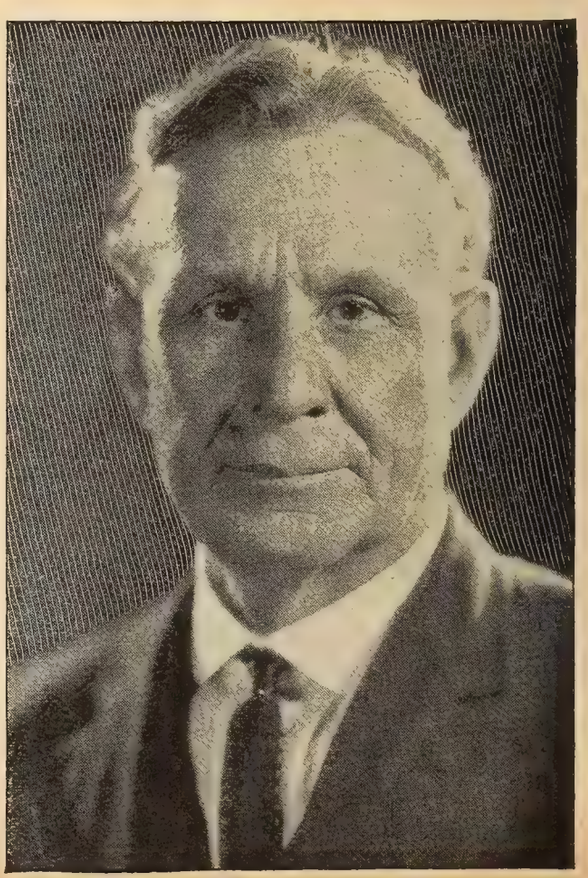
"He's a marvel with his eyes." That was the dictum of Cecil De Mille shortly after he had begun directing Varconi in "Triumph." "He can say more by shifting his glance or dropping his eyelids, or even by a slight movement of the corner of his mouth, than most other players can while emoting in a hundred feet of film."

The players who have made their reputation appearing under De Mille's direction during the past decade are ample proof of Mr. De Mille's judgment, for nearly all of them have gone on to stellar heights. Is it not likely, therefore, that Varconi will do the same?

Varconi has been seen in this country in two pictures that he played in abroad—one of these "The Red Peacock," had Pola Negri as the star, and the other, "Sodom and Gomorrah," pretty generally released as "The Queen of Sin." De Mille saw him in the latter and tried to engage him, but Varconi was under contract abroad.

Later, Varconi obtained a release from this agreement and came to America. When he arrived in Hollywood about the first thing that he did was to locate Mr. De Mille, who gave him one of the three featured rôles in "Triumph." Then he was cast again with Leatrice Joy in "Changing Husbands."

When Mr. De Mille engaged him it was with the understanding that he should learn to speak English. Now he not only speaks English but boasts a vocabulary of slang.



LA BELLE DUVAL



"LA BELLE DUVAL" they called her in Paris, where nightly her chansonettes filled a tiny theater on the boulevards with her admirers. "She has no technique," complained musicians. "She is so young," answered her devotees. "She does not know life," said cynical Paris. "When has one heard of her *affaires de cœur?*" "She is an artist," retorted her friends. "She does not have to be besmirched by disillusionment in order to sing of the heart. She is aloof and so beautiful."

One night in the audience was Flo Ziegfeld, drawn to hear this Paulette Duval who had charmed so many. And the next day it had been decided that "La Belle Duval" would come to America and appear in the "Follies." That was characteristic of Ziegfeld. He would have her "appear," not sing, necessarily. For he realized as the others had not, that people went not so much to hear "La Belle Duval" as to see her.

The first time I saw her was during the rehearsals of the Ziegfeld "Follies" last summer. She had just learned a dance from one of Ned Wayburn's assistants—a dance that consisted chiefly of undulating across the stage, tossing the long ruffled train of her Spanish costume in spirals and stamping her tiny feet. There was a weird, arresting fascination about her gyrations. She was like a peacock quickening its pace to jazz.

Fanny Brice sat in the front row conferring with a composer in the orchestra over a comic last line for her song. "With a figure like that in this show," she announced to the audience at large, looking up at Paulette Duval, "what chance has a working girl got?"

The next time that I saw her she was at work in "Monsieur Beaucaire," playing *Mme. Pompadour,* the most famous of the mistresses of *Louis XV.* of France. She was beautiful as ever, and she was stately, cold and calculating, as befitted the woman who, for years, grasped the reins of government in her tiny hands.

"No, we never saw her dance before we engaged her," Rudolph Valentino told me. "We needed only to see her."

SUNSET VISIONS

FROM the larger, established companies the public need expect but slight reply to their demand for better pictures. Instead of finer quality, the motion-picture manufacturers—yes, just that—still concentrate upon settings, background, investiture, adding little that is new or vitally progressive to the screen."

Josef Swickard was speaking, and his recent formation of a company to produce his own films is the result of perseverance, of faithfulness to ideals.

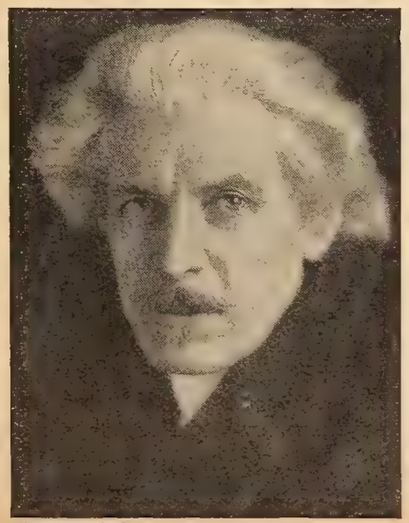


Photo by Mojonier

"I want to make artistic films. Why say that the public does not desire such pictures? Have they had many opportunities to judge? Are not the films to-day, with a few exceptions, being ground out on the same old formula? I ask you, consider now—what more can the screen attain along present lines? Settings can scarcely be more gorgeous than at present; we have here the most beautiful women, the handsomest young sheiks, in the world.

"My goal, now that the opportunity is mine to begin to execute my plans, is to portray characters from life in whose struggles and heartaches there was much drama. Men who have suffered and toiled, who have exerted a constructive influence. Some day I hope to make a little series, inexpensive but artistic, detailing the lives of our music masters—Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, and perhaps of our great dramatists. Mozart's is a poignantly beautiful story."

Thirty-two years of theatrical work, eleven of them in the movies—for he is another of those pioneers of the Keystone Cop days—have taught Mr. Swickard, however, that one's ideals must be worked out in practical fashion. So, for all this while, playing mostly ministers and failures and saintly rôles until he raised a mustache and thereby, he claims, developed a more unique personality, he has acted the parts that the producers wanted, with the germ of his great ambition dormant in his heart.

A few years of comparative neglect followed his first outstanding screen rôle in "The Tale of Two Cities," but his portrayal of the old Frenchman in "The Four Horsemen" established him as a character actor of ability and of personal charm. And ever since that time we have seen him more and more frequently.

EYES OF PROMISE

YOU look into Shannon Day's green eyes and see a brooding restlessness, something—you can't figure out just what—that needs expressing. Under heavy, slumberous lids those eyes sort of melt into your own, compel your attention, incite your imagination. They have experience in them; at times they are cold and hard, shrewdly gauging; again they blaze and become alive with feeling.

This restlessness may be traced, to an extent, to her heritage of gypsy blood, that strange urge which neither time nor circumstances nor changed conditions ever can quite smother. Hungarian and Irish mingle in her veins—and what could one expect of a mixture like that but pride, impetuosity oddly at variance with her somnolence, and forever that restlessness goading her on to she knows not what?

Her parents were immigrants, but two weeks in this country when she was born. Her childhood was spent mostly in dancing to the lure of the wheezy, jangling hurdy-gurdies along the sidewalks of New York's foreign sections. Just one of a mob of excited, queerly dressed youngsters, neither of the Old World nor yet completely of the New. If she differed from her more phlegmatic companions, it must have been a subtle difference — perhaps that hint of hidden fires behind those strange green eyes that gleamed in a pale little face framed with a tangled mop of brown hair standing out every which a way. Or it may have been merely the grace of her nimble feet that made her the leader of those shrill-voiced kids.

"Dance?" she shrugs. "I always danced. Lessons? Never. I don't know the first thing about the technique of it. Whenever the impulse came upon me to dance, to sing, to act, to draw, I just did those things. Always crudely, for I never had any training, and very little schooling. It seemed there was something that always bothered me, that I had to tell some way and couldn't say in words, so I sort of danced and sang it out."

Along in her teens, ambition flamed in that slim little body. She wanted clothes, lovely things that would lift her out of her surroundings so she could "be somebody." The first chance that offered was posing for commercial photographers, illustrating children's fashions. Dresses she bought, and cheap, odd jewelry of bright color, heavy chains to hang around her neck.



Photo by Freulich

The second step was as salesgirl in a modiste's establishment, where she also displayed the gowns on her own graceful figure. That led her to the "Follies," and there her dancing feet found delight in a specialty number.

The movies next, of course. Publicity attended her arrival in Hollywood a few years ago. Her pictures in the papers, and so on. Another "Follies" girl to ornament the screen. For a while she did rather well. Some good rôles—but always too typically the pretty, vapid ingenue—were entrusted to her. Then something went wrong. Shannon thought things came so nicely, with such little effort, that she just quit bothering much, had a good time and told the calamity howlers to quit crabbing. She began to slip—and it is fatal, in Hollywood, to lose one inch of that so fiercely contested ground. Her rôles grew smaller, of less importance, until no longer would they trust her with a big part.

"It seemed as if fate was against me, pushing me away. I just missed chances—I was out when they called, or too late, or somebody else had a bit more ability than I. When I realized I was slipping here, I went back East, worked in a picture, and then, reading in the papers about the boom out here, came back to Hollywood. No sooner had I arrived than that slump came—and hit me harder, it seemed, than any one else.

"For months I couldn't get even a 'bit.' I used to sit and cry. Then I'd wash my eyes with cold water, dab powder on my face and go out somewhere and smile—to let them see it didn't hurt, so they wouldn't laugh. They laugh here, do you know?"

The green eyes brooded once again. "It hurts. They don't care. You've got to put powder and a smile on, so it won't show. The last thing to go is your pride—then you *are* done for. But I hung onto that."

It held her rigid with determination. I used to see her around the studios, begging, demanding, wheedling for a chance to prove that she could yet learn to act—promising that next time she made good she would stay at the top. Finally her perseverance won and they gave her small rôles again and slowly she has been climbing that hard-runged ladder once more.

Now she is playing a gyspy violinist in Universal's picturization of the "Information Kid" series and in the one titled "The Fiddlin' Doll," does her best work so far. An odd character, ideally suited to her, that: dreamy, stirred at times by strange, incomprehensible instincts that she obeys blindly, a girl who knows

Continued on page 105



Here is a small portion of the contestants entered for a baby part in "What Shall I Do?" which will feature Dorothy Mackaill.

Hollywood High Lights

Continuing the scheherazade of the glittering cinema principality.

By Edwin Schallert

NOW, at last it is safe to prophesy joy for the subdebs once again. The screen glories in a brand-new set of potential matinée idols, who, after months and months during which youth seemed to be at its low ebb, and maturity dominating, have suddenly shown a most astonishing tendency to break and run for the ladder of fame.

We have almost wearied of watching the parade of prospects at times, and sometimes they absolutely made us yawn. But now we have had to sit up suddenly and observe a certain few with keen eyes. We are just about ready to catalogue them, so that all the fans may find them and know them at a moment's notice. Not all of them are new, to be sure, but they are destined for an early supremacy.

Perhaps the outstanding hit of the season thus far, for romantic appeal, has been Allan Forrest playing opposite Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Forrest is not new to pictures, but until "Dorothy Vernon" he made only a negligible figure, except, possibly in Jackie Coogan's "Long Live the King," which served to awaken a slight interest in him. His chances for creating a vogue now seem remarkable, especially if they keep on casting him correctly.

Rod La Rocque needs just one more picture with a sympathetic enough touch to make him a matinée idol. Ever since "The Ten Commandments," the flappers and the matrons have been waiting to see him in a vigorous, dashing, high-power love rôle. His work with Gloria Swanson in "A Society Scandal" did little except sustain an interest in him. Perhaps "Feet of Clay," with Cecil B. De Mille directing, will turn the trick. At least De Mille seems to understand thoroughly his particular talents.

The very best prospects among the new juveniles we have seen for ages are Ben Lyon and William Haines, with Lyon probably leading. He isn't over twenty-three, his film career isn't more than half a year old, and everybody has already begun talking about the way he played the young *Romeo* in "Flaming Youth." He came mighty near stealing the honors of the picture from the seasoned Milton Sills and he virtually does the same thing to Conway Tearle in "The White Moth."

William Haines, Goldwyn's pet and prize juvenile, is another high-speed boy. He and Lyon have recently finished playing in "Mary the Third," featuring Eleanor Boardman, and he did effective work in Rupert Hughes' "True as Steel." There is no telling just how far Haines will get along. Peggy Hopkins Joyce saw his promise at a single flash, and rated him as the most appealing young man that she ever saw.

George O'Brien also looks interesting. He has lately stepped in front of the camera's eye in "The Man Who Came Back." He was a find of the Wampas during their convention in San Francisco, the son of the chief of police there. The Wampas decided that he should have a job for the courtesies extended to them by the northern city, and the best of it is that young O'Brien is making good.

Robert Frazer should begin attracting audiences generally when he is seen in the biggest part of his young career, opposite Pola Negri in "Men." He has also been more recently cast with Mae Busch in "Bread."

Best of all, perhaps, is the progress of Reginald Denny. If there ever was an actor who could look forward to a more amazingly and overwhelmingly brilliant future since Wallace Reid made his first big hit in "Joan of Arc," we'd like to know who it is. Denny has twice as much manliness as any player who has been seen in pictures in years. His sort is the only sort that will break down permanently the insensate craze for Valentinos, Novarros and other Latins, that has so long prevailed.

Cause for Enthusiasm.

Another bright hope on which we are hanging much of our interest now is the return of Charles Ray. He has finally given up his rather futile attempts at directing himself, and has gone back to the Ince studio, where he made some of his very best productions, like "The Clodhopper" and "The Pinch-hitter." This move on his part should eliminate one of the screen's very poorest directors, and bring back one of the film's very best actors, and altogether turn out to be the happiest sort of unfoldment imaginable for Charley's career.

A Great Combination.

No more cheering news has been heard lately in Hollywood than that Pauline Frederick is going to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch. It will be the rarest sort of chance for her, because Lubitsch is recognizedly just about the best director for actors in the world. With a woman of such tremendous powers, which seemingly have never been fully sounded or determined by her previous directors, he should do marvels and wonders. No possible combination could promise more.

Miss Frederick has never lost her hold over a tremendous majority of the public. They have all been wanting to see her come back in some strong, vibrant dramatic part, such as she played when she was in her glory a few seasons ago. Her success in the recently completed "Let No Man Put Asunder" was negative but it is likely to be immeasurable in the kind of pictures that Lubitsch makes.

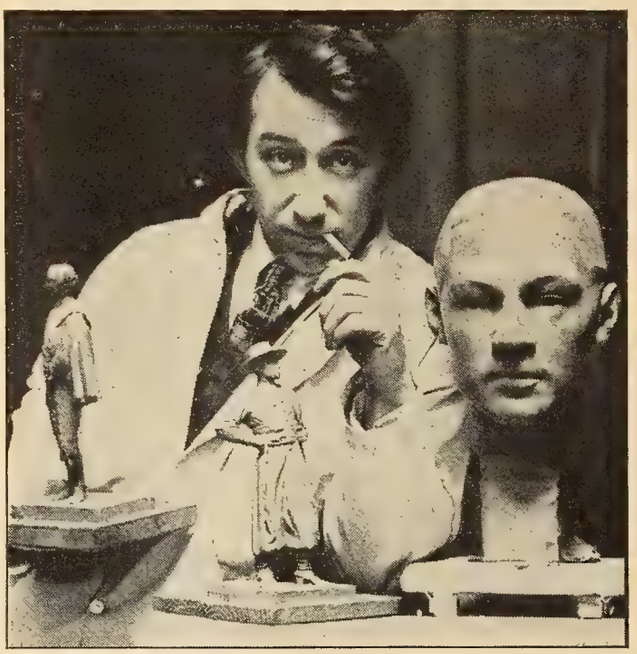


Photo copyright Artistic Press Syndicate

A French sculptor exhibits the models he made of Valentino, during the latter's last trip abroad.

All About Hades.

A great deal of curiosity has prevailed in the past month or so regarding the production of Dante's "Inferno" that Fox is making, particularly as it seems to be a sort of counterpart for Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments." There is a prologue laid in hell, showing the torrents and terrors of the damned as described by the medieval poet. Then there is a modern story which draws some sort of moral out of this. The production of the "Inferno" has been carried on with the utmost secrecy because of the many trick effects, and the fact that many of the players wear little or nothing more than a pair of tights. Henry Otto, who made "The Temple of Venus," has been directing and Howard Gaye, an almost unknown actor, has been playing *Dante*. Hundreds of extras have been used in the shots depicting the fire and brimstone scenes.

Bathing Girls Save Season.

You may as well give up all the trips you have been planning for this summer to the seaside, rivers and other locales of aquatic diversions and start in looking at the screen instead. For this is to be a real bathing girls' year.

Not only is the new group flourishing at the Sennett studio, but bevies of the most luscious sort of peaches are being engaged for some of the features. In "The Beauty Prize," that Viola Dana has been making, and "The Goof," an independent picture with Matt Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller and Lloyd Hamilton, there are big bathing scenes in which dozens of girls clad in the latest one-piece garb take part.

The new sets of bathing girls are already looking with eager eyes to the day when they may appear in important rôles. Madeline Hurlock is one that has already graduated. She has been playing comedy vamps for some time, but almost any day you may read her name in a production being filmed by Cecil De Mille, or James Cruze, or Mickey Neilan, or some other prominent director. She is really most magnetic and exquisite, with deep-brown eyes, that shoot forth languorous glances. We wonder that she has been overlooked so long, since newer beauties have not been coming forward very rapidly.

Alice Day is another piquant little charmer whom Mack Sennett has discovered. She is just a little school girl, but so promising and pretty that we cannot say enough for her future. Just now she is doing the leads in Harry Langdon comedies.

The girl that really takes everybody's eye now is Eugenia Gilbert. She hasn't meant a thing to the films, although she has been doing bathing-girl bits for months, but everywhere she goes people ask who she is. Hers is the real peach-bloom type. She has absolutely no rival for radiance and health, and her only possible defect screenwise is, perhaps, that she is a trifle overweight. She dances regularly at hotels, and takes part in fashion shows, and on almost every occasion that she has appeared everybody has raved about her. She is a member of the chorus of beauties that take part in "The Goof."

A Terrible Temperament!

Estelle Taylor, who has been elected to succeed Leatrice Joy as Cecil B. De Mille's leading woman, proved in an incident that occurred during the making of "Tiger Love," that temperament isn't her only qualification for the rank of prominence. She has quick wit and initiative as well.

In "Tiger Love" she was called upon to do a Spanish fandango. During one of the rehearsals a party of monocled and titled English visitors, part of the customary spring influx of distinguished foreigners that besiege the studios, came upon the set and watched her Terpsichorean performance.

Estelle is very self-conscious at times and naturally felt ill at ease, particularly as the visitors passed an audible line of comment on what was a fandango and what was not. Miss Taylor bravely held out for a while but at last became so distraught that she asked the director if the visitors were ready to leave the set.

He replied that well, he didn't think so, and she answered, "Well, I am." More than that, she dashed to her dressing room and remained there until the

director sent the prop boy to her with a message to return to the set and fandango as long as she wanted, without fear of international complications.

We think that it is simply splendid that Miss Taylor at last has her great chance. She has been making headway toward it ever since she played *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments," but now she has really arrived.

There never was a girl more unfortunate in her professional career. Every time she obtained a good part, she was caught with rheumatism or pneumonia, or lumbago, or some troublesome ailment, or else had some entanglement over a contract.

She is one of the girls who may be absolutely depended upon for her intelligence. She has a lot of it. She has none of the conventional prettiness or the commonplace screen personality, but a sort of dark dramatic beauty that is extremely individual. For picture after picture, she was miscast. She failed to attract the interest of any directors except those whom she knew personally for the most part, and even these generally wanted to place her as a vamp. She was, consequently, criticized at every turn.

De Mille has the eye of a connoisseur when it comes to talent, and during "The Ten Commandments" he saw what remarkable possibilities Miss Taylor had. He settled in his mind then that the first time he would make a change, she should be nominated the leading woman of his pictures, and now that Leatrice Joy has engaged in starring, and is incidentally looking forward to a great domestic event, why Miss Taylor has come into her own.



Thomasina Mix pays a call on her father at the studio.

A Derelict of Publicity.

Since the time when reams and reams of publicity were sent out describing Lew Cody as a he-vamp, nobody has ever been in a more unfortunate predicament as a result of maladroit press agentry than Charles de Roche. You will remember that he was hailed as the successor of Valentino, at the time Rudy and Paramount were having their legal difficulties, and that everybody all over the country laughed at the first photographs of him that showed him to be a rather raw-boned, athletic and very unromantic-looking Frenchman.

De Roche has temporarily broken away from Famous Players, and apparently has been doing quite well as a result of the change. His performance in "The White Moth" is one of his most commendable achievements, and he seems to have even a better rôle, at least one better suited to him, as a peasant Lothario in "We Are French." This is the picture that Rupert Julian, who finished "Merry Go Round," is making; and Gibson Gowland, Wallace MacDonald and Madge Bellamy are the other prominents in a cast that also includes Mary Pickford's former personal "attendant"—in reality, maid—Mme. Bodamere.

The Best Bet for "Peter Pan."

No matter who is selected for the rôle of *Peter Pan*, we know who our choice would be provided the company decides to give this to a feminine player, rather than Jackie Coogan. We are absolutely *for* Viola Dana, among the girls who have been mentioned, and the reason is that we have very fond recollections of the way that Miss Dana portrayed *Puck* in an open-air performance for the Actors Fund of "Midsummer Night's Dream," about two years ago. She was the hit of the play and a figure of the utmost sprightliness and charm, in a green-leaved costume and green tights.

Viola has really suffered outrageously from poor parts in pictures all during her starring career. The only good opportunity she has recently had is in "Revelation," that Nazimova once made. This won't be released until the fall, and when it is, undoubtedly it will bring on a lot of sharp comparisons of the work of the two actresses, especially since this was the picture in which Alla made most of her screen fame.

Viola has completed her Metro contract, and will probably, as have many other capable stars, enter the free-lance game for a time.

Moribund Star System.

Despite all the efforts to reinstate the star system in the movies, we cannot find that our list needs any special revising since the last issue of PICTURE-PLAY. Most of the actors simply will not stay put, and you cannot blame them. They're bound to get better parts if they don't bother about where their names appear in the bright lights, although they will squabble about this occasionally.

Tentatively, we might name the following as enjoying a sort of stardom that may at any moment become featured prominence again: Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Leatrice Joy, Barbara La Marr, Helene Chadwick, Mary Philbin, Reginald Denny, Ernest Torrence, Adolphe Menjou, Ramon Novarro—as soon as they obtain the right story for him, and meanwhile he is appearing in "The Red Lily" with Enid Bennett—and Laura La Plante. These are the ones who comprise the newer group.

Meanwhile, a large portion of success is continuing to go to Claire Windsor, Florence Vidor and Anna Q. Nilsson. Their names probably appear in more casts per annum than any of the other women. The same is true for Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone and very lately Huntley Gordon.

Clara Brings Gayety.

Clara Bow is the joy-bringer of the studios. Everybody wants to have Clara in their cast. She is the happiest-go-luckiest little flapper that was ever born, but the saying is that when she is around nobody wants to work.

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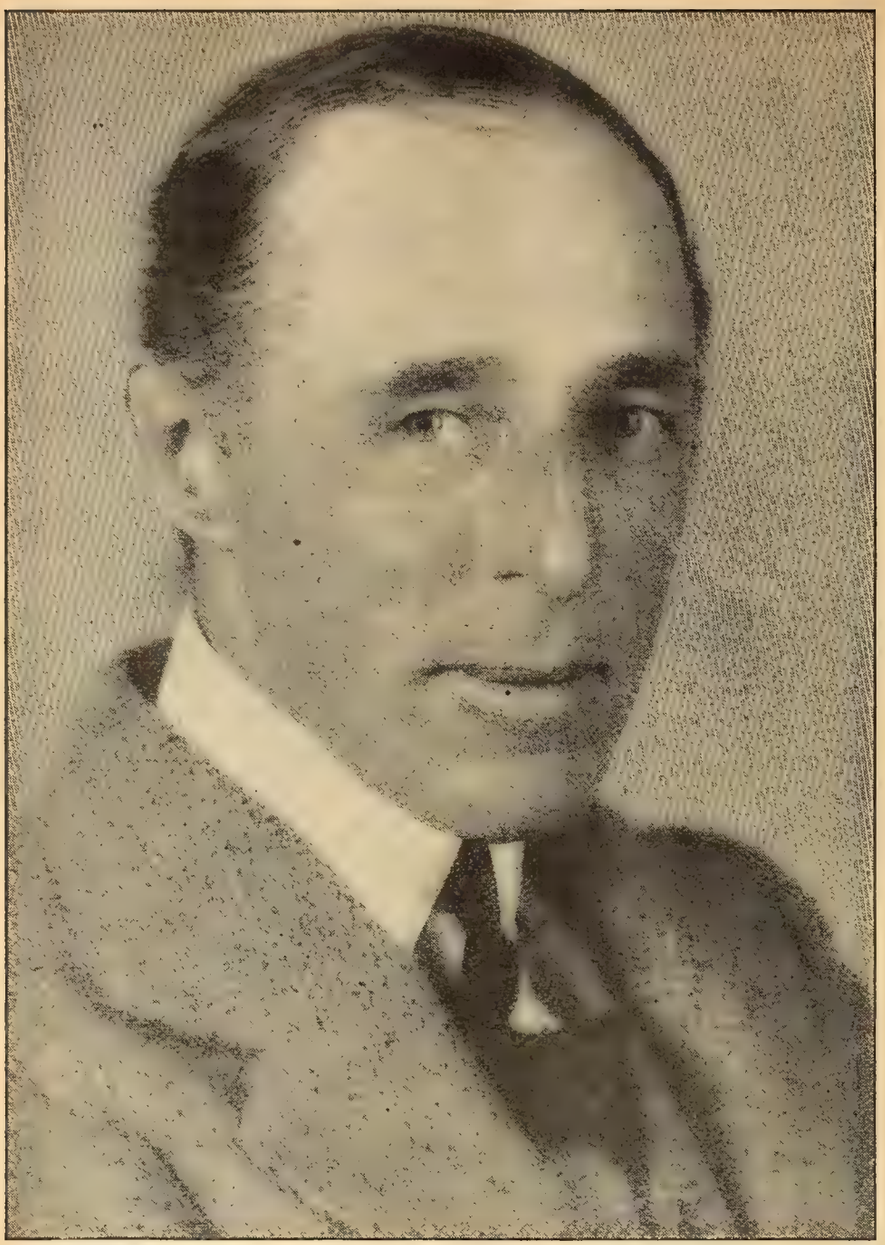


Photo by Frank Diem

The latest photograph of D. W. Griffith.

A snapshot of D. W. Griffith and Elmer Clifton taken when they were making some boating scenes.



The Glory that

Known to every one as the leader of mo of the greatest screen players, yet his most known. We take pleasure in presenting

By Helen

As we rode down Broadway, theater signs began flashing on, cutting the dusk with great glowing patches of light. Theater after theater displayed announcements of motion pictures and above, huge posters announced important film spectacles to come. We recalled that it was less than nine years ago that a man named D. W. Griffith caused a sensation by announcing that he was going to show a picture called "The Birth of a Nation" in one of the regular theaters. And now this same D. W. Griffith was still a few steps ahead of the rest of the motion-picture industry. "America—Series One—The Sacrifices," his latest picture, which had opened a few weeks before, attested that.

"Who but Griffith," I inquired, "could tackle a job as big as that?"

"Well, on your right is Cecil De Mille's 'Ten Commandments,'" the press agent who was leading me to an interview commented. "That was a pretty big job, wasn't it?"

"Not comparable at all. In the inspired words of one of our readers, 'Fans are used to seeing the Ten Commandments broken in the movies. Mr. Griffith can always be counted on to give us something new.' You can't get away from his influence," I mused idly as we sped along. "'The Birth of a Nation' even now is the standard by which every motion picture is measured. Almost every important innovation in pictures was introduced by him; the cut-back, the close-up, the fade-out, out-of-focus photography, colored inserts. I wouldn't be surprised if some one told me that up in that experimental laboratory of his he perfected the first animated cartoons and slow-motion photography!"

"And the actors," my companion chimed in. "What a lot of the biggest ones he trained."

As we plodded up the steps of the Fox studio to Elmer Clifton's office, we began to enumerate them. "Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore, Mary Alden, Henry Walthall, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Talmadge, Mae Marsh, Seena Owen, Alma Rubens, Colleen Moore, Pauline Starke——" We

It Never Happened Before!

The writer of this article went to the Fox studio one afternoon recently to interview Elmer Clifton, director of "Down to the Sea in Ships," "Six-cylinder Love," and "The Warrens of Virginia," a big coming attraction. They started talking about D. W. Griffith, reminiscing, arguing, and analyzing the man and his work enthusiastically. The interviewer made a few futile efforts to change the subject to Mr. Clifton and his work, and only brought forth more reminiscences about D. W. Griffith.

"Why write an interview with me? I should think motion-picture fans would like to know these things about Mr. Griffith," Mr. Clifton suggested.

So here is Mr. Griffith as seen through the eyes of a director whom he trained and a reporter who has had the privilege of knowing him and watching him at work on many of his productions. Aside from revealing Mr. Griffith in a new and interesting light, it tells you a little about Elmer Clifton, the most unusual and least self-centered subject the interviewer ever met.

is Griffith's

tion-picture directors and as the trainer far-reaching influence over pictures is little —D. W. Griffith—a maker of directors.

Klumph

must have recalled the names of twenty or more of the most popular players on the screen. Elmer Clifton chimed in enthusiastically, naming a dozen or more others, when we reached his office.

That is a big influence for one man to have had on an art or an industry. People have showered Mr. Griffith with fulsome praise, and written ecstatically about him when a bare recital of what he has done might have impressed the public more. No one knows exactly how many pictures he directed before he made "The Birth of a Nation," but a thousand is a conservative estimate. He made two, or even three, split reelers a day when he started. Later, when he became interested in experimenting with what the other directors considered crazy notions, he settled down to one a day and it was during this turbulent period that he devised many of the improvements that were later almost universally adopted. When one-reelers came in, he was expected to turn in seven every week, and the first two-reelers were also made in a day. Mr. Griffith never spent a whole week on one picture until he made his first four-reeler.



How many fans can remember Elmer Clifton in this stirring scene from "The Birth of a Nation?"



D. W. Griffith makes scenes in all sorts of weather, the worse the weather the better the scene, quite often. His number and variety of storm costumes is an unending wonder to the members of his company.

In looking back over some of those early pictures we realize that in many respects, the best days of motion pictures were the times before box-office reports were made showing the tastes of audiences to demand carbarets, jazz parties, melodrama, and gaudy sets. For in those days were filmed Browning's poems, Tennyson's, and many others that would be condemned as "highbrow" now by the exhibitors.

All this I had often heard of Griffith, but it was not until Elmer Clifton spoke of it that I knew Griffith as a man who had exerted tremendous influence over the motion-picture industry through the directors he had trained.

There was Mack Sennett; he needs no introduction to people who like comedies. There was Alan Dwan, who made "Robin Hood" and who was more recently responsible for "Zaza." There was Marshall Neilan, who is undoubtedly one of our most original directors. Raoul Walsh is another of



A glimpse of the ramshackle old Fine Arts studio where many of Griffith's pictures were made. The rooms on the balcony above the set are dressing rooms. In the director's chair is Hobart Bosworth, the despondent young man on the broken chair is Elmer Clifton, and the bathrobed one at the right is Elmo Lincoln, who played heavies.

the Griffith-trained men and while he has made few outstanding pictures in the past, great honors are bound to come to him as the director of "The Thief of Bagdad." Some of the other directors who were associated with Mr. Griffith in their apprentice days, are John F. Dillon—he who made "Flaming Youth" and "Lilies of the Field;" Joseph Henabery, Del Henderson, Edward Dillon, Chet Withey, Sidney Franklin, Erich von Stroheim, Donald Crisp, George Beranger, John G. Adolfi, Lloyd Ingraham, F. Richard Jones, Jack Noble, John Emerson, Paul Scardon, Tod Browning, Emmet Flynn, Frank Powell, W. S. van Dyke, Victor Heerman, Christy Cabanne, and, of course, Elmer Clifton. There were many others, among them actors who became directors and then went back to acting again. James Kirkwood, George Beranger, and George Seigmann are some of the most notable ones.

Perhaps the most surprising discovery about these directors trained by Griffith is that of them all only one is in any sense a copyist of the Griffith method. The others all developed a highly individual talent, which speaks well for Mr. Griffith as a teacher.

Recalling Elmer Clifton's striking performance in "The Birth of a Nation"—he played the brother of the character played by Lillian Gish, you may remember—I wondered how he had happened to give up acting for directing.

"Anybody who worked around Griffith would want to direct," he assured me. "And no wonder. He made the job of directing a combination of all a boy's dreams of adventure and an inventor's quest of new fields to conquer. He never talked to any of us about directing that I can remember, but every man on the lot was so impressed by his absolute concentration on his work that they wanted to try it. You know how it is—if you see anybody absorbed in something they are doing and having the time of their lives at it, your first impulse is to try it yourself.

"We never had to wait around for months wishing for a chance. Almost as soon as an actor started working



Great directors now, Elmer Clifton and Raoul Walsh were just humble actors in the Fine Arts pictures then.



The present Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, New York, with its beautiful grounds, bears little resemblance to the old Fine Arts studio.

in a picture for Griffith he would find himself delegated to watch some little detail—handle part of a mob, perhaps, or make suggestions as he watched a scene. I never could figure out why he did it, but he is a great person for trying people out at different things. Anything may happen to you at the Griffith studio at a moment's notice. He knows most of the people in his company better than they know themselves. He could easily have trained assistants to help him much more efficiently than we did—I've often wondered if what we did was of *any* value—but instead he let us find ourselves by knocking around and doing a little of everything.

"You never could tell whether Mr. Griffith was impressed by what you did or not. Sometimes when he talked to you it seemed as though he wasn't listening at all, but days later the same question would come up and he would remember just what you had said about it. Other times he would do just the opposite, talk to you courteously and apparently attentively, while he was really thinking of something else all the time.

"I remember the first time I met Mr. Griffith. I wanted a job as an actor. He asked me if I could ride and if I could swim and though I couldn't see what that had to do with whether I could act or not, I did my best to impress him. Years later I went to see him again and he asked me those same questions, though the part he wanted me for required neither. I dare say he still asks applicants those same questions and still doesn't hear what they answer. They are just a means of passing time while he sums up the actor in his own way.

"People who saw Mr. Griffith when he was on the stage say that he wasn't a good actor but that is hard to believe if you have seen him helping actors work out scenes in the studio. He can do something I have

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A scene from an old Fine Arts picture that shows two hopeful youngsters doing their best: Elmer Clifton and Norma Talmadge are the two figures at the right.



Photo by Hugh Cecil

"Expressing Willie" is a comedy that met with immediate success.

On the New

Reviews of Broadway's latest offer

By Alison

THE silly season for the theater is fast approaching, but thus far the plays have not been very foolish or very summerlike. Perhaps the coming convention has something to do with it and the managers are taking for granted that the crowds of earnest Democrats are prepared to do their serious thinking in the play houses. At any rate, there have been comparatively few musical shows for this time of year and those that have come in are amazingly intelligent, while the Theater Guild, the Equity Players and other groups of serious thinkers have been getting out plays in varying degrees of earnestness which seem to have every intention of staying in town through the dog days.

One of the best this month has been a brilliant little play by Rachel Crothers, who wrote the sprightly and significant "Mary the Third," and the not-so-significant "Nice People." It is a comedy, but not one of the senseless ones; indeed, there is more meaning in its deft, shrewd situations than in most heavy dramas "with a purpose."

It is called "Expressing Willie" because the chief character is a tooth-paste magnate who yearns for self-expression in the midst of a lot of Long Island intellectuals. But the real hero is not *Willie* but *Minnie*. *Minnie* is a little music teacher from a country town who is brought to one of these intellectual week-end parties to teach *Willie* the error of his way. But, instead of reforming the entire group, as *Minnies* often do in the best scenarios, she falls for the self-expression line harder than any of them. The complications are built around her wide-eyed trusting efforts to "be herself" after the manner of the best specialists in soul culture.

Of course, it is all a good-natured thrust at the little groups of serious thinkers which spring up in New York and its suburbs. But the comedy is handled so cleverly that the most earnest seeker after self-expression could not resent it. Miss Crothers is laughing, not only at the soul experts but at all humanity. "What fools these mortals be!" is the keynote of her theme and you either have to agree with her or resign from the human race altogether.



Photo by Ray Huff

Judith Anderson is appearing in "Cobra."

With all its uproarious situations, it is a subtle little piece and needs subtle handling. Thanks to the best cast and direction ever assembled by the Equity Players, it gets it. Chrystal Herne as the timid, earnest *Minnie,* Louise Closser Hale as a shrewd old mother, Richard Sterling as the self-expressing *Willie,* make up a trio of character studies which are genuine and alive. Then there is Alan Brooks as a windy, gabbling æsthete and Merle Maddern as a scheming woman of the world, quiet, dignified and crafty and very far indeed from the clothes model which so often passes as "a society woman" on the stage and screen. These characters are not only excellent as individuals but they act together in the unity of perfect stage direction. I would like to see the entire cast transferred to the screen with all of Miss Crothers' sly satire in the subtitles. If this is too much to ask, we might find substitutes as actors but not a line of the action need be changed. People who are always pleading wistfully for more intelligent movies would find perfect material in this play.

"Helena's Boys."

"Expressing Willie" is a perfect example of how to poke fun at people whose theories seem absurd to you. "Helena's Boys" might be regarded as an awful



Photo by Apeda

"Charlot's Revue" has a new comedian and continues to be one of the most popular attractions on Broadway.

York Stage

ings in the legitimate theaters.

Smith

warning of how it ought not to be done. Mary Brecht Pulver evidently doesn't like the ideas of the younger generation on marriage and politics, so she wrote a short story about it which Ida Ehrich has made into a play for Mrs. Fiske. The young folks come home from college singing the praises of a radical woman writer who doesn't observe the prohibition laws and whose thoughts on love are free, to say the least. The mother of the house is horrified at first until she gets the brilliant idea of behaving exactly like the woman radical. She treats her son to a scene in which she drinks a quart bottle of whisky—it is really cider—and announces that she is going to elope with a staid old friend without benefit of clergy. Whereupon the boys are frozen with disgust at their theories thus put into practice and turn from wild-eyed young radicals into the most correct little conservatives you could imagine.

Now there is an idea here that might have been mildly amusing if it had occurred to the playwright to make any of her characters real. But, as the play stands, they are all nothing but straw men which the author has set up so that she could knock them down again. Young people may talk a lot of nonsense but no sophomores—outside of Bellevue—ever pranced about with the lunatic lines that are given to these unfortunate players. If you are writing a play about radicals, the first task is to understand your opponents and to make them act like human beings. Perhaps Ida Erich doesn't consider that radicals ever are human beings; at any rate, her girls and boys are not and, lacking this foundation, the play falls into the cheapest sort of manufactured claptrap, like most other plays on this theme.



Photo by Nickolas Muray

Blanche Yurka plays, with sensitive skill, the central figure in "Man and the Masses."

The pity of it is, that the production is excellently acted, or would have been if there had been anything genuine to act. Gay Pendleton plays an eager young Freshman called *"Beansy"* with a naturalness and sincerity that is worthy of the Booth Tarkington boy which his character should have been. There is also a group of gushing young flappers who would be funny if they had something to gush about. Then there is Mrs. Fiske.

You can't sit for an entire evening watching Mrs. Fiske without capturing some moments which are the rarest bits of comedy. If the play doesn't suit her, she tosses it over the footlights and goes on into comedy of her own. "Helena's Boys" was very hard sledding and yet I wouldn't have missed it because of a few moments and a few lines which she managed to make brilliant and alive.

But they were few and far between. Which brings us to the great mystery of her performances for the last few



Francine Larrimore has the leading rôle in the Harvard prize play, "Nancy Ann."

years. Somehow she has managed to get herself cast in plays much like this one which hardly give her a chance from one curtain to another. This may be due to the accidents of management or to the lack of good plays in the show shop. Whatever its cause, it is something of a tragedy. For never did the stage more need the magnetic spirit which she can bring to a good play. And never has she appeared at greater disadvantage than in her struggles with this bad one.

"Cheaper to Marry."

Samuel Shipman has a lot of taste and it is all bad. He has exhibited this in many of his popular successes and in a few flops—like the ill-fated drama about garbage—which he loves to call "artistic failures." "Cheaper to Marry" is an example of the worst possible taste but it also has the ingredients of popularity for certain audiences. For there is a certain bouncing, energetic spirit about it which makes you stay till the last act, even though you half wish you hadn't. The thing may offend you at every turn of the lines but it never bores you.

You may have gathered from the title that it defends marriage against free love on the lofty grounds that marriage is really cheaper. This noble moral is pointed out by two sets of characters—a young business man who has done the right thing and married, and his partner who has set up housekeeping without any legal preliminaries. The illegal couple come to grief, the married pair live happily ever after. To drive this lesson home, the characters talk a strange lingo, which so far as I know, could have been invented by no one but Mr. Shipman.

"I have never been one to serve syrup with my mental pabulum," says the husband to his bride, and the ladies of the cast go about uttering thoughts like "Sex is the curse of men and the currency of women." An excellent cast, headed by Florence Eldridge, Alan Dinehart and Ruth Donnelly manage somehow to deliver these lines with straight faces. And part of the audience received them in eager earnestness as one who would say, "How true!" The play may be as great a success as "East Is West," by the same author, which was unmercifully roasted by the critics and which shows every indication of going on forever, as does "Abie's Irish Rose," which met the same fate. This again proves Bernard Shaw's assertion that you never can tell. It is safe to predict, however, that "Cheaper to Marry" will never reach the screen without strenuous fumigation from the board of censors. There are moments when I begin to see a dim use for the censors.

"Man and the Masses."

This play has a picturesque history. It is a grim tragedy of capital and labor written by a German communist, Ernst Toller. He was unable to take his curtain calls on the night that it opened here because he is still in a German prison as the result of the theories which it advances. Apparently the German conservatives considered it powerful enough to be dangerous.

Over here it reached no such heights of excitement. In fact, it was considered far more dull than dangerous—which is a much more fatal verdict than a prison sentence for any playwright. Perhaps we expected too much. There is certainly no original contribution to this age-old struggle. It tells the story of a woman—played with sensitive skill by Blanche Yurka—who tries to persuade a group of underpaid workmen to better their lives. Her eloquence is only too successful but the only means of betterment they know is bloodshed. There is a sudden flare-up of revolution, prompt suppression by machine guns by the authorities and the execution of the woman who kindled the first spark.

Not a new version of this bitter old theme, and yet there are moments which are strangely moving. There is the scene where the chief revolutionist, played by Jacob Ben-Ami, snatches the reins of revolt out of the hands of the woman and drives his mob into in-

furiated violence. And there is the infinitely touching last scene where the woman goes to her death while the beggars whom she tried to save are fighting over her pathetic little trinkets. Lee Simonson has developed all the scenes in a series of vivid and exciting stage pictures. It is done in the startling new manner of which "Dr. Caligari" is the best example on the screen. His picture of the Stock Exchange with its jerking, grimacing bankers is unforgetable. On the whole, the play gives you a stimulating evening, though there are acts when it is a long time between thrills.

"Nancy Ann."

The Harvard prize for playwriting this year goes to a woman, a very young woman, I am told, which may account for certain kindergarten overtones. Dorothy Heyward has written this innocuous little drama about a sweet young thing who is stage-struck. She belongs to a haughty old New York family but breaks away into the garish atmosphere of theatrical Broadway. On the very night of her coming-out party she tosses family tradition to the wind. We see her next in the weary line that forms before managers' offices. In the last act, romance enters in the person of a handsome matinée idol whom *Nancy* seems about to marry as the curtain falls.

As you see, this is not going to set the theatrical world afire with its originality. It has sections, however, that are so much better than the rest of its structure that you wonder just what brought Miss Heyward to life so suddenly and let her down with such a dull thud. The scene in the theatrical office, for instance, has genuine, biting comedy. But the society aunts and the whole picture of aristocracy on Park Avenue were terrible.

In this Francine Larrimore swung with the play. It would take more than the social register to convince you that her *Nancy Ann* in the first act had ever been the child of an old patrician family. In fact, she acted more like *Kiki*. But her rowdy behavior was really amusing in the theatrical scenes and helped to make them lively, though it wasn't at all what the author meant. Tom Nesbitt as the matinée idol managed to add a touch of delightful satire to his scenes. But the kittenish romping of *Nancy* took most of his scenes away from him.

If this is Harvard's best, it is a long way behind their whimsical little masterpiece of last year, called "You and I." It does manage, however, to squeeze by on the merits of a few bright scenes. But the second best play in that contest is a dreadful thing to think about.

"Across the Street."

Of course, a bad play need not necessarily be a bore; some of them are so bad that they are a hilarious treat to the audience. I had the time of my life at the opening of "Across the Street," a childish little piece of bunkum which somehow found its way to Broadway. When the thing began with a newspaper man going to Glendale to learn journalism, and when you were first introduced to the dry-goods merchant who longs for a literary career, a sigh of agony went up from the audience which had seen it so often before. But the scenes grew more and more absurd and more and more like a burlesque of old hick melodrama, until by the second act every one was roaring at the tense moments and the actors certainly couldn't complain of lack of interest.

Still later, the manager added a modern touch; he brought his actors down into the audience—we've had a lot of that sort of thing since "The Miracle." By this time the first nighters were so engaged by this plucky little piece of bunk that they took off their coats,

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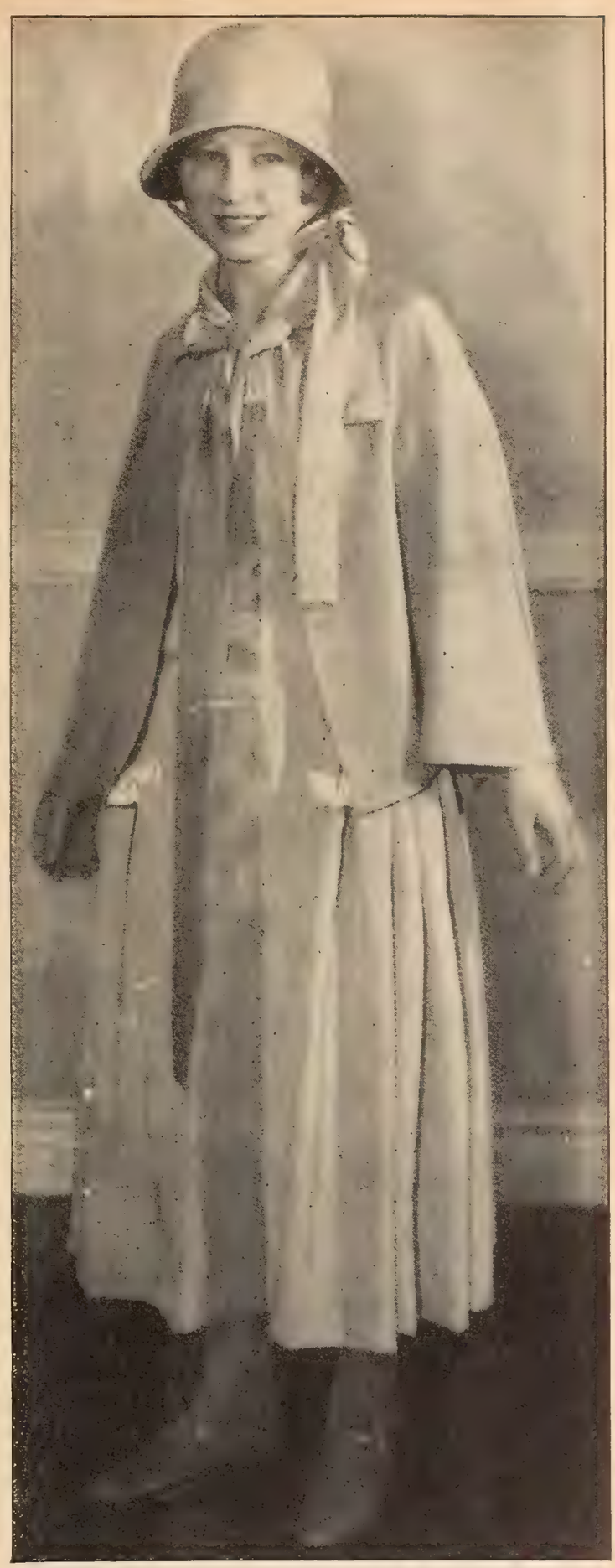


Photo by White

"Sitting Pretty," a tuneful musical concoction, is distinguished by the dancing of Queenie Smith.



Two young men by the name of Douglas Fairbanks—Senior and Junior—who have a lot of fun playing together. Douglas, Junior, has retired from motion pictures, temporarily at least, and his father, having finished "The Thief of Bagdad," is taking a hard-earned vacation.

In and Out of the Studios

Snapshots of popular players at work and play, proving that the latter is likely to be as strenuous as the former.





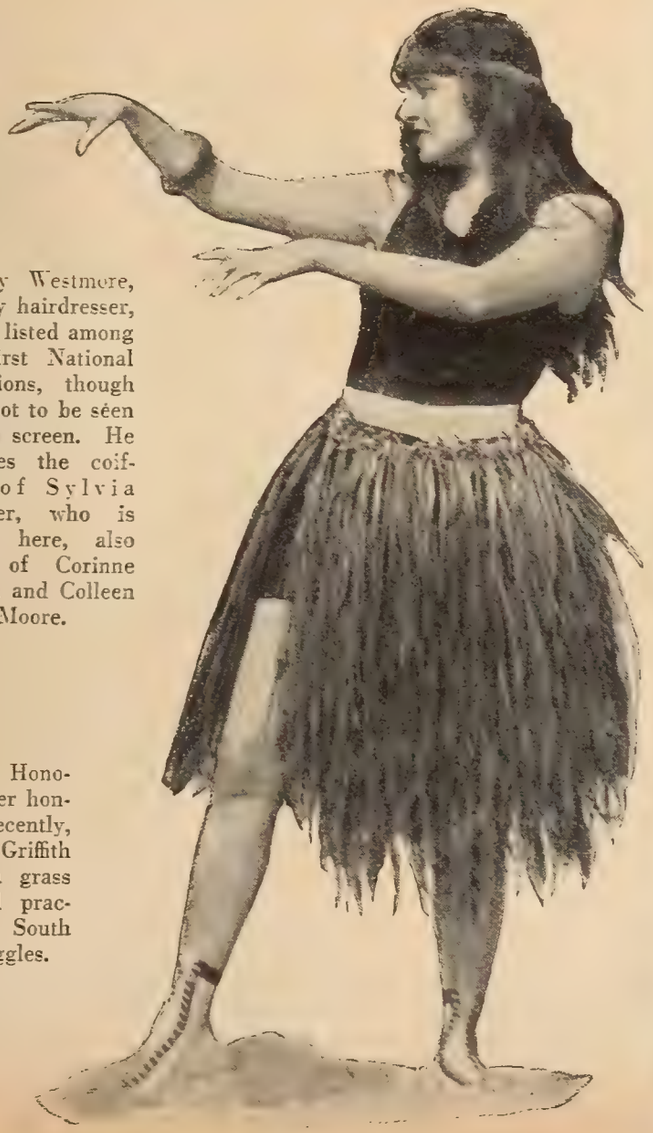
Mildred Harris is appearing in a thrill picture for the first time. Unaccustomed as she is to skipping about on the tops of buildings, she expects to live through the experience of playing opposite Richard Talmadge in "In Fast Company."

The costume designer at the Mack Sennett studios has invented this Mah Jong bathing suit for Thelma Hill, and now all she needs is a nice, calm ocean to play on.



This is the way they get those close-ups of people tearing along head on toward you in an automobile. Monte Bell is directing a scene for "Broadway After Dark," played by Norma Shearer and Edward Burns.





Percy Westmore, the boy hairdresser, is now listed among the First National attractions, though he is not to be seen on the screen. He arranges the coiffures of Sylvia Breamer, who is shown here, also those of Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore.

While in Honolulu on her honeymoon recently, Corinne Griffith donned a grass skirt and practiced the South Sea wiggles.



Warner Baxter and his wife, Winifred Bryson, while away an idle afternoon by playing badminton at the courts of the Santa Monica Swimming Club.

Barbara La Marr used to be a scenario writer, so now, instead of merely complaining about the scripts given her, she rewrites them.





Mack Sennett has a new pet out at his studios which he hopes will grow up to be a good comedian.



Harry Phillips, who acts as business manager for Agnes Ayres and Rod La Rocque, specializes in real estate investments. This picture was snapped on a day when the two players and their manager were visiting their property holdings.



It is a long, long way from Viola Dana's four feet eleven to Monte Blue's six feet two.

Louise Fazenda, as one would expect, has a highly original make-up table inspired by Felix the Cat.



Manhattan's

Impressions and observations

By Leland



Photo by Richard Burke

Seena Owen and Raoul Walsh were among those who saw Mary and Doug off for Europe.

The press agents held their annual dinner a little time ago—they call it the "TNT Dinner." The naked truth and nothing else but. Every one in the motion-picture business always attends these affairs. On this evening I noticed Gloria Swanson, Alan Dwan, Adolph Zukor, Robert Kane, Mae Murray, and her husband, Robert Leonard, Dagmar Godowsky, D. W. Griffith, Will Hays, Samuel Goldwyn, Richard A. Rowland, the general manager of First National Pictures Corporation, Seena Owen, John Emerson and Anita Loos, Raoul Walsh and Miriam Cooper, S. L. Rothapfel of the Capitol Theater, all of the magazine writers and critics, and many folks who must do something in motion pictures but manage to hide it fairly well. Mae Murray made the best speech of the evening—the idea being that every one in this industry is here but for one purpose—to serve the public as best as possible. There was a sketch presented called "Romeo and Juliet," first as the author wrote it, next as the movies produced it, then as the press agent saw it, and finally after the censors had gotten through with it. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and Ernest Torrence did all the histrionic honors, and for movie actors and actresses did very well.



New York's night life has another new hangout—the old Montmartre, redecorated and rehashed. It opened the other night amid the blare of trumpets and brass bands to an interesting audience. Billy Riordan, who used to dance with Irene Castle, and Dorothy Clark, who

Photo by Pacific & Atlantic Photos



MARY and Douglas Fairbanks have left New York on their trip to Europe. They sailed on the *Olympic* with maids, valets, private secretaries, Douglas' brother and Mary's mother, and her little niece, Mary Pickford, Jr. A goodly crowd escorted them to the pier. It included Raoul Walsh and his wife, Miriam Cooper—Walsh directed "The Thief of Bagdad"—Morris Gest, who is handling "The Thief of Bagdad" for Douglas, Dennis O'Brien, their lawyer, Hiram Abrams, the president of the United Artists Corporation, press agents, personal representatives, a thousand reporters and about ten thousand fans. D. W. Griffith sailed on the same boat, bound for Italy to make a picture. Just as the last whistle blew for all visitors ashore, Morris Gest rushed up to Mr. Griffith and, throwing his arms around him, kissed him on both cheeks *à la Français*. It was very dramatic. Mary and Douglas were glad to leave for a rest, for it is the first vacation they have had in many months. When they are in New York it is nothing but work for them. The average person doesn't realize what tremendous responsibilities they have on their shoulders. They make and finance their own pictures, as well as distribute them through their own company. All of this entails a lot of worry and work. No matter where they go they are never free from curious eyes and at times the strain is almost too much. Mary's picture has not opened as yet in New York, but is due to open very soon, following "The Covered Wagon" in the Criterion Theater.

Bright Lights

of a young man about town.

Hayward

used to play the piano in the "Midnight Frolic" several years ago, decided to form a dancing team, for Mrs. Castle married, and left Bill with nothing to do but sit around the Algonquin Hotel. They are the attraction at the Montmartre, and are drawing by all odds the best crowd. Every one in the theatrical world knows them both, and opening night every one was there. Jeanne Eagles, the star of "Rain," was there; Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence of "Charlot's Revue;" Diana Allen of the "Follies" and movies, Lady Diana Manners of "The Miracle," Fannie Brice of the "Follies," Hilda Ferguson, the shimmy dancer; Bonnie Haggin the former ballroom dancer; Madame Frances and Madame Bobe, the two stars of the dressmaking world; the famous Broadway character, Al Davis; Ben Finney, the new leading man and canine expert; Constance Bennett, of New York, Paris, London, California, and the movies, all the leading bootleggers, society pets, fashion followers, war millionaires, stevedores, débutantes, in other words, the *crème de la crème* of night life. The room itself is supposed to be Spanish and is most colorful. The dancers are original and amusing. Most dancers try to do all kinds of things—tangoes and other queer whirlings—but Miss Clark and Mr. Riordan stick to American dancing and prove highly entertaining. Dorothy is lovely to look at and even more charming to know. Bill Riordan is one of the wits of the town and a marvelous dancer as well. It is a remarkable thing the way dancing has taken hold of New York again — there have been four successful teams this year—Maurice and Hughes, Florence Walton and Leon Leitrim, Kendall Lee and Basil Durant, and now Dorothy Clark and William Riordan.

Norma Talmadge's "Secrets" is now running in a legitimate theater on Broadway, keeping company with such fellows as "The Covered Wagon" and "The Thief of Bagdad." The opening was just like any picture opening. Turn to the paragraph on the press agents' dinner to find out who was there. The same ones go to all the openings. And how the fans line up to see them!





Photos by White

Gertrude Lawrence, of "Charlot's Revue," is shown above as she appears while singing "Limehouse Blues." She, and Beatrice Lillie, at the left, were recently seen at Montmartre. It is said that these new Broadway favorites are likely to be seen later on the screen.

Alma Rubens is back from Hollywood, after completing her work in Sam Goldwyn's latest, "Cytherea." Alma is a New Yorker by habit and inclination and should never venture as far away from home as that sterling city of scentless flowers and wild orgies, Hollywood.

The Amalgamated Association of Women's Clubs of the State of New York have just awarded Miss Marion Davies a fifty-thousand-dollar crown as queen

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A Letter from Location

Enid Bennett writes of living in the midst of ancient Moorish boats and a modern Catalina home, with a military camp where the extras live, forming the background.

To Myrtle Gebhart

Photos by Donald Biddle Keyes

At Camp Lloyd, Santa Catalina Island.

DEAR MISS GEBHART:

I can't resist the temptation to write you a few lines about my visit to location, where for the past five days I have been the only woman, excepting my maid, in a camp of over six hundred and fifty people. I feel like a queen, for I live in the old Banning home on top of a high hill and from my window I can look upon the horizon of the Pacific in the west, and closer in to shore see Barbara La Marr working in a freakish old Chinese junk with Mr. Badger directing. And to the east I see beyond the slope and Camp Lloyd, with its many tents, its funny Algerian slave market and custom house, the channel and out in the middle of the harbor I can see Mr. Lloyd in a khaki shirt and brown trousers calling for action from the naked slaves at the oars of the bright yellow Moorish gallease.

To-morrow I go aboard the Moorish boat—over here they all talk like sailors, but to me a boat is a boat—where I am to be put inside a large pannier made of palmetto leaves, then to be exposed by order of the old *basha* and to find protection in the arms of *The Sea Hawk*. The scene follows a sequence in which I have become *The Sea Hawk's* wife and to avoid conflict with the old *basha* he has smuggled me aboard the fighting ship in an effort to restore me to my people. The other day Mr. Lloyd made close-ups of me on the Moorish boat and I was sur-

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During a lull between scenes Enid Bennett, coached by Milton Sills, makes a sketch of Wallace Beery.

That lavish, sensational touch that exhibitors are supposed to love is introduced in "The White Moth" by an artists' ball, a glimpse of which you see at the right.





The White Moth



The scene from "The White Moth" above shows Kathleen Clifford and Conway Tearle, and the one at the right includes the other principals—Barbara La Marr and Ben Lyon.



What Will Gloria Do Next?

Each recent Gloria Swanson picture has been a pleasant surprise, and "Manhandled" promises to be as unique as its immediate predecessors.







"Manhandled" is the story of a resourceful and ingratiating young working girl who climbs and climbs with the assistance of various men who are attracted to her. On the opposite page we see her in the midst of the subway glide, an unpopular step, but one that is practiced twice daily, nevertheless, by New York workers. Another picture shows that seemingly inevitable scene where the struggling heroine's clothes get torn. Eventually, the poor girl becomes a manikin, and there are scenes that permit her to wear fancy dress. But through it all she loved the honest young mechanic, of course.









Her Début As a Star

Many a critic who has sung praises to Leatrice Joy's naturalness, simplicity, and poise will have to change his tune slightly on seeing her in "Changing Husbands," her first starring vehicle. Perhaps she covets the mantle of Mae Murray more than that of Mae Marsh. Or perhaps it is just customary to make one's first star appearance sensational.



Photos by Nickolas Muray

Betty the Beautiful



After making pictures in five European countries, Betty Blythe is happy to be back in America. A new honor has been paid her—the highest sum ever spent for the American rights to a foreign production was paid for "Southern Love," one of her pictures, which will soon be seen in this country.





Tiger Love

On the New York stage a season or so ago a colorful Spanish play called "The Wild Cat" launched a singer and a song hit, established a vogue for Spanish shawls, and delighted audiences. This stirring Spanish drama suggested "Tiger Love," a Paramount picture, in which Estelle Taylor and Antonio Moreno play the leading parts.



From the Sahara





Prominent in Rex Ingram's production of "The Arab" are Ramon Novarro and Rheba—an Arab girl whose pictures appear above. Alice Terry is in the foreground of the scene at the top.



Photos by Woodbury

Ben Alexander is now a grown-up boy of twelve, and is being co-featured with Lloyd Hamilton in "The Goof," but many a fan will recall him as the *Littlest Brother* in "Hearts of the World" long ago.



Baby Peggy introduces this pelican in "Captain January," though she doesn't go flying through the air on its back as this photograph might lead you to believe.

New Faces in the Menagerie

Although not honored by the Wampas, not the least important of the possible stars of to-morrow are the four-footed, feathered, and furry ones.

By Caroline Bell

IN answer to the cry for new talents even the studio menageries are boasting new faces. Some of the four-footed stars of yesterday retain favor—Teddy, the Great Dane is sharing honors with Jackie Coogan in "A Boy of Flanders," Strongheart is still starring, Tony often appears with Tom Mix—but even in the zoo competition is felt. Some rather odd specimens of animal talents add an unusual note to the films now in production.

This search for novelty has brought forward Snooky, a chimp of unique personality. Snooky has been educated by John Rounan to the point where she can do



This little bear works hard to entertain in Sennett Comedies but he is not known by name as yet.

almost everything but talk. She takes care of the Rounan baby and often helps with the house cleaning, wielding the mop and manipulating the vacuum cleaner with housewifely attention to detail. She has promised the youngsters more comedies along the line of her highly diverting "Snooky's Treasure Island."

Jiggs, feminine chimpanzee beauty-contest winner, has been chosen by Universal to succeed Joe Martin, whose old age is to be spent with a circus, doubtlessly reminiscing over his starlit past in the movies.

Tom and Jerry are the cake-eaters of the films. Such debonair young foxes. Captured out on the desert by Jack Hoxie, the two little fox pets are being trained and will soon make their début in films with Jack. They're quite camerawise already.

Edwin, the goldfish, is the glittering star of a new film—wasn't Constance Talmadge's "The Goldfish" named for him? About Edwin hinges the plot and naturally he is quite temperamental. Once, or so they say on the lot, somebody turned over his bowl and he wiggled his way out of captivity, making for Dinky, Norma's pet Pomeranian, who also appears in the picture and who, besides annoying Edwin exceedingly with sharp little yelps, is said to have cribbed some of his best close-ups.

Ethel, the Universal lioness, widely publicized as a vegetarian despite the fact that occasionally she cuts loose and almost eats up the works, is a dramatic actress of rare fire. Give Ethel a real chance and she might easily become the Negri of the zoo. These animals have as widely different traits as human stars.



Freddie, the seal, objects strenuously to his rechristening as "Bubbles," but then, as he is to be featured along with Louise Fazenda in Mr. Ince's "The Galloping Fish," he opines he can endure the ignominy of the new name. Freddie is eight years old and his swimming prowess is a matter of vaudeville record. His repertoire includes all kinds of tricks calculated to win applause, such as clapping his flippers whenever a cute flapper flips by and balancing a ball on his nose while he climbs a ladder in a shimmy movement that puts the most inspired efforts of Gilda Gray to shame.

Most majestic of this season's animal novitiates is Sam, the American golden eagle in Ince's



Harold Miller is supported by a friendly bear in Pathé's "Leatherstocking Tales."

Ethel, a dowager alligator of one hundred years, plays in the Thomas H. Ince production "The Galloping Fish."



Sam, an American golden eagle, was captured in the Rockies and made a member of the cast of "The Last Frontier."

Western historical spectacle, "The Last Frontier." Sam seems symbolical of freedom, of strong winds, of might. He was captured in the Rockies near the Canadian border.

Even in the extra ranks are new types of animals adding virility to the films now in production. Ten thousand buffalo will carry the climax of Ince's "The Last Frontier" in a spectacular stampede—a new dramatic note indeed.

Retaining screen popularity among the canines are Pal, starring in Century comedies, and Cameo, one of the family of dogs given to the movie world by Teddy and Chemise. Cameo has far outdistanced in popular favor his brother Knickerbocker. There are ranks of dogdom, even as in human filmdom, the aristocratic "inner circle" being led by Discretion the First, a Russian wolfhound. In his wake come Lancaster Mike and Lancaster Spike, fast racing English greyhounds.

The alligator family, not to be outdone in this competition for screen honors, is represented by Ethel, a dowager of one hundred years, whose beauty adorns "The Galloping Fish."

In their hobbies, these animals display as much versatility as do the human actors. Josephine the monk, who emotes for twenty-five dollars a day, has a passion for manicuring her nails, while the ambition of Pete the pelican is to fish. Mollie-O, the Sennett débutante bear, loves roller skating and will read a book for hours—provided it is first smeared with molasses, which she surreptitiously takes unto herself.

Sally Ann, a tiny marmoset monkey, is the smallest screen actress in the world; her daily menu consists of a banana, tomato soup and a bit of chicken. The deportment of Scotty, the parrot, for ten dollars a day, leaves nothing to be desired. The only animal-



Discretion the First, one of the aristocrats of dogdom, played with Margaret Morris in a recent production.

Snooky is foremost among the new animal stars by virtue of her performance in "Snooky's Treasure Island." The lion cub is known as Doug, Jr.



double on record is Pete, half wolf, who plays wolf rôles.

Probably the most sensational animal actor to be seen in a production this year is the dragon that Douglas Fairbanks battles with in "The Thief of Bagdad." But as neither Douglas nor Raoul Walsh are telling how or where they found this animal—or how they made him appear so gigantic and horrible—I cannot introduce him to you.

With these odd animals adding a novel touch to forthcoming pictures, the old-timers like Rin-tin-tin and Teddy will have to develop new graces.



Photo from a drawing by Carl Link

A Busy Knight

When he isn't busy acting in "The Miracle," Orville Caldwell is hard at work at the Fox studio.

By Barbara Little

SIX nights a week and at two matinées a tall, handsome knight in a snappy coat of mail stalks out on the stage of the Century Theater in New York and lures a trembling young nun out into the wicked world. That bit of seduction accomplished, he bounds up the stairs to his dressing room and joins the crowd. There is always a crowd there because Orville Caldwell is the sort of nice young man who inspires people to say: "Don't mind, do you, old chap if I leave my stuff in here? It's so much more convenient than my room." And Orville says he doesn't mind. Honestly, I believe he doesn't, his amiability seems that genuine.

The afternoon when his press agent and I were waiting for him we were joined by the Duchess of Rutland and Carl Link, both of whom had come to draw his portrait. You would carry a pencil and take up drawing too if you saw his profile, but in justice to the Duchess of Rutland I must add that she has been drawing portraits for years and she seems not to discriminate between the handsome and the grotesque so long as they are famous.

Orville Caldwell is coming back into movies after a year's absence, playing the lead in Elmer Clifton's new picture, "Crossed Wires." Really, it hardly seems as though he was ever in the movies at all because he played in Katherine MacDonald's pictures. His coming into them now is cause for rejoicing, for there is a dearth of big, boyish, unpretentious men on the screen. We have noble heroes of the great open spaces, slick city fellers, and romantics—but personable young men who look intelligent, wear clothes well, and act with conviction are all too rare.

Orville Caldwell belongs to the new order of motion-picture hero—the sort that has a college education and a genteel family in the background. His is the type introduced by Richard Barthelmess and Harrison Ford and furthered by Malcolm MacGregor. He went to the University of California, where his family fully intended that he should study law, but in the department of public speaking he found innumerable courses in dramatic art and these he gave almost his entire attention. Of course, it was a natural step from those into the productions at the outdoor theater in Berkeley and from there to the Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco. Then the war came and young Caldwell enlisted in the navy. Within a few months he was

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Photo by Curtis

Will Ruth Put it Over?

The Queen of Serials, who has a following that many a feature star may well envy, is going to invade their field.

By Myrtle Gebhart

FROM Hollywood have percolated tales of Ruth Roland's business sagacity, of her pluck, her determination. Manlike is the brain of her; callous and hard sometimes they call her here, admitting the while that they "can't help but admire her." And the fans of her serial days, who feel for her a personal love that few players of recent years have evoked, sometimes ask me in their letters, "Is Ruth really as sweet and lovable as her letters to us indicate her to be, or is that bunk?"

A complex character, Ruth Roland. In the main, they are right when they call her tenacious and hard. She knows what she wants and she gets it, single-purposed, impervious to those influences which tend to distract. Scorning devious routes, she selects the shortest road to her goal and goes straight to it. But she "shoots square," in the business men's parlance. And there is a little side to her character—not weakness, surely—for she is the most decisive person I know, but a feminine slant that few besides her intimate friends realize.

And now that, after an absence of several months, she is to return to the screen in a feature comedy drama that she is producing herself, let's turn the cold eye of truth upon her and see what she is really like. I have heard Ruth browbeat business men to her own terms, with an amazing clarity and shrewdness of judgment. And I have found her—when she didn't expect me to happen in—sitting cross-legged on the floor, dressing dolls for the kids in an orphanage and crying because she never had much of a childhood playtime herself. I have seen her energetically bossing every phase of her serials' production; and I have gone with her to the disabled veterans' hospital, when she took the boys things they needed and sang for them until her voice was hoarse. Just because she took sweaters and socks instead of chocolate bars and a camera man to photograph the sweet scene, you didn't hear about it.

Blunt, unsentimental, Ruth undoubtedly is—and yet she treasures valentines and such little things. She likes clothes, luxury, jewels—but when her auntie is ill and the maid away, she makes no bones about doing her own cooking and housework.

She has brains enough to know her limitations and to keep within them; but in her own field she usually leads.

At three, she started on the vaudeville circuits, in a

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The Crown Jewels

Not so gorgeous, perhaps, as the stars' own jewels, are at least more

By Mona



Photo by Eugene Richee

Gloria Swanson wears only diamonds and pearls.

MAYBE it is the reaction from being loaded down with glittering diamond tiaras and necklaces in pictures which prompts them to forsake all jewelry, with the exception of one or two simple pieces, in private life. And maybe it is just a case of good taste. At any rate, Hollywood's parties may flash with wit, and dazzle with beauty, but for the most part, gems are a minus quantity.

Nevertheless, little quirks of fancy and temperament come to light in the choice of precious stones and the manner of wearing them, when one lifts the lid of the jewel coffers of some of the well-known screen favorites.

There is no sparkling coronet worn by "Queen Mary." In fact, even on the most elaborate occasions, Miss Pickford never ornaments herself with any jewels, other than a wedding ring and a lustrous pink pearl set in platinum. Jewels she has galore, brooches and pendants in profusion, but she prefers not to wear them. A curious thing about this wedding ring of hers—a platinum band set in tiny diamonds—it never leaves her hand. Not even during her pictures, for she covers it up with a wider band ring in character with her part, or applies a little grease paint to camouflage it. It's just a bit of sentiment on her part.

A long time ago her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, gave her a delicate little bracelet of sapphires, and now and then if it matches her dress she wears it.

And who hasn't heard of the famous Schenck jewels? There are cases and cases of them, most of them presented to the lovely Norma by her husband and adoring friends. Even Cleopatra would squint her eyes in jealousy could she peep into the chests of exquisite ornaments. But not more than two or three times during the year does she have them brought from the safe deposit vaults. During the rest of the time she contents herself with a brooch and ring in which are set black opals.

"I never tire of looking into the depths of these smoky, gray stones shot with fire," says Miss Talmadge. "There is a fascination about them which I cannot put into words."

Nita Naldi, of the sirenic dark eyes and hair, lives up to her personality in her taste for jade and jet. These two she has had fashioned into innumerable sets of different patterns, consisting of earrings, necklaces, bracelets, rings and brooches. And all her gowns are of shades which harmonize with the jade or the jet.

As for Pola Negri—why the name conjures up flashing diamonds, emeralds, rubies, oh! an infinite variety of sparkling vivid gems which would seem to take their glow from her many-colored personality. Still, those in Hollywood who know her cannot remember having seen her wear anything but pearls. And according to the Polish star their lustrous beauty satisfies her more than any



Aileen Pringle has such a great variety of jewels that the particular ones she wears are dictated by the mood of the moment.



Nita Naldi lives up to her personality in her taste for jade and jet.

of the Film Royalty

ones they wear on the screen, the indicative of their individual tastes.

Gardner

other stone. She has several sets, with one of which she has set a new style of hair-dressing in Hollywood. Several other fair damsels tried it, but lacking Pola's verve and originality, they seemed theatrical. For she took one long rope of pearls and wound it around among the curls in her black hair. The very simplicity of it on her lent it charm.

Another devotee of pearls is Mae Busch. Here again is a startling, vital personality which delights in no other ornament than the quiet, meek unassuming pearl. A long rope she wears about her neck at times and then again she wraps it about her wrist many times and it becomes a bracelet.

Eleanor Boardman, whose very newness to stardom has not distorted her perspective, wears no jewels at all. Not because she doesn't like them, says the young lady, but because her favorite is the black pearl, and they are so very rare and so very expensive that she will not allow herself the luxury of owning any yet. The fascination for this stone dates back to her childhood when she saw one of these peculiar-tinted pearls and since that time she has never wavered from her desire to possess one.

Patsy Ruth Miller—the epitome of ingenuous girlhood—call it flapperism if you wish—likes—now this is a jolt—heavy, bizarre, Oriental jewelry. None of the simple maidenly pearls for Patsy. She will have nothing if she may not possess pendants of jade and massive linked chains of wrought gold and colored stones.

"Mother dubs this streak in me as vulgar, and while I don't doubt it, I haven't the desire to curb the instinct for this barbarous jewelry. The more it clanks, the better I like it. I have drawers and drawers of it and if I sold it to a junk man he probably wouldn't give me over $4.95 for the gross weight of it. I seldom wear it except around the house or at the studio but it gives me intense pleasure and I'm always buying it."

So says the bubblingly youthful Patsy, and with another sly wink she tells how the other day she went downtown to get a pair of shoes and came home with three pairs of earrings. Freud would probably make an interesting analysis over this newly found outlet for suppressed desires—through which the colorful, bizarre personalities deck themselves in meek, mild gems, and the sweet young things seek heavy Oriental ornaments.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Photo by Eugene Richee

Both Pola Negri and Mae Busch favor long strands of pearls as ornaments.

In the eyes of many, Gloria Swanson is the best jeweled woman on the screen as well as being perfection sartorially. And she wears diamonds and pearls only. She

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Shades of New York's Society!

A famous restaurant, often the scene of smart society's débuts and weddings, is now to be seen in the movies.

THE news reels have taken us to weddings of exclusive society people and even royalty; we have seen glimpses of Fifth Avenue mansions in several features, and even watched representatives of smart society acting in some of our films. But no one mindful of the traditions of Sherry's famous restaurant ever expected to see it in the movies.

Sherry's is the citadel of conservatism, the monument to propriety. It is the correct place for mothers to give luncheons and dinners and dances for their subdeb, home-for-the-holiday daughters. It is the place where one débuts, gets married, and—provided one remains married and lives long enough—celebrates her golden-wedding anniversary.

And now Sherry's is to be seen in the movies! Not just a studio set, mind you, built to simulate Sherry's, but the Park Avenue restaurant itself. The old Fifth Avenue Sherry's is gone forever—it went about the time that prohibition came in—but the famous old café's stepdaughter who followed the social tide over to Park Avenue and settled there will be known to every one through the movies.

It is "The Rejected Woman," a Distinctive picture, which features Alma Rubens and Conrad Nagel, that introduces Sherry's to the films. The upper scene on this page shows the interior of the restaurant, and the lower one the tapestried reception hall that leads to it. In the upper photograph Alma Rubens is shown with Conrad Nagel; in the lower one it is Leonora Hughes who appears with him.

Fashions for the Bride

Laura La Plante and Mary Philbin pose in wedding finery and the models show an ideal trousseau for the up-to-date bride.

Directed by Peggy Hamilton

Wedding photographs by Freulich Trousseau photographs by Witzel

MANY a girl offered the granting of one wish by a fairy godmother on her wedding day might ask to look like Laura La Plante. It would be difficult to imagine a more charming bride than the little Universal player as she appears in the accompanying picture.

Her gown is a ravishing creation of white brocaded metal cloth and is modeled after the conventional style with long sleeves, straight, simple lines and a medium-length train.

This style of gown is suitable for almost every bride, whether she is eighteen and slender, or thirty-five and portly, and it is just as effective in an inexpensive white satin as in brocaded material, or with short sleeves and train.

A very important feature of the bridal outfit is, of course, the veil. The one Miss La Plante wears is fully six yards long and is an importation of exquisite handmade lace. Veils can be any length the bride desires—short to the waistline or full-flowing, and the material may be anything from rose-point lace, especially if one is fortunate enough to have such a veil among the family heirlooms, to plain net. In fact, the billowy veils of net or tulle are often more becoming to most brides than those of elaborate lace.

Another important feature of the bridal robes is the chaplet of orange blossoms or headpiece that holds the veil in place. There are no definite lines drawn for what the veil should consist of,

Laura La Plante obligingly consented to play the rôle of a bride for PICTURE-PLAY'S *fashion department, and display this exquisite bridal outfit of brocaded metal cloth and lace.*





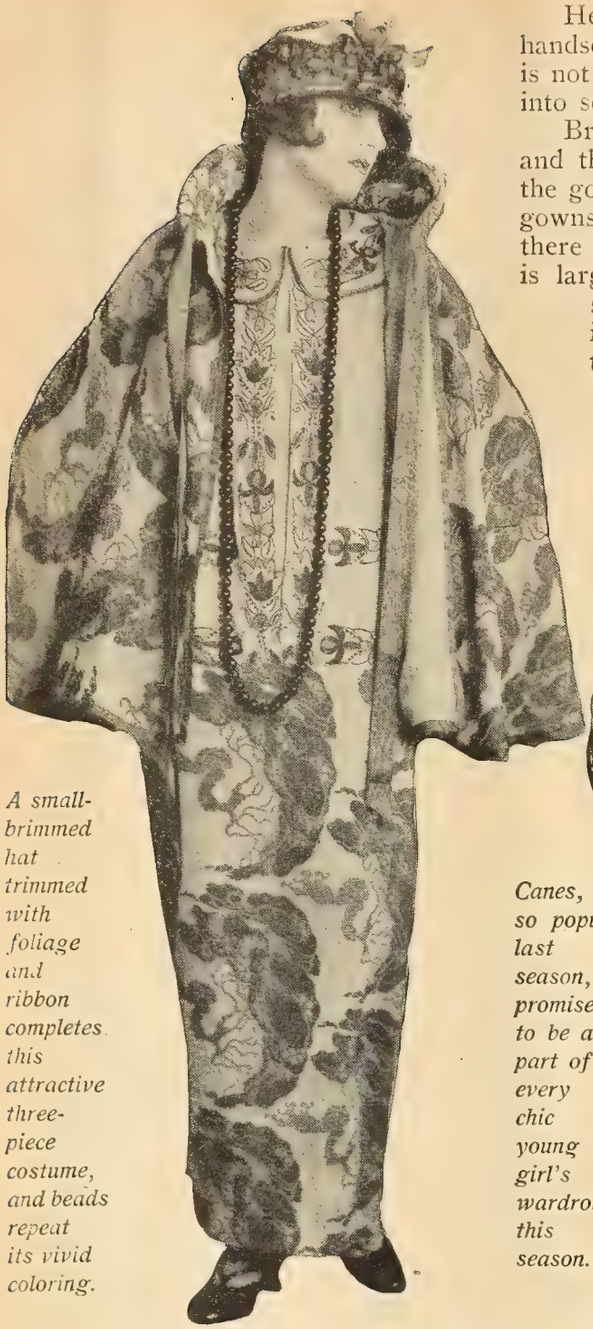
Mary Philbin, displaying an ideal frock for a bridesmaid ingeniously contrived of gossamer-fine net and rich embroideries.

Fashions for the Bride

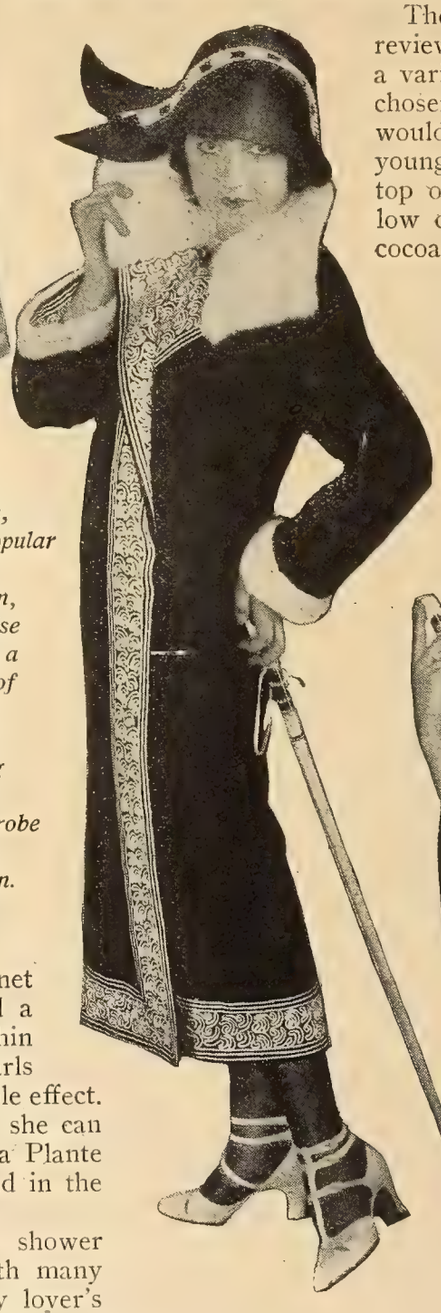
Her gown, fashioned of delicate, gossamer-fine net and enriched by handsome laces and rich hand embroideries, is of the garden type, and is not only ideal for bridesmaid purposes, but can be very happily drawn into service for teas, dinners or college proms.

Bridesmaid gowns should always be planned with the bridal robes and the details of the wedding. If there is more than one bridesmaid, the gowns and hats should be alike, but the colors may be varied. Lacy gowns such as Miss Philbin wears are always good, especially when there is just one bridesmaid, or maid of honor. When the wedding is large, however, bridesmaid outfits are lovely in the different pastel shades made of taffeta or chiffon. Hats are usually of the sweeping picturesque type, and developed in soft shades of maline or tulle they are not only beautiful, but inexpensive.

The recent Peggy Hamilton fashion review staged in the film colony showed a variety of styles from which she has chosen a few frocks and wraps that would make an ideal trousseau for a young bride. The dress shown at the top of the page is of soft canary-yellow crape, printed in large designs of cocoa brown and touches of tile red. This, like many of the dresses for the coming season, shows an Oriental influence both in coloring and simplicity of line.



A small-brimmed hat trimmed with foliage and ribbon completes this attractive three-piece costume, and beads repeat its vivid coloring.



Canes, so popular last season, promise to be a part of every chic young girl's wardrobe this season.



Only the simplest, smallest hats are worn with dresses of bizarre design.

or how it should be arranged. Tulle or net drawn across the head in a cap shape, and a second band of tulle brought under the chin and orange blossoms or strands of pearls wound over the two gives a stunning and simple effect. Or if the bride wishes to be quite different, she can use a fancy head ornament, such as Miss La Plante wears, of pearls, to hold her veil to her head in the most becoming manner.

The ideal bride's bouquet is a generous shower of orchids and lilies of the valley tied with many yards of cobwebby tulle and dozens of tiny lover's knots of white satin ribbon dropping from the center of the bouquet. Roses, or preferably calla lilies, may be substituted for the bouquet, but in any case it should be a large one with showers of knotted ribbon attached.

Mary Philbin, of "Merry Go Round" fame, is a very good friend of Laura La Plante, and for this reason and because of her flower-like beauty she was chosen by PICTURE-PLAY as the ideal bridesmaid for a young débutante-type of bride.

Curls in this shingled age are such a rarity that they almost become a symbol for delicate, old-fashioned femininity. Miss Philbin's are her own, and lend a quaint charm, softness and grace to the poudre-blue transparent-brimmed hat she wears, which achieves its drooping effect through clusters of silk orchids extending over the brim.

Chinese influence is dominant in the mandarin afternoon or theater dress shown at the bottom of the page. It is of sand-colored crape, embroidered in dull gold and jade thread.

The girl who looks to the films for her fashion hints and adapts the styles worn by her film favorites cannot find much inspiration in the black and white of the screen this season, for the appeal of the new fashions lies almost entirely in their odd materials and striking color combinations.

In every girl's wardrobe there should be a utility coat similar to the one pictured on the opposite page. This one is of black Juina cloth and is braided with white soutache and finished with collar and cuffs of ermine.

A striking sports outfit is the white knitted silk frock, embroidered in delicate green and pink shades. This dress once again proves the tremendous popularity of the straight-up-and-down boyish model that American women have adopted with such enthusiasm. It relies for its individuality upon a wide-fringed sash of self-material tied in a loose, heavy knot right above the hip.



Quilted silk is also favored for small sports hats.

Crocheted hats, simply trimmed with ribbon, are worn with sports frocks.



Here is another model of a costly importation that could be inexpensively duplicated by any ingenious girl who understands stenciling or embroidering.

Two of the season's most sophisticated accessories that give distinction to the severe tailleur, also apparently due for a long wave of popularity, or to the sports dress, are brilliantly hued scarfs and gay chiffon squares used for kerchiefs, neckerchiefs, or daring wrist ornaments, in which instance they flaunt themselves boldly from a tight knot close to the hand.

The black-and-white printed crape scarf shown in the accompanying picture lends a rare dash to the two-piece knitted silk sports outfit with its simple wrap-around skirt and coat blouse.

Hollywood High Lights

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This doesn't seem to make any difference in the excellence of the parts that she obtains. She has the best so far, probably, in "Wine," the prohibition story that Universal is filming. Virginia Valli, incidentally, is to play in "Damned," unless the Will Hays' order against the filming of this prevails.

Le Roi est Mort; Vive le Roi!

We opened our eyes wide with astonishment at the party given by Paul Bern, the scenarist and director, in honor of Barbara La Marr, just prior to her departure for New York. The reason we were almost struck dumb with surprise was when we saw Pola Negri seated at one of the tables, Ernst Lubitsch on one side of her and Erich von Stroheim on the other. Now the question is how soon will Famous Players be announcing that Von Stroheim is to direct a set of films for the dynamic Pola? He should follow very nicely after Lubitsch, and we wager the realism would be ruthless and terrible.

New Kind of Serial.

Von Stroheim, after six months of cutting on "Greed," almost had the Goldwyn Corporation won over to the idea of showing this film at two successive evening performances, this rule to prevail at least in the bigger cities. To our best knowledge, this is the first attempt made to project a picture a là Wagnerian music dramas with recesses in between. There are about twenty-six reels to the entire feature, we believe, and Von isn't disposed to cut another foot, while all the efforts of the other studio editors have failed to reduce it satisfactorily. Thirteen reels would be shown per performance, which would make "Greed" seem almost as long as reading "Les Miserables."

For Auld Lang Syne.

Maybe it was just a hankering for the old make-up of the tight braids, white cotton stockings, the funny bolero jacket and the torn straw hat that prompted Louise Fazenda to reenter the straight comedy field long enough to make just one picture.

Whatever the reason, Louise donned the funny make-up to play in the Hamilton-White comedy called "Easy Money," and just as soon as she finished it she went directly to Warner Brothers to do one of the best comedy character parts of her career. It is the sympathetic rôle of *Deborah* in "Being Respectable," one of the recent popular novels picturing life in the small community.

Deborah is a rich girl who doesn't know how to dress and makes everybody laugh, and incidentally nearly breaks her own heart trying to find the kind of clothes that will attract the man with whom she is desperately in love.

"The Little Dippers."

If the girls of Hollywood don't stop forming clubs, PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will have to engage a special club editor. Since the third club, The Climbers, organized last month, ten of Mack Sennett's new bathing beauties took the pledge of charity, sweetness, pleasure, uncattiness, brain development and stardom ambition, and after the initiation ceremonies, consisting of a plunge in the Sennett pool, they formally adopted the clever title of "The Little Dippers."

In all of Hollywood clubdom there is no name as clever as the new club's and with such a dashing beginning we certainly look for a unique future for them.

Their personnel includes Elsie Tarron, president; Selma Hill, Margaret Cloud, Hazel Williams, Marceline Day, Dorothy Dorr, Evelyn Francisco, Cecile Evans, Gladys Thompson and Mary Akin, who is secretary.

In the meantime, Our Club is steadfastly and aloofly holding its own, and its most recent member is Leatrice Joy.

Building Note.

The architectural designs of the homes of some of our most prominent players have lately been changed. Spare boudoirs have been transformed into nurseries. The homes thus happily affected are those of Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd —Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert— Lila Lee and James Kirkwood— Doris May and Wallace McDonald, and Barbara Bedford and Al Roscoe.

Dempsey Causes Stir.

When Jack Dempsey signed a million-dollar contract with Carl Laemmle to make ten two-reel features for Universal, and the day that work was actually started, there was as much bustle and hubbub on the Universal lot as there is at the national headquarters of a democratic convention, during election time.

We never saw so many press representatives together in Hollywood at one time and the entire Universal staff was overwhelmed with joy and pride. Dempsey's tailors made him numerous trunks full of fine-fitting clothes and his shirt manufacturers also did a good job.

Carmelita Geraghty, one of the most striking girls in Hollywood, and a recent addition to the newer group of players, was signed to play opposite Dempsey. Miss Geraghty is a girl of high intelligence and breeding, and before she entered pictures seriously a year and a half ago she was secretary and script girl for Marshall Neilan, who urged her to try acting. Her father is Tom Geraghty, who was production supervisor for Lasky's many years.

All of which speaks well for Dempsey's choice in the matter of leading ladies.

A Candidate for *Peter.*

There will be one little broken-hearted girl in Hollywood if she doesn't get the rôle of *Peter Pan.* That is May McAvoy. She told us that ever since she could read she has been dreaming, wishing, praying to play *Pan.* It is the only part she has ever really been interested in, and when that little elfin, whimsical creature tells you of her burning desire, with tears in her eyes, you wonder how in the world any producer could refuse giving her at least a try-out.

The Screen in Review

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French lady crooks and their apache friends. I don't care whether the girls go straight or not. In other words, I'm through, and I hope Famous Players is through, too.

The funny part of it is that "The Moral Sinner" was adapted from that good old stand-by "Leah Kleschna," but that doesn't seem to make *Leah* any different from *Toinette* or *Ou La La.*

To make things worse, Miss Dalton isn't as enlivening as Miss Swanson or Miss Negri. I am betraying no secret when I say that she is profoundly apathetic. But the picture is distinguished by some good acting by W. I. Percival and Alphonse Ethier. Bless their hearts!

Proving That Women Are Funny.

"Virtuous Liars" will be extremely interesting to any one interested in the study of the feeble-minded. For if the heroine of this picture is not

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Polar Attraction

Just about every one else has made a frozen North picture, so why shouldn't Charlie Chaplin?

"THE LURE OF THE ARCTICS," or "Driven to Desperation by Seeing All the Other Actors Slip and Fall," might be the title of the new Charlie Chaplin picture. It is a burlesque of the many and various productions that have persistently pictured the great frozen spaces, its huskies, and its noble heroes. After Charlie had seen a considerable number of them he was seized with a desire to show that he, too, could make a picture glorifying the regions where the snowdrifts are a little deeper. Not only can he do it, but it is safe to assume that he will cover the ground of past productions so thoroughly and so humorously that no picture fan will be able to take the polar regions seriously again.

Mack Swain lends his portentous support to the cast and instead of the usual Eskimo dogs there is a rare assortment of lap dogs and house pets.

It has been a long time—much too long—since Charlie appeared in a new picture on the screen. He has been at work on this production, whose title will not be announced until it is ready to be shown, for many months. And in his ironic way he has chosen to make this burlesque more authentic in a way than the type of production at which it pokes fun. For while many motion-picture producers make their Alaskan scenes in conveniently near mountain resorts, it is said that Chaplin went all the way to Alaska to film certain scenes for his picture.







The famous shoes have been water-proofed and the old suit augmented by a shawl—otherwise Charlie will appear quite as usual.

The Screen in Review

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decidedly below normal, then a lot of master minds are cooped up in our State asylums. This gal manages to get herself in an awful mess simply by going to great lengths to avoid using any intelligence. And as the rôle is played by Edith Allen, who looks more than normally bright, naturally the whole plot falls into absurdity. Properly cast, Miss Allen would be a distinct addition to the screen. The one and only Maurice Costello gives a fine account of himself in an elderly rôle. Costello was the first actor to make me believe that the movies had a great future.

The heroine of "The Rejected Woman" is also a good study for alienists. Like her sister in "Virtuous Liars," she accepts a lot of money from a gentleman without thinking that her sudden wealth might cause talk. This little Canadian girl sets out to accumulate culture and refinement in order to be lady enough to marry Conrad Nagel. And when Conrad spots her with the Paris polish, he decides she isn't exactly respectable. That, with the usual trimmings, of course, is the plot.

This time Alma Rubens is the goat. And if Alma Rubens can play feeble-minded women and still fool an audience, then Rudolph Valentino is a man's man.

Fruits and Vegetables.

If you want to be lenient, then "Excitement" is a fairly funny picture. And why not be lenient, since in this little fillum Universal launches a new star, Miss Laura La Plante? Seems to me Universal always has a bright young girl on hand ready to spring on a waiting world. Well, Laura is pretty and she acts cute, as the saying goes, and her ability is quite up to the demands of an absurd farce melodrama.

"The Shooting of Dan McGrew" crops up again, this time told in de luxe style and acted—oh! yes, fervently acted—by Barbara La Marr, Percy Marmont and Lew Cody. Just why this poem by Robert Service should be deemed such a gold nugget as movie material it is hard to say. But very likely, persons will shut up the radio for the evening, crank up the bus and rush to the Cinema Art Palace to thrill with the adventures of the *Lady Known as Lou* who raised such havoc in New York, the Klondike and parts north and south. Of course, the scenario writer uses the poem merely as a starting point.

Miss La Marr plays *Lou* with her whole heart and soul. Percy Marmont evinced some skepticism but Lew Cody, the valiant, walked right up and acted just as fast and furious as Miss La Marr.

"Singer Jim McKee" is pretty sad. It may be Bill Hart's farewell. And it's a bad picture. What's happened to Hart? He seems to have lost his grip on his work. But we needn't go into such sad things here.

However, let's not complain, because Jack Dempsey is coming back to the screen and if that doesn't please you there are always plenty of good news reels and Grantland Rice's Sport Talks.

Over the Teacups

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I wiggled my chair around so as to get a better view of the passing throng, thereby leaving the plate of sandwiches to Fanny's far from tender mercies.

"She has been all ready to go about a dozen times and had to change her plans, so now her friends just remind her of the 'Wolf, Wolf' story when she mentions leaving.

"Betty's picture, 'Southern Love' was shown to some of the big releasing companies the other night and one of the men remarked, 'When Betty comes on in a picture, you never know what is coming off.'"

"Not bad," I remarked, "and the answer to that is that in most of her pictures she shows everything but her sense of humor. And that cannot be caught in films."

"By the way," Fanny chimed in, "Kathleen Key had the most peculiar experience the other night. You know, she came East a week before she had to sail just so that she could go around and see all the shows and midnight dance clubs and things she had been hearing about. She supposed, of course, that no one here would recognize her because it is only lately that she has done much in pictures, but everywhere she goes people stop and exclaim over her. The only trouble is that they always think she is some one else. Coming out of 'The Miracle' the other night wearing a great bunch of orchids and trying to look very blasé some one announced, 'Oh there's Clara Kimball Young!' They must have thought Miss Young some sort of miracle worker. Of course, she may not be quite old enough to be Kathleen's grandmother, but——

"Speaking of seeing players in person," Fanny spoke up with renewed enthusiasm. "The latest place to see stars is in the dairy restaurant over near the W O R radio station in Newark. They have all the big motion-picture stars speak over there, you know, at one time or another, and afterward the most convenient place to eat is the dairy restaurant right around the corner. Edmund Lowe went over there one night and at least half the girls in town must have turned out to get a thrill over seeing him placidly devouring dozens of butter cakes. When he talked over the radio he got sort of nervous and raised his voice so that you could easily have heard him in Arkansas without the radio apparatus at all.

"I never knew an actor so utterly oblivious to people staring at him as Edmund Lowe is. We went over to Newark in the tube—you think you are going to California, at least, if you try to make it in a car—and Eddie got to talking about baseball and showing us how to throw curves and spitballs and all. Some of the people didn't want to get out and miss the show when we reached their stations.

"Have you heard that Gladys Walton is coming back to pictures?" Fanny went on excitedly. "She's the proud mother of an infant now, you know, and I suppose she will come back to pictures all grown up and refusing to play flapper parts.

"There has to be a new crop of flapper stars every once in a while. I have a feeling that Colleen Moore is simply going to rebel against playing any more flappers pretty soon. She is such a good dramatic actress. But speaking of Colleen reminds me, I must go out and look for a vanity case like hers. Colleen's belongings are always full of surprises. You remember how she took the case for a mah jong set and made an awfully handy make-up case of it? Well, now she has the cutest French doll. You pull her shoulders back, her dress opens and there is a vanity case inside."

Fanny started gathering up her belongings and was just ready to go when she announced quite casually. "You know all this coming and going of motion-picture players is going to my head and the first thing you know you may find me boarding a train for California myself. You might just as well come along with me."

And I think that perhaps I will.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Exported—with Regret

Failing to provide interesting opportunities for Mae Marsh, American picture producers have had to yield her services to foreigners.

IN the past year only two new motion-picture productions have boasted the presence of Mae Marsh and neither of them was in any sense great. Yet because of her utter naturalness and her plaintive, poignant appeal people have not forgotten her nor ceased to regard her as one of our greatest players.

Only in Griffith's "The White Rose" and "Daddies," a Warner Brothers production, have we been able to see Mae Marsh, an actress potentially as great as Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish. People say that she has lost interest in her career—that she cares only for her husband and little girl. But who wouldn't lose interest in a career that demanded no more of one's great talent than those pictures did!

So Mae Marsh is going to Germany to make a picture for a foreign company. Later, she may go to Italy and it is hoped that she will again come under Mr. Griffith's direction then.

Stealing the Stunt Man's Stuff

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would have been all out of proportion to this tiny part of the setting.

In addition to the lower part of the facade there were several other full-sized constructions. One of these represented a tower. This was built right on a platform on the ground, so that a close view of Chaney might be obtained. Another was a duplication of the balcony, where you find him at the opening of the picture. This was located on top of a hill, so that the camera might be trained on it from the ground below, securing the proper height perspective.

Now when Chaney was to climb down the front of the building, the necessary photographic shots had to be taken at four different times, and in four different places. One shot, which we think has been rather generally eliminated from the picture, showed him moving around the tower. This was secured right on the ground with the tower structure that I have mentioned, specially built. The glimpse of him you have climbing down from the balcony was photographed on top of the hill. There is also the view of him doing acrobatics on the gargoyles similarly taken.

In one of the shots you also catch sight of the crowd below, with Chaney visible in his apparently perilous position in the foreground. This, I understand, was procured by double printing. That is, Chaney was photographed at one time and a portion of the film reserved for the photographing of the crowd at the proper height to match in and give the illusion that he was away above them.

Still another phase—the portion where you see him apparently coming down the facade near the huge window. This was not built full size. It was taken with a miniature. For this reason only a long shot was used, so that you would not have too detailed a view of the figure of *Quasimodo,* who, in this instance, probably was just a tiny semblance of himself, puppetlike, to match the proportions of the miniature.

We now have three different phases of the operation—the shots around the tower, placed on the ground, those on the balcony improvised on the hill, and those presumably with the miniature and the dummy. The fourth development was very simple, for here you do actually see Chaney climbing down the real facade as it was built for the picture. By mingling these various effects, and suggesting in the actual movements of Chaney the hazards of the climb, an almost perfect illusion was obtained of his descent right down the tower.

To be sure, whenever the producers decide not to use a double, it always requires a tremendous lot of mechanical ingenuity, as this instance discloses. The higher actuality of the scenes is worth the trouble, and furthermore there is a constant and commendable elimination of the risks that are oftentimes really not so essential as they seem.

Even in the roughest type of serials much is being done to brace up the productions with a more believable type of thrills. Mechanical devices of various kinds placed just beyond the range of the camera, and occasionally a display of courage on the part of the real players, has made many of the effects more real than in the past.

In the chariot chase in "The Ten Commandments," no chances were taken with old-fashioned treadmills, with moving scenery in the background. The scenery wouldn't have mattered anyway, because there was so much to fill the eye in the actual dash of the horses, and it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to arrange the treadmills in such number as to attain the required great mass result.

To reduce the danger, De Mille selected a location where the ground was absolutely flat over a tremendous area. It was such a location as is oftentimes used for the frantic speeding of automobiles in a race, as for example in a recent Agnes Ayres picture, and those made by Wallace Reid. On such level stretches as this a maximum speed can be obtained without any particular risk because there is plenty of room and no chance of a vehicle upsetting because of encountering some unexpected obstacle in its path. The chariots were really driven at tremendous speed, but while they required expert drivers, the danger because of the choice of location was comparatively slight.

Box-office Appeal

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taste is a variable thing—and can quote from their own losses to prove it—the list of box-office assets proves that the whole question of what the public wants resolves itself down to a few fundamental points. Home, mother and the kiddies are popular on the screen because they happen to be associated with our earliest, our most insistent and our pleasantest memories. Therefore, we like to be reminded of them.

Naturally enough, too, the public wants sex and love stories. And if the public draws the line at too much sex or romance on the screen it is only because it is natural for the healthy, normal individual to protest against too much "slush" in real life.

Fighting, thrills, and scrambled melodrama are the logical demands of a nation that spends most of its time in the humdrum of office work. In other words, the man who has been working at an adding machine all day finds great delight in the evening in watching some brave hero shoot up a frontier saloon. In spite of the prevalence of motoring on Sunday and its attendant risks, life isn't as hazardous as it was several generations ago. Or at least, it isn't as hazardous in the same way. Few of us ride horseback at breakneck speed, few of us get into gun battles, few of us jump bridges, few of us speed along in the cab of a runaway locomotive; but by paying a small admission at the box office, we can share in the sensations of those who enjoy all the luxuries taken away from us by a city-and-office-building civilization.

Many of the box-office qualities rest not only in human nature but in the nature of motion pictures. So we enjoy swell houses, swell clothes and swell surroundings not only because they represent the things we want but because their representation on the screen satisfies our eye. It is immensely important that a motion picture have visual beauty and the easiest way for producers to obtain this beauty is to engage good-looking men and women, dress them in attractive clothes and set them in charming backgrounds.

If you will look over the list of box-office points or go over in your mind the notably successful pictures you have known, you will find that an appeal to the intellect is conspicuously lacking. There is no intellectual appeal in pictures. A picture may be intelligently produced and it may be made by intellectual men. But in the last analysis it cannot be considered an intellectual art. If this is a fault, at least the motion picture errs in distinguished company with music, painting and sculpture, all of which arts appeal to our primitive sentiments and to our innate sense of beauty.



Made in Alaska

RESIDENTS of Alaska, tiring of seeing "Alaska" pictures made in Hollywood studios and on the California mountaintops, organized a company of their own and produced "The Chechahcos," filming scenes on real Alaska locations, including the one on Mt. McKinley, the highest point in North America, shown in the picture below.

The film, which is soon to be released, was recently given a special showing to members of the department of the interior at Washington. This showing had been originally requested by President Harding, who became interested in it on his trip to Alaska, but death prevented his seeing it.

It is claimed that this is the first feature picture ever filmed on real Alaska locations. Woven into the plot is the real history of Alaska, showing the different methods of mining from the days of the gold rush in 1897 to the present.





Will Ruth Put It Over?

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little dance and song act, billed as "Baby Ruth." When she was seven, her mother died and she came to Los Angeles to live with her auntie. She often talks of those hard times, when she and her boy cousin used to carry the junk that neighbors didn't want to the outskirts of the city and dump it, for a nickel or so a haul. Did she spend those coins for candy and pop? She did not. She saved them and, with auntie's help, bought a bony pony and ramshackle cart, with which to make more nickels and dimes.

For two years, just a kid, she won and held the tennis championship of the public school she attended—and with a racket borrowed from a Jap boy! She didn't know how to play, couldn't afford a racket, and her lack of training made her unwelcome as an entrant. But she saw something she wanted, something that would give her prestige among the students; so she borrowed a racket from the smiling Japanese boy, the only one willing to give her a chance, without coaching developed her own technique—and won. Also she held what she had won.

With only a haphazard education, fighting almost from babyhood for the things that instinct told her would help her to the top, is it any wonder that she is not a weeping sentimentalist? She has a pal-quality that is somehow boylike, without pretense, loyal, and welcome in contrast to the saccharine gush that too many of our girls here are prone to offer in lieu of genuine feeling.

You all must have read that she has accumulated a tidy fortune through wise business investments. At fourteen she started in the movies and began buying her first lot on the installment plan of ten dollars a month, progressing to small bungalows, bought the same way and sold with profit, larger houses, apartments and bungalow courts. They say of her in Hollywood, sometimes in rebuke, more often in admiration, "That girl has every penny she ever made;" but I think it is to her credit that she has had the tenacity and acumen to hold onto her earnings, to spend wisely, where it would show to the best advantage, to so shrewdly gauge conditions and effect.

Her latest realty venture is the erection of an "own-your-own apartment" at a cost of a million and a half. Such buildings are not uncommon in the big cities of the East—but trust Ruth Roland to be the first with the nerve to put over such an undertaking out here.

She was the first to make a color film, six years ago, a three-reeler. The process had not been perfected to eliminate the silver flicker, so the ambitious little picture failed and the incident is worthy of mention only because it illustrates Ruth's spirit of attempting things, undaunted by occasional failures.

"I have been wanting to try features for some time, but I had to go slowly," she told me recently, now that she feels definitely sure of what she is doing. "My fan public consists mostly of folks in the smaller towns, who have followed my serials and who do not always get to see the more pretentious films. That form of appreciation means a great deal to me and sometimes astounds me—that people can care enough about me or my work to come week after week to see fifteen episodes of a serial."

Incidentally, Ruth Roland has encouraged that personal bond more than has any other star. Most of them make some pretense of answering fan mail, a few actually do so; but I know of none who has attended to her letters from the public as conscientiously as Ruth has, partly because she appreciated the tribute and partly because her common sense told her that friends mean success. I know positively that she opens and reads personally every letter, arranging them in lots for her secretary to answer with a photograph, laying aside those which deserve a reply from herself. When working, she combines publicity by enclosing in each letter a card with greetings, announcing her forthcoming film.

"That public has to be retained and yet, in order to progress as the movies advance, I want to reach the new, big-city public that does not follow serials. That means I must combine the element of adventure with the acting of a feature. I have no illusions that I am a Bernhardt, but I do believe that I can act passably well within certain limits."

"Dollar-Down," upon which she is now starting production, is a story that teaches, sheathed in entertainment, the lesson of thrift. The statistics that "eight hundred and seventy-eight out of every thousand in this country live beyond their incomes" gave her the idea and about it she and Tod Browning, who is directing, wove a story concerning the extravagance of a young society girl, just beyond the flapper age. The action moves swiftly and there will be exciting thrills to satisfy those who wish to see her risking her life—or pretending to—and yet it will give her opportunities to try herself out in a genuine comedy-drama acting rôle.

Experience has taught me the foolishness of prediction and critical faculties cannot be taxed even by personal friendship; so I can but, with those of you who are interested in her, wait and see what the result will be. Certainly, though, she is determined to make good in her first feature; and, knowing the spirit that goads her to attempt new things and the perseverance that has brought her success along other lines, I sort of have a hunch that Ruth will put it over.

A Busy Knight

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lieutenant on a submarine chaser. A young man who got ahead that fast in the navy couldn't be expected exactly to stand still in the world of the theater. He played prominent parts in "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and in "Mecca," both of which ran so long that it seemed as though young Caldwell would never get around to play anything else. So, for variety, he went into pictures, and then just as he settled down in Hollywood, built himself a house on a high hill, and began to take life easy he was sent for to play the *Knight* in "The Miracle." And then Elmer Clifton saw him and induced him to forgo sleep in favor of working in motion pictures mornings, noons, Sundays and any other times when "The Miracle" wasn't playing.

He tries to catch a little rest now and then on an army cot in his dressing room; but what can a fellow do if he is naturally friendly and good-natured and the other members of the company keep dropping in to smoke, to read, or just to talk? The answer as proved by him is somehow to get along without it.

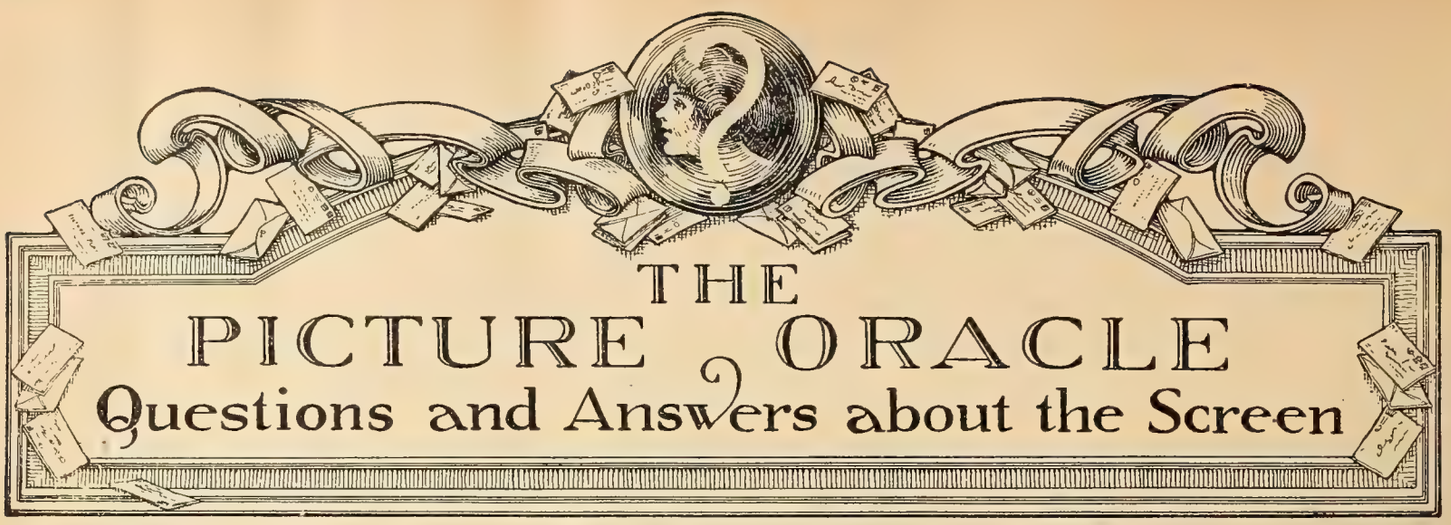
A Study in Contrasts

Not long ago Betty Williams was in charge of the municipal bathing beach in Detroit, Michigan, and her workaday garb consisted of the brief bit of jersey in which she is pictured at the right. Hardly more than that does she wear even now as she frolics about in the Ziegfeld "Follies" in the evening.





But during the day this same Betty Williams is one of the beauties of the English court—a part of the background of the lavish production of "Monsieur Beaucaire," in which Paramount is starring Rudolph Valentino. There she wears the far more voluminous costume in which she is pictured above.



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

UNDISCOURAGED.—You *are* an optimist, to still want to go to Hollywood after all you've read and heard lately about conditions there, and the almost-nil chances for beginners to break in now. And there are many thousands more, too, with your persistence and hope who won't be turned back, no matter what I or any one else with an inside knowledge of conditions can tell you. So what's the use of asking my advice? You won't pay any attention to my warnings anyhow. William Cohill, casting director at the Paramount Long Island studio, said just recently: "So long as people are willing to take a fifty-to-one shot on a horse race, so long as they will rush to the far corners of the earth when gold or oil is discovered, just so long will there be plenty of candidates for motion pictures. It's the gambling instinct. Most people seem to be convinced that there is sudden wealth to be gained in pictures. That settles it. You can quote statistics until you are weary; you can tell the world that ninety per cent of those who try fail; but the entire thirty-five hundred in our card-index system and thousands more who haven't been able to get in think they are the ten per cent destined to succeed. It is only the ten per cent who succeed that they hear about." Mr. Cohill says that the number of applicants at his office averages three hundred a day, and that is for only one studio in New York, where only a few productions are made at a time. So you can imagine how much more congested the casting officers are in Hollywood, where the production scope is so much greater.

INA T.—Yes, quite a number of screen players have gone, and are continuing to go, back to the stage. There are few actors now who are satisfied to confine their talents to only one medium—most of them would switch back and forth a good deal if it could be managed, I think. There's hardly a player in Hollywood that wouldn't like to get behind the footlights at least once. Charles Ray recently took his play "The Girl I Loved" on the road, but returned to the screen recently and will make pictures for his old producer, Thomas Ince. Clara Kimball Young is another screen player who is back to the footlights again, in a play called "Trimmed in Scarlet;" Anita Stewart is in vaudeville; Cullen Landis is playing with Marjorie Rambeau on the stage in Los Angeles; Tom Moore appeared recently in New York in a play that was not so good, but in which his work was praised; he will break out next in Eugene Walters' "Thieves in Clover;" Lionel and John Barrymore, of course, make plays and pictures as their fancy pleases; Theodore Roberts, after years of camera work, went back to the stage recently in a vaudeville playlet; Alfred Lunt usually makes a picture and appears in a play at the same time. He is in the drama "Outward Bound" now. Glenn Hunter works on the same basis—he is still playing "Merton of the Movies" on the stage, but manages picture work, too. Hope Drown, the girl that played the leading rôle in "Hollywood," does not like the screen, and is back on the stage, apparently for good. Olga Petrova is another screen deserter who probably will never go back—she is playing now in New York in her own play, "Hurricane." And I could name dozens more, if space permitted.

THE SHEIK.—I'm sorry your other questions weren't answered, but if you could see the stacks of letters I receive and the small percentage of them that I have space to answer in these columns, I'm sure you'd forgive me. I have to pick out the ones that are likely to be the most interesting to the majority of readers, you know. There's a good tip for you: If you ask interesting, unusual questions you are more likely to get them answered than if you just inquire about heights and weights, and so on. The film production of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," with Barbara La Marr, was announced a long time ago, but has just been finished. That's why you got confused about it, I guess. Lew Cody plays the rôle of *Dan*, and not Lon Chaney, as was reported some time ago. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890. That "in the shadow of the Pyramids" tale was an old press-agent yarn, invented along with many other absurd stories about Theda. Barbara La Marr is twenty-five. Valeska Suratt has not appeared in pictures for several years, and seems to have disappeared from the spotlight altogether. "Les Miserables" has already been filmed. Where were you six years ago? Many persons still talk about William Farnum's vivid performance as *Jean Valjean* in the Fox production of the Victor Hugo story, released in 1918.

T. C. V. A.—"One Exciting Night" was the first picture in which Henry Hull appeared. He is a stage actor, you know, and devotes most of his time to that. But he has made another film, for Whitman Bennett, called "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," which probably will be released by the time you see this, and will make other pictures from time to time. If you come to New York soon you may see Mr. Hull in person in the stage play "The Other Rose," with Fay Bainter. Yes, I understand that he answers requests for photographs, and you will find his address at the end of The Oracle in this issue.

OLD-TIMER.—Flora Finch has played on the screen only infrequently in the past few years, but she has been appearing in the New York stage play "We've Got to Have Money." You may, however, see her in Rudolph Valentino's new picture for Famous Players, "Monsieur Beaucaire," as she appears in that as one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court of Louis XV. It's only a small part and very much costumed, but you probably would know Flora anywhere and in no matter what disguise.

C. E. M.—Well, I've been called many things, but never the "Picture Obstacle" before, and I don't think it is a bit nice of you. Of course I do have to say "No" to some of the fans' requests, but on the whole I think you must admit that I am more of a help than a—an obstacle. Now, after patting myself on the back for being so helpful, I hate to have to tell you that I can't offer you much comfort regarding your scenario. I thought that by this time most amateurs had reconciled themselves to never being able to get anywhere with producers and had directed their creative energies elsewhere. But there are a few of you left, I see. All I can say is that there is practically no hope, and if you spend any money on so-called "criticisms," and so on, you are very foolish. So why not give up the idea and concentrate on something nearer to home and with some possibilities of success?

U. E.—The rôle of *Ma Pettingill* in "Ruggles of Red Gap" was played by Lillian Leighton. Miss Leighton was born in Tomahawk, Wisconsin, and educated in Chicago. She has had a varied career, and before taking up acting was the youngest editor in the United States at the time she edited her own newspaper in the lumber district of northern Wisconsin in 1898. Shortly after that she took up stage work, and finally landed in the films with the old Selig Company in Chicago in 1912. She has been in pictures ever since.

H. P.—I'm terribly sorry I can't give you the address of some "mystic who will read the future," but I deal only in decidedly unmystical facts. Can't I help you out with some screen information? Aren't you curious about any of the movie stars? I hate to refuse you when you are so anxious, and so nice, but if you'll just ask me something I can answer I'll be glad to put all my knowledge—*all* of it—at your service.

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The Crown Jewels of the Film Royalty

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has a love of playing and experimenting with her jewelry—that is, putting it to unusual uses. She startled Los Angeles society once by wearing two big diamond rings in her hair. This she did by thrusting a braid of hair through each ring, then arranging them so the diamonds peeped out of coils over her left eyebrow. And while the effect was startling, it was not glaring. A long rope of pearls, wound around her neck several times, was her only other jewelry on this occasion.

Her idea of a perfect jewel is an entirely visionary one, but nevertheless unique. It is a milky, vari-shaded pearl seen through a thin covering shell of fiery, glittering diamond—a sort of banana sundae of the lapidary's art.

Bessie Love, that petite little emotionalist, has only one piece of jewelry to her name, she declares, and that is a string of tiny, pink seed pearls which just fit about her neck. She insists that nothing else seems to suit her personality, and besides she feels that jewels are an expensive luxury, which she doesn't wish to start.

But it is another story with Aileen Pringle, for she has a different set for almost every gown. She wears her gowns and her accompanying jewels to suit her moods. For instance, if she is passive or just a little weary she dons black from head to toe and with it a necklace of jet and crystal beads, with earrings and bracelets of the same combination. Again, when she is vivacious and alert, then it is a brilliant red necklace that contrasts with her fawn-colored costume. Mystery and seductiveness she feels lie in amber beads, and demureness of a past generation she assumes with the aid of an exquisite filigree of gold and amethysts which lies close about her neck.

Sapphires and diamonds fashioned in delicate platinum filigree set off the blond loveliness of Claire Windsor, while Corinne Griffith finds her pleasure in tawny topazes and opals.

The male stars, for the most part, confine themselves to heavy carved band and signet rings. Of course, it is not to be expected that Rudolph Valentino would follow the conventional modes. When he removes his glittering and clanking ornaments which accentuate the Argentine costume which he wears for dancing he puts on one of two rings. Either a beautiful scarab, carved in agate, which is said to be from the tomb



The Switchboard Comes to Life

Zero hour approaches. Wire chief and assistants are set for the "cut-over" that will bring a new central office into being.

In the room above operators sit at the new switchboard. Two years this equipment has been building. It embodies the developments of hundreds of engineers and incorporates the scientific research of several decades. Now it is ready, tested in its parts but unused as an implement of service.

In the terminal room men stand in line before frames of myriad wires, the connections broken by tiny insulators. Midnight comes. A handkerchief is waved. The insulators are ripped from the frames. In a second the new switchboard becomes a thing alive. Without their knowledge thousands of subscribers are transferred from the old switchboard to the new. Even a chance conversation begun through the old board is continued without interruption through the new. The new exchange provides for further growth.

This cut-over of a switchboard is but one example, one of many engineering achievements that have made possible a wider and prompter use of the telephone.

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of Queen Tuyi, grandmother of Tutankhamen, or he wears a ring made from the single hair of an elephant. The huge coarse hair is held together by a small gold clasp and is shellacked so that to the casual observer it appears to be a band of jet about the size of a curtain ring.

Frank Mayo never departs from the he-mannishness which has thrilled so many feminine hearts, but has a single ring in which is set a beautifully carved cameo.

Antonio Moreno has an intense love for jade and besides showering it upon his wife, he has bought for himself a Chinese carved ring set in a medallion of jade of clear, apple green. A small spring releases the medallion and exposes a small cavity in which it it said the former owner, a Chinese mandarin, carried poison for his enemies.

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 74

prised at the beauty of the cabins and the elegance of the furnishings.

In "Strangers of the Night" and on my trip to America from Australia I saw a lot of the workings of the boats, but the way the slaves actually propelled this big Moorish boat by tugging away at those long oars, and the way the sailors climbed up those high masts to unloose the sails, fascinated me. At first every time Mr. Lloyd called for the slaves to row, the boat gave such a jerk my heart was in my mouth but after a day of it I got so used to the water, the rocking of the boat and the flapping of the big painted sails I felt at ease.

Everybody has been just wonderful to me on board ship and in my private location home. No one has spared any trouble to himself to make me comfortable and in the evening my meals are sent up to me from the mess hall—abalone steak, oyster stew, chicken, delicious salads, toast, tea, celery and fruits—I might as well be at home, the service is so splendid. And I'm enjoying every minute of my work—it seems like a vacation.

Every morning the bugler dressed like a corsair in a bright yellow buckskin suit with chain mail and a brass helmet wakes me up with his "reveille," and although it usually is about 5:30 a. m.—I never thought anybody ever got up so early—the view of the sunrise on the ocean is worth the loss of sleep. And the air is wonderful.

Camp Lloyd is strictly military, with its commissary and quartermaster's department, its electrical department, hospital, fire station, barracks, adjutant's office and all—not to mention our entertainment bureau, which provides dancing and music in the evening. And our radio! I heard my husband—Fred Niblo—talking "over the air" the other evening from a Los Angeles newspaper broadcasting station and what a thrill it was!

You know this story, by Sabatini? "The Sea Hawk" should be the greatest sea picture ever made. I only wish all of the people who will see it on the screen could see the big boats inside and out as I have. They'd love the adventure of it. Mr. Sills looks a perfect *Sea Hawk*—my dear, you should see his fero-cious whiskers!—and Frank Currier as *Asad,* the sultan, in his false beard looks a perfect scream. Poor Lloyd Hughes had to get a lashing to-day and then they finished the day by throwing him headlong into the ocean. Poor Lloyd! (That's what he gets for being the one that killed my brother and blaming it on *Sir Oliver.*)

You've seen the magnificent William Wrigley home farther down the island? We've been up there several times and the other evening Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley and some Los Angeles society people who were at Avalon for the week-end were our guests on board the Moorish gallease. We wore our costumes and they were in bright yachting attire and it certainly made our boat look picturesque. Our "slaves" served everything in sixteenth-century style but it was regular 1924 food.

The other day one of the ships floated onto the rocks and there was a lot of commotion on board but Mr. Lloyd and Billy Reiter got everything adjusted in a hurry. It looks mighty funny to see the men going aboard the ship in the morning, some dressed in chain mail and helmets, some with caps and modern clothes, with banjos, ukuleles, mouth organs. And when the boats get out to sea Mr. Lloyd has quite a time getting the extras to get all of their blankets and modern things tucked away so they won't show when the camera starts.

Sorry, but I must bring this to a close, as guests are coming down from Avalon for dinner and I must forsake *Rosamond* for modern attire. Ever sincerely,

ENID BENNETT.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 56

the bitterness—and, too, a bit of the joy—of life.

"Character ingénue, that's my forte. I've had trouble, an unhappy romance. I can't just smile and look sweet. I'm not pretty in the way these other girls are pretty. But I think I've got something inside of me that some of them haven't. I don't know yet just what it is. When things happen to me I just feel, at the moment; then afterward I try to think and understand why I felt that and how I acted, so I can put those real touches into similar incidents in scenes. I'm not as moody as I used to be. I forced myself to believe that there would be a turn in the road, and it has come now.

"Why, the encouraging letters I get from actors here that I wouldn't think would even notice me, telling me I have pluck and they're glad I stuck it out, and all. Even during those hard days there were letters from fans who had seen me on the screen before—and one wrote, in PICTURE-PLAY'S 'What the Fans Think,' that I should have a chance. She called me 'little lady,' too." Shannon choked over the word, and the green eyes challenged. "Laugh if you want to—but I cried over that so. I cut it out and kept it under my pillow, nights. Now, *laugh!*"

I couldn't laugh. I've been through too many of those hard times myself when a little friendly comment meant something to cherish.

"I believe I have some artistic ability in me, or I would have quit. The fact that I *feel* these things, sort of queerly, tells me I belong here. And I am going to keep on until I do make a place for myself. I'll make *everybody*—not just one lone fan—call me 'little lady' and give me a chance."

And I rather think she will. She's quite small and not vivid in a striking, foreign way. She's rather of the quiet, still-water-runs-deep kind. For a long while she will sit, inanimate, her colorless face expressionless save for that slow, speculative, crooked smile curving her full lips. Except for that brooding, restless quality that breeds a strange reflection in those green eyes, she is very ordinary. That feeling alone, though, is quite possibly going to bring Shannon Day again up the ladder. And the next time she gets there, it won't be on the strength of "Follies" publicity, and I sort of have an idea she will stay put.



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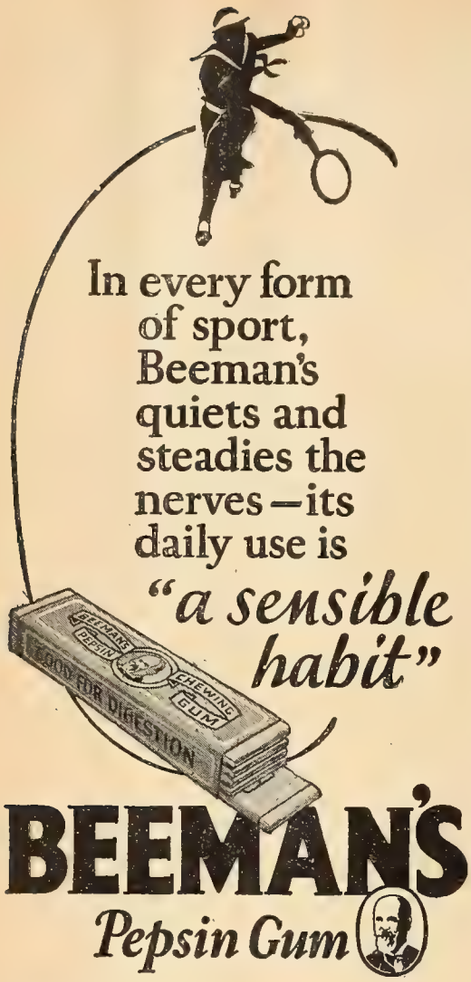


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The Glory that is Griffith's

Continued from page 63

never seen any one else do. He can not only tell an actor what to do but give him the underlying reason for it and the emotional key of the scene at one and the same time. Lots of directors can go on a set and play a scene, showing an actor the effect they want, but the best the actor can do then is to copy what the director did without knowing why. While Mr. Griffith is playing a scene, without blurring a single effective gesture or bit of business, he can explain to you the psychological basis for what he is doing and tell the whole thing in a dramatic tone that gives the mood of the scene. He gives an actor every chance to work things out in his own way, but he gives the actor a definite idea of what he wants first. The actor learns not only through his mind what Mr. Griffith is driving at, but through his eyes and his emotions as well. If he can't act the scene with that help he is hopeless.

"An actor in a Griffith production has everything in his favor. He has confidence in his director and he knows just what is expected of him."

Some people feel that Mr. Griffith dominates the players in his company. In fact, there is a rather maudlin legend that has been circulated for years which credits Mr. Griffith with a sort of hypnotic influence over them. In all the time I have spent in the Griffith studio I have never found any basis for this peculiar story, but it interests me as showing the air of mystery and awe that surrounds him.

Of all the things that have interested me about the Griffith studio, the most unique is the air of good fellowship. In some miraculous way he has managed to bring the lazy, friendly air of an old Southern mansion into this place that buzzes with activity. People who used to work with him are always dropping in to visit. No one ever seems impressed with his own importance there and I believe that it is because Mr. Griffith himself is the most unassuming of men at his work.

"Was it like that when he was making 'Intolerance' and there were so many of you working as his assistants?"

I wish that words could reproduce Elmer Clifton's laugh of surprise.

"Oh, we were friendly enough, but naturally the competition was terrific. I think he played us against each other to bring out our best work. No matter how simple and trivial a thing was that Mr. Griffith delegated one of us to do, we would try to do it so as to attract his attention. Even after we discovered that when he seemed most attentive he was really thinking of something far away.

"I have never known another man with his peculiar mood of abstraction, or his habit of asking for advice that he doesn't need and wouldn't use. I remember dozing off in the projection room one day when Mr. Griffith was running a film to see where he could cut it. I would wake up with a start when he said, 'Do you think that scene a little long?' I'd gather that he did and just say, 'Yes, a little long I think,' and go back to sleep. It was all decided in his mind, as I could tell from the way he put the question.

"His wonderful energy is what used to impress us most. After working all day out on the lot he would go in the projection room and watch film by the hour. The rest of us who hadn't been working at all compared to what he had done would fall asleep after about fifteen reels, but Mr. Griffith would go on.

"Mr. Griffith is an opportunist. He seems to sense the mood of his players the minute they come into the studio, and if they are depressed he doesn't attempt to make gay, light-hearted scenes. When he is going to make a big, emotional scene sometimes he gets his actors terribly nervous and distracted before he ever starts it. The day that Lillian Gish did the famous closet scene in 'Broken Blossoms,' for instance, she came to the studio in the morning and waited around all day. She was all keyed up, eager to get to work and expecting to start at any minute. It was evening, and she was almost a nervous wreck before that scene was ever begun.

"Maybe it does seem unnecessarily severe, but nobody ever thinks to complain of the demands made on him by Griffith. No matter what he asks of you, he is giving infinitely more himself."

Perhaps, after all, that is the secret of the great influence Mr. Griffith has had on pictures. No matter what he demanded of others, he was always ready and able to give more himself. And if the Cliftons and the Neilans and the Dwans whom he trained more by example than by actual teaching can imbue their associates with the same devotion to work and spirit of adventure that he gave them, then the future of motion pictures is bright.

The Eternal Undergraduate

Continued from page 34

efforts to introduce jazz to the highbrows, New York before noon, and kindred fragmentary subjects, when suddenly I noticed that the clock's hour hand was doing its stuff.

"You'll be boarding your train before you know it! What," I asked, "what am I to write about you?"

She smiled helplessly.

"Isn't it terrible? There simply is nothing to be said about me. I married without eloping. I slipped into starring in pictures without so much as a single headline. I have never been shot, sued, or divorced! I cannot make myself 'good copy.'"

She grew confidential.

"You know Pete Smith says that I'm impossible. He handles my publicity on the Coast, and he says that unless I murder some one or get hit by a train I'll never have my name in the papers. He says that there isn't anything unusual about me. It's so discouraging!"

This inability to break into the headlines she shares with Lila Lee, Dorothy Mackaill, Lois Wilson, and similar successful sisters of the cinema, who, though capable in their various delineations of sweetness, revenge, et cetera, are not sufficiently colorful or bizarre to attract reporters. Spend five minutes with Jetta Goudal or Nazimova or Betty Blythe or Pearl White and you will have a column of news with which to regale your readers. But an afternoon with Constance Binney or Jacqueline Logan or May McAvoy or Bebe Daniels or Helen Ferguson brings little in the way of what is colloquially known among the slangier brethren of the press as a story. These are simply decorative girls who have found their places in the Klieg sun, more or less able actresses in embryo, who present pleasing off-stage personalities. But they remind you of no one so much as your own sister, or the girl next door, or your Baltimore cousin. There is no vicarious thrill in meeting them, no flashing high lights of individuality with which you may dazzle your readers, if any.

While I am able to report Virginia Valli a girl of unquestioned charm and gentility, that, strictly speaking, ends the monologue. The screen does not do her justice; she is prettier and younger away from the camera, and infinitely more vivacious.

But when you meet Virginia, don't set yourself for a temperamental treat. "Why, you will find yourself saying ten minutes after you have met her, "I used to go to high school with this girl!"

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Stardom—without Illusions

Continued from page 43

cially in society rôles, might become more graceful and correct, and she made a deep study of her personal good points, and her bad—for she is a striking rather than a beautiful type. Occasionally, too, she has even struggled valiantly to obtain the sort of parts that she desires, though for the most part she has remained finely disciplined to the daily routine, and is, therefore, a splendid doer rather than a seeker.

She strikes one as singularly responsive. There is nothing that suggests that the glitter of professional life has gone to her head. She lives and loves it, but that is all.

I recall even that a fan once wrote that as a result of a casual meeting with her, she had enjoyed Leatrice's hospitality, and the full and complete revelation of her friendliness in a long chat.

I can hardly imagine any director, except a bull-headed one, having the least difficulty in obtaining from her a reaction to whatever shade of feeling he wanted her to express. She is really like some instrument finely tuned that vibrates immediately it feels the stimulus of a tone not only of similar pitch, but of any pitch even distantly related, for the gamut of her spirit is so ample.

In our conversation I had only to suggest things to start an immediate answering flow of talk that took in not only the first question, but a dozen other questions beside that she seemed to anticipate. Our talk lasted hardly half an hour, yet I felt that from it I obtained more in really convincing opinion not only about her own career, but regarding other things that interest her, then I have under similar circumstances from any other star. She actually seemed to bubble and throb with frankness and enthusiasm.

Even to her marriage with Mr. Gilbert she enlightened me. She came out directly indeed with information pertaining to the rumors of their separation.

"Yes—we have been separated six times," she said. "But we're happy and we're going on.

"Jack is just a bit old-fashioned, and would like to have me stay home and fix up the house and hang up pictures.

"But I simply can't.

"When I'm working all the time, as I have to when we're in the midst of a picture, he just gets tired and mad at being left alone so much, and I don't blame him either. Because when it comes to my work I really am anything but a satisfactory sort of wife. I come home tired and cross, and don't want to go out, or be entertaining or anything. And really Jack is a splendid sport.

"So it's on again, off again with us. And Jack will sometimes say to me, 'Now, Leatrice, you remember that time when we went to So-and-so.'

"And I'll answer: 'Why, Jack, now you know I don't remember, because I didn't see So-and-so! That must have been during our second separation—or our third, and heaven only knows who you went with while you were away!"

But their domestic happiness hasn't gone on the rocks, and though it may possibly have cruised into the shoals, I think that I may sanguinely prophesy the future. Some people, anyway, build houses in their wedded life, and others instead a bridge on which to spend dreamy summer nights in the moonlight together. The main thing is that the marriage should go on. And in the instance of Jack and Leatrice I could even perhaps tell you a secret—if it can be reckoned any sort of secret now—that will prove that it should. Sunshine really glows over the rooftop of the twain.

It is not difficult to see how, with a girl as impetuous and at the same time as responsive as Leatrice, her life should be in more or less of turmoil. She herself is. Cold conventions mean nothing to her, for she has broken away from them, and she loves freedom and life, and expresses it in every fiber of her radiant healthy being.

There are no sinister shadows in her composition, her really fine and vibrant soul; she is filled with *le joie du vivre* and aspires to fame, but she will take the lesser rank, if it would mean to her more of the right sort of acclaim.

To be sure, she always wanted to be a star, just as she is now. She has wanted it with heart and mind, and fought for it with a tigerish sort of energy. But she has never under any conditions wanted to be a pampered kitten of the movies, to be aught but her glowing self.

I recall an incident of how she was once called on to speak at a banquet, and absolutely upset the equilibrium of her press agent by the talk that she made.

He had carefully prepared for her a speech that she was to deliver before some civic organization, where she was the honor guest. It was

full of the usual safe and sane Babbittisms that are inevitably expected and inevitably boresome at such an affair.

Leatrice learned the speech. The press agent was sure of that. Then she got on her feet in front of the stodgy and thrilled nabobs:

"All my life," she said, "I have dreamed of being a star, and being called upon to speak before just such a gathering as this. All my life I have been willing to go on hoping and wondering whether some day all this would come true. And I doubted that it would.

"But, lordy!" she sighed her mock relief, "I sure am glad that it has happened now!"

At that time Leatrice spoke with a broad Southern accent, which, in the interim, she has pretty nearly lost. Only a few vagrant words of the soft dialect wander into her conversation now. She has through that responsiveness which is so supremely hers adapted her individuality, and it remains individuality, to the new conditions; done in Rome, or rather Hollywood, as the Hollywoodians do. And that partly consists in saying farewell to "lordy!" and "you-all."

She began to make headway toward the goal of stardom when she entered first on her contract with Paramount, and played in "Saturday Night." It was whispered soon, as it was bound to be, because of the precedent set in the career of Gloria Swanson, that sooner or later "Letty" would be heading a unit of her own, and that her name would be registered even in front of the title of her play, or in larger letters.

I confess that at the moment I cannot remember the first title that has been chosen for her, but I am sure Leatrice's name deserves to go before it. The story, first considered, was a society melodrama, wherein there was a triangle complication. It sounded like the good old grab bag for sure, but the powers sometimes change their minds.

I hope, at any rate, that most of the titles for her plays will be in-spring. She deserves that. But this I know, that even if they are not, Leatrice will fight hard and die hard, and that her great and glorious determination will bring her back as a featured player, if she does not succeed in being a star.

And if she does—I feel that any one may say that she has earned her stardom, every bit, but that she has held her poise, and possesses absolutely no exaggerated illusions as to what such conventional prominence means.

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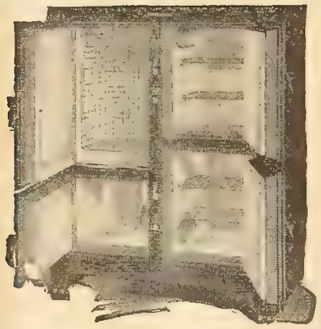
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The Babbitts Stick Together

Continued from page 33

"Come on," said Harry, taking me gently by the arm. "I want to get a still of us together. I want it to show to Jack Warner. Just to let everybody know there's no hard feeling.

"Here. I'm *Babbitt*. You're the prospect. Just coming in the office door. That's it. Shake hands. *Babbitt* greeting you. Now—hold it—still!"

"Save me a copy for *The Exhibitor's Herald!*" sang out Sam Cohn. "Hot exploitation stuff," he muttered, already conning the caption to himself. "Movie Mentor Boosts 'Babbitt.'"

I felt a tightening among the buttons of my vest. "Movie Mentor—*h'm!* They'll probably frame it and hang it alongside that still they made of Sinny Lewis—the day he was entertained by the Warner Brothers.

Well—*h'm!* Alongside of Sinny. Dear old Sinny Lewis. I used to resent his attitude. Yes, when I read how he panned us fan magazine writers I felt very hurt. I remember what he said in his book:

"The motion-picture magazines, those extraordinary symptoms of the age of pep—monthlies and weeklies gorgeously illustrated with portraits of young women who had recently been manicure girls, not very skillful manicure girls, and who, unless their every grimace had been arranged by a director, could not have acted in the Easter cantata of the Central Methodist Church; magazines reporting, quite seriously, in 'interviews' plastered with pictures of riding breeches and California bungalows, the views on sculpture and international politics of blankly beautiful, suspiciously beautiful young men; outlining the plots of films about chorus girls with hearts of gold and kind-hearted train robbers; and giving directions for making bootblacks into celebrated scenario authors overnight."

How Sinny has changed! How that boy has changed! You'd never think to see him standing there all nice and pretty with the "men responsible for making 'Main Street!'" that he ever wrote such cynical, sneering stuff as that about our "great onrushing art," as my friend Cecil De Mille so aptly describes the motion-picture industry.

And I reflected—if Sinny has come to see the light like that—why shouldn't I? That still will probably be widely circulated. My rate may go up as a result.

The Warner Brothers have been showing a great improvement, I argued. Yes, I could honestly say that much. They permitted Lubitsch to make "The Marriage Circle" the way it should have been made. And Harry Beaumont—Friend Harry—with the assistance of Jack Barrymore, recently delivered himself of "Beau Brummel," a film contribution that certainly can stand on its merits.

Yes, the Warner boys were coming along. They were coming along. And when Miss Myers—still in the dove-colored costume—came over and on her own super-ukulele played "My Lovie Came Back to Me," singing the words with her own cherry lips, just for my special entertainment, why I decided that, yes, "Babbitt" probably will be one of the season's greatest contributions to screen literature.

Am I right, Sinny?

Dog-gone it! *we Babbitt men have gotta stick together!*

Bill Hart's Declaration of Independence

Continued from page 25

the photographs of his stern face in repose would suggest. He can laugh at himself with more gusto than any other actor I ever met.

"Yes, you bet I played *Romeo,* Miss Helen, and there never was another *Romeo* like me. If Eugene Field had seen me he probably would have written a review like that famous one he wrote about Walker Whiteside's *Hamlet.* Remember that? No, of course you wouldn't. I suppose it was about a hundred years before you were born. Well, he said that 'He started playing *Hamlet* at eight fifteen and he didn't get through until near eleven thirty.' And I played in 'Ben-Hur' too, for a long time. But I never was really happy until I got to playing Westerns. You see that's where I spent my boyhood and my idols were the folks my father told me about and the folks I knew when I was a kid.

"But I'm not all a roughneck, Miss Helen. I went abroad on a cattle steamer once, went to Paris and lived in the Quartier Latin for a year and a half. My French isn't much good but I can still make myself understood in Sioux. I learned that as a boy."

He proceeded to demonstrate. The spoken Sioux language is like a beautiful, crooning lullaby. We—his manager and I—were so fascinated by it, that we quite forgot the world of pictures and scenarios and kept urging him to say just a little more for us. Then he showed us an Indian sign language, which is like the graceful gestures of a ballet. Sinuous grace and this great, gaunt six-footer somehow seem incongruous, but there are a lot of incongruous things about Bill Hart.

There is, for instance, his career as artist's model. Many a time his picture appeared on magazine covers before he ever went into movies. Out of his very slender savings as an actor he had bought his mother a little home at Westport, Connecticut, and the artist's colony near by offered him work during the summer, when there were no theatrical engagements.

There where he once had a tiny cottage on a small plot he now has a big estate that includes what was formerly the John Quincy Adams home. He has a New Englander's reverence for crumbling stone walls, old fireplaces, and hand-hewn beams, and has restored and preserved as many of the old features of the place as he could.

In New York he has many friends. Rather than go to shows he spends his evenings back stage with one of his old pals. Fred Stone says that if Will Rogers and Bill Hart will only come East once on the same train he will drive down to the Grand Central Station to meet them with the genuine old 1670 coach he bought a few years ago.

Bill Hart isn't one of these supercilious Westerners who scorn our cabarets and insist that nine o'clock is late enough for any man to be out. Accompanied by Mary Eaton, the beautiful blond young star of "Kid Boots," he is the cynosure of all eyes dancing at the Palais Royal. In company with Pee Wee Myers, the saxophonist of Paul Whiteman's band he explores the Club Gallant, where celebrities of the political, social, and professional world are sketched on the wall and often one finds the celebrity himself sitting under his portrait.

Until recently I never realized how tremendously people admired Bill Hart. Of course, there was the little boy up at Cape Cod who for two years steadily dinned in my ears, "*Can't* you get me an autographed picture of him?" There was the eminent essayist who turned her attention temporarily to movies and confessed that Bill Hart's name always drew her into a theater and that on one occasion when he had changed his type of rôle she was bitterly disappointed. There was the widely advertised admiration of Ethel Barrymore and Mary Garden for him.

But when Bill Hart came to New York I began to learn what an idol he is. One afternoon little Joseph Depew, who is making quite a name for himself in pictures, was in my office when I telephoned to Mr. Hart to verify an appointment. The boy's eyes grew misty and he was very solemn until I thought to ask him if he wanted to go with me to meet Mr. Hart. He fairly danced with joy at the prospect, and when he did meet Mr. Hart—despite the disappointment of finding him without guns—nothing could pry the boy away from him, regardless of the grown-up interviewer who was waiting to see young Joseph.

Courtney Ryley Cooper, the popular writer, was another person who was eager to meet Bill Hart—not for any business reasons, but just for the pleasure of meeting him. Now celebrities mean nothing in the life of Courtney Cooper, who has known so many of them, but he was boyishly enthusiastic over meeting Bill Hart. So was Dwight Franklin, the sculptor, responsible for many pioneer groups.

There is something really great about the appeal of a man who can hold the sincere admiration of those people as well as of countless less-sophisticated fans. And there is something unique about a man who makes good friends of interviewers. Ordinarily, an interviewer, after a chat with a star, dismisses the incident with a sort of "That's that" attitude. Often they don't speak when next they meet. But people who interview Bill Hart get so fond of him that they drop in to see him whenever they have a chance, call him up, and keep in touch with him. He holds their interest and commands their friendship.

When his last picture, "Singer Jim McKee," was shown in New York, the wise-cracking reviewers gathered in the back of the theater and talked him over. "He reminds me of the man in Walter de la Mare's nursery rhyme," a girl suggested; "Oh diddle di do, poor Jim Jay—Got stuck fast in yesterday." But another critic insisted, "No, he demands a more classical quotation than that—he is so substantial. How about 'All changes—Hart alone endures.'"

And though he meant it as criticism it seems to me a pretty fine tribute.



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Manhattan's Bright Lights

Continued from page 73

of the movies or something. This gives Miss Davies a practical monopoly on the crown proposition. This is the eighty-ninth time she has been crowned queen this year. The night she was crowned by all the women, Eddie Cantor was present and auctioned off an autographed portrait of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Quite aptly Eddie remarked, "This is the only portrait that has come out of Washington in the past few months that hasn't been done in oil."

With the said eighty-nine crowns to her credit Miss Davies felt that she might possibly get in touch with some of the other royalty and so she talked over the radio to Europe the other evening. Her press agent says that she is the first woman to talk to Europe on the radio.

On the New York Stage

Continued from page 67

rolled up their sleeves and proceeded to help the play along to a triumphant finish. It ended in a burst of hilarity with the villain hissed to his finish and the hero and heroine united in a magazine cover-close-up.

Robert Emmett Keane had the principal rôle of this masterpiece. But the most dramatic acting was done by the audience.

Coiled in the Triangle.

"Cobra" has one bad woman, one good woman and a moral. Strictly speaking, it is a perfectly well-meaning and thorough-going moral—the bad woman tries to lead astray the somewhat smug young hero and gets burned to death in a hotel for her sins.

Nothing could be more clearly a warning of the wages of sin. But the play hasn't gone very far before you discover that Martin Brown, who wrote it, has given the siren all the charm and brains of the cast and has made the sweet young thing a little less than quarter-witted in her goodness. Where, I rise to inquire, is the moral in that? Bad as the elegant *Elise* was, the author seemed far more interested in her than in all the pious folk. And so was the audience, especially as she was played by the vivid and magnetic Judith Anderson. It is a curiously uneven play but well worth seeing. And it would make a thrilling movie.

Among Other Things.

Down in the little Provincetown barn, the players have given "The Ancient Mariner" a dramatic setting. It is the gloriously blood-freezing ballad of Coleridge told in a series of stage pictures, while E. J. Ballentine reads aloud the immortal stanzas. Some of these pictures are startling in their weird enchantment—Robert Edmond Jones has used all his magic of stagecraft. But none of them gave the thrill that comes with the first reading of the poem and your first glimpse of the Doré pictures which has sent many small feet clattering down the garret steps where the young literary adventurer was reading alone.

The musical revues are putting on fresh coats of gilt now and getting ready for the summer season of buyers and political delegates and other visiting firemen. A new version of Ziegfeld's "Follies" arrives with no great change in the scheme of things but with new costumes, new jazz for Paul Whiteman and new songs for Ann Pennington and Brooke Johns. I hear, incidentally, that this ingratiating pair are to be one of the high lights in Gloria Swanson's picture called "Manhandled."

That priceless old piece from London, "Charlot's Revue," has a new comedian. He is Nelson Keys, an irresistible actor of the solemn, silly-ass variety, so popular across the water. From his reception the first night of his arrival, I gather that the type is going to be equally popular here. That perfect musical satire, by the way, is riding at top speed. Beatrice Lillie as *Britannia* still sings "March with Me;" Gertrude Lawrence is still bewitching in the "Limehouse Blues," and the entire production remains one of the most illuminating hits of many seasons.

Among our own producers, we have again that reliable combination of Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern in a merry and tuneful concoction called "Sitting Pretty." It is distinguished by the dancing of Queenie Smith, the wistfulness of Gertrude Bryan and the appearance of lyrics which actually make sense—and very charming sense at that.

"Vogues," on the other hand, is the usual combination of idiotic lyrics and whirling legs with nothing to lift it above the millions of its kind except the bright presence of a piquant French girl, Odette Myrtle.

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What the Fans Think

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I soon found out, that was only "one man's opinion." As the lovers came to the inevitable clinch and the lights flashed on again, the man next to me turned with a rapturous grin and exclaimed: "Man, *ain't* that a real picture? True to life, it is, just like it really happened!"

And then and there was born my unalterable conviction that art is anything, hokum or otherwise, which can make men and women forget what they are and imagine themselves as they want to be. It may be a Neal Hart Western or it may be a Rex Ingram spectacle, but if somewhere in America an audience thrills to the story, fights with the hero, cringes with the frightened girl, furtively wipes its eyes with the mother or child, then I say that picture is art to them, and what does it matter what it may be to others?

And so I say to Mr. Wendell and Mr. Solomonetta—it would scarcely be gallant to include Miss MacKenzie—that, outrageous as the idea may seem to you—there are other people in America who don't think your opinions matter a tinker's rap, and really, if you dislike the movies so—why not buy a radio and stay at home? At least give the rest of us credit for having individual tastes and preferences.

C. C. SANDISON.

2336 Franklin Street, Denver, Colo.

The Adventures of a Cuban Fan.

I am sending you a literal translation of an article that appeared in a Matanzas, Cuba, newspaper. I think it is rich and perhaps your readers will enjoy it. The translator was very proud of his work, and, after all, he should be.

PEDRO DE CORDOBA.

We are driving toward to where we are told that a group of movie actors are taking scenes of a very interesting picture. We do not want to miss this spectacle, and want to get a close view of them, and see the speed of the horses, and the falsehoods which seem so real to us on the screen.

Ahead we go in a bright Paige car, property of our director. From the heights of the Monserrate hill the car resembles a mosquito flying along the great white strip which from up there it is guessed to be a road.

We arrive at our destination and see Rodriguez Arango and José de Rueda, two perfect bandits, taking to the old concealer's home a child which had been kidnaped. Rueda and Arango are wearing wigs as a substitute for the old Beija whiskers.

Rueda, the baritone of the Lazaro Opera Company, is playing the rôle of the one-eyed in one of the principal Goldwyn pictures.

When the kidnaping of the child appears on the screen, many tears are shed from feminine eyes, not knowing that the child is but a bundle of rags. The scenes are repeated four or five times so as to choose the most perfect one for the master reel.

We are in the heart of the Yumuri Valley, where a corner of Andalusia is being imitated, under the light of the blue sky, which only can admit the comparison of the beautiful Andalusia. The terrible bandits, who are ruled by the one-eyed, surround us everywhere; one of them is making a final touch with a burned cork. Now the handsome young Granado, who won the contest initiated to find a partner to act with Mary Pickford,

is coming toward us, his melodious Argentine accent captures him sympathy from every one. He is a newcomer in movieland, but has large chances in playing in the more important reels. We predict that he will yet dethrone Rodolfo Valentino in sympathy from the women who so terribly fall in love with the movie actors.

Granado presents us the components of the company: Maria Valray, characteristic; George Richelavie, producing manager; Harry Englander, technical manager; Edward Naimby, assistant; Tom Terris, first director; George Peters and Harry Davies, photographic artists; Gustave von Seyffertitz and Author Donaldson, star actors; José de Rueda, the baritone, who has chosen the movies in preference to the song.

They are rehearsing other scenes while Rueda, Granado, and Donaldson chat with us like old friends. They are enchanted with the surroundings of Matanzas. They say that this is the ideal place for their purpose, and that there is no other place like it, not even California, which has been the Mecca of the moving pictures, can be compared with Cuba, especially Matanzas.

They set forth to us the argument of the picture, which will appear as taken in Andalusia. Granado inspects a horse which is to be used in a scene shortly. Rueda smiles, seeing an assistant breaking a guitar by trying to drive in a staple to pass a cord through it so as to fling it over the bandit's back. Donaldson is deeply interested in knowing how many bags of sugar will an acre of this land produce, and no one can answer him, but he is impatient to know.

The stars arrive, and the first one to descend from the car is Gordon Begg, an Englishman imported from London for the sole reason that he has the Spanish-village-priest type. Here is Pedro de Cordoba, a name dignified for that of a captain or some other great personage, whose respectable salary runs into thousands. In the car is the charming Renee Adoree and Dorothy Rooth, who resembles more a Cuban than an American, whose beauty is at par with any woman on earth.

They are now placing curtains and reflectors for a new scene, and some little pigs, who are not contracted by the Goldwyn, are scattering around us.

Now the sun is setting, the one that only is seen in Cuba. We take our car to return to the city. Granado and Rueda are with us; the baritone sings to the beauty of the surroundings. We pass Misses Adoree and Rooth, who throw a smiling glance at Granado, and send rings of smoke up into the air from the cigarettes which they so gracefuly smoke.

We are thinking about the great Pedro de Cordoba, his air of prosperity, and that we should be proud of him knowing that he originates from the Province of Camaguey.

Wallace "Sure Put it Over."

I have just read a letter from Wallace MacDonald in the May issue of PICTURE-PLAY, and I want to say right here he sure "put it over." I was so glad that he said what he did about the stars. It is true, every word of it. We condemn a person who is in the movie profession because he has broken a law, yet we never give an ordinary business man a second thought for doing the same thing.

I have met several of the stars and attended various affairs where they were present, and always they have conducted themselves in a highly refined and respective manner.

Wallace MacDonald is a hard-working boy who is deserving of much better pic-

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tures than he has been getting. I was pleased to see what he wrote about the stars reading our letters, for that assures us that our time and the editor's space is not going to waste.

HARRIETT E. STILES.
2920 H Street, Sacramento, Calif.

A Screen Test.

Fans—and fellow thinkers—have you ever had a screen test made? If not, then hearken unto my tale of how it all feels.

A little over three weeks ago there appeared in this town some placards announcing: "Do you want to act in the movies? Have a screen test made Tuesday night!"

Immediately I scented a school of acting—"we teach you in only *twelve* lessons"—behind this flaming ruse. Thinking what a neat little account it would make for the fan department, I hied myself to the town hall and viewed the picture with some impatience.

We waited impatiently through the showing of "Adam and Eva." When the last scene had faded out, the screen-test man made his appearance on the stage. He made a speech all about the wonderful chances for beginners—how they were searching for new faces—new personalities. . . . He finished with the prediction of a rosy future for us all. Oh! How we thrilled at the golden hand of opportunity stretched forth to us and the open doors (?) and glowing welcome that awaited our ambitions!

Presently the impresario ordered the screen rolled up to reveal four large lights, old faded scenery, a chair, and a camera. Then he requested those who wished to be shot to come up on the stage. And from all those who registered did *one* of them go up? Fellow fans—they did *not!* Everybody looked accusingly at everybody else and grinned blandly. The girls with me developed stage fright and refused to move. I began to see a perfectly good movie story fade away, so, to save the evening, I jazzed myself up the aisle and on to the platform—and the audience applauded!

I felt, really, quite at home, and while the screen-test man went on urging others to the slaughter, I went around the stage scrutinizing the lights. The two at the back were huge bulbs against a round white metal background—one was bluish, the other white. To the front, left, there was a similar one, with one bulb, and across from it was a funny little light—round and about the size of a small orange.

My investigations in this line were put to an untimely end when the director—we will honor him with this title—made me sit down and "register" things. First, it was sorrow, surprise, anger, then just a smile. He talked in a loud, harsh voice, and the audience snickered and tittered with amusement. . . . When I had expressed "faith, hope, and a claret cup," as some wiseacre put it, and proved, publicly, that I possessed every qualification for the dumb-bell ranks, another call was made for volunteers, and this time four responded with new-found courage. The two girls were rather usual types, but the boys were the whole show. One, I'm sure, must have been the prototype of *Merton.* He even wore a large cowboy hat, had his test made with a pistol in his hand, and was, oh, so fearfully serious in his efforts. One could see he yearned, if awkwardly, for tragedy, while the other harbored comedy aspirations—even to the extent of wearing Lloyd spectacles—only with lenses.

When the tests were finished the director put us through a comedy that was "nothin' else 'cept!" It all went along beautifully until *Merton,* the lover, made his appearance. With a *Macbeth* stride he walked into the glare of the lights, a bedraggled cloth rose dangling in one hand. Announcing to his true love that the bouquet was, actually, for her, he turned his back serenely upon the camera, excluding the others. There was a yell of disgust from the director. "Aw—I ain't takin' a pitcher of your *back!* Turn roun' an' do it over—you with the flowers!" Much to *Merton's* chagrin, he rehearsed it again. This time everything was satisfactory until he knelt down at the girl's feet, laid the rose in her lap, dropped his hands at his sides and calmly stated in a disinterested voice that she was the kitten's ear and nothing else. Again there was a squawk from the director. That, he asserted in raucous tones, was no way to make love. To prove his point, he took the rose and rushed over to the girl. "Jus' look wot I brought you, darlin'!" he cried, putting both arms around the girl and scaring her almost to death. But when *Merton* did the scene again, he went the director one further. "You got to kiss me," he announced to the girl. "The man said so, and I gotta!" The girl protested, calling his attention to "all those people out there." Finally the comedy was finished without casualties, except that the girl got a bit the worst of it in the dramatic choking scene.

As I think it over, I doubt that I have ever seen a more appreciative audience. It took the whole proceeding with a sort of wondering seriousness and credulous earnesty. Yet, it laughed until it cried at the "faux pases" we pulled and, certainly, their mirth was genuine.

I haven't heard yet that any of us who were tested have had any starring offers. Nor have I seen any of the tests. In fact, I've been wondering whether there was really any film in the camera!

TRIX MACKENZIE.
Orange Hotel, Inverness, Fla.

Another Protest About "Our Club" Write-ups.

A deep, profound salaam goes to Edward Lee Seay for his letter in the May issue. I've groaned and raved inwardly over the space devoted to the "Our Girl's Club," et cetera, but lacked courage to write about it. It's nice that those girls are so chummy and all that, but don't tell me so much about their social activities. Wait till they do something big on the screen, and you won't need to tell us about 'em. We'll ask.

OLD-TIMER.
Mount Kisco, N. Y.

From a Strongheart Fan.

It is often a source of wonder to me that there are any efforts being made at all in the way of producing really worthwhile motion pictures. Perhaps the producers such as Mary Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, and scores of others whose films may be considered the best of the great output, do not read the fan letters in magazines. If they do, and are still ready to carry on their efforts to bring art into the movies, I must congratulate them on their courage.

In the April number of PICTURE-PLAY, motion pictures are called "vulgar, common, without depth," et cetera, but Monsieur Solomonetta, whose letter you have appropriately headed "What an Outburst!" is the most unkind, and, in my opinion, unfairest, of any.

Why has he condemned all the movie children to the Red Sea except Jackie Coogan? Perhaps he has never seen Jackie Condon or Mickey Daniels or Mickey Bennett or True Boardman or

Ben Alexander or any of a great number of intelligent young actors whose work is as good as Jackie Coogan's.

And as for poisoning Strongheart, Brownie, and Joe Martin, I would advise Mr. Solomonetta to use his wood alcohol for other purposes. Surely Strongheart's films, instead of being "unreasonable, senseless, vapid, stupid, boorish, boresome, and altogether disgustingly tiresome crudities of the screen," have tried to bring novelty to the silver sheet. There have never been more beautifully photographed or more intelligently directed productions than "The Silent Call" and "Brawn of the North." Brownie has never tried to be anything else than an entertaining comedian, and his comedies have been infinitely better than a great many of the others. Joe Martin is gone —which will please Mr. Solomonetta.

I don't doubt that there are many stupid pictures on the screen market to-day, but that can hardly be remedied by picking on a few, and those few entirely devoid of any blame.

GERHARDT HOFFMAN.

White Plains, N. Y.

Let the Stars Be More Modest.

I am a young married woman, and I have often wondered why so many of the actresses who are striving for popularity and a fan following are deliberately killing their chances. You ask how? By having their photographs for publication taken in such a lack of covering that it leaves very little to the imagination.

On the other hand, consider Lois Wilson, Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, Patsy Miller, Claire Windsor Blanche Sweet. Among these I have named are some of the foremost actresses of the American screen. I have never seen a picture showing any of these girls in which they were not clothed like decent human beings. Please don't think I am a prude. Far from it. I do not think that there is anything more beautiful than a well-formed human body. But some of the actresses should realize that the public seldom fancies the person who is too willing to display her charms for view *at all times*. So few people are charitable to stage folk that I should think most stars would rather have the fans think the highest of them, instead of judging them by most of the cuticle displays seen on our American stage. I heard a man not long ago in a drug store, while looking through a magazine, remark, "They wouldn't wear anything to have their pictures taken if the law didn't compel them to." Was he right? I think so. If an actress is so proud of her beautiful body, why doesn't she pose for a sculptor or painter, and give her beauty to the world in a way that will be appreciated and remembered? How does Mary Pickford retain the following she has had since the screen was new? By her innate decency.

MRS. W. F. Y.

Stroudsburg, Pa.

From a Barthelmess Fan.

I was very much interested in and delighted by Richard Barthelmess' recent letters. We like him here in Portland. Our theater at which his picture "Twenty-one" was shown was obliged to turn away hundreds—which is quite a number for our fair city of Portland—and then the critics say it was below his usual standard. Maybe *they* thought so! But we were delighted with it. I don't believe I have missed a Barthelmess picture since he first appeared with Nazimova in "War Brides." Sincerity best describes this young star, and what a happy selection in leading ladies he made when he chose the lovely Dorothy Mackaill! It is very kind of Mr. Barthelmess to be so anxious to please. We appreciate it. There are so few on the screen now who aspire to please the public. The interest seems to be more in the financial end, or, after some have attained stardom they cease to strive for a higher goal. The writer had the pleasure of seeing Mary Hay Barthelmess, Sr., in her musical comedy "Mary Jane McKane" in Boston. She is the loveliest creature imaginable! Wouldn't it be wonderful if they two were to appear in a picture together—with perhaps Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr.? The latter is a darling youngster—we like the pictures of Mr. Barthelmess and Mary, Jr.—of course if Mary, Sr., is touring we can't expect to see her in the picture, but we do hope to see a picture of the delectable trio some time soon.

MARY BURDEN.

Portland, Maine.

A Note from Ruth Roland.

As many of the fans know, I have not worked in any pictures since the completion of my last two serials, "Haunted Valley" and "Ruth of the Range." This is because so many of my fan friends asked me to enter the feature field again, and I finally decided to attempt it. I have spent months and months looking for just the sort of story I thought my fan friends wanted to see me in. Personally, I have always wanted to return to the feature field, if not entirely, then to make one feature between each serial.

Now, however, my dream is at last coming true, for I am to make a feature, titled "Dollar Down," under the most capable direction of Tod Browning. This will be a comedy drama with plenty of pathos, laughter, and thrills, such as I have always put into my serials. I feel sure it will be just the kind of picture my fans will love the best, and I want to ask them all to write to me and let me know how they like "Dollar Down" if they see it.

During the time I have been looking for my story I have been away from home quite often, even taking a short vaudeville tour on the Orpheum Circuit, and my fan mail, unfortunately, became terribly mixed up, as I did not have a secretary part of the time. I am very much afraid some of my friends did not receive the photos which they requested, and would like to ask any who did write me for a photo, and did not receive it, to please write me again, and I will be delighted to send them a new picture. Any mail addressed to me at Los Angeles, California, will be received by me.

With all good wishes to my fan friends.

RUTH ROLAND.

Sigrid Holmquist Writes.

The other afternoon I received a letter from a dear friend in Sweden which reminded me very clearly of my home My friend has been doing motion-picture work all summer and her gossip about conditions under which pictures are made there brought home to my mind the great contrast between American and Swedish methods.

Very soon now they will stop production for the winter. The huge glass-covered studios will be deserted through the long period of frost and snow and most of the players will return to the legitimate stage. The cost of heating the studios is too great to consider, and the heavy gray light of our northern winters makes good photography impossible.

In Sweden we do not have a distinct class of motion-picture players as you do in America. Our players go back and forth between the stage and the studio, one in winter the other in summer. They



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are not nearly so well versed in the art of make-up for pictures as American actors. This does not make a great deal of difference, because Swedish pictures are made with very few close-ups. Practically the entire story will be told with long shots. Usually the director is an actor on the stage during the winter season.

The studios are very large, quite as extensive as here, in many cases. They have enormous tops of glass. The sets are also very large.

The letter from my friend reminded me of all these things, and it occurred to me PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE readers might be interested. With best wishes for them and you.

SIGRID HOLMQUIST.

The South in Pictures.

I was very interested in a letter from a New Orleans fan in the April PICTURE-PLAY, apropos to Agnes Smith's criticism of "The White Rose." I doubt if Miss Smith has ever been in the South, especially in the far South, where most of "The White Rose" was filmed. I wonder if she is aware of the quaint charm of many of the old towns and sugar plantations along the banks of Louisiana's bayous; a charm that California with its *nouveau riche* and "sticky varnish" cannot hope to have. Yet the South of ancient glory and modern progress has been painfully neglected by the majority of moving-picture producers. Still one may hope—for just recently two of the most eminent directors, D. W. Griffith and James Cruze, have discovered in the South a new field of scenic possibilities, witness—Griffith's "The White Rose," filmed in the Teche country of Louisiana, and Cruze's "The Fighting Coward," filmed among the white-pillared mansions of old Natchez in Mississippi.

However, to digress, when something is peculiarly your own, you are more than apt to see its flaws, are you not? Well, we of Louisiana considered "The White Rose" *our* picture, and, while we received it cordially, we were certainly on the lookout for flaws—and we saw very, very few.

We saw, instead, that which Miss Smith failed to see, the poetic significance of "The White Rose." Aside from that, we found Griffith clever in the way he introduced the "Carnival City." The little glimpse of the parade was actually filmed during the 1923 Mardi Gras festivity of "America's most interesting city." Very effective, too, was the scene of the bal masque in the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms of the old Southern mansion. That the south Louisianian loves the masked ball any one who has lived in the colorful old State knows. Griffith was not far fetched there. As for the mansion itself—well, we've seen and admired it many a time. It bears a name that is romantically beautiful, one very expressive of its personality. Also, it is a real honest-to-goodness, bona-fide Southern colonial home. At its back door, curving in and out among the ancient oaks, is the Teche—the dream bayou of incomparable beauty . . . it was this bayou that Griffith brought to the screen with an exquisite sense of beauty and the simplicity of genius. MAY G. NELSON.

New Orleans, La.

B. H., of New Orleans, misinterpreted my letter in the January PICTURE-PLAY. I am not opposed to the showing of Southern negro mammies, Colonial mansions, and traditions *in their right place*, back before the Civil War. If B. H. will look back at my letter, she—or he—will see that I have said that "this is all right when the play is *definitely* laid in about 1864, but no such condition exists now."

Speaking of Southern homes in their right place, let me mention a recent release, "The Fighting Coward," photographed in Natchez, in *this* State. Scenes of it appear in the same issue as the letter of B. H., and if the writer of that letter will look, it will be seen that it is called "a comedy of *the South of pre-Civil War times*." I shall earnestly hope to see antebellum mansions there.

I am proud of the old South—proud of the traditions and the people and the customs peculiar to herself, which she has possessed. I love the Southern atmosphere of 1864—but I do not like to see it falsely transplanted to 1924. I do not know a living person who resembles the "Southern gentleman" of the screen. If B. H. knows any, especially one with traditions attached, I should like to meet him.

B. H. tells me: "I refer him to 'The White Rose,' in which he may see scenes of one of the most beautiful mansions taken *right here in this State*"—Lousiana. Unfortunately, I have not seen the picture which I might use as an "Encyclopædia of Southern Mansion;" but outside of the fact that pictures may accomplish anything they wish, and that *one* mansion in *one* State does not make that style of structure prevalent in the South to-day, I might let the statement pass.

As to the trip to Louisiana, I have already been from the north end of that State to the south end; and very few homes of the Colonial type did I see. However, I give credit to B. H., as a native of the State, for knowing more about it than I. But Louisiana is only one of about seven States which could have pre-Civil War homes. There are many in Mississippi; but what a state of neglect they are in! Not many are cared for as they should be. The percentage of people who live in these homes is very small indeed. The Southerner of to-day does not live in a Colonial mansion, but rather in an angular frame building or in a bungalow.

The beauty of the South grows tiresome when it is shown every time the country below the M. and D. line is mentioned. A true Southern town on the screen would be refreshing—a town as it really is and not one constructed from the past. Repetition is boresome; things become trite.

I hope that I have shown that I thoroughly approve of the antebellum mansion "with all its trimmings" in its proper place; I should be astonished not to find it in a picture of the Civil War. But antebellum atmosphere and these jazz times do not mix well.

HUBERT CREEKMORE.

Water Valley, Miss.

Two Nominations for "Peter Pan."

When are people going to be sensible and give *Peter Pan* to Jackie Coogan or Marion Davies?—Jackie for choice. I think he ought to play *Peter*, but if that is impossible, Marion Davies certainly wouldn't spoil it.

I have just seen "Anna Christie," and I think it is one of the most successful and brilliant films I have ever seen. It is a tribute to the director that he kept to the plot of the play, and confined his cast to four splendid actors, while at the same time he showed us all the poetry of the sea and of O'Neill himself. It is a great picture.

Is Nazimova going to condescend to make any more pictures? I used to admire her tremendously, because, despite her affectations and mannerisms, I think she had at times a spark of genius—unlike Mae Murray, who has all her faults without any of her fine points.

OLGA DE LICHTERVELTD.

Ebury Street, London, England.

Colleen a Publicity Star? No!

In reply to Stella Meade's letter in the May PICTURE-PLAY, in which she asks some one to tell her whether Colleen Moore is a genuine star, or a publicity-made one, I will answer by saying she is a *real* actress. In "Flaming Youth" she was wonderful! Imagine some one else trying to act the part she did. R. C. B., of Memphis, Tennessee, says: "'Flaming Youth' will do no one any good, but give the flappers some new ideas for their parties.' Must every show we go to be of the goody-goody type? We go to a show to be entertained, and 'Flaming Youth' sure entertained me. It is quite a relief to see a picture like that after seeing 'Over the Hill,' and especially after viewing all the Fox and Vitagraph specials you see in our town, such as 'Man Next Door,' 'No Mother to Guide Her,' and 'The Midnight Alarm.'" RONALD SMITH.

Flandreau, So. Dak.

In the May issue of PICTURE-PLAY, Stella Meade asks the silliest question that could be asked. "Is Colleen Moore a publicity-made actress?" Well, I should say *not*. Any one with common sense could see that she isn't. Colleen has won stardom by her many marvelous portrayals. I think she has right fully earned her place among the leading actresses. Besides being a marvelous actress, she is also charming and pretty, and any one who says she is not such is just plain "batty."

Some fans always insist in including Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, and James Kirkwood in their list of best actors on the screen. I think the whole three of them are absolutely awful. And as for Charles Chaplin, I can't see him at all. He gives me a prize cramp. His "Woman of Paris" was bunk. I think that Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, and Cullen Landis outshine these other "would-be" actors.

As for good pictures, I'd like to know what William Luredke expects when he says that "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," and "The French Doll" are rotten. The first two are the most wonderful pictures made. Also some fans go wild, simply wild over that "thrilling performance of George Arliss," or "dear Charles Ray," or "the most wonderful actors on the screen, Ernest Torrence and Wallace Beery," and even go so far as to say that these latter two should be starred. I have never heard such a ridiculous thing in all my life. Imagine sitting through a play with Ernest Torrence as the star.

I tell you it just makes my blood boil when some fans write that they would like to see these impossible things I have mentioned as stars.

I have always been an ardent reader of PICTURE-PLAY, and have always found it fair and convincing. But some of the fans are not. LARRY RAZINOVA.

510 W. Pipestone Avenue, Flandreau, So. Dak.

Another Fan Club.

We have the most wonderful secret to tell all the fans! At least we think it is wonderful, and we do so hope every one else will think so, too. A group of Norma Talmadge fans have banded together, in spirit at least, from here and there and everywhere, to form a club. We have so far kept our actions a secret, because we wanted to become a small success, anyway, before we truly set out, publicly, to become a large success. So we have excitedly planned, and hoped, and dreamed, and worked, until we feel now that we have a secret we can tell you all with a smile of confidence. For we have just received the news—oh! the *most glorious* news!—that Miss Talmadge approves our venture, and accepts the title of our honorary president! Not only that, but for some time we have had the honor of considering Charles Ray "one of us," and, oh! the thrills such knowledge brings to loyal fans!

And listen, fans, we've just begun! We're out to *do* something—to *be* something; we must make our first honorary member and our honorary president proud of us!

So much we have done alone. We have plans, too, for future accomplishments. But we feel that it is now time to let the other fans in on our happiness. We stand ready to provide any information requested, and to welcome any new pals who care to share our dreams and the infinite happiness of dreams come true!

CONSTANCE RIQUER,
President of the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club.
14207 Northfield Street, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Some Personal Impressions of Stars.

Oftentimes, when one meets stars they promptly dismiss you from their minds, and if you were to pass by them two minutes later, you would be met with an icy stare. So you can imagine my utter amazement when Dorothy Devore spoke to me several months after I had first met her!

I happened to be passing by the Christie studio one day when she was out in front, talking to some dogs, and before I had time to recognize her, she spoke. Honestly, that was one of the most thrilling moments in my life! We chatted a few minutes, although to this day I have no idea what I said, but I suppose I mumbled something about the hot weather. Anyway, Dorothy is so pretty, without the least bit of make-up. And she looked adorable in a straight bob. And her eyes are so big and brown and twinkling. She is very tiny, and one would never think of her as a star.

Colleen Moore is perhaps the most natural star I've talked to. And yes, she really has one blue and one green-brown eye. One would never call her beautiful—some, not even pretty, but she possesses that little spark of something—personality, or what you will—about which we hear so much. And when she is speaking, she has a way of pursing her lips and widening her eyes which is quite captivating. This mannerism is affected also by Jobyna Ralston, who looks and acts surprisingly like Colleen.

Hope Hampton is very lovable, and, unlike the three I have mentioned, would never be mistaken for anything but a screen star. She is vivacious and beautiful and much younger looking than she seemed on the screen previous to her appearance in "The Gold Diggers." She wears wonderful clothes and possesses all the other accounterments of a star.

Jacqueline Logan looks more unlike her screen self or her photos than almost any other player. I'm sure I never would have recognized her if she hadn't been introduced to me. By this, don't get the idea that she isn't pretty, for she is. Her hair is reddish brown, her eyes vie with May McAvoy's for blueness, and she has a sweet way of smiling, like Alice Calhoun, without opening her mouth. By the way, have you ever noticed how much alike Jackie and May look on the screen? I mentioned this to Miss Logan, and she said others had said the same, but that she wished she were one half as pretty as May.

Concerning Lois Wilson—well, I'll just refer you to Louise Loughron's letter in the February issue. Her description coin-



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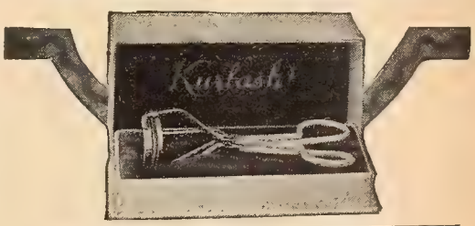
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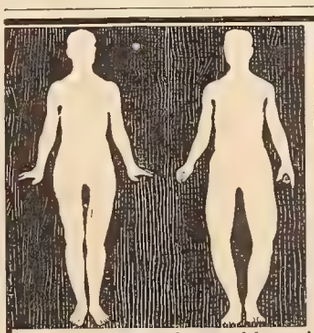


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cides exactly with mine. Lois *is* the sweetest, dearest girl that ever was!

Viola Dana—tiny, and with the biggest eyes and longest lashes imaginable.

Eleanor Boardman—plain and colorless. I do hate to judge a person, though, after only seeing her once. I imagine that with make-up Eleanor would be very pretty.

Richard Dix—tall and manly, with quite ravishing dimples. He lives up to every expectation.

Bessie Love—tomboyish, likable, and full of fun—the very antithesis of her screen emotional and wistful portrayals. She looks cute in a straight bob, but is not pretty.

Bobbie Agnew—boyish, likable, and full of fun, just as you'd expect him to be. Incidentally, he's *very* good looking.

Pat O'Malley—a good-looking Irishman, who punctuates his conversation with "See?"

Miss Dupont—tall and very, very pretty.

Conway Tearle—always frowning, but if you're real observing, the twinkle in his eye will not escape you.

Kathleen Key—entirely free from pose. She says what she thinks regardless of the time, place, or occasion. She is rather pretty.

Blanche Sweet—pretty, with bobbed hair of a lovely blond shade. Despite reports, Blanche was not the least bit indifferent when I met her, but more than lived up to her name.

Malcolm MacGregor—very dark, tall, and handsome, totally eclipsing the stocky, swarthy Valentino.

Lila Lee—tall and slender, beautiful with make-up, plain without.

Helen Ferguson—younger and prettier than on the screen. Personality plus!

Barbara La Marr—very beautiful and sirenish, with a soft, magnetic, not too Englishified voice, guaranteed to win over the most devoted of husbands.

Constance Binney—pretty and graceful. I always think of her toe dancing to the magic strains of "Pizziatti," a lovely, fairylike figure.

Claire Windsor—the most beautiful of all, and the most aloof. One must see her to realize her flawless beauty.

I could go on and on, but this may not be as interesting to read as it is to write, so I'll quit. But I can't resist the temptation to tell you that I'm simply wild to meet or even see Mary Philbin and Clara Bow, and if by chance any fan reads this who has met either, won't you write and tell me all about it?

HELEN M. BRINKERHOFF.
1265 East Sixtieth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

AMBITIOUS.—Yes, it is true that every one in the movie industry is discouraging movie-struck girls and boys from going to Hollywood. It is also true that there are now so many thousands of experienced extras in California that practically no novices are being taken on, even for mob scenes. But that fact needn't necessarily discourage those serious aspirants who have something else beside a pretty face to offer. Producers are still picking girls with no screen experience from the stage, dancing classes, and similar fields for a tryout in pictures. Alan Dwan lifted Jacqueline Logan right out of the "Follies" into a leading rôle in "A Perfect Crime," and you know how Jacqueline has gone ahead since then. Dorothy Mackaill, another comparative newcomer who is gaining steadily, was also cavorting in the "Follies" when Marshall Neilan spied her and used her in a small part in "Bits of Life." Of course, the "Follies" has been the greatest field of all for prospective movie stars. Dozens of girls have been selected from them by various directors and producers, some of whom have been made stars and leading ladies immediately and others given good parts, but none of them had to travel the long road of extra and bit rôles for a couple of years before getting a chance to shine more or less prominently. Some other ex-Follies screen players are Billie Dove, Peggy Shaw, Marion Davies, Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, and Rubye De Remer. Then there are a number whose dancing ability proved the opening wedge to screen careers. The most notable example of this is Julanne Johnston, a practical unknown without acting experience, who was selected by Douglas Fairbanks over all the available leading ladies in Hollywood to play opposite him in "The Thief of Bagdad" because of her slender, graceful figure and her ability to dance beautifully. What she will do with her big chance remains to be seen. Some other players whose dancing helped their screen careers, directly or indirectly, are Barbara La Marr, Marguerite De La Motte, Jobyna Ralston, Patsy Ruth Miller, Carol Dempster, Margaret Loomis, Virginia Valli, Eleanor Boardman, Corinne Griffith, and Colleen Moore. Experienced stage actors, of course, are always likely to be approached with screen offers, and more and more of them seem to be coming over to the films. So it would seem that the best way to get into the movies now is not to run out to Hollywood and beseech the casting director, but to take up dancing, get on the stage, or in the "Follies," or in any of the New York show places where directors go when they reach town. Such girls have a tremendous advantage in training over the little girl from Main Street whose face may be beautiful, but who knows nothing about pantomime, who is self-conscious, and who doesn't know how to stand or walk gracefully or do any of the things that are the essential groundwork of a successful screen player.

ALICE.—Reginald Denny! Reginald Denny! What hearts that man is conquering. Can it be possible that you girls are drifting away from the dark-eyed Latins so soon? The earson why Mr. Denny performed so well in those "Leather Pusher" stories, I suppose, is because he was a boxer, an amateur one, before he ever took up acting. He was born in England, you know, and evidently preferred the stage to the prize ring because he joined the Manchester Opera Company and toured the world with it for several years. Mrs. Denny——it's sad, but it had to come out—was a member of the same organization, and it was while the company was playing in Calcutta, India, that they were married. During the war he was with the British Flying Corps, and after the Armistice came to America. After playing a few small rôles he was signed by Universal for the "Leather Pusher" stories, and has now graduated from them into feature starring rôles. Mr. Denny, in case you treasure these little details, is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-two pounds, has fair complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair.

WAZZIT.—Yes, that was a blond wig that Corinne Griffith wore in "Black Oxen." Her own hair is light brown. Miss Griffith is fond of wigs, and often wears them in her screen characterizations, even when it isn't absolutely necessary. Most players, though, prefer their own hair whenever possible, because, unless a wig is exceptionally fine, it doesn't photograph as well as natural hair. Anna Q. Nilsson, after cutting her hair short like a man's for "Ponjola," wears a wig of wavy blond hair in "Flowing Gold," and probably will have to keep on wearing wigs until her hair grows again, unless she strikes another part that calls for short hair. Marion Davies is another who sacrificed her long locks for the sake of art in "Little Old New York," and who is keeping the wigmaker busy. She wears a beautiful wig of long yellow braids in "Yolanda," and another in "Janice Meredith." Mae Murray sometimes uses a black wig during part of her productions, as in "Fascination" and "Fashion Row." Dorothy Gish, of course, has been covering her own blond hair with a black wig for the past few years, and only removed it when she appeared as Lillian's sister in "The Two Orphans." The men, too, very often wear wigs in costume rôles. And as for sacrifice—the girls can't lay all claims to it. For the sake of art and realism, Bert Lytell became a peroxide blond and stayed that way all during the filming of "Rupert of Hentzau" to make the character more convincing. Of course, he came back to normal some time ago, after having been nearly kidded to death.

C. G., SHANGHAI.—No wonder you are puzzled by the apparently conflicting movie reports that reach you out there. Things happen so quickly in the screen world sometimes that only those who are close to it get the latest accurate information. It is true that Martha Mansfield is dead, that she died from burns received while making a picture. The reason why you saw that picture of her in a magazine after the report of her death is that the magazine had already been made up and printed. You know, most monthly publications are made up ahead of their publication date, and that is the reason why the news they contain is sometimes inaccurate by the time they are put on the stands. But the report you have about Priscilla Dean's death is not true. Priscilla is very busy now with plans for producing pictures with her own company. Harold Lloyd was born April 20, 1893, so your guess was almost right, anyhow. Norma Talmadge's birthday is May 2d, and the year of her birth 1897. Louise Huff is not making any pictures now, but is devoting all of her attention—that is, all she can spare from her two children—to appearing on the stage. She made a very good impression here last season as the star of "Mary the Third," and is now rehearsing another play. So it looks as though Louise is going to be lost to the screen for a while longer, anyhow. Certainly, I should like to hear from you again, and if you want to write about movies in Shanghai for publication in the fan department, your letter should be addressed to "What the Fans Think," PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

WREN.—Yes, Anna Q. Nilsson's husband is wealthy. But you are mistaken in thinking that the majority of screen actresses who marry acquire large fortunes along with their husbands. On the contrary, comparatively few film players seem to marry men of great wealth. Katherine MacDonald, of course, married a millionaire some months ago, and Ora Carew married the son of a wealthy banker about a year ago. Tony Moreno's recent bride has a considerable fortune, and Nina Untermeyer, who recently became Mrs. Elliott Dexter, also has extensive worldly possessions. But, on the whole, the marriages that have taken place among film players in the past few years have usually been between parties within the industry—none of whom could be called millionaires, except perhaps Harold Lloyd—or in the case of a player marrying an outsider the material "fortune" has been nothing to boast about.

O. C.—Why are there more heroines than heroes on the screen? Well, because the stories are written that way, I suppose. Don't you know that the feminine soul is of much more interest to most novelists than the masculine? She's supposed to be more subtle, more complicated, and all that. Anyhow, most writers seem to enjoy analyzing her and the mystery—supposedly—of her emotions more than they do those of the more or less prosaic man.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Thomas Meighan, Jacqueline Logan, May McAvoy, Betty Compson, Mary Astor, Charles de Roche, Leatrice Joy, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Bobby Agnew, Adolphe Menjou, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, William Farnum, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Alma Bennett, Kathlyn Williams, and Edythe Chapman at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Willard Louis, and Bruce Guerin at Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Roland, Johnnie Walker, Douglas MacLean, Alberta Vaughn, George O'Hara, Ralph Lewis, and Jane and Eva Novak at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Aileen Pringle, Conrad Nagle, Mae Busch, Claire Windsor, Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan, Lucille Rickson, William Haines at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Rudolph Valentino, Doris Kenyon, Richard Dix, Nita Naldi, and Glenn Hunter, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Wyndham Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Mabel Ballin, Francis X. Bushman, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Gertrude Olmstead, George Walsh, care of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Harrison Ford, care of Menifee I. Johnstone, 206 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Norma Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Ben Lyon, Colleen Moore, Constance Talmadge, and Corinne Griffith at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Barbara La Marr, care of Metro Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Laura La Plante, Shannon Day, Billy Sullivan, Reginald Denny, Virginia Valli, Eileen Sedgwick, Art Acord, Jack Hoxie, Hoot Gibson, William Desmond, Helen Holmes, Mary Philbin, Josie Sedgwick at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Alma Rubens, Marion Davies, and Anita Stewart, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenma Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Norma Shearer, Huntley Gordon, Kenneth Harlan, Clara Bow, and Ethel Shannon at the Mayer-Schulberg Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Lionel Barrymore, Walter McGrail, and John Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Neil Hamilton, Carol Dempster, and Charles Mack at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Alice Terry, Malcolm MacGregor, Ramon Novarro, and Renee Adoree at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.



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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1924, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1924, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. **All Rights Reserved.** Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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INTRODUCING TWO NEW CONTRIBUTORS

FEW players have either the ability or inclination to engage in writing, in addition to their regular work. But we know that nothing pleases the fans more than to read bona-fide contributions from the players, such as their occasional letters to "What the Fans Think," the letters from location, and the like. We are all interested in knowing what the players think and feel about their work, and we are very glad, therefore, to introduce to you two new contributors who are going to give you their experiences at firsthand.

One is Margaret R. Reid, a girl who has been playing extra parts for some time in Hollywood, and whose first article appears in this number.

Most of the stories about extra work of late have been rather discouraging to screen aspirants. But Miss Reid has a happier story to tell—a story of the pleasant and extremely interesting aspects of working on a big production—even as an extra.

The other newcomer is Dorothy Manners, whose first article will appear in our next issue.



Dorothy Manners.

Miss Manners is one of the younger players of promise who has appeared in several productions in small parts. She has very definite opinions and is a keen observer. In her first article she takes issue with the producers who make great pretensions of searching for "new faces," and shows that they are actually much less interested in new faces than they pretend to be.

Records kept by the Hollywood agencies have shown that at least one hundred thousand persons who have tried to get a foothold in screen work in the last few years have given up the attempt. When so many persons fail at so definite an undertaking there must be some definite reasons. Myrtle Gebhart has been studying this problem and is preparing an article that will show the reasons for these failures. And it will also show screen aspirants why a smaller proportion have succeeded while this greater number was giving up. This article will appear in an early issue of PICTURE-PLAY, which will also contain other features of unusual novelty and interest.

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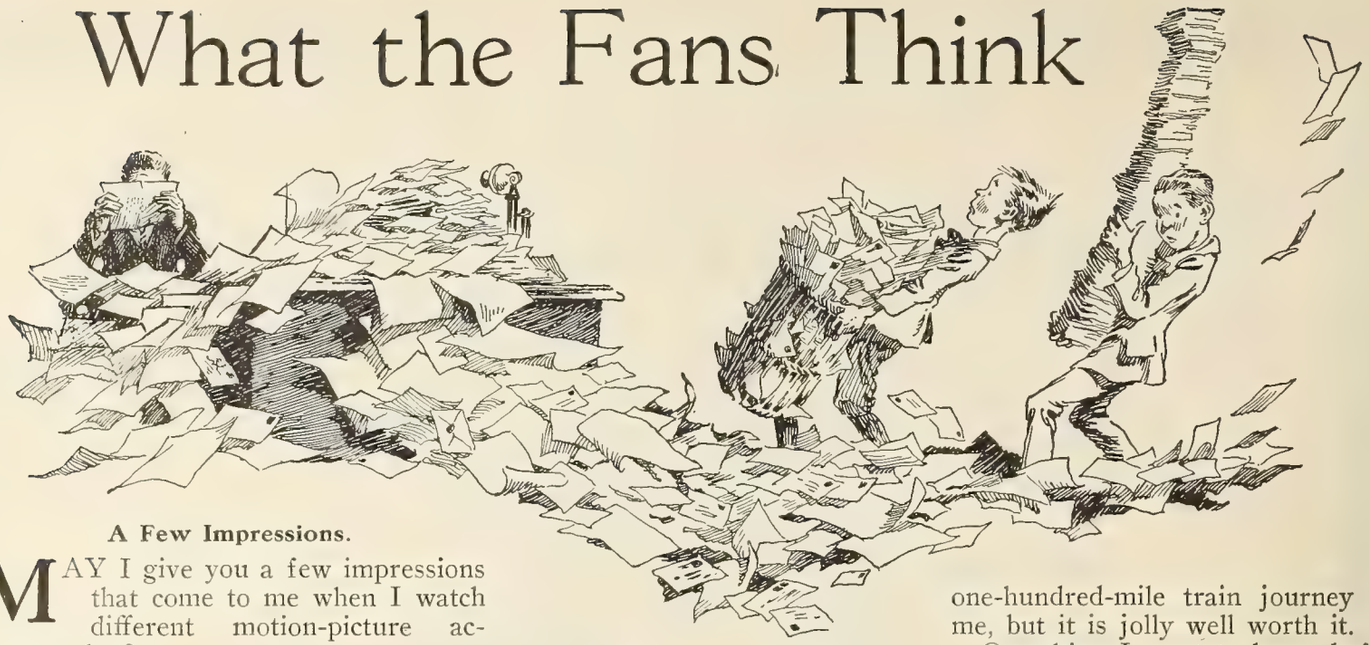
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Mary Pickford—A dainty bunch of sweet peas tied with a pale-lavender ribbon, and lying on a black ebony table.

Pola Negri—Ascension lilies held in the hands of a woman with heavy-lidded eyes.

Marguerite de la Motte—Apple blossoms.

Marion Davies—A Dresden bouquet.

Patsy Ruth Miller—Varicolored pansies growing in a cool spot.

Nazimova—Tall, deep-orange tiger lilies in a black onyx vase.

Doris Kenyon—Autumn asters, pretty and sturdy.

Agnes Ayres—Cool blue corn flowers drooping from a white crystal vase.

Corinne Griffith—A fragile orchid.

Leatrice Joy—A twig of pine with pine cones attached.

4 Woessner Avenue, MAY COCHRAN.
N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

How the British Aristocracy Regards Norma.

I have just been to see "Secrets," with Norma Talmadge, and, oh! how I enjoyed it. It was really splendid of her to let us see it in London first and we all appreciate her thoughtfulness. Of course, the film throws the stage play quite in the shade and Norma is wonderful as *Mary Marlow*. I don't think I have ever seen her look more lovely. She is like a painting come to life and if the American fans don't love her in it, they must be very difficult to please. I am wondering what your critics will have to say about it. They seem awfully rude when they don't particularly enjoy the films themselves and I think the stars are very long-suffering. In England we would never think of being so personal or talk about our stars as if they could help having the bodies they were born with, or that they could help the failures that come to every artist at some time or other. Besides, the fans are the ones to judge, after all. I went to the premier showing of "Ashes of Vengeance" just before Christmas and loved it. It had a splendid send-off. Two of our princesses were there and seemed to enjoy themselves very much and they much admired Norma's lovely dresses.

Writing all this has made me want to see "Secrets" again before it is taken off in town, only it means a one-hundred-mile train journey for me, but it is jolly well worth it.

One thing I want to know before I close, have you got to publish such letters as that of Edward Seay in the January number of the PICTURE-PLAY? I have never read a ruder criticism of any player than his of Norma Talmadge. That a man should bother to abuse any woman—and one he professes to admire—however he may dislike her work, absolutely passes all understanding. I did not know American men could be so unchivalrous.

Norma and her sister, Constance, made a very good impression over here when they attended the Lord Mayor's banquet in London last year at the Guildhall, and there is a certain titled young man who wishes he could leave his duties and visit Hollywood since meeting—guess which?

Did you know the Duchess of Norfolk had "The Eternal Flame" shown to her house party at Arundel Castle? Well, you must know now that Norma is quite the thing in merrie England. IVY DAYRELL.

The View, Lower Road,
Shoreham-by-the-Sea, Sussex, England.

And Wait Till You See "Bagdad!"

After reading "What the Fans Think" for over two years, I am beginning to wonder what they *do* think!

One fan will say, "I'm simply wild about Gloria Swanson!" In the very next letter another fan will ask, "How can *any one* like Gloria Swanson?" And so it goes until every star in the film firmament has been pulled to pieces and put back together again!

I do not think there are many fans, however, who don't like this one—Bugless Darepranks!

I have just spent a perfectly thrilling evening in a tiny, third-run picture house, where I paid fifteen cents admission and listened to a rickety old electric piano for something like three hours. Some one may wonder what the attraction could be that would overcome all these unattractions. Well, here it is: Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro," and I had seen it *four times before!* Imagine my delight when I found that the film was just as good and clear as when I saw it three years ago at the Palace! The music and seats were the only difference, but I didn't notice them anyway.

Can you name cleaner, better pictures than "The Mark of Zorro," "When the Clouds Roll By," "The Three Musketeers," or "Robin Hood?" Even his old Westerns like "Shootin' Through," were simply full of thrills. If you are looking for romance, did you

Continued on page 10

A New and Sensational Discovery
A Million Dollar Secret
A New Joy

This new and startling discovery of a supreme natural law of life, health and pleasure is joyfully revolutionizing the lives of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is bringing them a new kind of pleasure, happiness, health, strength, confidence, energy and power of personality and success. It is giving them such marvelous energy of mind and body, and they enjoy life so fully, so intensely, so dominatingly, and so thoroughly, that the old life to which they were accustomed appears totally inferior in every respect.

The possession of this new and mysterious natural law gives a new idea of how truly vital, alive, joyful, healthy and happy a human being can be—how easily one can be overflowing with life, energy, bubbling vitality and the fire of triumph. Although thoroughly natural and simple, nevertheless it accomplishes seemingly impossible results without sacrifice, active effort or cost.

A new life with a unique thrill is yours when you possess this newly discovered natural law of supreme life, health and pleasure. It is no longer necessary for any one to spend money for treatments and drugs and dieting and books and pills and devices, because perfect and supreme health and life are absolutely free through this marvelous natural law. Why be weak, why be ill, why be fat, why be thin, when you may, absolutely free, become in every way perfect and supreme through this sensational natural law?

This extraordinary natural law yields amazing nerve force, amazing energy, amazing vitality and amazing power of every character of mind and body—a new and superior life. Through this sensational natural law, you may have all of the benefits of exercise without exercise; all of the benefits of conscious deep breathing without conscious deep breathing; the full and complete benefit of every vitamine and organic iron without drugs or dieting; all of the benefits of medicine and drugs without medicine and drugs; all of the benefits of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology without auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; all of the benefits of dieting, and every other kind of treatment,



device or assistance without these treatments.

Through this amazing natural law, anyone can rid self permanently of every human weakness. This unique natural law gives immunity from every disease of the inferior life. No matter who you are, this natural law can demonstrate to you that you do not yet know the full meaning of joy, pleasure, happiness, vitality and gratification. This natural law is ready to give you a new realization of the meaning of life and enjoyment.

This extraordinary and Universal Law does not require you to actively do anything or give up anything. It requires no exercise, no time, nor conscious deep breathing — no stretching, dieting, drugs nor medicines.

This natural and supreme law must not be confounded with hypnotism, auto-suggestion, psychology, spiritual science, psychic science, science, mental science, nor with electricity, osteopathy or any other method—mental or physical—ever devised in the past.

No self-hypnotizing phrases to repeat —no yielding, no recession, no giving up of anything, nothing to study, nothing to actively practice, no books to buy, nothing to memorize, no self-deception—nothing but truth —reality—Natural Law.

Perfect health cures every known and conceivable disease. This startling natural law is guaranteed to give perfect health.

If you are not enjoying life to the full—if you are in any way handicapped—if you are not in possession of all of the powers of mind and body to the highest degree, you owe it to yourself to at once procure for yourself free of charge this revolutionary natural law. Through this supreme natural law, anyone may have the health and vitality of a lion or tiger. Remember that demonstration and results are immediate and free.

This powerful natural law transforms the gloom of disease into the bloom of health, as the rays of the spring sun transform the dead soil into a "sea" of luxuriant vegetation. It is destined to revolutionize human health and happiness—Humanity.

This natural law is most marvelous, most simple, most subtle, and most powerful. It is the Law of Creative Power.

Remember there is nothing active to do, nothing to study, nothing to believe, no time to waste, no habits to give up, nothing to lose—there is no mystery—it is merely Natural Law. This secret is offered to you absolutely free. There are no "conditions" or "strings" attached to this offer.

You would not be without this secret if you could imagine how delightfully transformed your life would be through the possession of this new and deeper realization of happiness, pleasure, joy and gratification.

Anyone — male or female — above eighteen years of age is eligible to receive this marvelous secret absolutely free.

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(Write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Publishers Note—Many individuals who have obtained this secret claim it is absolutely priceless—worth millions.

Continued from page 8

ever see a sheik who could love like Doug? If you are looking for thrills—have you ever seen a swifter sword or fists? ALMA LEACH.

T. C. U. No. 179, Fort Worth, Texas.

From An American Abroad.

Occasionally I come across some fan letter in PICTURE-PLAY complaining because European pictures are shown in the United States.

At present I am touring Europe, and in almost every country I have visited thus far preference is given to American films. I, for one, contend that since rivalry is healthy and stimulating, all the countries should exchange their best pictures.

The Germans, the only real innovators in the films, have, besides the marvelous pictures they produced in the past, also made some splendid ones that I believe have not been shown in the United States. Among the best is "The Old Law" (*Das Alte Gesetz*), one of the most artistic, most sincere productions I have seen. A young actor, Ernest Deutsch—till then unknown to me—plays his part with all the fire and feeling of the true artist. Another film, "The Street," is a series of vivid realistic impressions that, if once passed by the censors, would be a decided success in the United States.

It seems strange that Russian pictures are not better known. One of their best, "Roskolmiker," from Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," is a marvelous psychological study of a criminal.

The Danish Asta Nielsen seems to be little known outside of Europe, where she is considered the greatest actress the screen has produced. The work of no other actress possesses the vividness, the intelligence, the realism that hers does.

My first act upon arriving in Paris was to see Nazimova in "Salome." What a marvelously imaginative thing it is! Even the scenes between the captain and the page that I was afraid would be omitted were done in the truest spirit of Wilde. The settings in the manner of Aubrey Beardsley, and the acting of Nazimova were magnificent. Here is a superb actress who wastes her talent in cheap plays when she is one of the four or five truly great actors of the screen.

In Budapest I saw Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through." I could not sit through the picture, it was so impossibly saccharine. A few years ago she was a fine actress, though not a particularly beautiful woman. To-day she is a beautiful woman, though not a particularly good actress. There is also a cheapness, "loudness," if I may use the expression in connection with the silent drama, about her pictures, no matter how much money is expended on them. Perhaps that is where the trouble lies.

What has become of D. W. Griffith? A few years ago he produced the enchantingly beautiful "Broken Blossoms." Since then he has made pictures that seem to have turned out great financial successes, but certainly not artistic ones. Of all his pictures only "Broken Blossoms" will live. And why, may I ask, will such an intelligent producer as Griffith make historical pictures that contain a mass of erroneous details? In "Orphans of the Storm" he took liberties with the French Revolution that were simply appalling. Historical pictures should at least possess the merit of having the main characters and events true to history.

What a humorous letter that was by Edward Lee Seay, which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine. He has voiced many of the things that most of us think of the stars, the movies, et cetera. It seems so stupid to like or dislike a star because of what she does or does not do in her private life. An actress is either a good actress or a bad actress. It is none of our business whether she is a "good" woman or not.

It is very amusing the way so many fans become heated at the mere criticism of their favorites, and very interesting to watch in "What the Fans Think" the spirited arguments that are aroused by some of the letters.

CHARLOTTE D. ROSENBLUETH.

8 Rue de la Sorbonne, Paris, France.

One Effect of Personal Appearances.

I am all excited over Barbara La Marr, and *just because I have seen her.*

We were driving out in the country a few days ago and some one suggested going to the Eagleville Sanitarium, as there was to be some sort of big party given for the inmates with half a dozen notables to entertain them and all that sort of thing. The public was invited. We started in, and then changed our minds and started back—and that's all, too. We were stuck about fifteen minutes in the traffic. There was a mob, so all we could do was sit gazing at the machines around us. The chauffeur of the one opposite us was dancing around, screeching that he had to get through—most important, and so on. Wondering who his important passengers were I peered into the machine. There was a blonde, a gentleman, and—Barbara La Marr! I almost rolled off the seat. Jim, my young cousin, got awfully excited, and disgraced me by saying, "Oh, great Scott, where? Let me see her!"

Barbara surely is lovely; her eyes are beautiful. Of course, I tried to be refined and not stare, but you would have to be made of cast iron not to look a little.

Thomas Meighan drove by in a car, too. I never knew he could be so much like his pictures. Honestly, I lost all power of speech and locomotion when he went by. Jim wasn't so interested, but my mother got a thrill. No wonder Tommy is so good on the screen. You just fall in love with him at one look.

After seeing Miss La Marr and Thomas Meighan, I get a bigger kick out of reading interviews with them now. For instance—now I *know* that Barbara is like a poster by Leyendecker, and I can imagine *her* saying the things that Malcolm Oettinger had in his interview with her. Before seeing her I could only imagine the lady in "Trifling Women" or the adventuress in "Strangers of the Night" saying them. MARION BUCKLEY LOGAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot?

This letter is from an honest-to-goodness movie fan. I've been simply crazy about moving pictures ever since they first started. This, however, is my first letter to any of the magazines, although I buy every magazine I can get that has any connection with the movies. I'm twenty-four years old now, and have been a fan since I was about twelve years old. Few persons would admit this, but I served six months in a reform school just for going to movie shows every night. I've got children of my own now, and still stick to my first love the same as ever.

I wonder how many fans can remember some of the early favorites who were the objects of my early adoration? These include Florence La Badie—she is dead now—Morris Foster, Mignon Anderson, Afton Mineer, Vivian Prescott, Jane Gail, William Shay, Pauline Bush, Edward Coxen, Winifred Greenwood, and the lovely Vivian Rich, who always played leads with handsome William Garwood.

I remember Gladys Brockwell in those good old days, and also how fine and handsome was the Irish J. Warren Kerrigan. There was no such thing as a star then. How good it would be to see some of those old-timers on the screen again. One sees some of them once in a while, but what has become of the others? They say the public is fickle, and players are forgotten as soon as they are absent from the screen for some time. But far be it from me to forget. I remember each and every one, and still love them. There are too many to list here, but not one of them have I forgotten.

DONNA DOLOROSA.

St. Louis, Mo.

Comment from Cornell.

No month passes without some letter appearing in PICTURE-PLAY in which it is stated that the purpose of the movies is one of entertainment or amusement. I wish to make a distinction between amusement or entertainment and another kind of appreciation—a distinction which none of your correspondents seem to appreciate.

To do so I turn first to literature, then to the stage, and finally to the screen.

It is ridiculous to say that one reads Shakespeare's "King Lear" for entertainment, but it is truthful to say one reads Harold Bell Wright for that reason.

It is equally ridiculous to say one reads Shelley for entertainment, but it is again truthful to say one reads Edgar Guest for that reason.

In "King Lear" the spectacle of the mad *Lear* on the stormy heath is a thing that moves you to a great wonder and speculation about the forces that brought him to his terrible plight. I refuse to call such as this amusement or entertainment.

We reach the legitimate stage. Here the same conditions obtain. "Cyrano de Bergerac" did not amuse me; nor did "The Miracle" or "Saint Joan." Had I wished amusement or entertainment I should have gone to see "Abie's Irish Rose" or "Seventh Heaven" or an older play like "Lightnin'." Those others gave me superb moments of exaltation and intellectual or spiritual delight. Do not mention the word amusement in the same breath with the other kind of appreciation.

Now we come to the screen.

It is my despair.

Here we have the ultra Harold Bell Wright, Edgar Guest, and "Abie's Irish Rose." The screen's appeal is a foundation of amusement of this baser kind. There is Baby Peggy, Viola Dana, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Thomas Meighan, Milton Sills, Bebe Daniels, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, Mary Astor, George Walsh, Colleen Moore, Kenneth Harlan, Gloria Swanson—but what's the use of going on? There are but a few exceptions in all moviedom—whom I shall name presently. These others are amusing persons and delightful personalities. One has beautiful golden hair and a whimsical smile, another a perfect dimple in the chin, another a wicked snarl, another a hairy chest, another a beautiful figure. But wherein do all these things equip them to portray human conduct or passions? Indeed they do not, so that we get the amusing drivel of Thomas Meighan, Mary Pickford, and the others, and five hundred thousand more fans write for photographs of their cute, adorable, or divine, or gorgeous favorite. It is a futile procedure.

Continued on page 12

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

WHY is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better — a weak voice become strong — a lost voice restored — stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.



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Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons — like the late Caruso — are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

I know among all the screen people only these whom I believe capable of vital rôles: of the men, Lewis Stone, Richard Barthelmess, Adolphe Menjou; of the women, Dorothy Mackaill and Lillian Gish. Your others, fans, are entirely diverting and entertaining to watch, and in truth are real hot stuff, but then, so is a burning barn. If you can see the difference between the methods of Dorothy Mackaill and Mary Pickford or Gloria Swanson you should realize the point I'm trying to make.

I am not pessimistic but just rational when I say that I fail to see wherein the screen is bound for any great change for the better along the lines I have intimated. The reasons are two: first, that just as long as people pay so well for Cooganish or Meighanish pictures just so long will they be ground forth. Will people pay well to see Baby Peggy? Yes? All right, sign her up for six superproductions. Does Gloria Swanson receive six thousand fan letters a day? Yes? Sign her up for thirty-two super-superproductions—and so on, *ad nauseam*. Secondly, the powers that hold the movie purse strings are business men and not artists. They are unwilling to take bold chances on experimental methods of procedure; they do not dare to sponsor any radicalism. They are champions of conservatism, and since when has any newborn movement or industry made any great advance by staid conservatism? But radicalism involves hazardous chance; hazardous chance involves a loss of money; money involves business, and these heads are only business men. How then *can* the movies get out of this rut?

If I have reasoned falsely in this letter I should appreciate knowing in what manner I have done so. DON LURIE.
Cornell University, 238 Linden Avenue, Ithaca, N. Y.

Why Not Let Ricardo Marry?

I am a girl of sixteen and would like to know why Mr. Ricardo Cortez always "gets left" in his pictures. Why doesn't he ever marry? I have just seen him in "The Call of the Cañon," and it was a fine picture in every way but one, namely: why couldn't he learn to love one girl and marry her? I am sure that he would be glad to be a leading man of some nice little girl and marry her. The first picture I ever saw him in was "Children of Jazz," and even in that picture he did not marry. I do hope that some director will see this and give him a play to act as a leading man, and then get married at the end. JOSEPHINE IASELL.
2321 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Movies Are at a Standstill.

It seems to me that the motion-picture industry is artistically at a standstill—and has been for the last three years.

I admit the boldness of such a statement, yet it is not a suddenly arrived-at conclusion, but is based on long observation and a keen interest in motion pictures. Nor am I one of those detestable individuals who set up their thought as a criterion and admit no other argument; for while I say that the industry is at a standstill in so far as improvement is concerned, I do not see any irrevocable reason why it should be.

The motion pictures produced "Broken Blossoms." It was a work of art. What has been done can be done again, and improved upon. "Broken Blossoms" is now five years old and, by universal acknowledgment, it has never been equaled. Why?

To be sure, we have had "Humoresque," which was perhaps the nearest approach to Griffith's masterpiece; and now "The Covered Wagon"—weakened, however, by a cloying love story; but what else? And from Griffith, to whom we look with eagerness, has come a succession of disappointing productions that would be mediocre if it were not for that hint of genius smoldering in each.

The drawback to the screen play, is, I suppose, that it must be a thing of physical action rather than of psychological. At least, that is what producers have been chanting for years. Just why this should be I cannot understand, for superficial action is of no value at all unless there be a fundamental guiding thought. When our heroine dangles by a rope over a yawning chasm, we don't give a rap for the picture; it is of what she is thinking, and the complications of the situation that are holding us breathless. Can producers be deluding themselves with the mere picture and forgetting the fundamental thing? ANNABELLE URBAN.
5105 Holcomb Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Movies Are All Right!

What's all this the crape hangers have to say about better pictures? I can't understand it. If they don't like the movies as they are, they can probably find more diversion at the morgue. I've lost many friends by fighting for and defending the players, but my *best* friends and pals are picture people. I am for the movies *just as they are*, and I wouldn't go to see any more of them if they were any different.
OTILLIE LE FRANCOIS.
1693 Tenth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Way to Get a Thrill.

I am going to let you in on a deep, dark secret. When I go to see a Meighan movie I go *all by myself*, for when I go with some one else I can't get half the thrill that I do when I go alone.

Mr. Meighan to me is the ideal of manhood, and I certainly hope he never gets the directing bug. If he does, I am going to start a movement so no one goes to see the pictures he directs; then he will *have to* keep on acting.
JANE RAE LANGRIFF.
Birmingham, Ala.

From a Fan Who Has *Thought* About Pictures.

What a train of thought Don Ryan's article in the April issue of PICTURE-PLAY has set in motion. I have read and reread it, each time doing a little more thinking, until, like Pandora's box, the lid is being removed and imprisoned ideas set free.

Mr. Ryan's synopsis of "Garden Perilous" is clever as it is unique. As yet I have no theme to offer in this line, but the plots in several books—read some years ago—come to mind as fitting plans for this style of photography.

H. G. Wells' "Food of the Gods" could easily be worked out. Mr. Tolhurst could enlarge vines, insects, birds, animals, and humans to his heart's content in filming this seemingly grotesque tale. If you have read Mr. Wells' book you will understand the largeness of things after partaking of the "Food of the Gods."

Mr. Tolhurst could accompany "Alice in Wonderland" and help "shut her up like a telescope" and "draw her out again until she said 'Good-by' to her feet so far off." He could make her too large for the room she was in and reduce her to

the size requiring her to climb a table leg. Can you picture poor *little* Alice trying to see the large blue caterpillar, smoking a hookah, on top of an immense mushroom? Again, he could escort her "Through the Looking-glass" and make pictures of the numerous grotesque birds and beasts therein.

Think of the possibilities in "Gulliver's Travels," containing giants and pigmies galore!

Why not let the newer generation get acquainted with the vagaries of Rider Haggard as put forth in "She," "It," "He," and "Allan Quartermain," a quartet of books very popular at one time. His "King Solomon's Mines" would make a good vehicle for some comedian—for instance, Harry Myers—who would not object to cavorting around in abbreviated garments.

Captain Marryatt's "Pasha of Many Tales" contains some bombastic naratives, one of which I faintly remember had to do with icebergs. Strange the movies have overlooked the region of ice and the marvelous aurora borealis.

Mr. Tolhurst should be able to evolve something from James Huneker's "Visionaries," the contents of which are as follows:

A Master of Cobwebs.—The Eighth Deadly Sin.—The Purse of Aholibah.—Rebels of the Moon.—The Spiral Road.—A Mock Sun.—Antichrist.—The Eternal Duel.—The Enchanted Yodler.—The Third Kingdom.—The Haunted Harpsichord.—The Magic Wall.—A Sentimental Rebellion.—Hall of the Missing Footsteps.—The Cursory Light.—An Iron Fan.—The Woman Who Loved Chopin.—The Tune of Time.—Nada.—Pan. Each title sounds spooky. I remember the Eighth Deadly Sin was perfume, and the scent of certain flowers brought moods of the great composers. "Music surely was the art nearest akin to odor."

Again, Don Ryan says, "The camera is not limited by life on this planet . . . it can soar beyond the skies." This brings thoughts of Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds" and "Life Everlasting," also Frederick Oliver's "A Dweller on Two Planets."

Quoting Maurice Tourneur, "When we can begin to *think* in pictures instead of words, then—ah, then, we may be able to make passable movies." It is my opinion that when a larger number of *movie patrons* begin to *think* we will be getting somewhere on the screen. The producers and directors are doing everything they can to please the pleasure-seeking public. They spend millions in magnificent clothes, wonderful settings, and stupendous happenings, such as burning forests, desert sand storms, head-on collisions, swirling waters, and hair-raising leaps from precipitous heights. Finery appeals to one class, magnificent settings to another, beautiful scenery to another, and breathless thrills, another. Now, the thing is to find something that has a common appeal to *all* classes, and the spiritual qualities are the only attributes that seemingly do so. Whether white or colored, good or bad, young or old, deep in the heart of every individual lies a longing for love, justice, and kindred virtues, and this is irrespective of nationality, creed, or class.

Several years ago "Earthbound" was shown, but its wonderful message was lost on a *thoughtless* crowd, who called it "rotten" and "crazy," and imagined some spiritualistic propaganda was being handed out. To me it was wonderful, on account of the photography and the theme that our loved ones, who have left us, are in reality ever with us. "Smilin' Through" was along the same lines, but met a happier fate because of the popularity of Norma Talmadge and Harrison Ford.

House Peters ably portrayed *fear* in "The Closed Road;" the little crippled boy demonstrated *faith* in "The Miracle Man;" Ralph Lewis showed what *avarice* meant in "The Conquering Power"—I wonder will Von Stroheim make the same quality any more pronounced in "Greed?"—*Prophecy* was the outstanding feature in "The Four Horseman of the Apocalypse;" the very lack of *justice* in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" made us sense how wonderful rectitude could be; all through the jazziness of "Flaming Youth" ran the thread of a pure love; "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" demonstrated *insanity* in theme, background, and gruesomeness; Tom Moore, in "Big Brother," showed how small boys are influenced by the example—either good or bad—of their menfolks—it used to be laid to the teachings at mother's knee, but now that the truth is out, mother's poor knees can take a rest. I wonder how many figure out why they like or don't like a picture? This *thinking* over a picture is not an unpleasant pastime—try it!

An anonymous writer says, "We live in and through qualities, possessions, passions, convictions, and activities which are intangible and invisible. We live in and through love, fath, hope, duty, devotion, sacrifice; these are the words that compass our deepest life and make that life valuable and significant to us."

Is this the keynote of our future pictures? Is Mr. Tolhurst to work it out with the magic of his camera? Is Douglas Fairbanks, as the *Thief of Bagdad,* the pioneer leading us into the "land where dreams come true?"

I wish I was as sure that the movie patrons were doing some *thinking* as of the able support of the producers and directors.

FLORENCE CALDWELL BELL.
401 Thirty-eighth Street, Oakland, Calif.

Praise for "The Mailman."

It's about nine thirty p. m., and I have just arrived home from the theater. It was a wonderful play. I have never seen a screen play—not even one about society or flappers—that I liked so well! For this was a more serious one, and yet full of action. It had a splendid cast of players, and two of its best were Johnnie Walker and Ralph Lewis. I wish I could tell Mr. Ralph Lewis personally what a wonderful character man he is. A typical American father! I wish that all fans would give him more praise; he surely deserves it.

Johnnie Walker is a handsome young actor, one of my favorites. I wish him all the success he should have. I thought I would write this bit of appreciation tonight while the impression was fresh in my memory. It was a play I have heard few fans praise, but one well worth seeing—"The Mailman."

SHIRLEY HANEY.
412 W. Antelope Street, Girard, Kan.

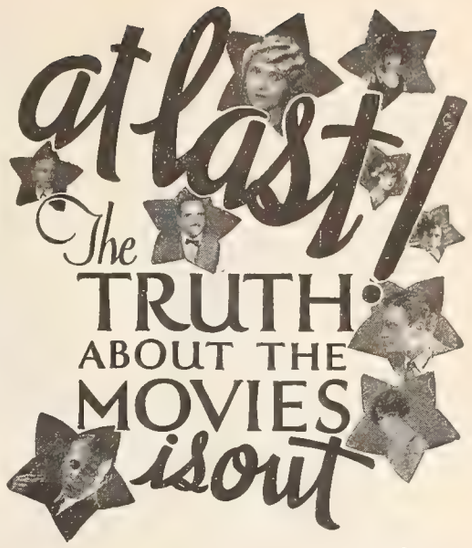
The Favorite of Maryland.

I would like to say a word in reply to Miss Stella Mead, whose article appeared in the May edition of PICTURE-PLAY. You headed the article "From a Thoughtful Fan." She claims that Colleen Moore is neither pretty nor clever. Allow me the honor to say that Colleen is the favorite of the State of Maryland, and that any one that talks critically concerning her is treading on Maryland's toes.

Good luck, Colleen, we consider you the beautifulest girl on the screen!

CAPTAIN ARTHUR F. FENDLAY.
Mayo, Maryland.

Continued on page 116



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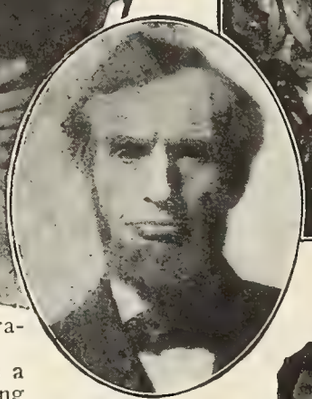
Published by First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. J. A. Lincoln, Editor.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

An organization of theatre-owners presenting the finest in screen entertainment.





LIFE is stranger than fiction—and more dramatic.

The life story of Abraham Lincoln holds a drama that you will find more entertaining than any novel of the season. All that you had ever hoped for in a motion picture is in the Rockett production "Abraham Lincoln." There is romance, thrills, humor, and pathos. Above are George Billings and Ruth Clifford, and in the oval Billings as the Lincoln of late life.



"For Sale"

THE proper setting is essential for a real romance. Claire Windsor and Robert Ellis seem to have found it here. The scene is from "For Sale"—a society drama with tremendous love interest.



"Husbands and Lovers"

JOHN M. STAHL'S newest domestic drama is "Husbands and Lovers." Lew Cody, Florence Vidor, and Lewis Stone are the principals. Your local theatre will show the picture next month.



"A Self Made Failure"

HERE'S the likable group of shadowland folk who make J. K. McDonald's "A Self Made Failure" one of the real human pictures of all time. From left to right Mary Carr, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ben Alexander, and Lloyd Hamilton. The story has laughs and tears—and all the emotions in between.

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XX AUGUST, 1924 No. 6



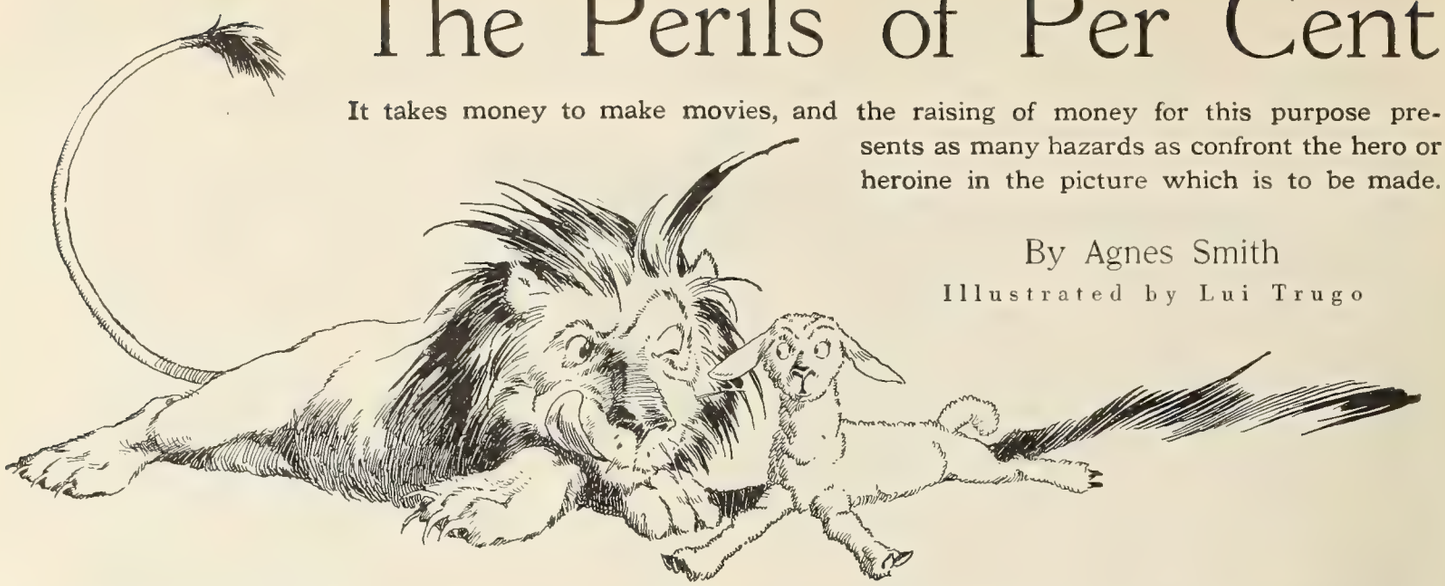
The ever-changeful Gloria presents several new facets in her latest production, "Manhandled," one of which is the demure and old-fashioned presence you see above.

The Perils of Per Cent

It takes money to make movies, and the raising of money for this purpose presents as many hazards as confront the hero or heroine in the picture which is to be made.

By Agnes Smith

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



ONCE upon a time there was a showman who startled great crowds at the country fairs he visited by demonstrating how he could make a lion and a lamb lie down together in the same cage.

An onlooker, not convinced that it was a Biblical miracle, asked him confidentially how he performed the trick.

"Well," replied the wonder worker, "just between ourselves I'll admit that we are able to do it only by supplying a new lamb every once in a while."

So you see, boys and girls, there are times when this business of amusing the public is only maintained by the occasional slaughtering of lambs. And the lambs who pay the price in the movie business are the gentlemen who enter the cage and get chummy with the lion of film finance.

You have heard the wonder tales of the fabulous fortunes that may be made by any one who hires a camera man and rents a studio. Perhaps you have heard faint whispers of the fortunes that have been ground to nothing by the same cameras. The motion picture is politely referred to in financial circles as a "speculative industry." No harm is meant. There are plenty of good speculative industries which are good game for gamblers but poor risks for the widows and orphans.

But the risks of speculation in the movies are, properly enough, particularly dramatic; the Perils of Per Cent are more exciting than any serial yet to be filmed. So, if you'll follow closely and hold tight to your pocketbook, we will peep under the flap of the showman's tent and take a look at that phase of your favorite industry known as its finance.

To begin, you must understand that practically all business has to operate at times—and properly so—on borrowed capital. Only a few of the oldest and most firmly entrenched business concerns operate "on their own." It is, therefore, quite respectable and usual to "go to the banks" for operating expenses.

Even a conservative who sets out to be a farmer travels along on borrowed money. He puts all of his own capital into the land and equipment. Then he goes to the banks and borrows enough money—mortgaging his farm as security—to buy his seed and pay his operating expenses until his crops are harvested and sold, when he pays off his obligations and keeps his profit to use as he pleases. Or if he is jinxed, he either loses his farm or goes back for a second mortgage.

This method, you see, enables business to operate on a much larger scale than would be possible if every business man had only his own money to operate with, and makes it possible for persons who have accumulated money to find channels, through banks, for putting their money out at interest.

Now if you lend money to a farmer, or to a manufacturer, you may be sure, if you are a good business person, that your money is fairly safe. You are protected by the mortgage you hold on land, buildings and machinery, which is worth more than your loan and which can be sold to bring back your money in case the business is unsuccessful.

But in the case of the movies, it is something else again. The usual securities are strangely missing. Usually the lender is risking good money on something that may be only the rose-colored dream of an idealist. A few of the big companies, who have been running successfully for a number of years, have big assets, not only in their studio equipment, but also in the completed pictures which are bringing in the bacon.

But most of the big companies to-day act only as distributors for a number of small units. And these units are the hungry lions that demand the lambs. Such a unit may be composed of two or three business men who have a contract with a famous star. It may be an association of a few business men and a successful director. And when such a company is organized they usually haven't anything but a reputation or so, an option on a story or maybe merely a bright idea between them and complete disaster. To make pictures this little group has to borrow money. And the money must come in big chunks because even the most ordinary sort of production costs upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. The producer who wants to make the movie must have the cash before he starts in and the loan must extend for at least six months because the picture cannot return a cent to him until it has been filmed, advertised, and placed in the theaters. And, unless it is an exceptional attraction, it won't make a thin dime until it has been playing in theaters for from three to six months. So the producer has to stand six months of expense and several more months of suspense before the dollars come home to roost. That is, if they do come home to roost at all.

There are three ways of raising this money. The legitimate—and also the safe—way is for the producer to go to the banker, ask for a loan and pay the legal rate of interest. The gambling method is for the producer to go to one of the finance groups that specialize in succoring ambitious directors who want to make their own pictures. The producer gets the money but he

pays from ten to thirty per cent interest for the use of it. The gentlemen who lend money at extra-legal rates are known as bonus boys, because for raising a one hundred thousand dollar loan they sometimes demand as much as twenty-five thousand dollars for their services in lending the money. This fee amounts to usury but it is politely called a bonus. The third way of raising money is to sell stock or shares in the profits of the proposed picture to anybody dim-witted enough to buy it.

So you see, three questions arise out of this cash-in-advance situation in the movie business. First, what do the banks demand as security before they will lend money for making pictures? Why do producers go to the hock shop of the bonus boys, thereby cutting their financial throats even before the camera begins to grind on a picture? And third, are the movies ever a safe investment for the person who has a few hundred dollars hidden away in an old sock?

H. H. Bruenner of Associated First National told me that any producer with a legitimate proposition for making pictures need not have any trouble getting the money from the banks and without paying any pound of flesh. First National, you know, is a large distributing company that markets the productions of big independent directors and stars. To protect its own standards, it is obliged to pick only salable products made by established stars or directors, or pictures made by lesser lights, but obviously sure fire.

If an independent producer wants to make a picture, all he needs to do to raise the money is to show a contract with First National guaranteeing him the cost of the negative up to a certain amount and a percentage of the profits, after First National has received the cost money back.

Naturally First National is no charity institution and so a distribution contract cannot be had by walking into the office and asking for it. The contract may be only an option on the negative, or finished production; it may involve the company in little or no financial responsibility for the picture. On the other hand, in the cases of established stars, First National digs into its own pocket for the money.

As Mr. Bruenner put it, "If Harold Lloyd, Thomas Meighan, or Richard Barthelmess should walk into the office and want money for a picture, he could go out with the cash in his pocket."

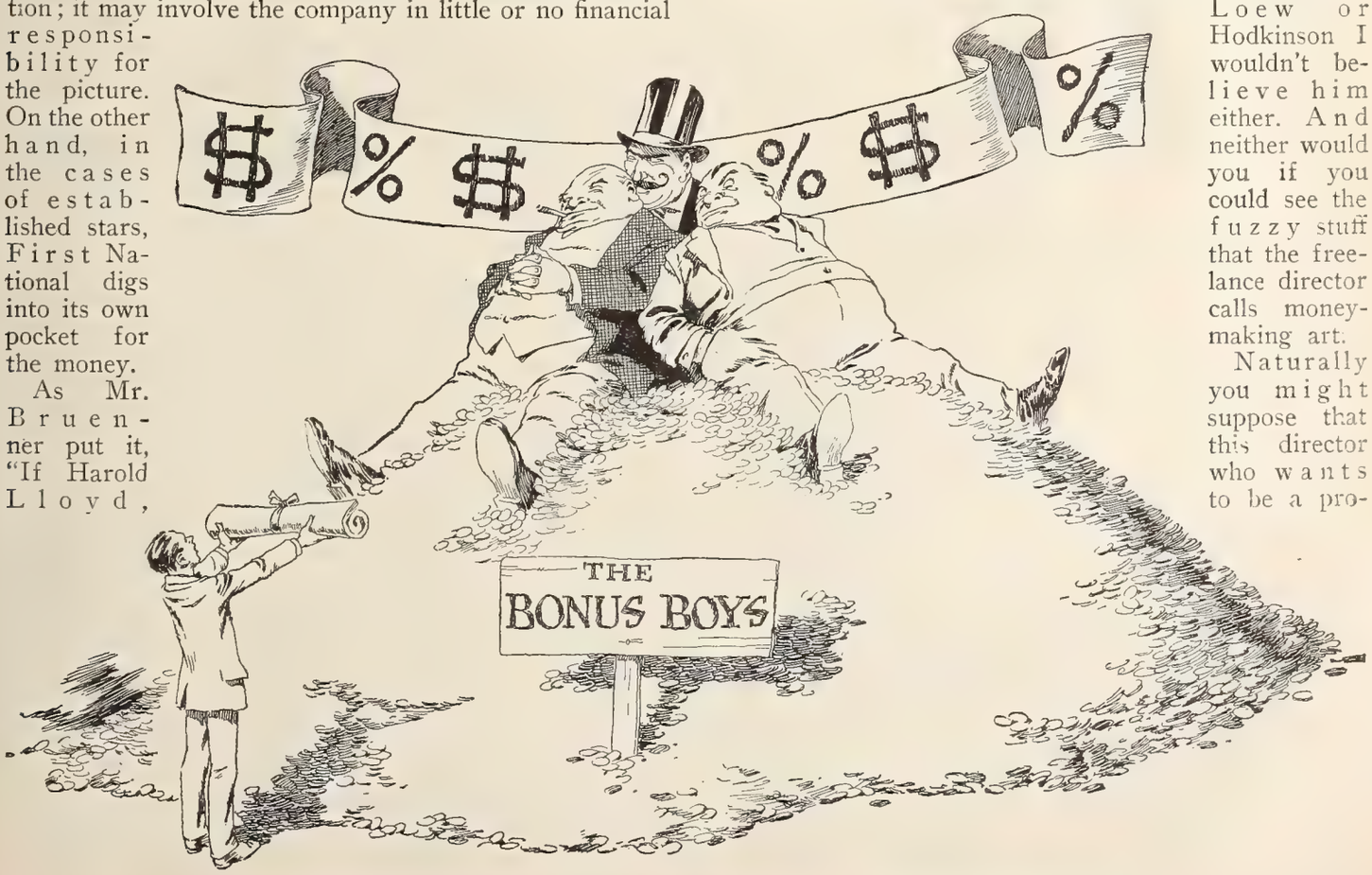
But to get back to the problem of how the producers convince First National that that company cannot get along without their pictures. In the first place, the applicant must have either a flawless reputation for delivering the goods or he must have a contract with a big star or the rights to a book as widely known as "The Four Horsemen" or as sure fire as "Flaming Youth." If he has none of these things to show, First National simply allows him to go out as quietly as possible and with the comforting thought that if the picture turns out better than might be expected, he will always find the office door open to him.

Undoubtedly it is hard-hearted for First National, Goldwyn-Metro and other powerful marketing concerns to tell the poor but ambitious director to go out and do his own gold-digging. But they reason, with a great deal of justice, that if a fellow has no tangible assets he has no more right to call on a bank for money than I have the right to go out and raise money to start a factory for making buggy whips.

Not only is there no money in bad or unsalable pictures, but there is only grief, heartbreak, and worry in them. A few producers have made money on these desperate, shoestring ventures but Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard are filled with the makers of the kind of pictures the public forgets.

Kicked out of the office—figuratively speaking, of course—by a distributing company that represents one of his few hopes of making money on his picture, the would-be Joseph Schenck calls on other big distributors, such as Marcus Loew and Hodkinson. But it's the same old tragic, heart-rending story; he can't see why Messrs. Rowland, Loew, and Hodkinson won't believe that a director with no money, no star, and no story, but with a bright idea, isn't capable of turning out a wonderful picture. Of course, if I were Messrs. Rowland, Loew or Hodkinson I wouldn't believe him either. And neither would you if you could see the fuzzy stuff that the free-lance director calls money-making art.

Naturally you might suppose that this director who wants to be a pro-



When the banks refuse the motion-picture promoter, his next visit is to the "bonus boys."

ducer would call it a day and take a contract job with William Fox. But no; once a director becomes inflamed with the idea that he wants to make his own pictures, no amount of cold water will do him any good. Hasn't he seen Thomas H. Ince's yacht? Hasn't he read that Rex Ingram has made enough money to retire? Hasn't he heard about Cecil De Mille's fleet of airplanes?

Of course, he also knows that David W. Griffith, the greatest director in the business, has failed to pile up millions from making his own pictures, but you cannot convince him that he isn't a better manager than Griffith.

So this brave free-lance, whom for convenience we will call Hector Ibex, happens to think of those pawnbrokers—the bonus boys. The bonus boys are glad to see him; they are more cordial than Mr. Rowland or Mr. Loew. Of course, they can finance his picture, at thirty per cent interest. Or, if he fears the bonus boys and is not bothered by any foolish scruples, he can go to the suckers. He can get the money from the widows and orphans or he may possibly get it from some sugar daddy who will finance the picture, provided that it stars a certain girl who is said to have a wonderful camera face.

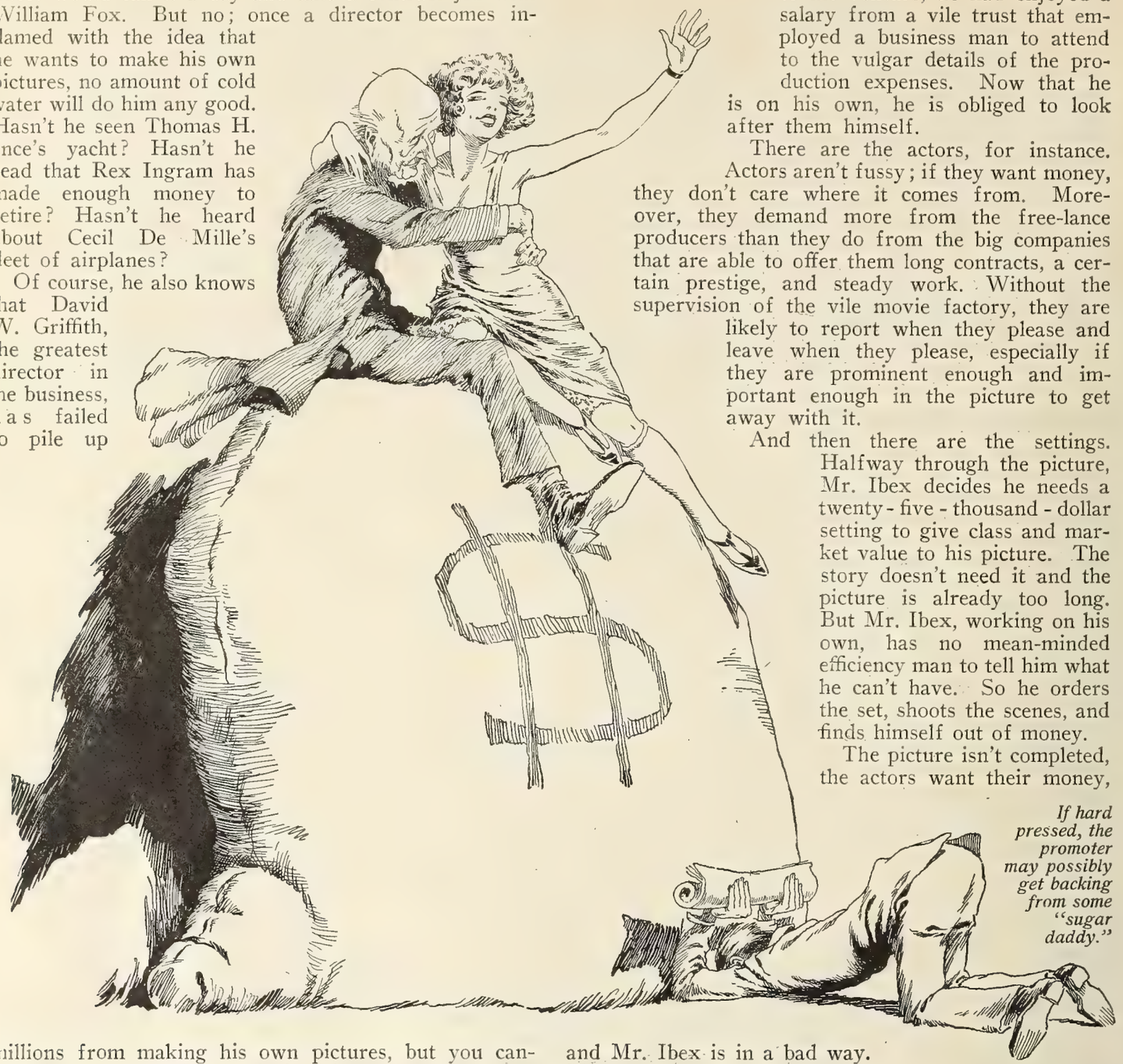
But let us not go too far down in the scale. Let us stop with the adventure of Hector Ibex and the bonus boys. Hector gets the money and promptly forms his own company. The company gets a flying start with a press agent and space in a studio. But before the cameras begin to grind it is covered with more mortgages and bad debts than Broadway has electric signs.

Once started on his own production, Mr. Ibex is astonished to find how the money rolls out. Previous to his venture, he had enjoyed a salary from a vile trust that employed a business man to attend to the vulgar details of the production expenses. Now that he is on his own, he is obliged to look after them himself.

There are the actors, for instance. Actors aren't fussy; if they want money, they don't care where it comes from. Moreover, they demand more from the free-lance producers than they do from the big companies that are able to offer them long contracts, a certain prestige, and steady work. Without the supervision of the vile movie factory, they are likely to report when they please and leave when they please, especially if they are prominent enough and important enough in the picture to get away with it.

And then there are the settings. Halfway through the picture, Mr. Ibex decides he needs a twenty-five-thousand-dollar setting to give class and market value to his picture. The story doesn't need it and the picture is already too long. But Mr. Ibex, working on his own, has no mean-minded efficiency man to tell him what he can't have. So he orders the set, shoots the scenes, and finds himself out of money.

The picture isn't completed, the actors want their money, and Mr. Ibex is in a bad way. He goes to the dear old bonus boys, who scurry around and get him more money. Why do they do it? Because unless the picture is finished they stand no chance of getting any returns. It's the same old argument in favor of throwing good money after bad.



If hard pressed, the promoter may possibly get backing from some "sugar daddy."

When Hector Ibex finally emerges with the film under his arm, he has aged considerably, but his troubles have only started. If it's a good picture, he can sell it to a big distributor and by a little careful planning he has a chance of paying his debts. If it is a bad picture, there is nothing for him to do but jump in the river. No matter if he sells the picture, gives it away, or eats it for dinner, there is little real money in it for him. The interest rate swallowed up the profit.

Nobody yet has found borrowing money at thirty per cent a profitable financial career. As Doctor Giannini said, "When I see the bonus boys walk into a studio, I know the crape is on the door."

As yet, I haven't made clear why Mr. Ibex borrowed the money or why the bonus boys let him have it. The best analysis of the psychology of the situation was given to me by Mr. Joseph Dannenberg, editor of *The Film Daily.*

"The independent producer-director cannot be made to see that he isn't a business man," Mr. Dannenberg told me. "When he works for a big company, he has the sneaking suspicion that the profits are going to some one else and all he is getting is his salary. He vastly overrates the earning power of pictures. Last year the average *gross* on pictures was about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

"However, the director believes that if he could branch out for himself he could make not only better pictures but better money. The director believes that he will make a great picture. All he wants is the chance.

"The bonus boys give him the chance. And he is so sure of himself that thirty per cent doesn't seem a bit too much to pay. Money means nothing to him in the studio. If the success of the picture is at stake, nothing can prevent him from going to the bonus boys for more. His temperament, his optimism and his vanity destroy all sense of caution. He knows he can't fail. And so he takes chances that would make the average business man turn cold.

"Now for the bonus boys. Their methods are illegitimate but not dishonest. You can't call them crooks. They are really gamblers. This special way of financing pictures is like a poker game; you plunge heavily so that you may win heavily. And, of course, you may lose heavily.

"That's where the interest comes in. They charge big rates to protect themselves against loss. The odds are against them. They are betting on the director. If the director wins, they get a salable negative; if the director loses, they get a negative which is worse than useless.

"This industry isn't like other business. If a man borrows money to make steel rails, he is able to turn out steel rails and sell them. He has a market for his wares. But if a man borrows money to produce pictures, he may have a salable product when he gets through but he may have only a negative—a few thousand feet of celluloid absolutely without value of any sort. You can't even sell it as junk.

"It's gambling, and dangerous gambling. But there is a lot of gambling in the business, a great deal of reckless borrowing and reckless spending. But, oddly enough, it is easier to call in a loan in this business than in any other. Why? Because there are no small investors, no little fellows. All the financing is done in big sums. The money changes hands but it always stays in the business, within reach of a hurry call. As for the small investor, the movie game is a wonderful one to stay away from."

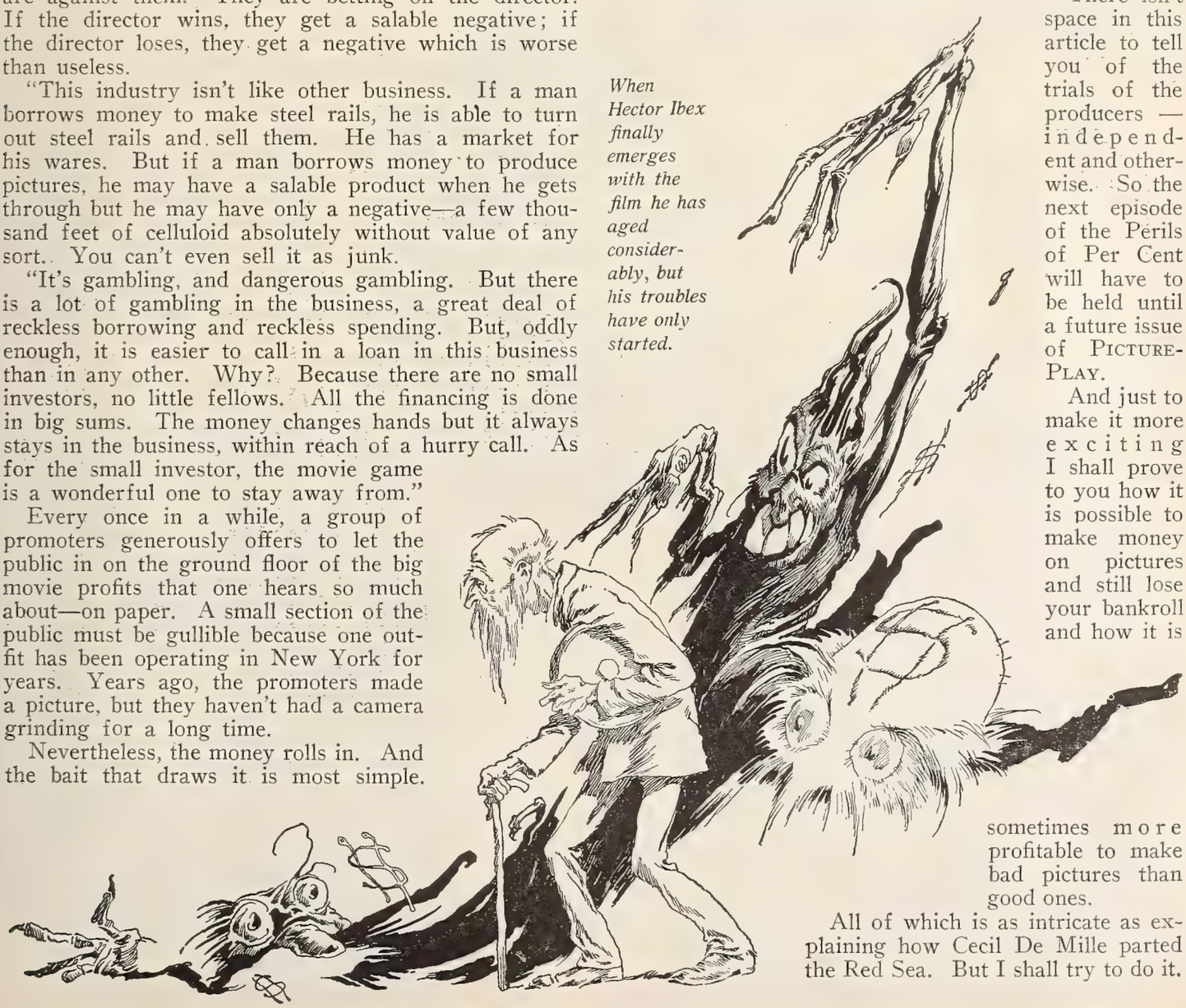
Every once in a while, a group of promoters generously offers to let the public in on the ground floor of the big movie profits that one hears so much about—on paper. A small section of the public must be gullible because one outfit has been operating in New York for years. Years ago, the promoters made a picture, but they haven't had a camera grinding for a long time.

Nevertheless, the money rolls in. And the bait that draws it is most simple. The company announces that it has obtained the rights to certain well-known books or plays. The works under discussion are usually extremely valuable and have not yet been disposed of to any organization.

Of course, on the strength of their announced ownership of these books or plays, the promoters are able to clean up money in twenty-four hours before the rightful owner has a chance publicly to declare that he has not yet parted with the gold mine.

Local pride is another bait for getting money. If a movie promoter came to your town and announced that he was going to start a studio in the vacant lot and promised further to use local talent in his pictures, you might think him awfully big hearted to offer you a share in the business. Even chambers of commerce and other civic organizations often fall for the lure of turning their community into "another Hollywood." But this sort of movie financing is just one step above the old-fashioned shell game.

The companies that offer you stock which is a regular commodity on the New York stock market are, for the most part, of course, perfectly honorable in their intentions and strictly honest in their performances. The stock of Famous Players-Lasky is just like the stock of any other business, subject to the same depressions and exaltations that hit any other commercial enterprise. But some of the lesser companies that operate on the curb, issue stock that isn't exactly safe for widows or orphans, to say the very least.



When Hector Ibex finally emerges with the film he has aged considerably, but his troubles have only started.

There isn't space in this article to tell you of the trials of the producers — independent and otherwise. So the next episode of the Perils of Per Cent will have to be held until a future issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

And just to make it more exciting I shall prove to you how it is possible to make money on pictures and still lose your bankroll and how it is sometimes more profitable to make bad pictures than good ones.

All of which is as intricate as explaining how Cecil De Mille parted the Red Sea. But I shall try to do it.

Hail, the

AS every one knows, she helps love rule the world. Her admirers love her; her parents can't manage her; those who "view with alarm," condemn her. The rest of the world adores her.

King Vidor has filmed "Mary the Third," Rachael Crothers' stage success—to be known on the screen as



THE WILD-CAT FLAPPER.

The type you see above, posed by Marjorie Bonner, has slapped many a cake eater, occasionally leaving the marks of a scratch. She has walked home once or twice. Her looks belie her actions. She is one of the few flappers who can inhale 'em.

THE MODERNISTIC FLAPPER.

You see her, in the oval, posed by Rosalind Byrnne. She is interested in futuristic art; she knows something about batiks, and she professes a great admiration for Gertrude Stein. If there is an art club or a Little Theater movement in her town, she belongs to it. She reads the writings of the less-balanced philosophers, and has convinced some people that she understands them. A great believer in the isms, this flapper.



THE PURITANICAL FLAPPER.

Here she is, below, posed by Mary Aiken. She travels with the gang, enjoys the parties, but she has never learned to smoke successfully, and insists on going home about midnight. The sheiks like her, but they don't seem to get on so well with their petting; they condemn her with the contemptuous comment, "She doesn't drink."



THE DIGNIFIED FLAPPER.

She is portrayed, on the left, by Dorothy Dawn. This type looks on the antics of the less restrained members of her species with disgust. But she is, nevertheless, a flapper.



Flapper!

"The Wise Virgin." In the picture he has used several dozen flappers, the cast headed by Eleanor Boardman and Pauline Garon. He has selected for us the portraits of eight different types, and has catalogued them according to their thoughts, inhibitions and affectations. To which class do the flappers of your acquaintance belong?



THE THOUGHTFUL FLAPPER.

Eleanor Boardman represents her in the oval, on this page. She isn't sure that things are just right. She reads a good deal and talks about living her own life, and she carries on quite a bit of conversation about more or less obscure things, such as wanting to be a "real person" and living her ideals. She denies that she is a flapper, and although she doesn't bob her hair nor bear many of the outward manifestations of the species —she's a flapper just the same.



THE PERT FLAPPER.

She appears below, represented by Pauline Garon. She talks most of the time, generally has a fast smart crack with which to greet the remarks of her companions; rolls her stockings, and would rather dance than eat. She is the typical flapper to the eye, having all the accoutrements—but she is really no more the flapper than any of the other types.

THE BORED FLAPPER.

She is characterized, in the picture above, by Virginia Lee Corbin. She yawns when a sheik becomes amorous; she finds all parties dull, all the cake eaters dumb-bells, and all the other flappers catty.



THE KID FLAPPER.

Iras Nicholson, on the right, represents her here. She is probably the youngest of her set; she tries to be as sophisticated as the rest, but just can't keep that kid smile hidden.



Looking on with an Extra Girl

Motion-picture studios do not lose their glamour nor players their interest for her, as this account of her experiences during the making of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" shows.

By Margaret R. Reid

AFTER a few months' work in the motion-picture studios, most extras get case-hardened and to them the business is just a business and nothing more. I feel truly sorry for them, for they miss a lot of thrills that the rest of us enjoy. We are just like any other fans who worship the stars from afar, except that we have the advantage of intimacy enough to be novel and exciting, with not enough to destroy the glamour. There is nothing more exciting to me than starting on a new picture with some famous director, or attractive star whom I have adored for years.

Only in the most prosaic studios do I lose that thrill that comes when I step into the barnlike, darkened stage, with the Kleigs and Cooper-Hewitts sputtering bluely through the gloom, the sets towering ghostlike all around me, the shouts of the prop boys, the camera men, the director, the preliminary scraping and twanging of the orchestra—it is all fascinating.

I think that the atmosphere of a costume picture is more gripping than that of any other, for the old-time costumes and settings heighten the unreality. My very happiest experience was three and a half weeks in "Scaramouche" under Mr. Ingram's direction. That is too long past to relate now, but you might like to hear about my next most pleasant long run of work, which was in Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Extras are always on a sharp lookout for the starting of a costume picture, as it usually means a fairly steady job to be taken on as a lady or gentleman of the court, and in no profession is a steady job so prayed for and appreciated as in the lower strata of the motion-picture business. Consequently, there was a mad rush from all parts of Los Angeles to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio when it was announced that Miss Pickford was shortly to begin production on "Dorothy Vernon." However, not having any great amount of nerve—which is considered by some one of the most necessary qualifications for pictures—I had been afraid to trust my chances to such overwhelming odds, and had, several weeks before, written to Miss Pickford herself, telling her how greatly I had always wished to work with her, incidentally mentioning that I was from her birthplace, Toronto. I put my heart into that letter, for no one in pictures has ever meant to me just what Mary has. She has been a most cherished ideal, ever since my childhood, and I wanted very much to play in her picture. And then, too, like any other extra, the prospect of a long run and steady pay did not at all distress me. Miss Pickford, thank Heaven, is blessed with an understanding heart. I received a most charming letter in return, and when they started to cast for the picture, I was one of the lucky ladies-in-waiting.



We were told that our first work would be in San Francisco and accordingly all sorts of complicated arrangements were made. It was at an expense of over seven thousand dollars a day that the huge company, with all its lights, props and costumes, spent a week in the north to do a few short scenes in Golden Gate Park. The venture caused a ripple of interest even in Hollywood.

We were told that we would not be required to work the day we arrived in San Francisco, and so we immediately started in to enjoy ourselves, continuing to do so the next day, the next and the next. We did not seem to be at all connected with the Pickford company—except that they were paying our hotel bills. Each evening we were informed by a bulletin in the lobby that our services would

not be needed next day, only the men being called. And each morning we gazed anxiously at the sky, praying for fog—a thick, heavy, wet fog—for that would mean work held up and a longer holiday for us.

On Saturday Miss Pickford arrived. She was to have come before but Mr. Fairbanks found that he could not leave work on "The Thief of Bagdad" until the end of the week. Yes, my dears, that story that the Fairbankses have never been separated a single night since their marriage is absolutely true. Miss Pickford had some scenes by herself and with Mr. Forrest, who plays the hero, and started on them at once. The scenes were taken in the famous Golden Gate Park—the largest artificial park in America, or the world, I've forgotten which. It is a beautiful wilderness, several square miles down by the ocean and a perfect replica of the estate of Haddon Hall.

And such an audience as they had! Thousands of people flocked daily to see Mary, standing with touching patience for hours hoping for just one little glimpse of her and when word went around that she was in the vicinity, it took a corps of mounted police to restrain their wild enthusiasm.

Finally, on the evening of the fifth day we were ordered to be ready to leave the hotel in costume and make-up at six thirty the next morning. At six a. m. the dining room was filled with soldiers, ladies and gentlemen of the court of Queen Elizabeth—all in the elaborate riding costumes of the period. Promptly at six thirty busses left the hotel and sped through the gray, silent streets laden with many thousand dollars' worth of wardrobe in which sleepy extras shivered in the biting air of a San Francisco dawn.

Early as it was when we arrived at our location in the Park, the thrilled crowds were already beginning to collect, apparently prepared to spend the day, armed as they were with numberless bundles, wraps and paper bags. There was much dashing about and confusion among the company. The cameras were being set up at one end of a long curving meadow, lined on both sides with towering old trees and tangled green bushes. It had once been "the Speedway," I believe, a popular bridle path but it truly looked like some mellow old English etching.

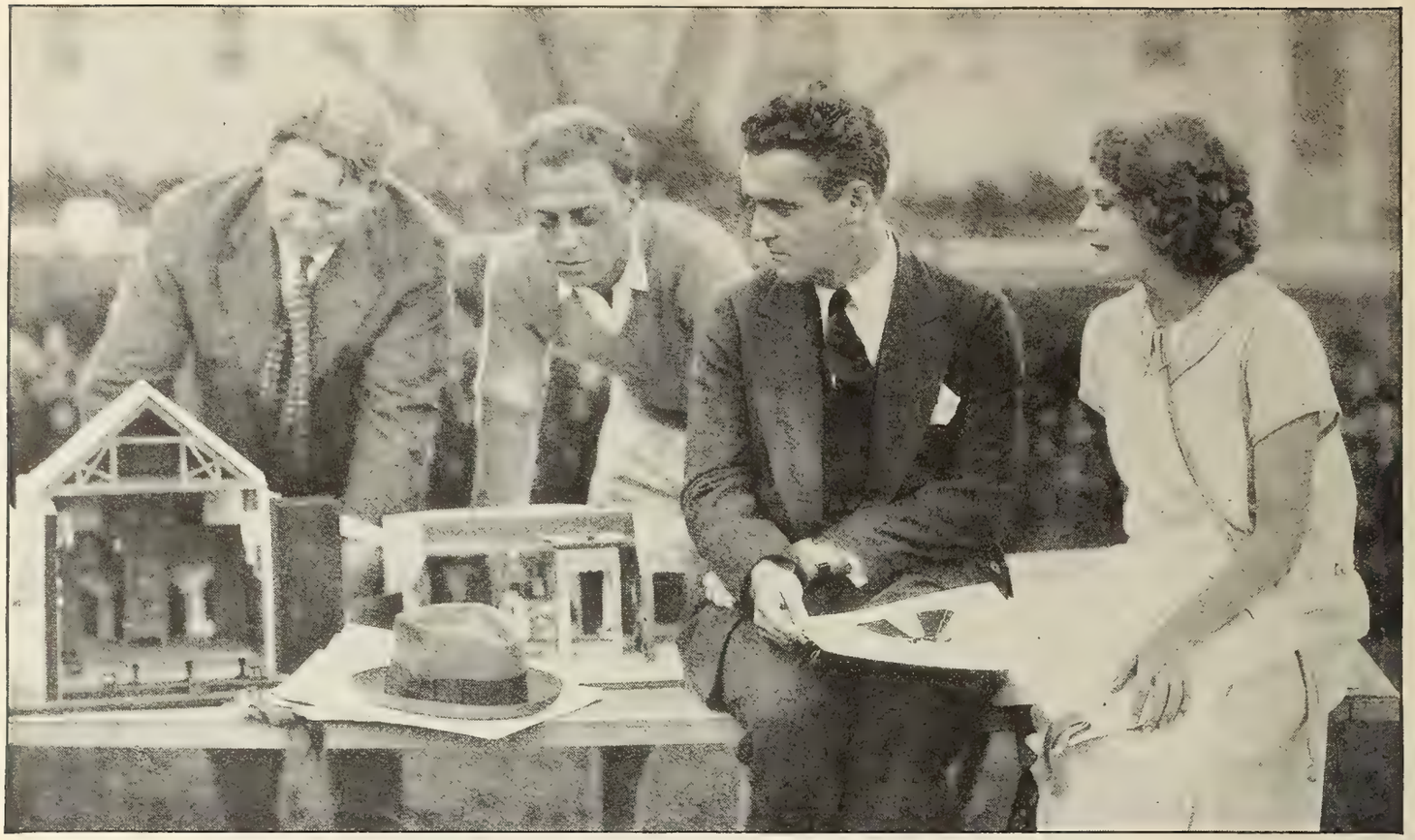
The scene to be shot was the arrival of *Elizabeth* at Haddon Hall—and will be one of the most beautiful and impressive in the picture, I am sure. The company had engaged a great mob of men—over a thousand, I know—at the San Francisco Labor Bureau, and these were costumed as foot soldiers, while some who rode expertly were cavalrymen. These, the courtiers, flag-bearers and ladies-in-waiting were all mounted on horses garbed almost as fussily as their riders—with flowing velvet capes over their saddles and very smart bows and tassels distributed over their tails and ears.

Although the scene itself was very short, it was rehearsed and shot over and over again all day. It was a most beautiful and majestic sight—the procession starting at the far end and coming slowly toward the cameras, banners fluttering in the breeze,



Photo by W. F. Seely *This picture above is from a photograph of the author of this colorfully written article, who has found that being an extra is an interesting adventure.*





Marshall Neilan and Miss Pickford confer about the settings.

horses prancing—to the shrieks of some of the girls who didn't fancy side-saddles—and, near the head, the great elaborate coach of *Queen Elizabeth*. Again and again we did it, and again and again Mr. Neilan shouted, "That's fine, let's do it once more;" until at last, when the shadows were black and long, and the light dim and soft, the noble cavalcade passed gallantly down between the lines of ancient trees, looking through the golden haze like a ghostly glimpse into a half-forgotten age—and out past the cameras to the shout of "O. K." from Mr. Neilan.

Immediately we were snatched from *Elizabeth's* royal court to the very modern, but *not* prosaic, Pickford company. We dismounted among the crowds of spectators who were busily snapping pictures of us, were rushed to the busses and told that we were to leave that night for home. There was much groaning and wailing at that, everybody being quite willing to stay much longer, and on our arrival at the hotel we had become almost sentimental about our attachment to San Francisco. It was with noticeable reluctance that we took off our make-up, turned in our costumes, packed our bags and went down to dinner for the last time. Only the girls were being sent home, as the men were needed for other scenes, so in charge of Mitchell Leisen we crossed on the ferry to Oakland and caught the southbound train. As usual, there was a most undignified row about the disposal of the upper and lower berths, from which Mr. Leisen fled in dismay, only appearing next morning to pray us not to exceed a dollar on breakfast, that being all Mr. Kerrigan had allowed him. About an hour later we drew into the San Francisco station, where among others, Betty Francisco had come to meet her sister Evelyn—whose last day in the north was marred by the fact that her spirited horse was determined to sit down like a dog and rest—and Wallace Beery to meet Arita Gilman, one of the most beautiful girls in the company, to whom he is said to be engaged. After many scrambles for luggage and affectionate farewells, we dived into our respective taxis—bound for Hollywood.



To see Neilan seriously engaged in his work no one would suspect him of being so full of play as he is.

My location trip was over. It had been thrilling, novel, interesting. I had loved every minute of it, yet here I was noting all the familiar old landmarks on the way home as fondly as if I had been away six months. We turned onto Wilshire Boulevard by the dear old Ambassador, swung into Western Avenue, passing in quick succession Conway Tearle in his little old red roadster and Pola Negri in her smart green town car, out past the shabby, sprawling Fox studio, with Tom Mix's super-fancy gray roadster turning in—up by Lasky's, the ugliest and most exclusive studio of all, with about a million dollars' worth of machines in front—up along Hollywood Boulevard, where the famous, familiar faces thronged the road and sidewalk—past the old Hollywood Hotel and the Garden Court Apartments, where King Vidor was playing tennis—then down quiet, picturesque old Franklin Avenue, and home.



Mary does some expert riding in "Dorothy Vernon."

It was almost four weeks later that we began work at the studio, and the genial, happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the company having made a deep impression on us all, it was almost in the spirit of a home-coming that we returned to it. Our interest in the people and the picture made us really love the studio.

For instance, a typical day. At seven thirty we are at the studio, some in make-up, some not. A mad scramble in the wardrobe for our costumes, a fight for dressing rooms, the doors close violently and shouts of "Hook me up next," "Who stole my grease paint?" "For the love of heaven, help pour me into this costume, I'll be crippled for life by to-night," emerge, interspersed with "Did you go to the opening of 'The Ten Commandments' at the Egyptian last night? Pauline Frederick was there with Will Rogers and his wife. She looked really beautiful, has a new single bob." "I saw Shirley Mason with Bobby Agnew—they make the cutest couple." "Arita Gilman was there, too—weren't you Rita?—she looked like a million dollars, too. A white dress and a new seal cape." "Didn't Pola Negri look gorgeous? And she is always so sweet to the fans who mob the entrance." "Didn't you just weep buckets over Rod La Rocque? I saw him at Montmartre a couple of nights ago, and he is terribly attractive, doesn't spoil your screen illusion a bit."



An emotional bit of acting leaves Miss Pickford shaken after the scene is finished.

Then through the halls comes a warning shout, "On the set, girls, we're waiting for you, snap it up." Cries of dismay and five more minutes of frenzied preparation and out pours a lovely company, completely transformed, arrayed in luxuriously elaborate costumes of every rich design, fabric and color, with carved glittering jewels adorning fingers, wrists, hair and ears. We troop down the stairs to the great darkened stage and across to the area of light that is the set. Here it proves, as we knew it would, that they are nowhere near ready to begin, so we drape ourselves over the stray boxes and steps, cautiously, with due regard to our costumes, about the care of which we had been quite severely warned.

Mr. Neilan is too busy playing tag with the electricians to bother about the picture. He throws himself into his playtime, as well as into his work, with the superb abandon of a child, and his playmates swear by his name and are his slaves. How many times I have seen him turn from some aching, tearing, heart-rending bit of tragedy directed with the consummate feeling of the born artist—to direct his own four-piece orchestra in some crazy, jazzy melody, and his assistants can shout, "Ready, Mr. Neilan!" till they are purple in the face, but Mickey will finish the number, to the last little chord. He is an odd contradiction, as are all interesting people, for although the grips and electricians are apparently his boon companions, I have very rarely seen him speak to an extra. Most other directors I know will at least say "Good morning" to their atmosphere people when they have worked for them three or four days, but at the end of three months Mr. Neilan was as oblivious of his as at the beginning.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

By Helen Klumph

Ernest Torrence would blush to have such a motto emblazoned on his crest, but it belongs there nevertheless.

CASTING directors are harassed individuals. They set out to get just the right actors for a motion-picture and immediately find obstacles in their way that make "Pilgrim's Progress" look as simple as a cross-word puzzle. There aren't any actors that look the part and have experience; the ones who might possibly do are always engaged elsewhere. Alas, the casting director must fall back on one of the old reliables. These O. R.s are the robber barons and baronesses, the pirate chiefs of filmdom. The tribute paid them averages two thousand dollars a week and often runs higher than that. They are the people whom the public likes, whom directors like, and who can be depended upon to give a strikingly good performance in a wide range of rôles. And so, more and more the casting directors come to depend on them. They are the Tully Marshalls, the Anna Q. Nilssons, the Milton Sillses—the people one sees this week in a Universal super-jewel de luxe and next week in a State-right program feature put out by some unknown company.

They aren't character actors in the old-fashioned sense that a character actor was a man who could always devise a new kind of whiskers. Their characterizations are always themselves—yet with a difference.



Among this gentry there is one figure that moves majestically, coming more and more to the foreground — domineering, threatening, repelling. It is Ernest Torrence. Since his first triumph in "Tol'able David," and his even greater triumph in "The Covered Wagon," he has played a great variety of rôles always a little better than either director or public expected. Casting directors grasp at him as drowning men do at straws. One casting director told me that he picked up an unfamiliar story, read this line, "Stepping back among the crowd at the bar was a tall, gaunt man with a determined jaw and piercing eyes," and without reading any further, reached for the telephone to see if he could get Torrence. He could make such a character human if any one could.

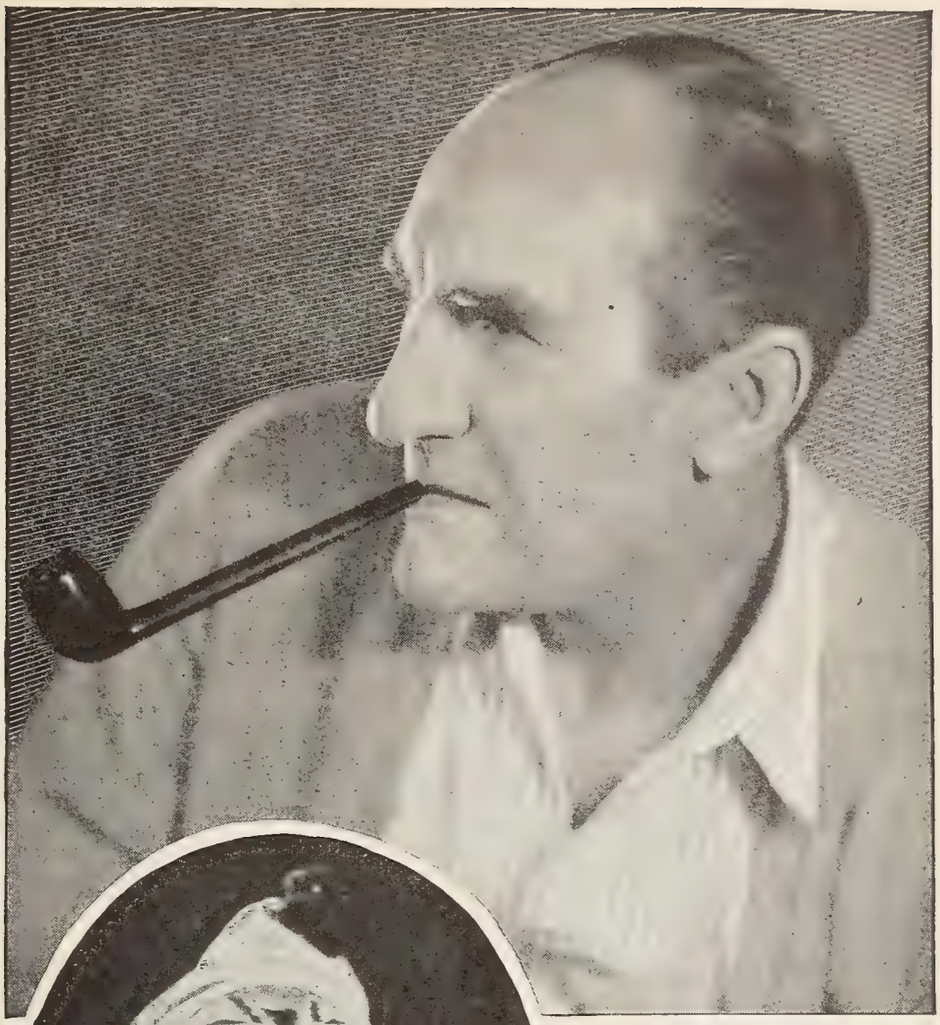
Now Torrence might have been marooned in that sort of rôles if he hadn't had vision and ambition. He knew what he wanted. When people talked to him about his work he didn't gush abstractions about big rôles with depth and feeling that would give an actor a chance. He said, "I want to play *The Mountebank.*" And there is

"The Mountebank" is the poignant story of a clown who, in the World War, rises to the rank of general, only to have to return to the sawdust when the war is over.

something so impressive and convincing about this man Torrence that Jesse Lasky went right out and bought the screen rights to "The Mountebank," and now Ernest Torrence is making it under Herbert Brenon's direction.

It looks as though "The Mountebank" might turn out to be one of those great personal triumphs by which an actor is always remembered. One cannot tell, of course, for often the things that look best in the studio fall flat on the screen, but if the camera catches even a small part of the magnetism that one feels in Torrence's performance while watching him in the studio, "The Mountebank" will be a great picture.

There is probably no other figure in all drama and literature so popular as the clown who continues his antics though his heart is breaking. It is such an appealing rôle that most of our players choose to do one variation or another of it at some time during their careers. But Torrence, I venture to suggest, will outdo all of them.



Torrence's reputation rests solely on achievement—the result of years of patient work. In private life he is a quiet, home-loving man, among other things an accomplished pianist and a composer of real ability.





You can hardly believe that this clown is the same man who played BILL JACKSON *in "The Covered Wagon" and* LUKE HATBURN *in "Tol'able David."*

I was watching him at work one afternoon in the Famous Players studio on Long Island. There was a huge set, a sort of theater-café thronged with extras, and Torrence was the star of the show that was taking place on the little stage at the end. He leaped on the stage and danced around, a grotesque, arresting figure. With flamboyant gestures he made much to-do over a gigantic envelope from which he extracted a tiny note. Stuffing it in his mouth to keep it from the petite ballerina who fluttered around after him, he permitted her to pull it out—and it was one of those endless paper chains that children learn to make in kindergartens. Crouching and leaping, playing tricks on his little partner and roaring with mirth, poised perilously on tiptoe with knees turned out in approved ballet technique and balancing a pile of cigar boxes on his chin, Torrence roused his apathetic, paid audience of weary extras to real applause. Some one behind me remarked feelingly, "Isn't he a wonder?" and I turned to find Richard Dix and several other players from a neighboring set who had come to watch Ernest Torrence.

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Entertaining is one of the best things that Marion Davies does, so while JANICE MEREDITH *was having a party out in the studio Marion gave a luncheon in her dressing room.*

Over the

After scurrying around New York and favorites, Fanny the Fan goes West

By The

IT is a great wonder to me that Fanny the Fan ever arrived in Hollywood alive. At almost any point in the journey I was prepared to telegraph back to her Eastern friends that she had been strangled by one of her fellow passengers. Few would have found it in their hearts to blame the murderer. You see, ever since Fanny heard about some motion-picture star—I think it was Mabel Normand—who told each of the people on a transcontinental train who spoke to her a totally different story of who she was, Fanny had yearned to do something of the sort. So, in the dining car as we left New York I found Fanny confiding to the nice old lady at the table with us that she was the bobbed-haired bandit's sister and was on her way to Hollywood to write a scenario for Baby Peggy featuring the pretty bandit's exploits. A little later she was telling the conductor that the Will Hays organization was sending her out to introduce grammar in Hollywood. Goodness only knows what she told when I wasn't with her.

But even our last few days in New York were fantastic.

"Do be a dear and go change our reservations to to-morrow," Fanny urged after I had my trunks all packed to start westward. "I simply must stay for the opening of 'Dorothy Vernon.' Every one will be there; every one but Anna Q. Nilsson, I mean. She got homesick and went back West when she finished 'The Mountebank,' instead of staying in New York to make two more pictures as she was supposed to do. She went to the auction of the furnishings of the George Gould estate just before she left and bought a silver and enamel tea service. And what do you suppose she paid for it? Only seventy-five dollars!

"No, I cannot wait and see the picture in Hollywood," Fanny insisted. "I'll be too busy watching pictures being made out there to go to see any of them. And anyway I want to go to this opening to see the audience and then I can tell who is left in Hollywood."



Claire Windsor hurried back to New York to play in "Born Rich."

Photo by Richard Burke

Later she glibly put the trip off another day so as to go to a luncheon Marion Davies was giving, but anybody would be justified in postponing anything in order to go to one of Marion's luncheons. They are always quite hilarious.

"We had luncheon in Marion's suite at the Forty-fourth Street studios," Fanny informed me breathlessly when she dashed home to hurl her last few belongings into a suit case. "There were about sixteen of us but after we all crowded in and allowed room for the waiters there was still a corner or two left, so we sent for Maclyn Arbuckle

Teacups

bidding a last fond farewell to her film to see what is happening in Hollywood.

Bystander

and his wife, and Holbrook Blinn. They are all playing with Marion in 'Janice Meredith,' you know. Marion had a lovely surprise for Mrs. Arbuckle. It had just been decided that she should play *Martha Washington*. She was so thrilled she would have fainted if there had been room.

"When the assistant director came to call Mr. Blinn on the set, Maclyn Arbuckle told him not to hurry. 'There's motion-picture time and standard time,' he drawled in that unctuous Texas voice of his, 'so if they say they are waiting for you now, that means they will be ready in about an hour.'

"They were filming a big Valentine party for 'Janice Meredith;' maybe that is what gave Marion the idea of giving a party herself.

"As usual, every one started talking at once about how to get thin. You should have seen me devouring caviar and chicken and ice cream while I proclaimed loudly that I kept my girlish figure by never, simply never—eating anything but pineapple and lamb chops. But in that I



Of all the younger players, Jobyna Ralston looks like the best candidate for starring honors.

Photo by Kornman



Photo by Richee

Jacqueline Logan looked quite like a pretty little schoolgirl at the big navy ball in Los Angeles.

am not very original. Every one talks about that diet, but Pauline Garon's the only person I ever knew who really had the determination to stick to it. And just wait until you see her in King Vidor's new picture and I bet you will agree it was worth whatever effort it cost her.

"That reminds me; a man named Jack Hutty had a wonderful idea for a fat-reducing comedy called 'The Isle of Lost Hips,' but it hasn't been produced yet. Motion-picture producers all being men don't realize what a vital matter fat reducing is to the rest of us.

"Marion Davies insists that she is getting too fat but I think she looks much better than she did when she got so thin for 'Little Old New York.' She is radiant and dazzling now. If colored photography ever gets improved to the point where it can catch the real colors of eyes and skin, Marion won't have any photographic competition. All the other blondes had better stick to black-and-white photography, except possibly Claire Windsor.

"And that reminds me—why don't we postpone going another day? Claire gets here to-morrow to make 'Born Rich' for First National and I simply cannot go away without seeing her."



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Aileen Pringle is every bit as pretty in real life as on the screen and much more entertaining.

"Oh, yes, you can," I insisted, dragging her off to the station, "and you're going to. If I let you keep postponing your trip, you will still be here when Jackie Coogan comes East to celebrate his sixtieth birthday and the release of 'The Leers of a King,' based on a well-known play by Shakespeare. You're going *now*. Just think of all the lovely new people in Hollywood you have wanted to meet—Aileen Pringle and Carmelita Geraghty and the two cunning youngsters—Jobyna Ralston and Alberta Vaughn."

So I finally won my point. May Allison saw Fanny off at the train but only after she had promised not to go on in musical comedy before Fanny could return. In Chicago I thought I had lost Fanny forever because just as we got to the Santa Fe station she spied House Peters. He was bound for the same train we were, so Fanny got swept along in the crowd. He was on his way West to start a series of pictures for Universal.

Fanny was distracted because she couldn't see movies on the train, but she thought she had found a kindred soul when a woman on the observation platform started talking about movies. It was a terrible blow to her to find that the woman was one of those organization hounds. She seemed to belong to all the "Better Film" leagues on record and be organizing a few more. And she had just returned from a speech-making tour among women's clubs during which she advocated a more strict censorship of films.

"But when do you have time to see movies?" Fanny asked her, displaying a calm and politeness quite foreign to her nature. "Oh, I don't," the reformer admitted, "I haven't seen one since 'The Adventures of Kathlyn,' but I suppose they are all pretty much alike."

Fanny's explosion over that is one that I will never forget. All I could catch of it were staccato remarks on "Gish," "Thief of Bagdad," "Lincoln," and a few of her other idols. In an effort to get her calmed down I later invented a game from the advertising slogans on sign boards along the way. Each time I announced a slogan she had to guess what player or picture just fitted it.

"A Skin You Love to Touch," I announced.

"The Galloping Fish," Fanny guessed correctly.

"Good to the Last Drop."

"Buster Keaton." I had had Clyde Cook and his funny falls in mind, but I let that one pass.

"Fresh Every Hour," was Viola Dana, of course, and "Mild, But Satisfying," was—but it would be catty to tell. It was hard to find any after that that were not catty. "No Better Designing at Any Price" all depends on whether you consider Nita Naldi or Barbara La Marr the most designing woman in pictures. And "Save the Surface and You Save All" applies to whomever you consider beautiful but dumb.

That helped to while away the hours until we pulled into the Los Angeles station, and from then on keeping up with Fanny was like riding in the tail of a comet.

"Isn't it marvelous?" Fanny raved as she joined me at Montmartre for luncheon—Montmartre being *the* place to eat luncheon nowadays. "Pauline Frederick is working in Lubitsch's new picture with the most becoming shingle hair-bob you ever saw, and Nazimova, no less, is coming back in pictures. She is going to play in 'The Ragged Messenger.' Betty



Blanche Mehaffey, far from her native bright lights of Broadway, is attracting attention in the Roach comedies and has a promising future.

Photo by Curtis

Blythe is out here, so is Hedda Hopper. Corinne Griffith has finally got the rights to 'Declassee,' and Elinor Glyn is making the gold-laciest and most romantic picture you ever saw. She isn't really making it, of course, just making suggestions, but so far they have all been good ones. King Vidor is the director and Aileen Pringle and Jack Gilbert play the leads.

"Speaking of Aileen Pringle, I met her the other day and she is a perfect dear. Much smaller than she appears on the screen, and just as pretty. She is so quaint and reserved in appearance that when she makes smart comments on things she takes you quite by surprise.

"I lost my heart to her at once when I found her standing out in the hot sun at the studio during her all-too-short luncheon hour buying a dog. Hers had died just recently, and she was lonely without one, so she was getting a black Chow puppy as much like the other one as possible.

"I cannot understand people who don't have pets. That reminds me—Colleen Moore is supposed to have a pet monkey in her next picture and she is having a terrible time making friends with him. Part of the time he ignores her and the rest of the time he bites her. I just dread having her work with him. Maybe she can persuade the director to use a peacock or an alligator or a pet June bug instead. You never can understand what will prove dangerous and what peaceful to work with in pictures. Now Jack Dempsey is enough to strike terror to any man's heart, but Carmelita Geraghty is playing opposite him in pictures in perfect safety. I understand he is as mild-mannered and meek as a lamb.

"Oh! there's Alice Terry. Doesn't she look different?"

"From other people, or her usual self?" I inquired idly staring around.

"Both," declared Fanny. "And isn't Eleanor Boardman getting lovely looking? I'd be willing to bet that thousands of girls would give almost anything to be working in Eleanor's place. She is playing opposite Adolphe Menjou. Nothing could be more interesting than that—well, almost nothing. And doesn't it seem funny that every one is worshiping at the shrine of Rudolph Valentino and Adolphe Menjou now for playing sophisticated heroes on the screen when only a few years ago they stepped on Lew Cody for trying to put over such rôles?

"You never can tell what type is going to be popular next. I heard some prominent directors and producers discussing that very question the other day and whom do you think they picked as the best possibilities? Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's leading woman, Alberta Vaughn, the cute little heroine of the 'Telephone Girl' series, and Blanche Mehaffey, the 'Follies' girl who plays in Hal Roach comedies. Not that any of them plan to rush out and sign those girls up to-morrow—but

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Photo by Waxman

To Carmelita Geraghty falls the distinction of sparring with Jack Dempsey in perfect safety.



Many a girl envies Eleanor Boardman her chance to play opposite Adolphe Menjou in "Free Love."

Photo by Waxman

A Turn in Pola's

With imported directors, and a differ an attempt is being made to bring out acting which first brought her into world-

By Myrtle



Photo by Richee

Despite her stormy career, Pola has her placid moments.

WITH the peace that has followed Pola Negri's fight for emancipation from petty box-office tyrannies, a more hopeful to-morrow is dawning, which promises us again her vivid art as it first flashed to us in "Passion."

A strange, stormy career, hers, unparalleled in our own stars' chronicles, for hers is a strong individuality that colors her every act. She loves and she hates—with equal fervor. There is something ruthless, driving, in this capacity for feeling that pales the loves and jealousies of most of our girls.

"When I am feeling," she said one day when commenting upon the vagaries of her life, "my brain seems deadened. But afterward I realize how necessary those hours of bitterness and suffering are to one who would interpret life."

Sophisticated, with eyes that reflect many experiences, there is still about Pola at times a naïve childishness.

Her twenty-seven years have been full ones. She is of a race moved by primitive feeling, who give small quarter and expect none. Strife and restless passion were born in her veins in the gypsy blood of her father and probably will never permit her content. We have plenty of little pop-guns in the movies. Pola is our bombshell. What she does seems startling; yet to her it is a natural, groping expression of that inbred turbulent spirit.

Her father was exiled because of his revolutionary sympathies; her mother for a time was insane. As a child, in the Imperial Ballet School, she was beaten unmercifully, to curb the violent temper of her. At sixteen, she made her début and the following year was acclaimed a success in "Sumurun." After the war her screen work began and under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch she achieved cinema notice.

"What comrades we were!" Her eyes sparkle when she speaks of those days. "Our art was not commercialized; we did a thing because we believed in it. Our company was like a big orchestra, each actor contributing his melody to the symphony. Such inspiration you lack here, where you make movies for money, because there is not such close thought and feeling. Your stories are superficial. Art is mirroring life genuinely in any creative form. *Carmen* I think my greatest rôle. An unlovely character, coarse, crude, but sincere, true to herself—therefore, art."

"And then you came to Hollywood," I mused, in a new train of thought. Her lips tightened to a line of defiant red, then drooped at the corners.

"Yes, and then I came to Hollywood. I was ill, and the climate depressed me. All this golden peace—this beauty of nature, and over it all that still quality that you see first on the surface and wonder that beneath it can be so much smoldering fire, such ambition. I had suffered much, from my childhood on. We of Europe, with generations of strife back of us, are that way—raw, crude feelings. I had worked hard. I had felt to the core of me



As she appears in "Men."

Career

ent type of stories, the qualities in her wide prominence.

Gebhart

every emotion. I wanted, for a while, to stop feeling, to relax and think only of my work.

"I thought I had been engaged as an actress. But no, I found that I had been bought as a personality for exploitation, to be remade by the American pattern. I wondered that your public could be so stupid as to expect always the same old hokum, actresses who say and do the regulation things.

"Speaking but little English, I could not phrase that bewilderment. When I realized that my reserve was construed as snobbishness, I retired within a shell until I could get a better perspective on it all. I expected jealousy, yes, for there is professional envy everywhere. But not such personal, catty jealousy. Me—the queen of the cinema abroad—they called me 'competition.'" Her lips curled over the word.

"I stormed—and I cried—hours, alone. Misunderstood always, whatever I said or did. You and I—we were speaking a different language. Not only our words, but our impulses and characters were on divergent paths.

"This past year has been a bitter one. Why did they bring me here? They had actresses who better expressed their idea of the sweet, young heroine. But I had qualities that they lacked—the training, the experience. I wished to interpret women not afraid of life. Stories to express those attributes distinctly mine I must have. 'Bella Donna' was such a story—but no, she must be good, she must have *sympathy.*"

Pola's eyes spat fire, the whole of her vibrated with contempt.

"Why are the producers afraid to attempt progress, innovation? Only when you portray true impulses, what comes from the heart, can you impart realism to any work. Every public is the same. European, American, they feel alike. So when I saw that they were crushing out my only assets and that I was blamed for the artificiality of my pictures, I gave myself one year more in which to fight. If I cannot win, I will go back to Europe, where they love me, where I can make the films in which I belong."

Pola's quarrel with Lasky officialdom was in six languages, slang, and pantomime. Pola talked and Pola sulked, and refused to act any more soda-water, "all-white" heroines. But Pola only chuckles now, for her tongue has learned discretion.

"I fight. And I win. I get all that I want—Bucho and Lubitsch to direct, three great stories—Sudermann's 'The Song of Songs,' Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina,' and 'Manon Lescaut.' I get *carte blanche* to play those characters as I feel them, with no distortion of stories.

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Photo by Richee

Pola's extreme inward restlessness and turbulence of feeling sets her apart from most of our American stars.

Portrait of a Successful Actress

After years of consistent effort, Anna Nilsson now stands at the summit of her career, surveying the scene calmly and shrewdly.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IF you were to meet Anna Q. Nilsson this afternoon in her apartment on Park Avenue you would not believe that the same girl once collaborated with Mabel Normand in pouring ice water from a fourth-story hotel window onto the passing and unsuspecting crowds below.

You would have difficulty in visualizing her as the beautiful cloak model who applied at the Kalem studios —long since gone—for "bits."

Riding, as she is at present, on the crest of the wave, Anna Q. Nilsson is the embodiment of the successful actress. There is no pose about her, but there is a well-defined poise, a commingling of complacency and confidence. She has reached the point where producers must bid against each other for her services; she is a box-office name; books are read with her in mind as the possible star; knowledge of all these things has not escaped her attention.

Last year, if you attended the temples of the capering chromos religiously, you saw the Nilsson name topping the casts of twelve or more productions. This year will find her equally conspicuous. She is, as always, free lancing, and any one in picturedom, from Baby Peggy to Theodore Roberts, will tell you that no one is so successful as a *successful* free lance. If you are your own employer, your wages are raised as your services become valuable. As the demand increases, your wages increase accordingly. Not so, if you are a star under contract. Your agreement calls for a stated sum, and though the crowds storm the box office to see your pictures, you receive no more nor less than is stipulated in the bond. Ask the truant sheik; inversely, ask his employer about the beauteous blonde of the golden curls whose Cinderella feet failed to fill the shoes of stardom. It works both ways.

With the free lance the sky, colloquially speaking, is the limit. Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and Wallace Beery are a few male exponents of the independent plan. Anna Nilsson is the outstanding Lady Luck, though she has reached the point where luck has little to do with her various appearances. She acts where she pleases, when she pleases, and under whom she pleases.

"Of course," she said, "during the past year I have appeared in some disappointing pictures. But choosing what will be a good picture is difficult. For example, I entered 'Why Girls Leave Home' rather dubiously, suspecting that my bank book was leading me contrary to my better judgment. But what happened? We made the picture in an amazingly short time—less than three weeks—and so far it has grossed three-quarters of a million. In other words, thousands and thousands of people all over the country have gone to see it. Exhibitors have rebooked it. Was it so bad, then? Who are we—you and I and a few other self-appointed critics—who are we to say, 'This is a cheap picture?' If the great masses like it, there must be something in its favor. It cannot be punk, whether we say so or not."

Anna said all this judicially, slowly, musing, I fancied, aloud, and at the same time justifying her decision to accept rôles that were highly remunerative, regardless of their artistic qualifications or lack thereof.

She had entered the cast of "Why Girls Leave Home" because of the alluring finances contingent upon such a step, and, when thousands proved curious concerning why girls did leave home, Anna wondered whether perhaps it wasn't a good picture after all. This is, to me, faulty reasoning, but it opens the way to interesting arguments. The fact that the public has kept "Abie's Irish Rose" on Broadway for two years will never convince me that it is a good play.

"I have been offered twenty thousand a picture for four pictures," Anna continued, "but I shall not accept for two reasons. The director is a simpleton, and the photographer an unknown. With either of these handicaps it is almost impossible to make a good picture."

When she granted me audience she was currently employed opposite Ernest Torrence, in Locke's "The Mountebank," under the direction of Herbert Brenon, all three of whom she admired unstintedly.

"Next I hope to do a screen version of 'The Worst Woman in Hollywood.' The lead is a notorious vamp who shields her little sister from the wicked world, and tests the sister's suitor before permitting her to marry him. It has sympathy and dramatic opportunities, and screen values."

Without trying strenuously, I can recall no stellar sister of the shadow stage who speaks of her craft with the sanity and practicality of Anna Q. Nilsson. Bunch lights and baby spots are not merely things that shine in your eyes, to her; they are background and shading and effects. She does not substitute make-up for characterization; she forces make-up to complement characterization. This, in itself, sounds simple. It is true, you say, of all actresses. But it isn't. To prepare for *Carmen* the average star would buy a shawl, a stiletto, a black wig, and a jeweled comb, then, to make assurance doubly sure, dine lavishly on tamales.

Salaries and production costs and royalty figures and grosses rolled from Anna's pretty lips like so many "Yesindeeds" from the lips of the usual cinemanikin. Overhead expenses, studio rents, and agents' commissions are open books to her. Yet she is not devoid of artistic yearnings. Her actress' soul glinted, occasionally, through the statistics of her conversation.

"I was to have done 'Anna Christie' for Ince," she said. "Nothing would have pleased me more. But at the time I was working on another picture. He waited for me two weeks, our picture dragged along with delay after delay plaguing us, and finally Mr. Ince engaged Blanche Sweet. She gave a remarkable performance. It was a gorgeous part. But the picture," and again the business woman dropped out, "the picture is not making money."

It is her ambition—nor is it an uncommon one—to do *Sadie Thompson* in celluloid—the flaming, vital creature who makes "Rain" one of the two finest plays in New York—the other is, for the benefit of the curious, "Beggar on Horseback." Miss Alison Smith will corroborate me, I am sure—but Miss Nilsson is apprehensive about "Rain" and censorship. And well she may be.

"'Anna Christie' has been forbidden in a number of States, you know," she said soberly. "And that doesn't help a picture's grosses. Too bad. It stifles the incentive to make pictures of many plays that

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Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ANNA Q. NILSSON.



Photo by Russell Hall

AFTER a short vacation following the ardors of dueling and intrigue in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Rudolph Valentino will make "A Sainted Devil" for Paramount.



Photo by Havrah

ALICE TERRY has discarded her golden wig for the present and appears *au naturel* in "The Arab," Rex Ingram's latest production for Metro.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

AGNES AYRES has just completed "The Guilty One" for Paramount, and will make her next picture in New York.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

DESPITE her small stature, Bessie Love was chosen for the heroine in "All Day," one of the biggest productions now being made.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

VOLATILE little Clara Bow will be given a splendid chance in the leading feminine rôle of "Wine," a Universal special production.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

JUST as every one predicted she would, Julanne Johnston is achieving distinction for her lovely grace in "The Thief of Bagdad."



LOIS WILSON and "Another Scandal" may seem incongruous, but that is the title of the first production in which she is starring for Hodkinson.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

A Deserved Retirement

The Observer has long been in favor of retiring certain overworked plots from the motion-picture screen, and this seems as good a time as any to start a movement toward that end. When a plot gets so hackneyed from frequent use that not only the general dramatic incidents of the story but certain individual scenes as well are repeated, producers should hesitate before making it again. And when a picture of any particular type has been made as perfectly as it seems possible to make such a picture, combining all the best features of all its predecessors and adding a great deal of beauty and charm, then it is time to stop using that plot and give one's attention to another.

These remarks are prompted by "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which, it seems to The Observer, is the best of all the costume pictures. It has that old familiar plot of the feud between two important families; of clandestine meetings between the daughter of one and the son of another; of the daughter's rebellion against her betrothal to a man of her father's choice; of her submission when it appears that if she does not her lover will be killed. It has that oft-repeated scene where the daughter imprisoned without food is tempted with a lavish tray; it has that pathetic one where wedding finery is brought to her from which to choose for the unwelcome wedding.

But all of this is done with consummate artistry. The pictures which preceded "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" served a good purpose if they only showed Mr. Neilan and Miss Pickford how to make theirs.

What Theaters Are Doing

The big city theaters with all of their gigantic orchestras, their artistic decorations and their lavish scenic effects cannot play as important a part in the cultural life of their communities as some of the smaller-city theaters are doing. Out in Mountain Grove, Missouri, for instance, the folks don't get much chance to hear good orchestral music. That is, they didn't, and in that they were just suffering one of the usual artistic privations of a town of only two thousand inhabitants. But Paul Bowlin, manager of the Missouri Theater there found that his patrons enjoyed the playing of his eight-piece orchestra so much that he planned an additional treat for them. He enlarged the orchestra to fifteen pieces and if you don't think that they can play a musical score for a picture with as much feeling as the symphony orchestra in New York's Capitol Theater, just ask anybody from Mountain Grove.

In Asheville, North Carolina, the local theater orchestra has an even greater effect on the musical life of the community. The public schools there make no provision for musical education and there are few, if any, really competent music teachers in the community. Cultivation of musical taste, therefore, rests almost entirely on the local theater orchestra.

For taking an important place in civic affairs, the Allen Theater in London, Ontario, deserves honorable mention, according to *The Motion Picture News,* a trade journal. The annual winter fair of the neighborhood is held in the large lobby of the house. There the latest improvements in automobiles, radio sets, bicycles, hardware, gas stoves, washing machines, pianos, toilet goods and clothing can be seen.

Who Will Play PETER PAN

It has been definitely announced that "Peter Pan" will be filmed this summer by Famous Players-Lasky with Herbert Brenon in charge of the direction. At this writing, however, the player who will be entrusted with the part of *Peter* has not been decided upon. Searching back in his memory, The Observer recalled that at least once before the announcement had been made that "Peter Pan" would be filmed, occasioning much speculation then on players suited to the rôle even as it does now. In the November, 1920, number of PICTURE-PLAY, The Observer finds that Bessie Love, Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish were boosted for the honor of playing *Peter,* but, alas, cynicism reigned in our editorial ranks even then, for the comment is also there that "Probably the casting director, following his usual disregard for type, will cast Gloria Swanson or Bebe Daniels as *Peter.*"

There is a persistent rumor that Jackie Coogan will be loaned to Famous Players to play the part, but at this writing it is nothing more than a rumor.

The New Directors

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is going to try its hand at developing new motion-picture directors—an experiment that commands the interest of every one who follows pictures. The men who are to be tried out are not in any sense newcomers to pictures—all but one of them is a veteran from some other department of the business. Paul Sloane has long been a scenario writer, and is noted as the man who adapted "Over the Hill" and "Big Brother" to the screen. The first picture that he will direct is to be "Manhattan," an adaptation of "This Side of Paradise." Paul Bern, who is also well known as a scenario writer and who was formerly editor at the Goldwyn studios, will make his début as a director with "Open All Night," an adaptation of Paul Morand's stories of the same name. R. H. Burnside, the third of the new directors, was formerly general director of the Hippodrome in New York and is said to have staged two hundred and ten productions during his theatrical career. His first picture will star Richard Dix.

In Defense of the Stars

Fans often think that the stars are too aloof, but few persons realize the demands that are constantly being made on their time and strength.

By B. F. Wilson

Illustrated by Edgar Franklin Witmack

RECENTLY there have appeared in the pages of this publication many letters from various fans concerning the attitude of the stars in their personal appearances, and in their response to fan mail.

These two matters are important ones, not only to the stars themselves, but also to their admirers.

I have personally read several communications from fans expressing antipathy in some cases, and ardent admiration in others. In view of the fact that I have been interviewing motion-picture celebrities for over five years, at one time having been editor of a film magazine, I feel justified in giving such information on these two questions as I possess. I will abide by the opinions sent in from the various readers after this article appears as to whether or not I am correct.

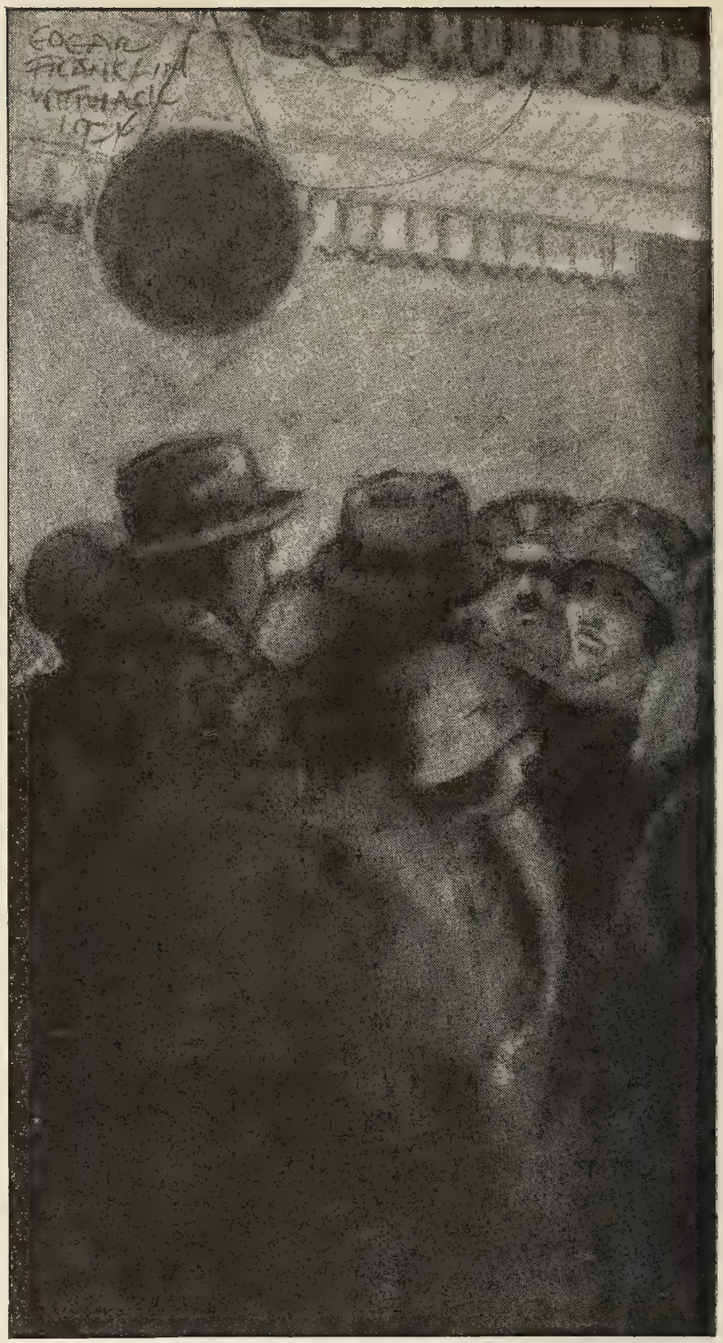
The young lady fan from Chicago who disguised herself as a messenger boy in order to meet Clara Kimball Young is one of the correspondents who interests me the most. Her fairness in judging what Miss Young did regarding the blind man's book is unquestionable. But I notice that another fan defends Miss Young by stating that she would surely have written the poor old man if she had known the whole story, and I agree with the latter.

Miss Young is one of the very few stars that I have not met and talked with personally, but if my knowledge of the daily routine of all the others is correct, and I am pretty sure it is, Miss Young hadn't the faintest idea of the singular honor she was being paid—and I mean this in all sincerity—or she would have most certainly written a personal letter of thanks for this worthy tribute.

I got so worked up over the incident that I felt like cutting out the article and sending it to her personally with a large question mark written over it. However, let me tell you how a few stars I know feel about their fan mail.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have individual secretaries who receive comfortable salaries for taking care of fan mail—and *doing nothing else*. Norma and Constance Talmadge have an office in which the largest part of the work is the attention paid to letters and requests for photographs from admirers. Rudolph Valentino has a charming wife, as every one knows, and she personally supervises the handling of the fan mail her husband receives.

Let me tell you one truth about a film star, and no matter what happens to make you doubt, remember that this is so: Every single celebrity of the screen is extremely interested in his or her fan mail. They cannot read all of it, of course, but they know that when it increases in volume, their popularity is growing, and this makes them very happy. When the opposite happens, and the letters slow up, they begin to worry, and they have good reason to. The film magnates of the industry have their fingers on the pulse of the country. And the value of a star to them is only measured by the way these stars can fill their



At the New York opening of "The Thief of Bagdad" the two policemen to help

theaters. The fan tells the exhibitor; the exhibitor tells his releasing company, and the releasing company tells the production organization, and the latter tells the star who has had an advance notice from her fan mail, and who is either elated or downcast by the time the production organization gets around to her with the news of an increase in salary—or the fatal pink slip notifying her that she is no longer in demand.

It is like a great octopus—reaching out a hundred long arms—and the center of the octopus, the body so to speak, is the fan.

I absolutely agree with the girl who writes that it requires very little effort for the stars to recognize their admirers with a friendly smile when entering a theater. As a matter of fact, I have entered many theaters on opening nights with many stars, and although you wouldn't have known I was on earth for the amount of attention paid to me, I know that each time my friend, the star, has literally beamed upon the crowd. There are so many incidents, some amusing, some pathetic, which have occurred to me when I appeared in reflected glory, that I can't begin to enumerate them. One or two, however, will illustrate my point.



crowd was so rough that Douglas Fairbanks had to carry Mary Pickford through it on his shoulders, and though he had him, her ermine coat was badly torn.

One evening I was with Dick Barthelmess. The crowd almost bowled him over as we tried to get into the theater. Dick, whom I have known for several years, is one of the shyest human beings on earth. He suffered physical torture before the audible comments and battery of eyes. And yet, through the agony on his face, there appeared his famous smile, one of the most ingratiating I have ever seen. He becomes transformed; the illusive shy quality of the smile erases all that makes him a man from his face, and he looks at the world like a young boy who is grateful and embarrassed at once for what he is receiving.

Charles Ray came to New York to make a personal appearance with the opening of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." I sat in the wings of the theater and waited for him to finish his speech. He was upset and unhappy about his work. He had spent practically every cent he had in the making of this feature, and had put his whole soul into it. He worked on it over a year and it cost a small fortune, but he was doubtful of getting his money back, much less earning anything on it. He is another shy person. If you will stop to think about it, there is less publicity written concerning Charles Ray than almost any other star. While I waited for him, two colored men came to the stage door and asked the doorman if they could see Mr. Ray. They waited for him to come off the stage, and he went up to them and greeted one as cordially as he would an old friend. The other turned out to be an ardent fan, and had wanted for years to meet him. He shook hands with the fan and autographed a photograph, not only for the colored man, but for three or four women who were waiting to see him. His manager and two other men were trying to get his attention for some important business matters, but they had to wait.

I interviewed Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at the Ambassador Hotel shortly before they sailed for Europe. Mary was so tired when she came into the room that she sank down on the couch with a pitiful sigh of weariness. She looked about sixteen in the pretty little blue silk dress she wore, and reminded me of a small child, pathetically trying to ward off a complete collapse.

This famous couple, when they get to New York, burn up enough energy in one day to carry an ordi-

nary human being through a month. They have to. If they don't respond to the hundred thousand demands to appear at this benefit, to open that bazaar, to address a hundred clubs, to speak over the radio, to receive a delegation from the Boy Scouts, to attend public dinners, and so on, they are accused of being up-stage.

As we sat and talked, Miss Cameron, Mary's secretary, came in to ask if she would say hello to two little girls who had been waiting outside the door of her suite until she came in. They had brought her a little bouquet, and Mary jumped up, went out, got the children and brought them into the room. She shook hands with each one and gave them a signed photograph, and thanked them profusely for the flowers which she immediately pinned on her blouse. There were dozens of baskets and vases filled with American beauties, orchids, and similar floral tributes all over the room. I have never seen anything more graceful than this little acknowledgment of a tribute from two admirers whom any other star as tired and as busy as Mary probably would have passed over as negligible.

The telephone rang many times. Messenger boys, men with whom Mary had business affairs to discuss, the two secretaries, all interrupted, but she never lost her poise. Curled up like a kitten in a corner of the couch, she answered each question calmly and quietly, and would then turn back to me.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," she said, answering my question as to just how she managed to keep alive with all this distraction, "if it were possible to rest a little at night. But we have to accept so many invitations; we have to be so many different places during one evening, that I crawl into bed so worn out I feel as if I never want to get up again.

"Then, of course, I'm still suffering from what I went through at Douglas' opening for 'The Thief of Bagdad.' It was too terrible! I don't believe in personal appearances. I think the strain is too much for every one concerned. You remember what an enormous crowd gathered. And I have never seen people act the way those did.

"Why, I had Douglas and two policemen around me to keep me from getting trampled on, and the crowd was so thick that Douglas had to put me up on his shoulder. I hate this, it makes me feel so ridiculous; like some queer animal, and I had made Douglas promise he would never do it again. But he just *had* to! My ermine coat was torn into strips! If I had those three big men to protect me, can you imagine what must have happened to the women who came there alone? Why some of them might have got seriously hurt.

"And besides, the struggle of trying to force your way into the theater through a mob like that is too much. It spoils the picture. People are too tired when they sit down, and too upset because of what they had to fight through to be in any mood for enjoying themselves. Don't you think so?

"Of course, it is a beautiful tribute. We were both so proud to think that all those people wanted to see Douglas. We appreciate what a thing like that means. But I *do* wish there were some other way of showing how much we appreciate our following.

"It's a little different with a man. All he has to do is to put on a clean collar and get a shave, and he is all right. He's much stronger also. But people forget that I'm not very strong, and that every time I appear in public, I have to look my best. If I show the faintest sign of being tired or looking badly, the women all comment on it immediately. They say, 'Oh! she is losing her looks,' or something like that.

"I have to look my best always. I feel like a doll in a shop window, and if there is anything ever so slightly wrong, it upsets me dreadfully. You know what I mean." If you readers could have seen the wistful little smile accompanying her speech, it would have warmed your heart.

She waved her hands in a gesture of joy. She has the most beautiful hands I have ever seen. Small, perfectly formed; the tapering slender fingers reveal the artistic side of her nature more graphically than any other feature of her appearance. I couldn't tear my gaze from those hands.

The reason for the joy was that Douglas had entered. He greeted me with a smile.

"Where have you been?" was the first remark Mary made, and I thought to myself of how one touch of nature makes the whole marital world kin.

"We are going away for six months," she continued after a short while. "We are both tired and need a rest. Do you know, it will be like taking a honeymoon trip for us. We've got to open 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' and the 'Thief of Bagdad' in London, Paris, and Germany. And then we're going into Russia. Won't that be thrilling? And then—and then," and she gasped with the happiness of the vision. "I'll tell you but you mustn't publish it for a long time." I promised.

"Well, Douglas and I, *all alone,* are going to take a little car and tour through Europe. I'm not even going to take a maid. I shall buy those shirts for Douglas which won't have to be ironed, and wash them myself. We are going into a lot of little towns and villages, where people won't recognize us. We'll avoid the big cities, and when we have to stop at one, we will go to some small hotel and hide.

"I just can't wait! It will be the first time we've ever gone off just by ourselves since we've been married. We'll loaf and rest and take our time in visiting all the queer old places we've both wanted to see all our lives."

"And I know that when we get to the Orient Mary will never be able to get me away," interrupted Douglas. His eyes lit up with enthusiasm.

"Gosh! I love to think of it. I'm crazy to get there—out in the hot sun on the desert. I love the way those people live. Their outdoor life. Always on a horse, riding night and day—always out in the open. It's great! Won't it be wonderful, dear," he turned to his wife, and grinned with sheer delight.

And as I could see that in the vision of their trip they had completely forgotten my existence, I slipped out quietly, smiling a little with envy at the happiness in store for these two who so justly deserved a little vacation from all their hard work, and above all, a little privacy to themselves from the vociferous demands of the public.

TWELVE YEARS AGO

Bill Hart was acting Shakespeare on the speaking stage.
Jesse Lasky was managing vaudeville acts on the Orpheum Circuit.
Monte Blue was a cow-puncher in Texas.
Dick Barthelmess was a schoolboy.
Jack Holt was driving a dog team up in Alaska.
Jackie Coogan wasn't born.
Charlie Chaplin was cutting up didoes in a London music hall.
Gloria Swanson was studying art in a Chicago school.

The Wherefore of Great Lovers

A psychoanalyst compares the divergent attractions of Menjou, Meighan, Barthelmess and Valentino.

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

Upon the roof's ledge above her bower the sidling cushats stretched their gorges to moan of the gentleness of love.

IN this fashion Robert Nichols writes about love in the court of King Arthur. The author makes known the vogue of that day in this, the oldest and most essential of all the arts. And thus in epigram might it be stated:

The tougher the knight the gentler the lover.

Yet, long before there was jousting at Camelot, flashing of falchion, scraping of rebeck, braying of brachet or weaving of those ensorclements which Merlin retailed to that lady seeking to make sure of her knight, the poet Homer sang a lay of another age and clime that pointed an entirely different fashion in love-making:

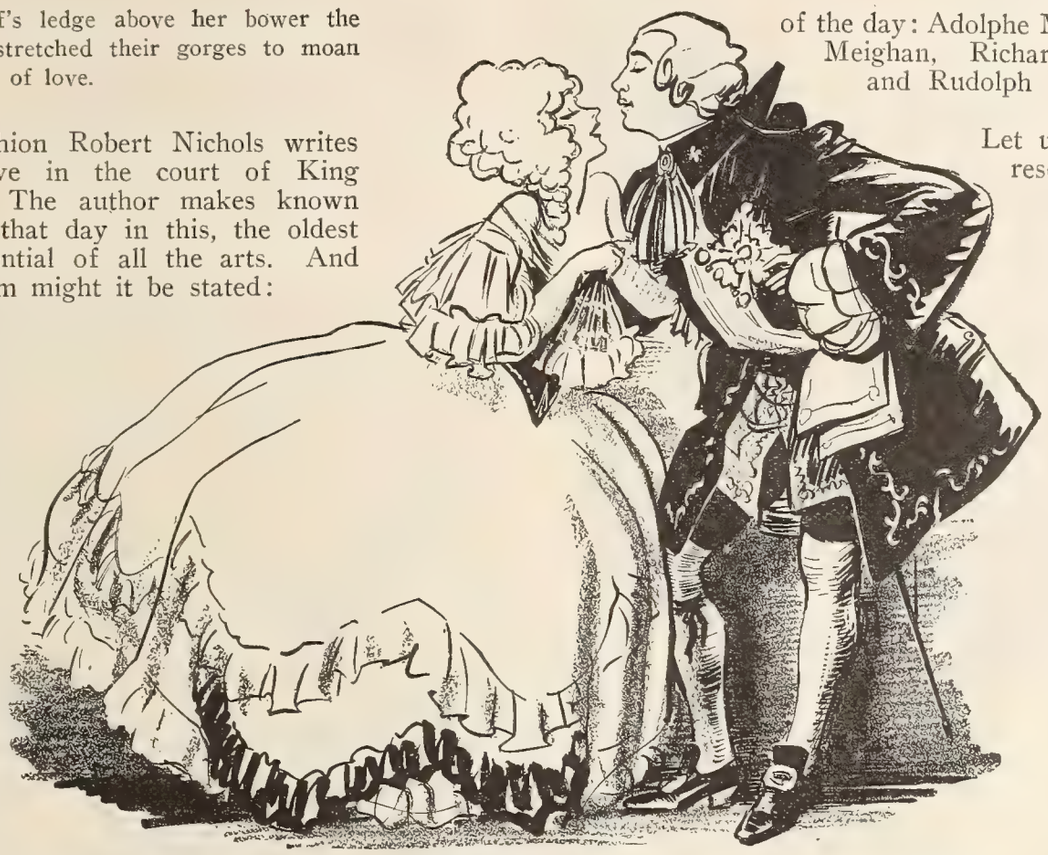
> Thus having spoke, the impatient Phrygian boy
> Rushed to the bower, impatient for the joy.
> Him Helen followed, slow, with bashful charms;
> And clasped the blooming hero in her arms.

There appears the contrast. "Him Helen followed." Helen, most beautiful of women, who, in addition to her justly celebrated feat in rivalry of the war-time activities of the U. S. Shipping Board—namely, the launching of a thousand ships—also caused many a good scrapper, heavyweight, middleweight and featherweight, to take the count. Nevertheless, her most authentic biographer represents her, not as the pursued, but as the pursuer; Paris goes in first, Helen dutifully follows.

And if we read more of Homer we find beautiful women innumerable performing little short of valet service to an unlimited assortment of classic heroes.

The reason for introducing the contrast between love-making of the classic and that of the romantic age into an article that is supposed to treat of motion pictures, is because the screen to-day is reflecting both these varieties of erotic simulation. It may reward us to give the matter some serious attention in an effort to determine in just what direction the most interesting phenomenon of daily life is headed.

In the pages that ensue we are to make our purely scientific observations upon this important subject by watching the performances of four typical screen lovers of the day: Adolphe Menjou, Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess and Rudolph Valentino.



Valentino may be classed as a ranked lover who makes capital of his physical charms.

Let us predicate our researches upon a fact, arrived at tortuosly by psycho-analysts and instinctively by every girl of high-school age, whether she will admit it or not.

"Every lassie wants a laddie," if such a paraphrase of folk literature were permissible, would express the thought perfectly.

In other words, feminine psychology does not change; feminine necessity for love remains constant in all periods of her life.

Sometimes she gets what she wants. Sometimes she is not so fortunate. It is the general experience to have several beaux and finally one lover who later becomes a husband.

This is often an unfortunate circumstance—his becoming a husband. For, alas! too often the husband, engrossed in men's affairs, takes for granted the abiding affection of the girl he married and forgets entirely to remain her lover.

Now this situation, however unfortunate for the wife, is productive of large revenue for motion-picture manufacturers. These astute business men have built up a great industry that is rivaled only by its immediate cousin, the other branch of the canning industry. Canned vegetables, fruits, meats, salads, relishes, and everything else to eat, are now the salvation of the American digestive tract. Canned love, manufactured in bulk and distributed to the retail picture exhibitors all over the broad land, is equally the solace and delight of the American housewife.

Is her husband a tough egg, lacking all the refinements of education? She can run down to the corner movie and see Adolphe Menjou.

Is her husband a weakling, two inches shorter than she, disgracefully unable to crush her in strong arms? She can run down to the corner movie and see Thomas Meighan.

Is her husband a cold-blooded proposition, without a hint of passion in him, and a rotten dancer? She can run down to the corner movie and see Rudolph Valentino.



Meighan is so big physically that he fits the rôle of a protector as neatly as Menjou's evening coat fits the other's slighter shoulders.

Is her husband a practical, hard-headed fellow, past his youth, disillusioned, totally lacking in the idealism that women cherish? She can run down to the corner movie and see Richard Barthelmess.

Let it not shock our prejudices to say frankly that every woman in a movie show imagines herself in the arms of the hero. There is really nothing to be ashamed of in this vicarious pleasure. The actor is there in disembodied form. He is a symbol—to the yearning, adolescent girl, to the somewhat disappointed housewife—a symbol to the first of what she would like her future husband to be and to the second of what she wishes that her present husband was.

The movie producers know of this vicarious love-making and, depend upon it, all the screen heroes are equally aware. Watch any of them. They all make love over the heads of their heroines and right at the palpitant women fans who are sighing back—perhaps subconsciously—from the darkness of the back rows.

And now we come to an interesting development in this routine of vicarious love making, something which we may term a revival of the classic tradition.

It got away to a running start with Valentino's interpretation of the *Sheik,* and it has now apparently reached its goal in the latest performances of Adolphe Menjou, the newest, but fast becoming one of the most popular of all great lovers.

Neither Valentino nor Menjou could be called manly fellows. They are never seen in the romantic, protective rôle which was the fashion among the knights of the Middle Ages and which, until recently, continued to be the accepted standard in this country. They are anything but gentle lovers. They are sly, insidious, alluring devils—he-vamps! When one of them is on the screen you can hear feminine whispers: "Gee, ain't he wicked-looking—I just adore it!"

Instead of waiting on women they make the women wait on them, and they make the women like it.

In his last picture, "Broadway After Dark," Menjou had a girl valet. You could hear the shocked but delighted exclamations when this personable young woman lighted a cigarette at her own dainty lips and began to march to the bathroom, wherein the audience knew that Menjou, in his character of a New York boulevardier, was even then having his morning tub. The girl valet handed the cigarette to a manservant, who in turn conveyed it to the lips of his master, just in time to forestall the scissors of the censors. Even at that, the scene failed to get by in some states, where smoking is considered bad for women, even as a matter of business, and bathtubs are kept strictly out of sight except on Saturday nights.

Menjou has a fashion of looking sidelong at a woman, the while his eyebrows go up and his eyelids down and his lips, beneath a perfectly proportioned mustache, are sucked inward by a cynical smile. His look says: "Woman, I know you. I know every little trick you have in your cabinet and can match it with a smarter one. I can see you, all of you, even what you think is concealed. Well, you're not so bad!"

His technique is the same whether dominated by a foreign sophisticate such as Lubitsch, who directed him in "The Marriage Circle;" or by Charlie Chaplin, a sophisticate of another school—the individual; or by Monta Bell, whose very creditable "Broadway After Dark" reflected the same type of sophistication which this new director had been soaking up during his association with Chaplin.

Menjou is the sophisticated lover. He draws women. He never kneels to them.



Menjou draws women. They follow, "slow, with bashful charms," exactly like their immortal prototype. Frequently they kneel to him in worship, in pleading, in abandon. He never kneels to them. He outrages all the canons of chivalry, while observing the niceties of breeding.

He is, in all respects, the new Apollo of the classic revival of love-making on the screen. His vogue and that of his contemporaries is growing as the rage for this particular style of love-making, so in contrast to the romantic style, continues to mount.

Just as, roughly, both Menjou and Valentino fall into one class of screen lover which we have denominated the classic, so do Meighan and Barthelmess fall, roughly, into the other class which we have called the romantic.

Menjou represents one kind of classic lover and Valentino another kind which we shall examine a little farther on. In the same way Meighan and Barthelmess represent two different types of romantic lover.

Meighan is the all-American brand. He may be a bad one in the first few reels, blowing safes or selling gold bricks, but he is always brought around in the end by the influence of a good woman. He always manages to express affection for children, and they say that he really is fond of kids. He is so evidently the sort of fellow who would make an ideal father that his woman worshiper is naturally led to cast him mentally in that rôle.

Tommy Meighan is so big physically that he fits the rôle of protector as neatly as Menjou's evening coat fits about the other's slighter shoulders. He is so good-natured and humorous that every woman knows she could just make him do anything she wished. And when, in the final clinch, Tommy gathers the heroine —she is always a frail little thing—into his strong arms, a great sigh of contentment goes up from all over the theater.

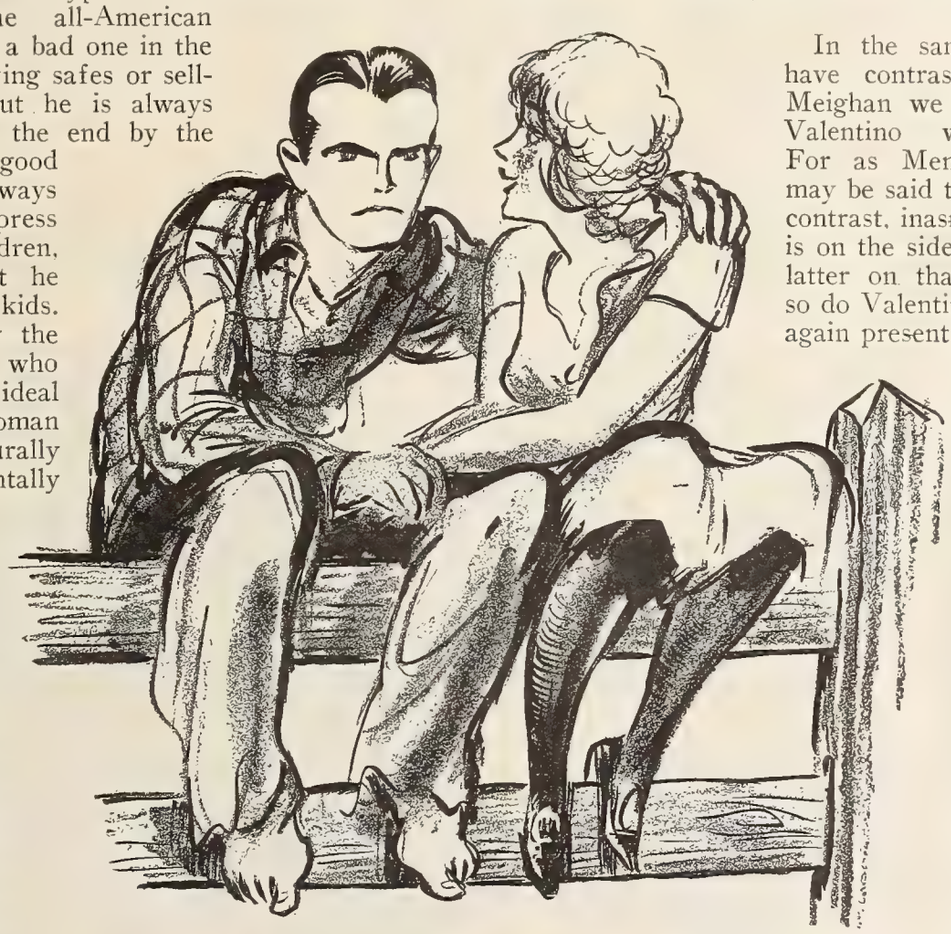
This sort of thing may be mush and milk to the realist, to the knowing, to the disillusioned, but it is the wine of fulfillment to the disappointed, the hopeful, and the trusting type of woman. Some day her knight will come for her, thinks the slaving office girl, the housewife captive to an ogre of a husband. They believe it because they like to believe it, and in spite of the harsh realities of experience that confront them daily.

Guinevere in her tower, Andromeda on her rock, Maggie at the kitchen sink, and Hattie wrestling with the office filing cabinet, each tells herself the same old story. Romance they seek, romance they will have. And if the knight is laggard there is surcease to be had for a quarter at the movie house down the block.

Little Cinderella craves a prince who is very big and strong and can slay any number of dragons, but who, to her, is as tender as the cooing doves above her bower, which "stretch their gorges to moan of the gentleness of love."

Menjou gives the women movie-goers the extreme of sophistication; Meighan the extreme of naïveté. Menjou twits them. Meighan protects them.

The actor with the French name represents a type familiar on the continent of Europe and not altogether unknown in the fastness of Manhattan Island. In other sections of these United States he is a *rara avis,* practically nonexistent. Tommy Meighan, on the screen, is not what the average American man really is, but he is what the American man, having been widely informed to that effect by newspaper editors, Fourth-of-July orators, organizers for fraternal orders and candidates for office, has come to believe he is.



Barthelmess is the boy lover whom every woman recalls. He is the wistful, tender dream of her youth.

In the same manner as we have contrasted Menjou with Meighan we may well contrast Valentino with Barthelmess. For as Menjou and Meighan may be said to offer the greatest contrast, inasmuch as the former is on the side of the mental, the latter on that of the physical; so do Valentino and Barthelmess again present this same contrast, the former being an all-physical lover and the latter the extreme opposite.

Valentino belongs in the same class as Menjou —that of the classic lover. Both tyrannize over their women. But their technique is vastly different. Menjou is a mental tyrant, Valentino a purely physical one.

With the first crack of *Julio's* whip in "The Four Horsemen." Valentino established himself in this rôle. Sex appeal the producers frankly label the quality that makes the sleek young man worth millions to them.

Most American men are as careless about their physical well-being as they are about their dress. They eat too much and exercise not enough. They have their bodies under poor control, in consequence of which they are awkward dancers, sadly lacking in physical grace. Valentino was a professional dancer before he became a rage on the screen. He handles himself with the oily ease of a jungle python.

Stack him up beside the average American husband and he bears the same comparison that a sport-model roadster bears to a two-ton truck. Ask any woman in which she would prefer to ride. [Continued on page 112]

In and Out of

Snapshots of the actors



Here is Marion Nixon, one of the 1923 Baby Stars, whispering a secret to one of the clowns who appears with her in "The Circus Cowboy," a Fox picture, starring Charles Jones. Marion, we should add, is the leading lady. She is appearing regularly in Fox pictures, and has been leading lady to all the male Fox stars.

Did you ever try to kiss a sunbeam? That is what Colleen Moore is trying to do, in the picture in the corner. Look close, and you'll see the sunbeam, playing about her lips.



Shirley Mason just can't decide whether to jump into the cold swimming pool, or to sit still on the springboard and bathe in the warm California sunshine.



the Studios

at work and at play.

When Gerald Beaumont, author of "The Information Kid," and other magazine stories, was engaged to write a series of screen stories for Jack Dempsey, he decided to go right out to Hollywood to confer with the champ, and the director. So here he is, on the Universal lot, talking over a script with the famous fighting star.



Below, you see Bessie Love, working away at her typewriter, while waiting in her dressing room to be called on the set.



The sad singer in the lower right-hand corner is Harry Langdon, who entertains the Mack Sennett studio when he isn't at work on one of his comedies.





Tom Mix and his company stop for lunch, while on location in the Yosemite Valley.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood





Here is Laura La Plante, caught by the camera at Universal City.

Booth Tarkington and Thomas Meighan were bosom friends years ago when Broadway was their playground and the Lambs Club their headquarters. Now the association has been resumed through the stories Tarkington has written for Meighan to play.



Although they have been married for four years, few pictures have been published of Virginia Valli and her husband, George Lamson. This one was taken at their Hollywood home.



Muriel Frances Dana recently acted as a volunteer to collect funds in Los Angeles for an orphans' fund.



The Beery brothers, Wallace and Noah, in an imitation of the old daguerreotype pictures.

The Screen

Critical comment

By Agnes

Caricatures by



Mary has never looked lovelier than in "Dorothy Vernon," and Allan Forrest is a very satisfactory hero.

WHEN the first close-up of Mary Pickford appeared on the screen in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the audience at the Criterion Theater in New York let out a noise something like a thousand tires going off at once. It was an explosion of admiration for the beauty of Mary's eyes, for the charm of Mary's face, and for the length of Mary's hair.

And now it is the thing to say that Mary never looked so lovely in her life as she does in "Dorothy Vernon." It becomes her to grow up, especially when she is in the gracious atmosphere of a picture that has the glowing settings of romance.

"Dorothy Vernon" is, of course, a costume picture, and whether that is a handicap or an asset in your eyes, is a matter of your individual taste. The story is a sequel to, and, in fact, almost a retelling of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It has pretty much the same old plot that runs through all these novels by Charles Major; the same willful and defiant heroine, the same gruff father, the same brave hero.

Now in all possibility it must be a trifle discouraging to Miss Pickford and Marshall Neilan, her director, to work for months on a production only to be told that it has been done before. After all, Mary's pictures have a claim to distinction in their own right.

I think most persons will enjoy "Dorothy Vernon" immensely. It is a beautiful and high-spirited production with a great many thrills and a great many moments of boisterous comedy. Boisterous is the only word for it. Neilan goes after his fun with a slapstick and Mary, the light comedian, valiantly plunges into knockabout stuff with all the zest of the Louise Fazenda of the Sennett days. You may not admire these touches in "Dorothy Vernon," but you must remember that both Mary and Neilan know their audiences.

But Mary is really at her best in the romantic scenes. She is best when she is either wistful or downright broken-hearted. She has a great gift for looking absolutely crushed, for looking as though the world had been knocked from under her feet.

A great play is made in the picture of Mary's rages, of her stormings against her father. For *Dorothy Vernon* has a temper—a real Elizabethan, one-hundred-per-cent Tudor temper. Mary rages very well but occasionally I felt that she was allowed to rage just a little bit too often. In other words, I would have enjoyed *Dorothy* and her adventures more if she had been a little quieter and a little more subdued.

The beauty of the picture and the beauty of Mary—for the two are bound up together—are the chief things that will make you remember "Dorothy Vernon." The backgrounds are lovely to look at. The scenes are beautifully photographed. Mary's own camera work is above reproach, except that every now and then her close-ups seem muffled into unreality. But you have never seen such exquisite posing in your life.

Another thing that will make you remember the picture is the portrayal of *Queen Elizabeth* given by Claire Eames. From the thick of artificial romance, Miss Eames emerges with a vital and living performance of *Queen Elizabeth*. It's the real thing in screen acting, and scarcely less interesting is Estelle Taylor's performance of *Mary, Queen of Scots*. Allan Forrest is Miss Pickford's leading man. He is, you know, Lottie Pickford's husband. Mr. Forrest is a good romantic type and I am reliably informed by no fewer than three girls, all under twenty, that he is very fetching

in Review

on recent releases.

Smith

John Decker

in looks. So it is evident that he will give all-around satisfaction. Lottie herself appears in a small rôle and does that little very well.

So This Is the Film of the Future!

"Wanderers of the Wasteland" is the first thoroughly satisfactory color film I have ever seen. Usually these pictures advertised as being presented in nature's own tints look like nothing so much as a violent case of measles. Until now I have always hoped that movies would stick to black and white.

But Technicolor has done it at last—produced a film that is a joy to the eye and never again will I be satisfied with plain photography. Most of the scenes were taken on the Great Western Desert and when the untraveled Easterner looks at the scenery he is going to be inclined to think that the camera is kidding him. Certainly it looks too fantastic and gorgeous to be true. But the wiseacres who have journeyed to Hollywood will know that it is the real thing finally coming to its own on the screen.



Virginia Valli is the attractive heroine in "The Signal Tower," and Wallace Beery, as the home-grown villain, is wonderful.

But it would be wrong to give the impression that "Wanderers of the Wasteland" is nothing but a scenic. The plot is so good and the acting so excellent that the picture would be well worth seeing even if it were filmed in black and white. It has much of the appeal of "The Covered Wagon;" that is, it was filmed in the actual locale of the story and the backgrounds fascinate you by their reality.

Moreover, it contains one of the biggest thrills of the season. The hero is marooned on an oasis. At first he lives by killing birds and small animals, but the supply runs low. Then he turns to lizards and other crawling things. Finally you see him grasping for a snake, which is coiled to strike. And the snake does strike. When this particular scene came along, every woman in the audience at the New York showing forgot her manners and let out a yell.

Maybe you don't like this sort of thing, but you must admit that it is daring. And there are other good scenes, too, particularly those which show something new in the way of villainy out in Death Valley.

All in all, Irvin Willat has made a rousing melodrama that is going to be remembered a long time. The players, too, contribute much to its success. Jack Holt shows that he can act when he gets a chance. In fact you aren't likely to forget the way Mr. Holt looks when he makes a grab for the deadly snake. Noah Beery gives one of the best performances of the year in the rôle of the humorous old prospector. It is the best thing of its kind since Ernest Torrence's hit in "The Covered Wagon." Billie Dove, in natural colors, is twice as beautiful as she is in dull tones, which makes her an ideal heroine for a picture of this sort. Also you probably never realized before what a charming ashen blonde Kathlyn Williams is in everyday, chromatic life.

If you are careless enough to miss "Wanderers of the Wasteland," don't blame me.

Another Profitable Evening.

"The Signal Tower" is no superspecial which will require a theater on Broadway and a million dollars' worth of publicity to herald its presentation. It's just a good picture and so it probably will roll up a greater record of satisfaction than most of the more expensive outbursts.

Universal made this picture and evidently it was no strain on the company's resources, All it needed was a few plain settings, a little scenery, a few good players and some spectacular railroad scenes to appease those audiences that are gluttons for melodrama.



Jack Holt and Billie Dove have the leading rôles in "Wanderers of the Wasteland."

After watching "The Signal Tower," it seems to me that it ought to be just as easy to make good pictures as bad ones—and a great deal less expensive. Clarence Brown, the director, achieves a startling novelty merely by making his villain a comic sort of roughneck instead of dishing him up as the usual Fiend in Human Form.

The story is laughably simple. A hero and a villain are stationed at the same signal tower. In his off hours, the villain tries to get fresh with the hero's wife, who has taken him in for a boarder. On the fateful night, the hero must take his choice between wrecking a couple of trains or rushing home to help his wife throw crockery at the roughneck.

This plain story is made pleasant by its human touches. Honestly, there isn't a person in the picture who wouldn't be plausible in real life. When the whirlwind climax comes, you are even ready to be convinced by the melodrama. The railroad scenes are beautifully staged, especially those shots which show the freight cars running wild.

A little trio of players runs away with plenty of acting glory. Without the aid of a single spangly dress or feather fan, Virgina Valli gives you an accurate performance of an attractive young wife. Rockcliffe Fellowes looks more like a real railroader than a movie player. And I can't say too much about the performance of Wallace Beery. As a Brutal Menace in superspecials, Wallace never made much impression on me. He was too bad to be true. But as a home-grown villain, he is wonderful. The boy is a great comedian.

Just a De Mille Hors d'Œuvre.

Here I have written pages and pages without even intimating that Cecil B. De Mille has made another picture. But what with the political crisis and the baseball season, I have so much on my mind. Almost any director could have made "Triumph," which isn't, of course, even hinting that any other director could have made it better.

"Triumph" is no gift to humanity like "The Ten Commandments," and no one has said that Mr. De Mille spent three years absorbing the atmosphere of a canning factory before he embarked on the project. And so "Triumph" is pretty small potatoes for De Mille but pretty big potatoes for the small-town theaters.

It has, at least, an interesting story, which has been slickly presented. At times, the characters strain your credulity. Other critics, I believe, have pointed out to Mr. De Mille that prima donnas need not necessarily return to the factory after they have lost their voices. But if it makes a good story and a dramatic situation, why not?

"Triumph" is gorgeous to look at, even though Mr. De Mille has restrained himself in his costumes and settings. Nevertheless, Leatrice Joy in overalls is a pretty sight on a rainy evening. And Rod La Rocque is an ideal De Mille hero.

The story, by May Edginton, proves that money isn't everything. You have, of course, heard that somewhere before.

More Stellar Scenery.

"The Chechahcos" would be a much discussed picture if only the title were easier to pronounce. It has enough novelty to recommend it and make you forget its faults, which are so obvious that they might have been made by almost any movie director instead of Louis Moomaw, an amateur in the field—who has had virtually no experience in making mistakes.

The picture was made in Alaska. And what a country Alaska is! The scenery is something swell and if

you are a chechahco—that is to say, a tenderfoot—you can have a wonderful time figuring out how much ice and snow it takes to make a glacier.

The story ought to be an engrossing one, but it doesn't quite make the grade. It is a melodrama of the gold rush and although its incidents are rather far fetched, probably stranger things took place in the Klondike. But the acting is amateurish and the performers all look like members of a northwest stock company.

But I am partial to all these pictures that venture away from the artificial atmosphere of the studios. I would rather watch the rushing waters of an Alaskan river than see the flowing cocktails of the flapper drama. Great big quiet mountains are a relief after too many nervous ingénues. A glacier looks pretty good after too many close-ups of leading men. When a producer tells me that a studio setting that looks like an ice-cream soda parlor is the Fifth Avenue drawing room of the wealthy Mrs. de Peyster, I know that he is a faker. And so I get real pleasure from reflecting upon the fact that the scenery of a picture like "The Chechahcos" is undoubtedly strictly totem.

So, in spite of its deficencies, I have no hesitation in predicting that you won't be disappointed in "The Chechahcos."

Rough Weather at Sea.

On the other hand, I am sick and tired of pictures like "Miami" but I understand that the public cannot get enough of the flapper stuff. But I, for one, wish all the girls would go on the water wagon, burn the one-piece bathing suits and return to blond curls. Just one more of these pictures, and I'll go out and shoot Scott Fitzgerald who is the innocent cause of all the fuss made about the younger generation.

Betty Compson represents the Younger Generation in "Miami," but though it is cruel to say so, she looks old enough to know better. Miss Compson has never been so badly photographed and she ought to speak sharply to the camera man or director who allowed her to go on the screen in such an unbecoming light.

As that title vaguely hints, the picture was made in Miami, Florida, and it all goes to show the low moral tone of persons who go south in the winter. Personally, I don't believe anything I saw on the screen. The villain is a society bootlegger and the hero is a noble fellow who builds bridges, although no samples of his work are visible in the picture. But you can easily see the deadly results of the bootleggers' trade.

The big moment comes when Miss Compson takes her clothes off and jumps off a high-diving board, wearing nothing but her six-ninety-fives. She takes the high dive because she is mad at the hero. The psychology of the situation would make old Doctor Freud blush. The rest of the plot is too silly to bother repeating.

However, let us waste no more indignation over "Miami," but let us hope that Miss Compson gets a better break next time.

Enter a New Wizard.

Please don't be frightened by the title of "'Broadway After Dark." If you are unduly timid about it, you're going to pass up one of the best pictures that has brightened the screen in a long time.



Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque appear again in "Triumph."

It was made for Warner Brothers by one Monta Bell, who was Chaplin's assistant in "A Woman of Paris." For humor, for dramatic technique, for finesse and for intelligence, Monta Bell is one of the finds of the year. What a picture he can make!

The story is adapted from an old melodrama by Owen Davis and it proves that it is possible to make silk purses from a sow's ear. The plot relates the adventures of a gay old dog who goes to an actors' boarding house looking for new hearts to conquer. And there he meets a poor little drudge who is having a bad streak of luck. He dresses the gal up in fine clothes and takes her out to see the sights.

But is the rich man a villain? He is not; that's where the director fools you. And is the handsome young man a hero? No, he is just a spoiled youth from everyday life. The story is a neat reversal of the Cinderella legend, although it comes to the usual happy ending.

The picture is rich in comedy, color and atmosphere. Some of the scenes were taken at the Equity Ball in New York, so you may see some good glimpses of Broadway society on parade.

Adolphe Menjou is a joy as the wordly-wise gentleman. Can Mr. Menjou be the new matinée idol? Certainly he has captured more hits than any one person this season. Maybe, after all, the public does appreciate good acting. Willard

Continued on page 98



"The Goldfish" is the best of Constance Talmadge's recent comedies.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Thief of Bagdad"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks in a fantasy that embodies legends and folk tales of all lands made wonderfully beautiful and thrilling through camera magic.

"Secrets"—First National. Norma Talmadge in a beautifully mounted and highly romantic story of a woman who bore all sorts of tribulations rather than mar her love for her husband with a single cross word.

"Girl Shy"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's latest and as funny as the best of them. It includes a chase that is one of the great comic achievements of the screen. The story is that of a bashful boy who writes a book on the technique of love.

"Cytherea"—First National. A sophisticated picture for admirers of the Hergesheimer novel. The story of a restless man of forty who followed a rosy ideal of romance only to find it a delusion. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, and Alma Rubens give great performances.

"King of Wild Horses"—Pathé. The thrilling adventures of Rex, a handsome black stallion. A mediocre story and poor support fail to mar his glory.

"America—Series One—The Sacrifices"—D. W. Griffith. History of the American Revolution filmed in the grand manner and with an appealing love story interwoven. Lionel Barrymore, Louis Wolheim, Neil Hamilton, and Carol Dempster are in it.

"Beau Brummel"—Warner Brothers. Another movie fling of John Barrymore's and a great picture for the people who idolize him. The story of the king of fops who for a time dominated society by his wit and cunning.

"The Enchanted Cottage"—First National. An exquisite and touching exposition of the idea that love is not only blind, it is cockeyed. Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy play an embittered war hero and a homely spinster with rare skill and deep feeling. Not for those who demand stirring fights, mere prettiness, and lots of action all the time.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. The Book of Exodus spectacularly filmed and a modern problem play done in the usual manner of Cecil De Mille. Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, and Richard Dix are the attractions of the latter part.

"The Galloping Fish"—First National. A picture with an all-star cast, headed by a sleek, debonair seal, and with the old-time abandon of the Sennett comedies.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A gripping film epic of the pioneers who crossed the Western plains with a hymn in their hearts and a gun on their hips. Seemingly endless trains of wagons battling against Indians and the forces of nature.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"A Boy of Flanders"—Metro. An excellent film version of a popular classic for children with Jackie Coogan and a lovable big dog romping through it. Laid in the Belgium of long ago, the scenes are quaint and pretty.

"The Shooting of Dan McGrew"—Metro. A pretentious production of a thriller that uses the Service poem just as a starting point. Barbara La Marr, Percy Marmont, and Lew Cody all act their hardest, and the adventures of the *Lady Known as Lou* stretch from the Klondike to New York.

"The Fighting Coward"—Paramount. A delightful satire on the old Southern code of honor as immortalized in fiction. Cullen Landis plays a butterfly chaser who learns to throw a fearful bluff, and James Cruze directed it, which guarantees its high standard of humor. Made in Mississippi, it has that languorous Southern quality.

"Three Weeks"—Goldwyn. If you have a taste for highly colored romance this is the best the screen can give you. The censors passed several rounds of seductive smiles aimed at Conrad Nagel, and Aileen Pringle makes a very beautiful queen.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"The Dawn of a To-morrow"—Paramount. A melodrama of the London slums through which the ultimate in glad young heroines smiles her way. Jacqueline Logan makes her rather winning, and Raymond Griffith is splendid as a young crook.

"Not One to Spare"—Hodkinson. A frankly sentimental, ingenuous and obvious film version of the old verses of the poor family who couldn't bear to give up one of their children for adoption by a rich uncle. It will tug at your heart, and there is no one so hard hearted as not to be touched by Ethel Wales' performance of the mother.

"The Breaking Point"—Paramount. Enough plot for ten pictures compressed into one. The hero suffers from amnesia, a past with Nita Naldi, and a desire to marry a sappy heroine played by Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Virtuous Liars"—Whitman Bennett. A foolish plot that would have gone all to pieces if the heroine had ever used her head, and as Edith Allen plays the heroine such oversight seems highly improbable.

"Try and Get It"—Hodkinson. A comedy that has a vague family resemblance to all of Bryant Washburn's early and greatest successes. A mildly amusing story of a young go-getter who tries to collect a bill from a man who is determined not to pay.

"The Rejected Woman"—Distinctive. A foolish heroine who never pauses to consider that if she accepts a lot of money from a gentleman, it may cause talk. Alma Rubens cannot play an unintelligent woman convincingly.

"The Confidence Man"—Paramount. Ever-charming Thomas Meighan in the rôle of a reformed crook, aided by a feeble story and subtitles by George Ade, to say nothing of Virginia Valli.

"His Darker Self"—Hodkinson. Lloyd Hamilton in a comedy that isn't quite swift or funny enough. It concerns a lawyer who disguises himself as a negro in order to fool a band of bootleggers.

"Excitement"—Universal. An absurd farce melodrama that introduces pretty little Laura La Plante as a star. Funny, but not riotously so.

"Thy Name is Woman"—Metro. A thoughtful melodrama built around the hectic triangular affairs of a smuggler, his beautiful wife, and an officer of the law. Barbara La Marr, William V. Mong, and Ramon Novarro are in it.

"Yolanda"—Cosmopolitan. The screen's greatest collection of knights, armor, scenery, moats, drawbridges, royalty, and costumes. There is no plot to speak of, but Marion Davies never looked lovelier.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Moral Sinner"—Paramount. Dorothy Dalton's last picture, a maundering story of another of those French girls with a lot of apache friends. Apathetically acted, it is a picture to be attended only as a refuge on a rainy night.

"Daughters of To-day"—Selznick. Another exposure of the wickedness of the younger generation. Worse than its predecessors, many of which were terrible.

Hollywood High Lights

Mirroring the events in the Western theater of cinema production.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

OUR skepticism regarding scenario writers has vanished. We have faithfully attended the performances of stage plays that they give every month at their club this season, and we are now convinced that they have two separate art standards, one for the film public and an entirely different one for the select group of intellectuals who are present at their theatrical productions in Hollywood.

We are also certain now that some of the very best actors in motion pictures have never become stars. Outstanding hits in the productions have been won by men like Jean Hersholt, who has been doing lots of interesting character work on the screen lately; Donald Crisp of "Broken Blossoms" fame, now a director; Ramsaye Wallace, who played Charlie Ray's rival in "The Girl I Loved;" Walter Long, who did the bandit in "Blood and Sand;" Raymond Hatton, David Butler and Warner Oland. Certainly, this would be an odd list from which to select matinée idols.

More recently a group that appeared in a single playlet included Adolphe Menjou, who gained prominence in "A Woman of Paris;" Jack Gilbert, Ernest Torrence, and Aileen Pringle, the *Lady* of "Three Weeks."

The old guard of stardom, including Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin have never, as yet, been seen in any of the plays, but there is a good chance that one or the other will be tempted if the proper sort of part comes along.

The greatest variety distinguishes the programs, which range from musical burlesques, domestic comedies and satires, to ironic mental tragedies. Frances Marion recently offered a striking example of this type of play. The characters were six inmates of an insane asylum. There are no censors at the Writers' Club to cut scenes and change words. The result is that many of the plays are the very starkest sort of realism, and the scenarists get rid of all the suppressions and inhibitions which are deemed necessary in "writing down to the public."

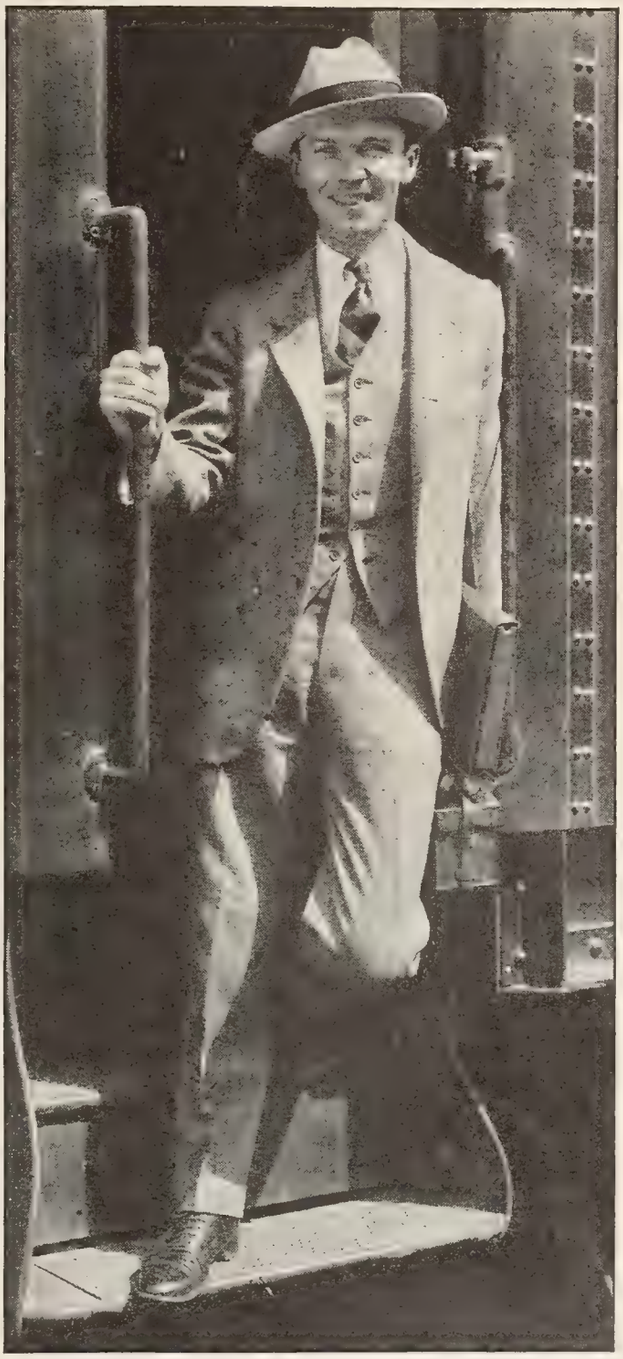


Photo by Richee

Glenn Hunter arrives in Hollywood to begin work on "Merton of the Movies."

Another Comedy Girl Wins.

Comedies still remain unqualifiedly the highroad to fame in the pictures. The proof is the fact that Vera Reynolds was the final candidate selected to appear in "Feet of Clay," Cecil B. De Mille's production.

Miss Reynolds began as a comedy girl at Universal. She obtained her first recognition in features playing Gloria Swanson's little sister in "Prodigal Daughters," about a year ago. It looked as if she were about to succeed famously right from then on, but none of the parts that she subsequently had in films like "Shadows of Paris" and "Icebound" were sufficiently outstanding.

One of the main reasons why De Mille's choice fell on her for "Feet of Clay," was because she possessed the comedy girl's well-known ability to swim and do other athletic stunts. The main excitement in the production is a thrilling surf-board race. Twenty girls will take part, doing the thrilling stunt of balancing themselves on the bouncing boards, as these are pulled along by high-speed motor boats. Miss Reynolds will not only have to enter into this athletic game, but will also be forced to remain in the water for hours at a time while she is being photographed.

If her work in this picture proves sufficiently good she may become the featured De Mille feminine player.

Vital Records.

It must sound somewhat incongruous for Dorothy Dalton to hear Elaine Hammerstein call her "Mamma," but since the former star of Alaskan dance-hall pictures married Arthur Hammerstein, father of Elaine, she is legally a stepmamma.

Even though Pola Negri didn't quite understand Hollywood manners when she first came to America almost a year ago, it has taken her just that long to make up her mind that the United States is the greatest country in the world. To prove it, she recently took out citizenship papers.

Pola and Rod La Rocque simply laughed at the rumor that floated around the studios that they were engaged. It all started when Pola gave a small and



Duke Kahanamohu gives Estelle Taylor a swimming lesson.

intimate dinner party at the Cocoanut Grove with La Rocque, Charles Eyton and his wife, Kathlyn Williams, the Tony Morenos and Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan as her guests.

Recognition for Technical Man.

That there will be a lot of clever camera trickery in "Peter Pan" is indicated by the naming of Roy Pomeroy as assistant to Herbert Brenon in the making of this picture.

Mr. Pomeroy gained national fame as a result of the clever contrivances that he perfected for Cecil B. De Mille to show the opening of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments." He is considered the most proficient and skillful of studio technicians. "Peter Pan" undoubtedly will be the most logical successor to "The Thief of Bagdad" in its revelations of the recent advances in the magic of photography.

Mae to Be a Widow.

Mae Murray is going to break away completely from her conventional jazz rôles in her forthcoming picture, "Circe." This was written for her by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, who has already contributed two or three outstanding successes like "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," and "Enemies of Women." He wrote "Circe" especially for Miss Murray and during a portion of the story she plays a cripple, which certainly will allow her small chance for dancing. James Kirkwood will be the leading man.

Following this, the prospects are that Miss Murray will be seen in the screen version of "The Merry Widow." The rumors that Erich von Stroheim would direct her in this startled Hollywood, because of the vast difference between what they symbolize in picture making. The plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, which supervise the destiny of the two, have been changed, however, as regards Von Stroheim. Present indications are that Robert Z. Leonard, Miss Murray's husband, will direct the picture.

Glad Tidings.

The immortal classicist Ben Turpin is going to add two more treasures to his already great contribution to the cinema art, with burlesques on "Romeo and Juliet" and "Three Weeks."

Beautiful Madeline Hurlock will play *Juliet* and Mme. Glyn's *Lady* to Ben's romantic *Romeo* and amorous *Paul.*

Pola's New Heroes.

Youth seems to be the prize requisite of Pola Negri's leading men lately. In "Men," Robert Frazer played the hero, and in "Compromised," Ben Lyon has a leading part. Both are considered among the principal comers in the rivalry with such actors as Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, James Kirkwood, Huntley Gordon, Lewis Stone, and one or two others who have maintained supremacy during the past year. Certainly, they could have no better aid to their advance than in the merry little game of trying to steal scenes from the European actress.

The Titles Again.

For some reason or other the names of the pictures for the current season do not look half as exciting as they did a year ago. "Wordly Goods," "A Sainted Devil," "The Female," "The Man Who Fights Alone," "His Hour," "Free Love," "Single Wives," sound very much like the good old movies of yesteryear. Many of these films are splendid as to cast, but the choice of names, some of which may be changed, of course, indicates a return to the old system of enlisting the attention of the unwary through sensational appeal

The New Millenium.

There was a time in the history of the films when the wildest sort of dread existed in studios because of supposed and perhaps real rivalry. One company would hardly admit an employee of a competitive organization within its gates. The big bugaboo was that some story, or trick or actor might be stolen. Interchange of opinions or ideas between the various producers was unheard of.

This narrow policy, a justifiable topic for criticism, has practically disappeared. We noted particularly at the recent opening of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company's plant how friendly was the feeling evidenced by other institutions. Players from Paramount, First National, Universal, Warner's and Fox were among the invited guests, and the speakers included prominent

executives not only from the newly combined group of studios but from the others. It was a grand mingling of personalities and people, the most cosmopolitan of gatherings.

As we have indicated on various occasions the bars are down as regards players. The companies help each other out regularly. Prominent Paramount leads are lent to Goldwyn, and Goldwyn or Metro players to Universal, and nobody raises the slightest objection to the proceeding.

We feel that this unity of interests will gradually pervade the distributing systems of the producing units, so that nationally, even as in the larger cities now, the best type of entertainment will be bestowed, regardless of systems of release and other restrictive phases still existing.

These Restless Stars.

Home life, and the chance to have a home, formerly meant everything to the actor in pictures, but many players now, even if they have a bungalow or mansion, find little occasion to enjoy it. Consequently, many of them prefer to rent an apartment or live at a hotel.

"I always have a railroad ticket to New York with me, or at least feel that I should have," Claire Windsor told us recently. "I've done nothing but travel this year."

And really she is not the only one. Betty Compson, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Richard Dix, Bert Lytell, and dozens of others have kept us busy tracing them in various sections of the country, and even of the globe.

Contracts, too, mean little or nothing, as far as identifying a player with a certain set of pictures goes. Adolphe Menjou, for example, has been signed with Famous Players-Lasky for months, but during that time he appeared in various productions like "For Sale" and "Free Love," made at other studios. The first picture that he worked in for Paramount was "Open All Night," in which Viola Dana has the principal feminine rôle

Miss Dana, by the way, enjoyed the honor of being the first actress to appear opposite Glenn Hunter in the West. She was engaged for "Merton of the Movies" almost as soon as her contract with Metro expired. James Cruze, who made "The Covered Wagon," is directing "Merton."

Regarding Former Favorites.

From New Orleans has recently come the news that Marguerite Clark, the wife of Harry P. Williams, wealthy lumberman of the southern city, recently enjoyed the distinction of being crowned queen of the Mardi Gras carnival ball. The friends of Miss Clark said that she made a most fetching presence in a czarina's costume.

Miss Clark's retirement from the screen has remained astonishingly permanent. She and her husband have a beautiful home on the river Teche, which many of the fans will remember from D. W. Griffith's picture, "The White Rose," and she has lately taken quite a part in the social life of the Louisiana metropolis.

Charlie Climbs High.

The most drastic change of style that Charles Chaplin has exhibited in ages in backgrounds and scenery is anticipated in his new comedy. He has broken away from slum surroundings and gone in for high living on some of California's topmost mountain peaks. He spent all of a dozen weeks on location where the snowdrifts are heaviest, and if he does not rival the icy thrills of D. W. Griffith in "Way Down East," it will not be the fault of his daring, for he scaled some difficult heights to increase the excitement and interest of his picture.

The film is going to be a surprise as to length. The studio announcements say it will run eight or ten reels.

Continued on page 92



Photo by Richee

Pola Negri, who has applied for American citizenship, in her Hollywood home.



Among

Brief sketches of some of the

AN OLD FAVORITE RETURNS

A TINY woman, with great dark eyes, stepped on the stage where a scene for Marion Davies' picture, "Janice Meredith," was being filmed. The stage hands and extras gave her a casual look; to them she was just another visitor getting a first glimpse of how the movies are made.

But Clarence Jay Elmer, casting director for Cosmopolitan and a veteran in the business, looked twice.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "it's Florence Turner."

"Florence Turner?" repeated a little extra girl. "Who is Florence Turner?"

"Miss Turner was a star when you and most of the other players in the business were in your cradles," explained Mr. Elmer.

The return of Florence Turner is a little drama of behind the screens. In 1907 she made her first appearance with the Vitagraph Company and became its first star—the famous Vitagraph girl.

She became so popular that she received an offer from England to make her own pictures. That was in 1913. Scarcely had she obtained a good start abroad when the war came along, most of the studios were closed and production almost stopped.

In 1916, she gave up, and returned to America. She went to Hollywood where, like many other of the old favorites, she found herself forgotten. New faces, new companies and new methods of making pictures had sprung up over night. Discouraged and considerably poorer, Miss Turner returned to London. After all, the English public has a long memory. And she went back to work. But gradually the work dwindled. There are only a few studios in England and these few are able to offer only scant encouragement.

Last winter a small item appeared in a theatrical paper saying briefly that Miss Turner and her mother were destitute in London. Marion Davies read the notice and remembered the vivacious comedienne who was one of her favorites when she used to go to the movies when she was a little girl.

It all happened very quickly, so quickly that Miss Turner could hardly believe it. A London representative of Cosmopolitan called on Miss Turner and offered her a part in "Janice Meredith." Could she sail immediately for New York?

Could she go? It was the chance she had prayed for, to get back home and to find herself once more in make-up on a studio floor. As soon as she landed, she went to the studio to thank Miss Davies, the "fan" who hadn't forgotten her. Miss Davies didn't want to be thanked; it was the one thing in the transaction that she dreaded.

So there were just a few tears, a great deal of talking and some laughing and then Mr. Elmer rounded up all the old-timers in the studio for a general reception for the first star of the movies.

A YOUNG MAN OF PROMISE

HE went to interview a movie star—and came away with a contract to appear with Valentino in three pictures!

Andre Daven was a young French journalist. When the Valentinos arrived in Paris last summer, he was sent to interview the famous sheik. On his arrival at Valentino's apartment he found a room full of other reporters, all there for the same purpose. Wishing an exclusive interview, he decided to leave and return later. As he rose to go, Valentino entered the room, and Daven heard him exclaim, "Why, Ramon Novarro, I didn't know you were in Paris!"

Daven looked about in surprise, to see where Novarro was. To his greater surprise, Valentino hurried over and grasped his hand.

When the mistake was explained, Valentino insisted on seeing the young journalist again, and after several subsequent talks, Daven received the shock of his life when Rudolph told him one day that he wanted Andre to come back to America with him and act in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

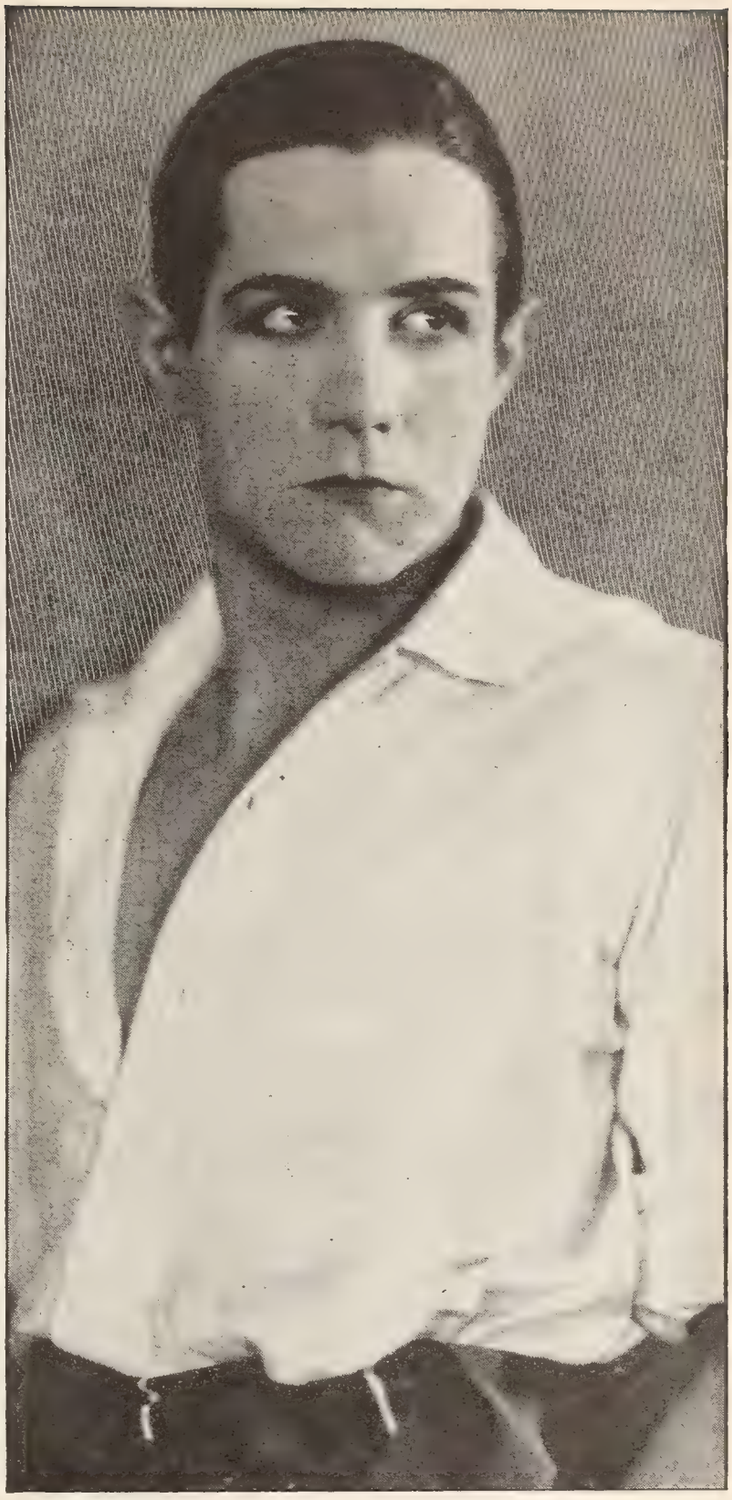
"But I'm not an actor!" Daven exclaimed.

"We all have to learn," protested Valentino. "You'll begin with a small part, and if you study and watch all that goes on, you need have no fears as to your future—I am confident of that. I would scarcely encourage you to abandon another profession if I were not."

So you will see Andre Daven in the rôle of the *Duc de Nemours,* in "Beaucaire." In it Andre does not have much acting to do, but Valentino is said to be very well pleased with the young Frenchman's efforts.

Those Present

most interesting people in motion pictures.



At the Famous Players Long Island studio, where "Beaucaire" was made, Andre became very popular. When the picture was nearly completed, he was approached by a studio executive and offered a rather difficult rôle in Valentino's next picture. Instead of jumping at the chance, as every one thought he would, he said calmly, "I'm sorry, but I do not think I know enough to handle such a rôle as yet. For the present I would prefer a less important part."

And if you look at the picture at the top of this page you may catch a glimpse of something that Valentino saw in the young Frenchman that gave him such faith in Andre's possibilities.

WHY MAKE HIM A LATIN LOVER?

FROM the shipping business to acting is the prosaic path traveled by Ricardo Cortez, the "Latin lover" discovery.

But, strange to say, he was born in America and his real name isn't Cortez.

Several years ago he left the job of shipping cargoes of this and that from his company's wharves at an Eastern port for a precarious existence in the movies. Bits and a few small parts, with Bob Ellis and other actors, which didn't seem to get him anywhere at all, and two years playing juveniles with a stage stock company convinced him that the thespic realms were not destined as his habitat. So back to his desk he went.

About a year or so ago, however, he chanced to be at the Ambassador one evening during a Los Angeles visit when Jesse Lasky was impressed by his personality, his grace of manner, his dark handsomeness. A contract with Paramount was the result. And we were told many highly interesting things concerning this new Latin lover upon whom the name of Cortez was charmingly bestowed, carrying with it, perhaps, stern admonition to live up to its implication of colorful mystery. In fact, the information broadcasted, when simmered down, proved rather vague and indefinite and left us wondering what Cortez might really be like.

In the past year he has appeared in several Paramount productions, the latest being "The Next Corner," and is now slated for a featured rôle in "Feet of Clay," which is to be the next C. B. De Mille picture following "Triumph."



He has no fool notions about his art. Rick, as they call him about the studio, is quite a likable young fellow, shorn of that absurd Latin lover publicity. There is a distinct void on the screen which could so nicely be filled by young men of Rick's calibre—nice, pleasant fellows who indulge in good-natured kidding, who dance and flirt divinely, and who can give to their rôles a genuinely likable personality. So why, in the name of all that is sensible don't they strip off that veneer of foolish false publicity upon whose waves they attempt to make successes, and let young chaps like Ricardo Cortez be themselves?

He is unique among actors in one respect—he doesn't want to be a director

"When my youth and beauty fail me," he grins, "I want to go into the business end of picture production. There's where the money is. So I'm biding my time, doing my acting job the best I can—and studying the industry in all its branches. I'll be a movie magnate yet and sit at a shiny mahogany desk and push buttons."

Far too keen is he to admit the fabrication of that Latin lover stuff; instead, he side-steps queries with a neat wit; but there's a twinkle in his eyes as he does so.



ASK LOTTIE—SHE KNOWS

"ASK Lottie," they say on the Pola Negri set at the Paramount studio, where the sleek, polite little foreigner, Dimitri Buchowetzski, is putting the dynamic Pole through her dramatic tricks.

If one wishes the meaning of a German word, if Buchowetzski desires to know aught of American ways or thought, unfailingly it is, "Ask Lottie." So greatly does the latest Continental importation depend upon this Lottie person that the other day when a visitor, not recognizing him, asked him who was directing the picture, the director urbanely replied, "Ask Lottie."

Seven years ago Lottie Cruze and her mother came to America from Hamburg, Germany. Aspiring to act before the camera, though she spoke English very haltingly, Lottie managed for two years to carry out this wish.

"But I got too—er—plump and they wouldn't let me act any more," she explained. "So when Pola came over here I was engaged to translate the script into German for her and to act as interpreter and confidential secretary."

"Nein, nein," in paternal fashion, Buchowetzski soothes Lottie's wails for an acting rôle. "In Eu-rope maybe you could act, but nod in America, be-cause here on-ly skinny do dey like dere heroines. You stay here, papa Buchowetzski see you get nize sal-a-ry und you got no vorries. You don't even got to reduce!"

So Lottie has resigned herself to answering questions, realizing that the rôle of the beauteous and dramatic heroine is not for her.



Photo by Woodbury

SHE FEEDS THE STARS

"MEET me at Madame Helene's for luncheon!" is one of Hollywood's favorite expressions, for, among all the tea-rooms and cafés Madame Helene's seems one of the most popular.

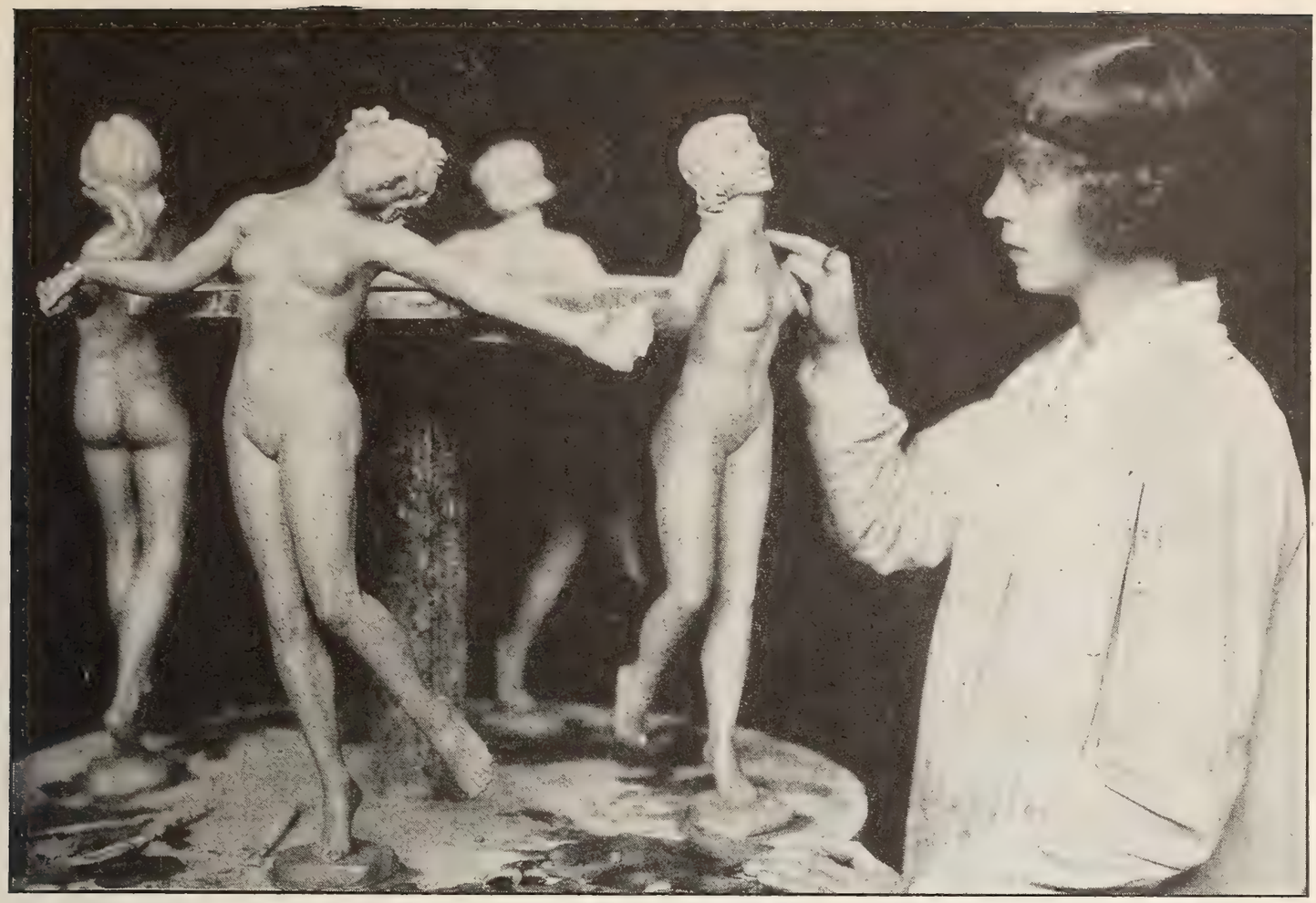
From table to table, greeting friends—more a hostess offering a charming hospitality than the manager of a restaurant—is a tall, dark-haired Frenchwoman.

A rather interesting history, Madame Helene's. Her youth was spent on the Continent. She speaks quite casually of a nine-months trip up the Nile, of a sojourn along the Amazon, of meeting many illustrious personages.

Then came the lure of the stage. She came to America and for six years she appeared as Ruth Helene Langford in plays with Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, Margaret Anglin, and William Faversham. Friends of her more glamorous yesterdays say that she was for a time the toast of New York.

But she quit the stage. She became engaged to a wealthy oil man whom she had met in Egypt. Together they had adopted ten war orphans and the future looked rosy. But her fiancé was killed in an accident and, shortly after, an unwise business investment made havoc of her fortune. Placing her war orphans in homes through the Red Cross, on one of those inexplicable impulses, she set out for China and adventure.

Reaching Los Angeles, there was some delay over passports and, equally on impulse, she decided to stay and open a tea room. So now her artistic place has become a mecca.



THE ONLY ONE OF HER KIND

MILBA K. LLOYD bears the distinction of being the only woman plaster-molder in the Hollywood studios, for the plaster shop, where they turn out everything from ornamental ash trays and decorative bathtubs to leering gargoyles and Egyptian sphinxes of bronze, is usually man's domain.

Trained in the Liverpool School of Art and the London Royal Academy, Miss Lloyd has received many commissions from England to model heads.

"In motion-picture work I first design my statuary in clay, then execute it in bronze molding," Miss Lloyd explained in her workshop atop the big Paramount stage. "Some of the bric-a-brac and statuary for film scenes is made of a porous plaster of white-dust preparation that makes the completed piece not so heavy or cumbersome as when made of marble or bronze, but many of the larger figures are made from small clay models into the big bronze statues, with as much care as if intended for some art gallery exhibition."

Perhaps her most skillful work was modeling the thirty-five foot statues of *Rameses* used in the settings for "The Ten Commandments." Often she must execute reproductions of famed statuary on exhibition in European salons, or enshrined in cathedral—pieces so well known to art students all over the world that accuracy is necessary. Working from photographs and measurements, she fashions her clay models, from which the plaster shop makes the large statuary.



Photo by Freulich

A SUCCESSFUL PORTRAYER OF FAILURES

MANY years ago a man stood in a theater called La Scala, quite the finest in Milan, conducting the orchestra while a young girl sang.

Destiny is strange; in the long, changing years, the girl became a great success. Her name is Mary Garden. Another friend the man had, a comrade of his boyhood. His name was Enrico Caruso.

And the orchestra leader? To-day he is playing pathetic old fellows, life-beaten but happy-spirited failures, in the movies. And the peculiar thing about him is that he, himself, isn't a failure at all, for Cesare Gravina owns a string of theaters in Brazil and other South American countries. He might live in quietude and comfort there at home, but he prefers to stay in Hollywood and work. In "Merry-Go-Round," he gave the screen one of its finest moments. You surely remember him as the old clown who, dying, kept right on smiling for the children, and doing his funny tricks so they wouldn't see his suffering.

Such a polite, odd little fellow, Cesare Gravina! With the self-effacement of the old who realize that this busy younger generation hasn't much time to bother, he stands aside, begs your pardon apologetically if you shove against him. Always smiling, always bowing, always saying, *"Si, si,"* it is only in his expressive pantomime that he tells you things—a hint of sorrow, somehow, even though he laughs, and perhaps a vague suggestion of adventure behind that veil that he never lifts. But to nobody here has he told why he gave up his beloved music to start all over again in the movies.



Photo by W. F. Seely

NO MORE POUTS OR CURLS

IT wasn't only the pouts and curls that drove May Allison out of pictures; it was all that they stood for. She felt that she could no longer endure the changeless run of light, frothy stories, the dim-witted heroines, the endless flitting about and looking guileless in a halo of light.

She wanted to grow up dramatically, feeling that she had served her time as an ingénue. That is why she left pictures when her Metro contract expired three years ago.

"There is a limit to the number of ways you can pout and flutter and curl your hair," May told me not long ago when I asked her if she thought she would make pictures again, "and that is all producers seemed to think I was good for. I won't come back until I can play dramatic rôles. It is perfectly silly to think of a woman of my age bounding around like an ingénue and besides it seems to me that I played all the possible variations of the eternal ingénue in those old Metro pictures."

A woman at her age! You should have seen her as she said it. Blond hair escaping in the wind from a tiny, chic hat; clear, blue eyes dancing; a mischievous smile. She is one of those girls who went into pictures when she was so young that at twenty she felt a veteran and now she tries to live up to the dignity of a retired old-timer. But appearances are against her.

She has been in New York for several months studying music and dancing preparatory to going on the musical comedy stage. But motion-picture producers have persuaded her to make an occasional picture, too. She made one last year, you may remember, for her friend Jane Murfin, who sympathized with her desire to break away from her usual type of rôle. The picture gave her a chance to wear her hair straight, at least, even if it offered no great dramatic opportunities. Recently she made a picture for C. C. Burr.

But now, at last, it looks as though she were going to have a real chance. Ernest Shipman is going to produce "The River Road" with an exceptionally able cast and May Allison will have the leading rôle.

Since the days when she was known as "The Georgia Peach" and Sylvia Ashton nicknamed her "Cherry Blossoms," her sunny personality has been adored by many fans, and many a girl has wished that Providence might have made her look like May Allison.

But in addition to her sheer prettiness, May Allison has ambition. And she has such a highly developed sense of the ridiculous that she cannot take herself seriously as an ingénue. So the public will have to take her seriously as a dramatic actress—for they will never consent to losing sight of so great an old favorite.

OVERCOMING A HANDICAP

YOUTH is one of the greatest assets a screen actor can have. But sometimes it is a handicap.

Edward Burns found this to be the case. For a long time he was kept playing juvenile rôles when he wanted to be a leading man. On one occasion he begged a casting director to let him play opposite a girl star some years his junior. "Wait till you're a little older, son," the director said. If we gave you that part the audience would take her for your mother."

But he finally did become a leading man. He played opposite Constance Talmadge in "East Is West," and recently played leading man to Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." After that he played with Agnes Ayres in a similar capacity. From now on we shall probably see him being featured more and more.

Burns drifted into pictures six years ago, after having been a salesman. A Fox casting director, mistaking him for an experienced actor, cast him in a picture which William Nigh was to direct. Burns, not even knowing how to make up, got Nigh to apply the grease paint for him, by flattering him on his own make-up in a picture in which Nigh had played a part. The first scene was an easy one, and when Nigh expressed himself as being satisfied with the rushes, Burns thought he had better make a clean breast of his inexperience. Nigh took it in good part, spent some time in coaching him, and as the other scenes in which Burns had to appear were not taken until the end of the picture, he had a chance to prepare for them by observing the others.

"But the company had a good laugh," Burns said, "when I told them later that after that first day I tried to remove my make-up with soap and water."

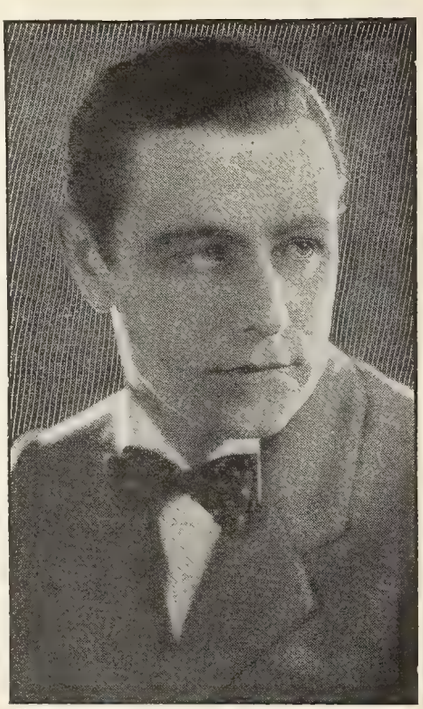


Photo by Richee



Photos by W. F. Seely



A CONTINGENT OF CARRS

"THE finest load of cars I ever brought out," chuckled the conductor of the train from which Mary Carr, the little white-haired mother of countless sob-dampened movie plots, and her six young hopefuls, clambered a few months ago, bound for Hollywood and their first glimpse of the wide, open spaces.

A motherly soul with twinkling eyes takes you on a tour of the big, rambling house to meet the various and assorted members of her brood. May Beth, eleven, is pinched out of her nap by Thomas, an obstreperous sixteen; Rosemary, thirteen, bobbed-haired and pert, is discovered getting the most weird effects on her fresh young face with her mother's cosmetics.

Stephen, seventeen, ambles in from the garage where he has been doctoring the family car, and John, with a nonchalance befitting a man of the world of twenty summers, shows you a splendid sketch of Noah Beery, his own work. Luella, twenty-two, has a "date," to the others' great enjoyment, and Papa Carr is off talking with some cronies somewhere.

"One of my pictures, 'On the Banks of the Wabash,' is running down the street," began Mother Carr. "Let's——"

"Aw, let it run, Mums," said May Beth scornfully. "Don't try to catch it. Mums, it's awful! Why, there's a man in it that bats his eyes. Huh!"

"You're the worst thing in it, Mums," John offered serenely, disentangling his long legs from a chair arm

Continued on page 109

On the New York Stage

Reviews of Broadway's latest offerings in the legitimate theaters.

By Alison Smith

A NEW and startling footnote has just appeared in one of the daily newspaper advertisements for a musical comedy. After the usual rapturous comments on the incomparable star, the hilarious comedian and the glorified chorus, the announcement adds, mysteriously and a bit sternly, "No dramatic critics in the cast."

This would be baffling to any one reading the papers of ten years ago. You would then take for granted that the critic's place was in the aisle seat, not on the other side of the footlights. But ever since Robert Benchley, the dramatic critic of *Life,* broke so hilariously into the "Music Box Revue," there have been rumors of other scribes who were about to make the same venture. The second and even more startling arrival comes with Heywood Broun, who has just joined the cast of "Round the Town."

Through his syndicated column in the New York *World,* Mr. Broun's rambling comments in "It Seems to Me," have been echoed all over the country. This is the first time, however, that they have been broadcasted through his own appearance "in the flesh" as we say in the movies. On the first night, he leaned up against a proscenium arch and delivered his thoughts with the casual charm which makes his column and his reviews absolutely unique in journalism. But, unfortunately, he had little or no support from the rest of the show.

"Round the Town" was written by two other journalists—S. Jay Kaufman and Herman J. Mankiewicz. It was built on the excellent idea that audiences would enjoy a social evening in the theater with the same line of comment that they read in their daily papers. But somehow it didn't quite come off. There was a conflict between the material in the piece and the actors who delivered it. Harry Fox didn't seem to have the tone of the lyrics written for him by Dorothy Parker. Julius Tanner pounded home his points so vigorously that the poor little jokes were smashed against the footlights before they reached the audience. So that, by the time Mr. Broun ambled out on the stage, he found an utterly bored group of listeners who sat there daring him to make them laugh.

So "Round the Town" was a cruel error, but that doesn't prevent the idea from being a real possibility. If newspaper readers will eat up personal journalism as eagerly as they do "It Seems to Me," there is no reason why the personal touch in the theater will not be as eagerly welcomed. Unfortunately, the mechanism of the stage show is much more complicated. In addition to wit and wisdom and a graphic style you need the gift of showmanship or you will be suddenly extinguished by the glare of the footlights. Balieff, the Russian showman, had this secret and so have the owners of the Music Box, which launched Mr. Benchley so successfully. And there is enough promise in "Round the Town" to convince you that these producers will one day strike the right note which they somehow missed in this revue.

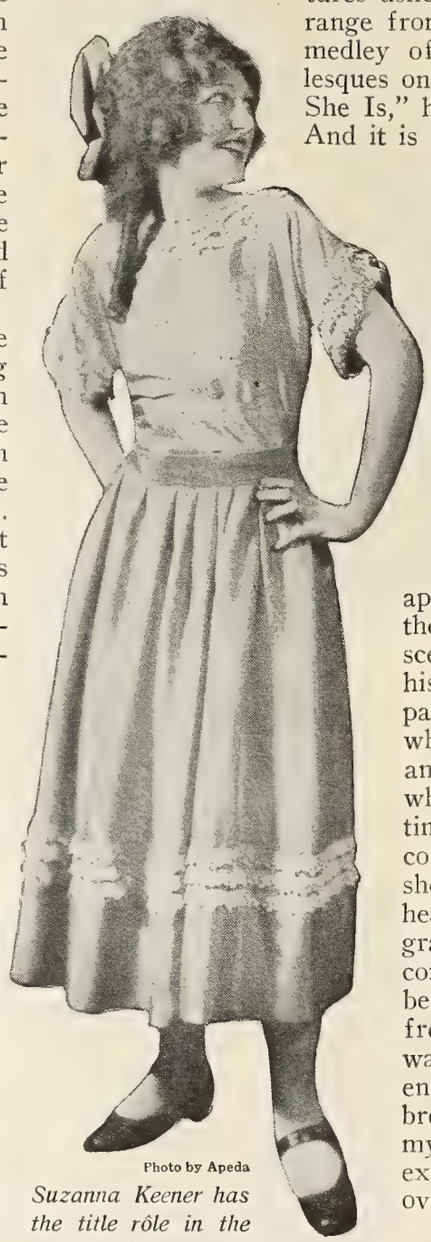


Photo by Apeda

Suzanna Keener has the title rôle in the new musical comedy version of "Peg o' My Heart."

This is the most original of the musical comedy ventures ushered in to greet the summer. The rest range from fair to simply awful with the usual medley of legs, lyrics, French stars and burlesques on the current stage successes. "I'll Say She Is," however, is one of the few exceptions. And it is lifted out of the mediocre class by the unaided efforts of the four Marx brothers.

This amiable quartet has been wandering up and down their circuits with much applause from their somewhat limited audiences. But this is their first unqualified success in a New York revue. Unquestionably they have glorified it more than an entire cast of Ziegfeld beauties. A good clown is the rarest thing on the stage and when you are faced with four priceless clowns, you have found a miracle in the theater. Of the four I found "Harpo" most appealing. He says not a word through the entire performance—in fact, his big scene consists in leaning wearily against his brother, but he has that touch of pathos or even deeper tragedy without which no comedy is ever great. Julius, another brother, has a line of patter which is sometimes senseless and sometimes profound and always riotously, convulsingly funny. The rest of the show is devoted to the ladies of the cast headed by Cecile D'Andrea. They are graceful and decorative, but when they come out in one of those endless numbers celebrating "Milady's Dress"—furs from Russia, fans from Timbuktu—I was so bored that I only had strength enough to gasp faintly for more Marx brothers. In fact, they couldn't hurt my feelings by throwing out the entire extravaganza show and turning the show over to this utterly priceless quartet.

***Peg* Again.**

"Peg o' My Heart" shows every sign of going on forever in one incarnation after another. Probably when Jackie Coogan is an old man making a stage hit as *King Lear,* this persistent character will still be going strong. She has been a play, a movie and popular song, and now she emerges as a musical comedy thinly disguised as "Peg o' My Dreams."

Hartley Manners has been fortunate in retaining more of his story in this than ordinarily enters into a musical comedy plot. Still, the drama of the piece isn't



Photo by White

"The Flame of Love" is a colorful Chinese tragedy.

exactly what you might call "gripping." It is interspersed by pleasant enough music and some skillful dancing by Albertina Vitak and Lovey Lee. Suzanne Keener plays *Peg* after the best Laurette Taylor traditions.

Not So Innocent.

The Winter Garden opened for the summer with "Innocent Eyes." Its title is misleading for the piece was evidently written to display the usual line of lovely, but not innocent, legs. It also served to introduce Mistinguett from France, the grand old lady of the Paris music halls, who swings a wicked apache dance. There is more dancing by Vannessi and a good-looking chorus as rhythmic as the Tiller girls. But, it is short on humor, and aside from these antics, is lavish, expensive, glittering and dull. Like many of its show girls, it is beautiful and dumb.

Grand Street "Follies."

There is a demure little brick theater in the heart of the East Side called the Neighborhood Playhouse. For the best part of the year it goes serenely on producing Galsworthy and Bernard Shaw without any regard for the passing show way uptown on Broadway. But once in every season, it has its annual little joke on Broadway. It gives a burlesque performance of the uptown season which for sheer wit and impudence surpasses anything that is being done on the Rialto—except perhaps the "Charlot Revue," which it somewhat resembles. Some time, some producer is going to realize that there is a gold mine in these productions and cart the entire company to an uptown theater. That is, if they will go. For the Neighborhood Players are an independent lot and honestly enjoy putting on their plays for their own, and their neighbors', entertainment.

Einstein Dramatized.

Incidentally, it was this same Neighborhood group that produced a strange and haunting drama, "Time Is a Dream." It was based on the Einstein theory and by way of introduction, they ran that fascinating film which does its best to make clear some idea of the theory of relativity. Einstein himself said that only twelve men in the world understood his theory and it is reasonable to suppose that this group did not include the current movie and dramatic critics. But at least the play, and even more the film, gives tantalizing hints of a new world which are most thrilling to consider. There is little chance that "Time Is a Dream" will ever reach Broadway or points west. But the Einstein film is probably being shown all over the country. Watch for it at your movie house, if you want to discover a new and thrilling use for the screen.

"The Bride."

Peggy Wood has deserted the musical comedies for her first legitimate play. It always seems a pity when a lovely voice is muted because the owner fancies himself as an actor, though this, of course, is justified if he is a really great actor or his medium is a really great play. But "The Bride" seems one of the saddest excuses for a crook drama that has reached these footlights in many seasons. It isn't actually bad—not bad enough to be funny—but all the worn-out old trails that can surround the stolen jewels are followed until you reach the hopelessly banal conclusion.

Miss Wood can act—and does—very charmingly. But you miss her songs—such songs as she had in "The Clinging Vine"—at every turn. It irritates you to sit through a performance like this with a constant sense of something lacking. Still they will do it. We even have John Charles Thomas, one of the best baritones on the concert stage to-day, going gravely through the gyrations of a long, elaborate and stupid movie. There must be something about the silent drama that appeals to singers. Unfortunately, the type that need it most refuse to be captured by the pictures. We have a long list of singers that we would love to find in the silent drama—and the more silent the better. But we wish the real musicians would stick to their melodic line.

"The Flame of Love."

This is one of the most colorful and interesting of those Chinese tragedies which always spring up at least once in every season. Unfortunately, it is so long and involved that its really poetic idea gets lost in the plot. It is based on the legend of *Si-Ling,* who spins a silk robe in which to receive her lover but who finds him unfaithful. Her tears fall in the magic weave of the silk, which bursts into flame, consuming the unhappy goddess. From this legend a play of ancient Canfu has been developed. It has fire and imagination behind it but it moves with true Oriental slowness and its motives are not always clear. Still, there is enough of beauty in it to give the authors, Maurice Samuels and Malcolm La Prade, the credit of an artistic effort, beautifully performed.

"The Dust Heap."

There is a certain sort of melodrama that has lost its hold on the legitimate stage. This is the sort of thing that combines all the old thrillers with a few extra shocks on the white-slave traffic. "The Dust Heap," had every kick in it known to the ten, twenty-and-thirty days, and yet it lasted for one scant week on Broadway. Its scene was in the wild Yukon, it had a beautiful and persecuted heroine and it is galloped all over by the Royal Mounted Police. And yet it failed. The answer may be that the audiences have become fussy about their Yukon melodrama. They do these things so much better in the movies with all the scenery of the world to set them in.

"God's Chillun."

This was one of the most discussed plays of the year earlier in the season. It was written by Eugene O'Neill and deals with the marriage of a white girl to a negro. When its theme became known, there was a howl of frightened rage from people who had decided that the play was propaganda for miscegenation and would start race riots all over the country. To these alarmists the only answer was "Read the play," which was published long before its production in the *American Mercury.* But of course they wouldn't—they just kept on viewing with alarm until the mayor was so agitated that he refused permits to the children who were to play in the first scene.

When "God's Chillun" finally opened it was revealed as so far from immoral as to be a little dull. And, far from urging marriages between the black race and the white, it is one dreary picture of the tragedy of such a union. So the "race riots" ended in a little mild applause for a play which has its true moments of pathos but which is certainly not one of O'Neill's best. It was beautifully played by Mary Blair as the white girl and by Paul Robeson, a genuine and moving negro actor.

"The Melody Man."

Lew Fields arrives again as the old German music master. This time he is struggling against the noise and confusion of "tin-pan alley" or the Broadway music shops. He has written a wonderful sonata which a song plugger has turned into a "mammy" jazz record —and hence the tragedy. There is an excellent idea here which somehow didn't quite come off. There are, however, real flashes of wit and pathos in the thing and a few genuine side lights on the vaudeville and burlesque world in New York. Its author was announced as "Richard Lorenz," but, as no one could trace his identity, the legend grew up that this was the pen name of three young playwrights, one of whom was Lew Fields' own son. Whoever the author, or authors were, they certainly found an interesting basis for a play but lacked the technique to mold it into shape. Whatever is good in the piece has been brought out to its full by Lew Fields' old-time magic.

"Garden of Weeds."

"White Cargo" was so interesting that this second play by Leon Gordon was awaited with interest. It proved to be a flat disappointment. It is the old theme called "Should a Wife Tell?" in the movies and developed without any attempt at originality. The chorus girl becomes a respectable married woman and worries through three very long acts for fear her husband will discover an old lover. He does, but your only reaction as the curtain goes down is "What of it?" The only distinctive actress in the cast was Lilyan Tashman as a Broadway gold digger.

"Catskill Dutch."

This was an uncommonly interesting sketch of the Dutch community. Like "Hell-bent fer Heaven," it dealt with religious intolerance and its effect on the innocent bystanders. But unlike that masterpiece, it won no prize as the best play of the year. It didn't even win the prize of a fair run on Broadway, for it was closed suddenly almost within the week before it had time to get its breath. Personally, I think it should have been given a chance to live, but there is no arguing with a Broadway box office. Frank McGlynn, Louis Wolheim, Ann Davis, and Minnie Dupree all did excellent work in the cast.

Two Revivals.

"Leah Kleschna," which is the great-granddaddy of crook melodramas, has been dragged down from the shelf by William Brady. It had a most impressive cast; Arnold Daly, Lowell Sherman, Jose Ruben, William Faversham and Helen Gahagan were a few of the names. But even this impressive list could not put new fire into the weary old situations. It is interesting, however, to watch at firsthand the source from which all our later crook plays have come.

"The Kreutzer Sonata" has not only old-time playwriting but old-time acting—altogether a thorough revival. Bertha Kalich came back in the Yiddish play which was one of her early successes. Through its turbulent scenes, Mme. Kalich acted in the deep, booming manner of the old-school heavy melodrama. It was noisy but not very moving. All this makes you realize how recent it is since the new movement in the theater has brought to the actors any semblance of decent restraint.

Usually, at this time of year, the more important theaters are sternly boarded up and their interests are transferred to the roof gardens and the amusement parks. But, this season, every play that is in with any promise is holding on grimly in a state of breathless suspense. The reason, of course, is the gold mine which they hope to find in the visiting firemen, buyers, and delegates who will flock to the Democratic convention.

Their hopes are seriously complicated by the struggle between the Actor's Equity Association and the stand-pat managers who remain outside. Just at the moment there is much bitterness, a few injunctions and several threats to close the theaters of the outsiders in another strike. The stand-pat shows include some of the greatest hits of the season—including the phenomenally successful "Rain"—and I am Pollyana enough to believe that they will all kiss and be friends rather than lose the huge receipts which the convention is sure to bring them. By the time this article is out, we hope to see sweetness and light restored to Broadway.

Manhattan's Bright Lights

Impressions and observations of a young man about town.

By Leland Hayward

NEW YORK has been full of kings and queens from Hollywood of late—Irene Rich and Pauline Garon were here for a few days before leaving for Europe.

Pauline blew into the Algonquin, threw her shoulders around a couple of times, and since then has been looking into the restaurant and dressmaking situation from a serious angle. Pauline Garon has gained just a few pounds and all this running around to shops will do her a lot of good.

Jack Mulhall and his wife are here, making a serial for Pathé in which Constance Bennett is also playing. When any one asks Jack his reaction to New York his answer invariably is: "Man, woman, child, never did I see such hilarity and high life." Irvin Willat and his wife, Billie Dove, are here. Willat brought East with him a print of "Wanderer of the Wasteland." Alice Joyce is back from England, where she was making "The Passionate Adventure." Cinema's siren, Barbara La Marr, is here making a story called "Sandra." Quite a stir took place when a press agent announced that Miss La Marr had to live all the rôles she played. Needless to say, she immediately denied the statement.

One of the favorite guessing games in the movies is trying to pick some one to rival Valentino for Latin parts, so I might just as well put in my bid.

A South American doctor, by name Manuel Granado, came to America a few months ago for some athletic events—he can run the one-hundred-yard dash in ten seconds flat—and some bright person thought of putting him in the movies. At present he is appearing in Tom Terriss' "The Bandelero." The company is in Spain to take a real bullfight. Manuel is going to go right in the ring and fight a no-fooling bull, so they say. Tom Terriss is all pepped up about Granado and thinks he has all the makings of a star. Jess Smith, who discovered Pauline Garon, Dorothy Mackaill, and Glenn Hunter, is also responsible for digging out Granado. The latter is taller than Valentino. To my mind he has much better features, and he has a tremendously strong personality. So watch for "The Bandelero."



Manuel Granado is the latest "Latin lover" recruit to the screen. Renee Adoree plays opposite him in "The Bandelero."

England has always been very successful in sending over talent to America for the stage, but their screen stars have never caused a great deal of excitement on this side of the ocean. Lady Diana Manners appeared in one rather inconsequential picture, "The Glorious Adventure," and Douglas Fairbanks imported a young lady by the name of Evelyn Brent who has gotten as far as playing some leads, but no recent British importations have set the movie world on fire.

A tiny little creature, Flora Le Breton, arrived in this country a little while ago from the other side, and to me looks like a coming star. She has appeared in only one picture in America, "Another Scandal," which E. H. Griffith directed with Lois Wilson in the star rôle. Miss Le Breton is vivacious, extremely pretty, and could act any kind of rôle from *Lady Macbeth* to the heroine in "Tillie's Punctured Romance." To me, she would be the ideal *Peter Pan*—though I doubt very much that there is any chance of her being given the rôle. At present England is wild about her, and there is no reason why America shouldn't be as well.

Robert Kane, the production manager for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, told me of an interesting idea he is going to try out in their Long Island studio. He is going to tear down one end of the studio, and leave it semiopen. All the sets are to be built outside of the studio, and then pushed in on rollers when the company is ready for them. This will keep the floor space clear of empty sets, and save a lot of time, which is the curse of this industry, anyway.

Norman Kerry blew into New York for a few days. He was unusually quiet, for his mother recently died in Budapest, and Norman came East to bury her. Usually Norman breaks up the town when he's here, but he was very subdued this trip. I happened to be with him when he went to the Cosmopolitan studio to pay a visit to Marion Davies and Mason Hopper, the

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Summer Fashion

The girls of Hollywood's most select younger social

Directed by Peggy Hamilton



The black and white motif is an excellent one for decided brunettes such as Carmel Myers.



Helen Ferguson's flannel frock is simple, yet dashing, and easily copied.

THE bright colors, the soft, light fabrics, and the simplicity of summer modes make them especially suited for the young girl. This is the time of the year that seems to belong to her, and therefore, the time when she should look her best. So PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE asked the members of Our Club, who are all between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-six, and whose clothes and general tastes are typical of well-bred young women everywhere, to pose for its readers in costumes from their personal wardrobes. Any young girl who is clever with her needle should be able to derive many valuable suggestions from the gowns shown on these pages, which are all easy to copy or to adapt to one's particular needs.

Carmel Myers, who appears above, is not only one of the most striking girls of Our Club, but one of the smartest gowned players in Hollywood, and she never looks more stunning than in a black and white costume. This color combination is just as effective for decided blondes as for vivid brunettes, and is an excellent idea for them to use in at least one outfit in their wardrobe, chiefly because it is always stylish, distinctive, and above all things, serviceable.

The dress of Miss Myers is saved from being severely simple by the skirt being made of four tiers of black satin set circular upon a straight foundation. The tiers lend a softness to the skirt line without detracting from its slendor contour. The waist is a sleeveless blouse of heavy white canton and the coat,



Vola Vale's separate skirt and sweater make a splendid costume of the "daily bread" type.

Hints from Our Club

set display favorite costumes in their warm-weather wardrobes.

Photographs by Witzel

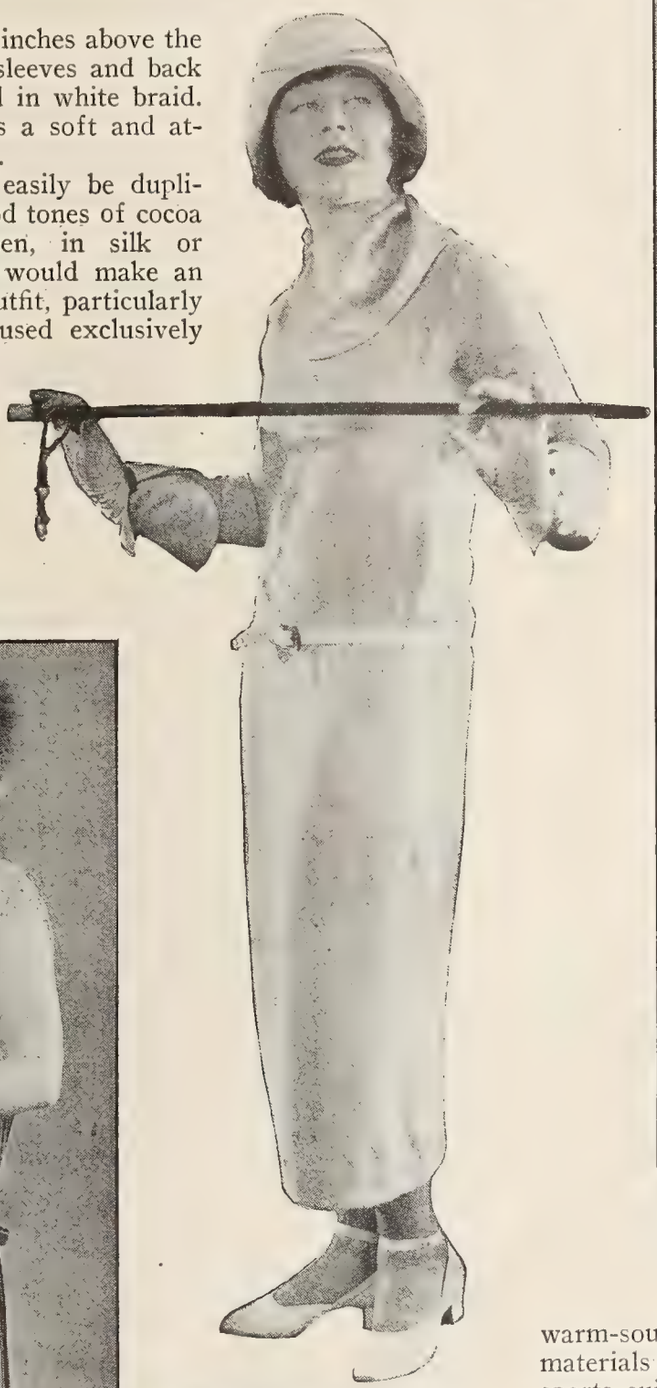


This dress of Clara Horton's is the kind one can virtually live in.

which ends about eight inches above the hem of the dress, has sleeves and back beautifully embroidered in white braid. Imitation ermine forms a soft and attractive standing collar.

This costume could easily be duplicated in any of the wood tones of cocoa brown or lanvin green, in silk or woolen materials, and would make an effective and sensible outfit, particularly as the coat could be used exclusively as a separate garment.

Two of the most practical and clever summer frocks are the light-weight flannels worn by Helen Ferguson and Lillian Rich. Flannel, despite its warm-sounding name, is one of the most popular materials for straight, boyish dresses and jaunty sports suits, beside being perfectly stunning for five-eights-length, unlined coats or wraps.



Lillian Rich's tight, trim dress is best suited to the slender type of girl.



Practically every girl will find a separate coat, such as this one of Carmelita Geraghty's, essential to her summer wardrobe.

Miss Ferguson's frock is developed in white flannel, piped in red, and trimmed in a single row of red and white buttons running down the right side. The success of this simple, yet dashing and becoming frock, depends entirely upon the length and roll of the collar, which is its distinguishing feature.

The tight-fitting, swagger costume which Lillian Rich wears had best be attempted only by the slender girl. It would be just as striking in navy blue poiret twill with satin collar and cuffs of contrasting color as it is in softest lemon-yellow flannel with the very individual collar and cuffs of white satin.

A conventional, but very comfortable and neat-looking outfit is the white baronet satin skirt and black silk sweater worn by Vola Vale. A black and white blocked silk scarf and white slippers with ornamental black tongues are smart touches to a costume of great utility.

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Priscilla—with the Muffler Off

Full of enthusiasm, she is back at work again, after several months absence from the screen.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WITH the return of Priscilla Dean, a personality whom I have always considered as having potentialities of genuine greatness comes up once again for survey. And, too, in fortuitous circumstances. For "The Siren of Seville" promises us the Priscilla of yesterday, the tempestuous hoyden who gave such life and vigor to "The Wildcat of Paris."

Priscilla, how shall I analyze you and sum you up in cold print? It can't be done. As easily could I catch the iridescent shades of a rainbow into a test tube, impinge the starry radiance of pyrotechnics upon a slide for microscopic study, as to capture the volatile, chameleon charm of you.

After a day with Priscilla you feel that a gentle tornado has winged its way past. You are wilted, yet strangely revitalized.

And yet even this Kansas wind calms at times. When her sarcasm or mimicry has been a bit too sharp, she will fling her arms around you and beg forgiveness, in a warm rush of tenderness. Her plea granted, she will tweak your nose and pull your ears and mock your seriousness. It isn't so much what she says—though that often is edged with a cutting humor—as the way she says it, the expressions that twinkle across her mobile face.

The members of her company create an atmosphere I have found only in Harold Lloyd's studio. They're heart and soul in what they're doing, having a whale of a good time. They're all young.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

They're doing this thing because they enjoy it—a rare quality of enthusiasm in a studio to-day! The script wasn't ready when they started, but they went ahead and had the picture a quarter finished before the continuity was completed. And then they were so busy they forgot to look at it! They're making a *movie* there! It is, she insisted, much the same spirit that pervaded during the early Griffith days, when movies moved and nobody had any notions.

There's such a youthful zest about that company that a day with them is better than a holiday. Foolish pranks—Priscilla grabbing the megaphone and mimicking her director in delicious burlesque—but, beneath all the jesting, they get a surprising amount of work done.

She is the most sincerely natural actress I have ever known—and every prop man and assistant will back me up in that. Maybe some of the directors won't—the ones her lashing tongue took the starch out of when they tried to rubber stamp her flame into silly ingénue garments.

"I've a reputation for temperamental display," she shrugs. "Surely, I've an awful temper. But I've tried to be a good sport. I don't 'show off' just to make a fuss. When I cut loose it's because I feel I have a just grievance."

Lunch time on location. Prissy loaded down with box lunches and bottles of milk. A gay call—"C'mon, we'll eat in Hunt's car—don't care how many crumbs we leave in *his* car." Almost any other star would have motored the short distance to Beverly Hills and home or at least ordered a hamper sent out with a hot luncheon for herself. Not Prissy Dean. She eats with the bunch. We must all settle comfy in the back seat—she sits cramped on a box on the floor of the car. Afterwards, when there aren't chairs enough, the rest of us get the chairs and she sits on the dusty road. That's why all the boys root so for her.

The most vital creature I have ever seen, she colors, with a certain rosy, gamin-girl impudence, everything she says and does. She quarrels often — with whomever is handy—and she dramatizes each little incident. And yet, there is a repression about her in the fifty-ninth second, some inbred fineness that softens those harsh discordances, tones down that dynamic, positive quality within the limits of taste. Priscilla is alive, fused with a network of nerves that blaze and fairly crinkle about her in a current demanding action.

"Am I in harness again? I should say so!" she greeted me blithely the second day of her new picture. "Fell out of a tree yesterday—going to have a scrumptious fight with another girl—snappy, hair-pulling, claw-scratching tea party. Then, for fear I'll get bored, I kill a bull. Um-humph. I ask you, what could be a nicer way to spend a quiet day?"

While I weakly gasped, she tore through her scene like a whirlwind, vivid silk skirts and green embroidered shawl swirling about her. It seemed that a young Spanish don had infuriated the lady of the piece, and right smartly she slapped his face and told him a thing or two, a testudo of wrath whose spirit awakened the fire of the Spanish extras into clamor.

A girl of capital letters. No finesse, no beating about the bush. She's very definitely for you or against you. Naturally, with such a temperament and volcanic energy, she is athletic. She goes through tennis, swimming, golf, horseback riding, dancing, without tiring, and

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Photo by Melbourne Spurr

PRISCILLA DEAN





"Monsieur Beaucaire"

This story of a whimsical French prince, who masquerades as a barber, gives Rudolph Valentino one of the most attractive rôles he has had; for, besides being the best swordsman in France, *Beaucaire* is a gallant and graceful lover. In the pictures on this page, Doris Kenyon appears with him as the haughty English beauty, *Lady Mary Carlisle.*

Doris Kenyon, who appears below in one of the elaborate gowns of the period, is well known to every fan. She brings to this Dresden china rôle the grace and experience developed through long experience as a star on both stage and screen. The portrait of Rudolph, as the barber, at the right, indicates that his rôle will not be without comedy.











Versatile Madge

Actresses never used to be keen about growing old in films, but now it seems as though every young actress would like to have an aged characterization in her repertoire. In "Love and Glory," a Universal production, Madge Bellamy plays a girl who loses track of her sweetheart until she becomes the old lady you see on the left, when she finally is united with him.

Photo by Evans Studio

Our Young Exotic



Photos by Henry Waxman



Though Carmel Myers is a movie ingénue in age, and is all wrapped up in Our Club, her greatest success in pictures, curiously enough, has been due to her portrayals of mature rôles. Her appearance seems better to fit the characters of glittering ladies with checkered pasts and problematical futures than parts nearer her age and real personality. Her latest naughty rôle is that of *Iras* in the Goldwyn production of "Ben-Hur."





A Modernized Classic

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been brought up-to-date by Marshall Neilan, with Blanche Sweet in the title rôle.



Screen lovers who have enjoyed the splendid work which Blanche Sweet has done in "Anna Christie" will look forward to seeing her in the forthcoming Goldwyn version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Conrad Nagel will play the rôle of *Angel Claire* in the modernized screen version.

"Revel-ation" Again





When Nazimova made "Revelation" for Metro several years ago her tragic portrayal raised her instantly to success, and was, perhaps, her most successful screen rôle. Now Viola Dana, one of the fluffiest of the flapper stars, is doing it for the same company and with the same director. She has discarded all her cuteness, and will appear in the film as you see her here. Though it has an excellent cast and all the technical advantages, the picture will still depend for success on the interpretation of the central rôle, and it will be interesting to see what Viola does with it.



"Mary the Third," another story of youth of to-day and its problems, has been made by Goldwyn from an adaptation of Rachael Crothers' stage success, in which Louise Huff made her first big success on the New York stage. The film version was directed by King Vidor.



Eleanor Boardman also takes the part of *Mary the Third's* mother, appearing in the oval with Niles Welch. Below you see another flapper—Pauline Garon—and Buster Collier, and above, these two and William Haines, in a scene from the modern episode.



By way of contrasting the attitude of the two preceding generations with that of modern youth toward love and marriage, the play begins with the courtship of *Mary the Third's* grandparents, whom you see at the left, played by Johnnie Walker and Eleanor Boardman.



This Freakish Business of Acting

Conway Tearle has acted up to his best parts and lived down his poor ones, and he is not afraid to express some radical views on the so-called art of the motion-picture actor.

By Elza Schallert

THERE are all sorts and conditions of prophets in Hollywood. Prophets cloaked not in robes of flowing white, but in golf pants and woolen stockings, who periodically burst into various obvious predictions about what is going to happen to pictures, to players, and to film audiences the country over.

Their favorite prediction each fall of the year is that "There sure is going to be a slump in pictures this winter." There always is. That is a normal economic condition. Another very popular prophesy of theirs runs something like this:

"Mark what I say! Just two more bad stories like 'Cinders of Romance' and Ima Star's screen career will be over."

There is, of course, no gainsaying that a succession of stupid, inane stories will not add to the popularity of any player. But after reviewing the careers of some of our biggest stars—biggest from the standpoint of box-office appeal—and noting that the parts they have portrayed have in the majority of instances been quite unsatisfactory, I just wonder if bad plays really aren't a survival test of a screen player's fitness to popular favoritism, or to recognition as a good screen actor or actress.

The "old-fashioned, long-suffering" starring contracts, for example, that flourished so promiscuously during the infanta period of pictures, have often been regarded as a curse to the actor or actress, because their terms forced the actor or actress to play any and every kind of rôle, that oftener than not was utterly unsuited to his or her talents and type. But were those contracts, after all, a curse? Were they not, rather, a blessing? It would certainly seem so after looking over "Who's Who" in filmdom and finding that the players to-day whose services are in constant demand, at rich figures, are the old-timers, nearly all of whom were for a period of time under some sort of star or featured-part contract.

In other words, the real people of the films to-day are those who have served their apprenticeship, and the lean years, so far as good plays went, at least, were a sowing time for them, during which they planted seeds of personality and learned from the soil the technique of screen acting. Those seeds are now bearing fruit and to-day is the harvest for the actor and actress who has withstood the test of the years and indifferent plays.

Conway Tearle is one of these. So is Corinne Griffith, lately come into her own as a rare personality. There are others, but Conway Tearle is probably one of the most striking instances among the men.

Intermittently for the past seven years he has been leading man to some of the most celebrated actresses of the screen, including Mary Pickford and Clara Kimball Young, and Ethel Barrymore during her brief flight into the realms of the cinema, and for practically three years he was a star with Selznick.

Of late, he has been having a tremendous vogue as leading man to Norma Talmadge, Constance and Corinne Griffith, and long before Pola Negri was brought to this country, he was one of the first actors signed to play opposite her.



Photo by Woodbury

Tearle has always enjoyed popularity, and negligible parts in plays have apparently detracted little therefrom, but it is really only during the past year or more that his services have been at a very high premium. There is one obvious reason for this, the scarcity of good leading men. But there are several reasons much more personal. In the first place, he knows the business of screen acting, just as he knows the stage and its traditions, and there is a virility, dignity, charm and flexibility to his personality that makes him ideal for costume rôles and society dramas, two types of stories that have been in strong favor the past season. Then, too, there is the all-important reason from the producer's standpoint,

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The Experiences of an Interviewer

One of our writers tells about some of the interesting phases of her work.

By Myrtle Gebhart

QUITE a few of the fans have asked me how it feels to interview some of their beloved stars. Well, now it doesn't "feel" any more—the thrill, of course, has pretty well worn off, after nearly three years of it. As I know most of the players now, it's more a get-together-again chat than an interview. I can even regard fair Gloria coolly, impersonally, and wonder how long it took her maid to marcel her hair that way. But at first I was as tongue-tied as the most rabid fan would be upon meeting one of her idolized stars.

My first victim was Tommy Meighan—rather, I was the victim up for slaughter. My persistence had been rewarded by a tentative assignment from PICTURE-PLAY to interview Tommy Meighan. I had never met a star or interviewed any celebrity before and I hadn't the faintest idea of what one was supposed to do. I was just past eighteen and didn't have any too much experience anyhow.

But it was an occasion that I thrilled over for days in anticipation—and dreaded, too, in a way. For I was scared. On the momentous day I quite drenched myself with my birthday perfume—which made me keep my nose in the air to avoid myself the rest of the day—dressed all up in my new blue taffeta and "rattled" over to the Lasky studio—you know that kind of taffeta that you can hear a block away.

And my new shoes squeaked.

All in all, Tommy couldn't have missed me.

Though our interview was to take place in the publicity offices, Tommy came to meet me and opened the main door of the studio—and I've often wondered since if that taffeta *did* announce my arrival.

Anyway, the agony began. I was embarrassed and too ignorant to know I should poke questions at him. But Tommy's eyes all crinkled up at the corners the way they do when he smiles, and, perceiving my difficulty, he proceeded to interview himself. I had gumption enough to ask him one question: "Did he like being a star?" Yes, that was my maiden effort! And then I nearly passed out of the picture. He'd talk for a while, then would ensue a poignant silence, while he waited patiently, but I didn't know what to ask him, so there I sat and every time I moved I would rattle some more.

Finally I managed to gasp it was nice of him to have seen me and rattled my way out.

Incidentally, PICTURE-PLAY did *not* buy that interview, but later proved a real fairy godfather to me by giving me another chance and bearing patiently until I eventually showed a glimmer of intelligence and wrote something they considered worth passing on to you.

Since then my days have been filled with interviewing and I've grown quite accustomed to it. I never formally interview any of the younger girls, in the strict meaning of the word, for most of the members of "Our Club" started in pictures about three years ago when I began trying to write and we've sort of grown up together and can't put on any airs with each other—and get away with it.

When Patsy Ruth Miller and I get together for a chin chat we proceed to eat everything that isn't nailed down, tell each other what we think of each other, in language that is not always complimentary—though it's just in fun—and then go to a movie. When I attempt to impress Pat that she must calmly, seriously, permit me to dissect her for her public, she asks me have I got a pain somewhere that I should so suddenly feel a desire to work, and continues raving about Nazimova, her pet crush. And I ask you, what can you do in a case like that?

Interviews have certainly changed. I've heard the old-timers out here tell of how they used to be "staged" for their benefit—the room artistically decorated with heathen idols and incense and such, and the lady appropriately gotten up. She would pour into the victim's ears a beautifully memorized tale—no doubt prepared for her by her press-agent—and he would write reams about her intriguing eyes, her coral lips, et cetera, bringing in some of the soul-searing comments she had sat up half the night to learn. The thing that makes me giggle is that people believed it—or some of it, anyway.

I've despaired of ever making connections with such a thrilling interview myself. I guess they went out of style before my time. Now they are quite prosaic. You call up the victim or make an appointment through the publicity offices or else drop around the studio where she's working. Knowing most everybody around here, seeing them everywhere you go, you know most all about your victim anyhow, but you may have another question or two to ask. So you meet and usually go somewhere. Nearly always you eat, which makes it very nice indeed, that being my favorite pastime. Most of the players are natural and sincere. They're nearly all very much wrapped up in their work, ambitious.

My hardest victim to corner was Lon Chaney. He frankly—and it isn't a pose—abhors publicity, because he wants people to remember the character he is portraying, not Lon Chaney. I wore out one set of tires—the gas-filly's—and one disposition—mine—before I cornered him and, bit by bit, dug his story out of him. I earned *that* check all right!

All in all, there isn't as much glamour about this interviewing business as there was at first—still it's lots of fun!

But beside the fun—and the pay—we writers often get something very precious out of our work. You fans give it to us, in the letters you write us. Besides your approval—when you like something we've written—and your criticism—when you don't—there's something else, hard to put into words. I guess it's the personal bond, the feeling that we're making so many

HAVE YOU EVER

wondered how an interviewer regards her work, her experiences in talking with the stars, her letters from her fan friends? If so, this article is an answer. In it she tells about her first interview, and about other experiences. Perhaps the most interesting part of the article is that which touches on what the fans have written to her. "My letters from fans," she writes, "have taught me more than I can ever express. I have never gotten over a little feeling of awe that some stranger cares enough about me and my work to sit down and write me a letter about it."



When Edward Sedgwick's Universal troupe selected a little house in Hollywood for some scenes in "Hook and Ladder" they did not know that it was the home of Myrtle Gebhart, whose articles appear regularly in PICTURE-PLAY. *When they learned this they took this picture for us. Miss Gebhart and her mother may be seen on the porch, while Hoot Gibson and Mildred June are seated in front of the camera.*



Photo by Gene Kornman

Myrtle Gebhart.

friends, people who take an interest in us personally. My letters from fans mean more to me, have taught me more, than I can ever express. I never have gotten over a little feeling of awe, to think that some stranger cares enough about me or my work to sit down and write me a letter about it—really that encouragement, that sympathy, does give one a glad feeling, makes the work seem doubly worth while.

The majority of my letters are from young girls, and are all about their high hopes and oh, such big, big dreams! Such busy persons they are, too! These letters, coming from little towns and big cities, impress me how the girls nowadays are doing such interesting things. It seems to me from my recollection of the time when I was a youngster going to school down South that we never did anything especially interesting—just studied our lessons, and dried the dishes and occasionally went to the movies, which weren't so very good then, though that was but a few years back. Now even the school girls are studying art or dancing or having such thrilling times with their amateur dramatics. This ambition is perhaps a part of the new independence of flapperhood to-day and it explains the discrimination with which even the younger girls regard the movies and the stars. In a way, perhaps it is partly due to the movies, the amazing successes of the film's girls and boys, the ambition that's back of it all.

The girls' attitude used to be all rhapsodies toward the stars, but now they view their favorites with much more calm; a great many express frank criticism—severe, too, as is the way with youth. And they notice little things. As Elizabeth C. writes me: "Norma doesn't insist on all the close-ups as Negri does. Miss Talmadge always seems quite unselfish in her work—I've seen her countless times turn her back to the camera to let some one else have a scene. My late uncle, Frank Mills, played with her and thought she was ideal to work with. Mary Pickford, too."

I shall never forget the thrill of my first fan letter. I wasn't normal for a week. Incidentally, the writer of that first appreciation of my efforts, Dorothy D., has since become one of my "special best" friends. Dot the harum-scarum has a clever letter style—she says her real-estate boss is "so busy he doesn't have time to do his hair right in the mornings"—her letters sizzle with pep and humor and contain some wise cracks that are perfect gems. She has made me laugh, and

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What's to Be Done

On the screen she has failed to keep

By Katherine



Photo by F. W. Seely

Myrtle Stedman, as she appears in "Flaming Youth" and other productions, seems to be almost the one exception to the rule that the screen mother must be old and feeble.

EVER since the first flicker of the first film, years and years ago, we have seen the mother of the screen dimly through a misty vale of tears. In the old days when a scene was shown with a little old lady sitting rocking in her chair, the girl at the piano automatically swallowed her gum and shifted from "Turkey and the Straw" to "Hearts and Flowers," while the audience reached for their handkerchiefs.

Why? Just because it was mother! Down through the ages the thought of mother and motherhood has gripped our sentiments and our emotions, for she is the greatest drawing power life has. But it would appear that this emotion, worthy though it is, hasn't been a good thing for mother as she is on the screen.

She has remained the same without even changing the style of her clothes since motion pictures first came into being. In fact, she seems to be the only relic of those days. The chewing gum expert at the piano has changed to the player piano, the automatic pipe organ and the Wurlitzer, and even "Hearts and Flowers" has jumped to "Mother Machree" and "Dear Old Mother of Mine."

We haven't noticed how different mother is from the rest of the family, for we aren't critical of her. We don't want to be. She is the center of existence itself, and all our love and sentiment rest in her. We'd be ashamed to criticize her even when she is an abstract person in a motion picture. But really, do you think it quite right to keep mother holding down the old homstead and the mortgage, waiting for her wandering children to head home again, with pathetic old clothes and gnarled and reddened fingers, while the rest of the family move merrily on? If she isn't downtrodden and forlorn, she jumps to the other extreme and becomes a frozen creature dominated by cold and calculating ambition. And the "in-between" mother, who is sensible and humorous and well poised, isn't given a chance in the realm of the screen.

Scenario writers and directors seem to have overlooked the fact that mother's vale of tears has dried up with the years and that to-day's ideal of motherhood is surrounded by the healthy sunshine rather than the damp shivery land of tears. If the screen is showing her purely as a type of bygone days, then the damp scenery is part of the act, but if it is mother as we see her in our own homes and in the homes of others, then the kitchen rocker should be put into the fire or the museum and the little apron with its finely stitched ruffle should be folded with moth balls and gently laid away.

Father has never sounded such emotional depths within us, and so directors have been able, it would seem, to look at his type calmly and reasonably. Consequently, the occasions are few and far between when we find father bent and old and trembly. We find instead Theodore Roberts and Claude Gillingwater and the rest, with their gruffness, their human quality and their lovableness.

No director has asked Theodore Roberts to give up cigars and take up rheumatism in the cause of fatherhood. That cigar and the humorous gruffness of Mr. Roberts bring to most of us a memory of some little séance with our own fathers in which we came off second best, and it makes the scene the more funny and enjoyable for it is a part of our own life. But the poor pathetic little mother of the screen, though she arouses our chivalry, seldom awakens within us the answering throb of everyday life.

One reason for this seems to be the age the screen mother is given. Claire MacDowell, who has appeared innumerable times in this rôle, says that she is given a grandmother make-up. Claire is forty-four herself with grown children, and claims she looks quite as old as any mother has a right to look, but directors rush in white wigs, quaint, sedate clothes and all the other age paraphernalia until she feels seventy. And this is to give the world an idea of mother!

Scout back yourself through the avenues of your movie mind, and see how many mothers of the screen you can remember who took life and their children in the calm, fine, well-poised way your own mother has done. If you can pull out more than one or two examples of human motherhood, not racked with emotion, not old and bent and downtrodden, then you have spoiled my story.

Of course, I can hear a whole throng of handkerchief users asking me to remember Mary Carr in "Over the

About Mother?

up with the rest of the family.

Lipke



Mary Carr is the directors' ideal of a mother for the screen.

Hill." There was a mother who went right to the heart of each and every member of filmdom. Little and old and frail she was. Oh, yes, I cried my full quota of tears too. But did you know that Mary Carr ached to shake the sort of person she was in that picture?

Mary Carr is a real mother of the screen. So her opinion takes on the voice of authority to me. She has six children of her own, and no matter where she is she makes a home for them. She had her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary the other day, and it was spent as was her wedding day, working, she told me. Somewhere I hear a sob and two sniffles from the fans as they say, "Poor little old lady." Ah, but Mary Carr, like Claire MacDowell, is only forty-four years old.

She can truly say that her film experience has aged her. In her downtrodden outfit, consisting of a saggy skirt, a pathetic-looking sack with a lonely little button at the neck, a wisp of hair and a pair of out-in-the-open shoes, Mary Carr is about the oldest old lady imaginable.

But bustling around the house planning dinner she is the best sort of sport and is young and pretty — oh, dear me, yes! She told me that she was dreadfully tired of playing "Over the Hillish" mothers and longs to be herself. Hunched on a couch in her dressing room, waiting to be called to another old trembly part, with one decrepit shoe crossed over another, she verified my ideas of screen motherhood.

"Most of the mothers I have portrayed, I have wanted to shake, the poor spineless creatures," she stated briefly. "Directors can't seem to see mother without a downtrodden look, or a cold-blooded disposition. If in real life I were the sort of mother I am on the screen, I'd blush for shame."

Mary Carr's daughter, Luella, pretty and in the early twenties, was on the set, and so I asked her if she had ever seen her mother portray a rôle which could remotely compare with the type of mother she herself was. Luella's nose was very brief but it made a valiant effort to turn up in scorn.



Kate Lester represents the dowager type of mother.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

"Oh, mother on the screen makes me furious! Imagine any woman being as dragged out and spineless as she was in 'Over the Hill.' She herself is terribly good-natured, but people can't walk all over her the way they do on the screen. Why, she is only forty-four, but every one calls her mother. She even had to play the grandmother of Lewis Stone, and he is as old as she is. It makes me furious. We children won't call her mother, we call her Mamie."

Mary Carr has been a screen mother for ten years, although "Over the Hill" was the high light for her. Of course we have all heard of, or have known women like that little mother, and she supplied a human thrill which gripped the collective hearts of filmdom. For there is nothing like the subject of mother to grab hold of the feelings and stir the emotions. And the older she is and the more pathetic, the more we weep for her. That must be the director's excuse.

But you know motherhood shouldn't always signify tears. In "Humoresque," Vera Gordon, like Mary Carr, carried every one with her from the sheer beauty of devotion and sacrifice, but what a tense, racking experience "Humoresque" was. It signified the wonderful power

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Kosloff conducting a class in his school of dancing.

Kosloff Talks on Pantomime

A training in which, he believes, is unfortunately lacking in preparing young people for screen acting.

By Helen Ogden

THE screen is sadly in need of pantomimic training. It is attempting to speak a borrowed language, when it should be formulating the alphabet of its own native tongue."

No stripling achieving success in a blaze of glorified personality was speaking, but a man whose distinction is based upon knowledge accrued from years of study The speaker was Theodore Kosloff.

We were talking on the cluttered Lasky stage near the "tin-can factory," one of the scenes for Cecil B. De Mille's "Triumph." Kosloff was playing an inconspicuous rôle, as usual, because De Mille alone will give him now and then opportunities to express some of his ideas for the screen's advancement.

Small, lithe, every movement expressive, speaking slowly with a pronounced accent, Kosloff is in himself an interesting study. Personality alone, the thing so high lighted about other actors, is of no consequence to him. He is, instead, an expression of cumulative growth. In his train of thought, in his every word, is that feeling of solidity.

"Pantomime is the technique of each feeling's expression. You understand a Tschaikowsky concerto, yes? But without technical training can you translate that inward comprehension of it into music?

"Pantomime has its exercises, its scales, as has the piano. The fingers of expression blunder when they seek, by skimming the surface of training, to translate that innate feeling into acting.

"America has no great screen actors because she thinks of the public's sensational approval, of transitory success. To genuine development one must be willing to give years of study. Besides pantomime, an actor should understand thoroughly all the arts. At our Imperial Russian Ballet School in Moscow we were well grounded in music, in painting; from history we learned manners and customs and costuming of all the ages, and the points of view of all the peoples. That general knowledge gave us sentience, nuance, subtlety; our pantomimic training was the tool which we used to express that feeling and knowledge in gradations of acting.

"A screen-training school?" Kosloff pursed doubtful lips. "A costly undertaking—and producers are not philanthropists. Mr. De Mille and I have many times discussed the idea. A man of keen perception, that one; quickly he grasps thoughts, sees practical evolution of those ideas. Long he has wanted such an academy of motion-picture pantomime training, as a foundation for the screen's future. If from hundreds only one great actor is the product, as there is in dancing but one Pavlowa, the venture would be worth while.

"But not now," he sighed. "The screen is yet young, compared to the generations of groundwork upon which the pantomimic training of the European stage has been built. Acting there has its traditions, its inheritance. The screen is so the opposite of the stage that not merely a different technique is needed, which only skims the surface. It goes back to the fundamental of thought transference, which has greater possibilities on the screen because of the close range and the dependence upon gestures without tonal inflection and the electric personal contact to get one's idea over.

"Indeed that is the sole purpose of the motion picture—to say without titles. When an actor is skilled in pantomime he can say what he will with the muscles of his face, with his eyes, and the words on the screen would be but a repetition."

Kosloff is the chancellor, the prime minister, of Cecil B. De Mille pictures. Every detail of background, of artistic investiture, of costuming, must meet with his approval. While De Mille, with whom he has worked for six years, has been receptive toward his ideas, he, too, realizes that the time for the purely pantomimic picture is not yet.

"Not that the audience would fail to understand," Kosloff pointed out. "Do not underestimate the perception of the mass mind. Real pantomime is so perfectly expressive in its infinite shading that its meaning is plain. When the Russian actors gave their pantomimic performances a year or so ago in New York, the American audience sat spellbound.

"In Russia years ago we presented—as they still do to-day—mammoth pantomimic productions, with thou-

sands of players besides the principals. 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' we gave many times. Each gesture of each player in that mob was the outgrowth of arduous training. From seven until twelve each night the audience would sit, rapt in attention, so clear-cut was each expression in its simplicity, though the play was wordless.

"It is because we have no trained screen pantomimists that the pantomimic picture is impossible. Americans are taught to hide deep, genuine emotions, to sugar coat realities. Your girls: exquisite, of appealing personality; but they know not the real meanings of feelings, nor how to shade their expression of emotion. There is no place where they may go to learn. The stage? There they are taught a set of tricks, awkward and unavailable upon the screen. They are but the product of artificial teaching."

Conducting a ballet school in Los Angeles, Kosloff has for his pupils in dancing many celebrated stars, whom he has helped in small measure in teaching them grace, carriage, flexibility of movement. Three hundred of his girls appeared in the Biblical sequences of "The Ten Commandments."

"But pantomime? Ah, there is another thing. Me, I am but one man, seeking to pioneer, lacking save in a few instances encouragement. The thing cannot be done in a day—your actors err through impatience. I entered the Imperial Ballet School at six. I made my début at sixteen. Ten long years I spent in gruelling practice, in study of the arts. Yet these lovely little American girls expect after a few small rôles to become stars. Momentary sensations are made by public interest, but real stars are products of long training.

"Give me half a hundred girls and boys in whom I perceive the raw fundamentals of dramatic feeling; give me ten years, give me the proper artists to assist me; give me above all—and what I doubt that I can have at present—the unbounded ambition, the great desire to learn, of those novitiates who would contribute ten years to their education. And at the end of that time I would present to the film public some genuine actors.

"That will come. The screen must establish a fundamental pantomimic training of its own, to suit its individual needs, not by borrowing. But that cannot be done until it mellows into maturity and begins to build slowly its heritage of pantomime for future screen generations to draw upon. In three, four, generations will the screen produce many great artists, and not before."



Kosloff in his studio.

A strange, gifted heritage is Kosloff's. He comes of an ancient Tatar family that in the ninth century ruled the vast steppes, the hidden fastnesses, of the valley of the Volga. Dispersed by invaders, his people wandered, forming part of the fighting nomadic Genghis Khan tribe. That vivid heritage of the Kazan Tatar chieftains gives him in Hollywood's eyes a colorful glamour. That blood stirs in him with a certain rugged force. He is Mongol, Slav. But no, he is nothing and, contrarily, he is everything—rather, the embodiment of the knowledge that knows no native hearth, that grows by assimilation.

There is something vividly elemental about him. You want to brush aside the petty terms in which you characterize the screen players for public print; you feel that you must begin all over again on a clean slate to imprint some substance of that solid ground work of his mind. About him, too, is an aura of tragic fires in whose caldron his gravity, his temperament, were bred. A heritage of barbaric warfare, something ruthless in his quiet insistence. A memory perhaps in those nar-

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Photo by Henry Waxman

Norma Shearer suggests a quietly luxurious background.

Canada's Contribution

Great beauty that is apparent to every one, and talent that is gradually being recognized by directors are the gifts that Norma Shearer brings to the States and the screen.

By Caroline Bell

A LOVELY story is publicizing Norma Shearer as a Montreal society belle who has chosen to forsake the drawing rooms for a career in the movies. Bored with the grand social life and all that sort of thing. Actually, she comes of very good family and no doubt attended such subdeb affairs as matinées and bonbon soirées.

But the nice publicity story overlooks the fact that Norma has really worked for the success that is beginning to come her way, that she "trouped" for some time before she won any foothold at all. Several years ago she left home with the intention of capturing a stage career, fame, and wealth.

Her experiences with mediocre companies on tour did not prove happy or encouraging and, following an equally unsuccessful effort to get into pictures, she returned home. Her ambition reawakened after a rest, once again she sought film fame. Several bits were followed by leads in Fox films —Western, wild-action things, for which she was not at all suited but experiences of value to her in teaching her acting A B Cs, poise, ease of manner.

Though subscribing to no profoundly intellectual theories, she has wits, the tact of saying the proper thing, of making friends. In short, she knows the art of self-salesmanship, the gift of saying just enough and not too much. Unlike many of the girls who are beginning to win notice for their work in the movies, she seems equably balanced, shrewd at least in matters cinematic. That poise is welcome after one has met so many young girls who think it necessary either to gush or to adopt an unnatural hauteur.

In "Pleasure Mad" she achieved what bordered on a personal triumph, though her dramatic moments seemed a bit overdrawn—possibly a reflection of the exaggerated key in which the climax of the hackneyed plot was played by everybody in the cast. To the opening sequences, she gave a deft touch.

"Dramatic, emotional work, real girls to whose portrayal I can give whatever genuine feeling is in me," she explains earnestly and yet without the theatrical touch with which these great ambitions are so often confided to the interviewer. Rather, she seems to be standing aside, considering herself, her work, everything pertaining to her career, with a quite keen appraisal. "I would prefer not to talk of what I aim to do, though, if you don't mind. I intend doing my best—but, after all, the future is problematical and the one who talks the most usually accomplishes the least."

With her Louis B. Mayer contract, stardom has been conferred upon her. Her first picture will be "Broken Barriers." Because, or so they say at the studio, "she represents the typical American girl"—despite the fact that she is Canadian, but, to be sure, more restive and vital, less reserved, than the average English girl is usually supposed, at least, to be.

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This trait made me doubt his sense of humor, but I am always reassured when I see him in action. His wit is delicious, if a trifle boisterous.

Miss Pickford has arrived and is closeted with her maid. Allan Forrest and Lottie Pickford Forrest come in, with Mrs. Pickford and Lottie's little daughter, Mary the second. She is a beautiful child, with big dark eyes, a lovely high color, and a perpetually solemn expression. Mr. Forrest is very handsome, especially in his dashing costume, and Mrs. Forrest is dark and attractive, and has an unfailingly pleasant disposition and manner. Every one in the studio is very fond of her.

Claire Eames, the famous New York actress who caused such a sensation on the legitimate stage as *Mary Stuart,* and who has been engaged for months ahead to do the *Virgin Queen* in "Dorothy," is sitting quietly with her husband. She is a great actress, in the truest sense of the word—powerful, understanding, emotional and with a flawless technique. She is slightly nervous, as this is her first picture and everything is new and rather terrifying. She has unusually lovely hands, very delicate and expressive, with nearly always a cigarette in her slender fingers.

Now, the door to the little dressing room opens and out steps Mary, a vision of beauty in her billowing costume of black velvet with a tiny black hat and long filmy veil on her shining hair. At her entrance, even Mickey, the play boy, has to turn to work, for this fragile, alluring little figure is the true queen here, and a real ruler. Work begins!

One of the scenes to be shot is a tensely dramatic one—*Dorothy's* betrayal of her lover and *Mary Stuart* to *Queen Elizabeth.* I shall not spoil the story for you by describing it, but there was real fire and emotion in the acting of two great, and entirely different artistes, Miss Pickford and Claire Eames. Miss Eames throws herself bodily into the spirit of her scenes, her voice is hoarse with anger, her hands shaking and every gesture eloquent of intense but royal rage. Miss Pickford is, by contrast, so delicate and appealing and wonderfully compelling in her haunting expressions. At the end, where she bursts into tears, real tears, some of her spectators cry too.

There is a long pause before the next shot, while Mary sits limply in a corner with sobs still shaking her poor little shoulders, and looking for all the world like some little child angel that is lost and bewildered. Every one wanders tactfully away and Mickey sits down at a piano and plays melting, soothing little melodies—some his own, some not. He plays like a young Pan, putting all his Irish heart into the keys, and sometimes sings softly in a fine, mellow voice. And then, at some unknown signal, he is up with a shout, chasing a howling prop boy up the gorgeous silver "Thief of Bagdad" stairs that stand near our set. There is a terrible commotion and shouting, and suddenly Mickey comes down an unexpected ladder, barking and whooping like a sea lion—and the place goes crazy. Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin coming in then, join the fight at once with all their well-known zest, and the result looks more like a schoolboy's free-for-all than a motion-picture company during working hours. You see, when these people work, they work like the well-known Trojans, and naturally I suppose they just must play with the same energy. Then, too, many of them, like Charles Chaplin, had no opportunity in childhood to indulge their natural instinct for play and are trying to make up for lost time now. It is, indeed, an inspiring sight—a director, a star producer, and a star director producer, three of the most powerful men in the business, playing tag up and down ladders and shrieking like wild things. But work must go on some time, so all at once Mickey decides to continue the picture. Mary and Douglas go off the stage, their arms around each other, with Charlie and Abdul the Turk—real name unknown—Mr. Fairbanks' trainer, bringing up in the rear.

The next scene is a close-up of Claire Eames and one of the men—a rather foppish, affected Englishman whom Mickey raps unmercifully. He gives him his directions in a horribly exaggerated English accent, and pulls ridiculous faces in imitation of him. But Mickey, bless him, can get away with most anything and his poor victim only laughs—a rather sickly laugh—with the rest of the company.

But undoubtedly one of the funniest, most intriguing features of the picture is to see Mickey directing Claire Eames. Miss Eames is tall, slender and almost regally aristocratic, with the greatest culture and refinement in every tone of her voice, every gesture and pose, and her general demeanor, although she is really charmingly gracious and friendly, is one of hauteur. Oh! the pricelessness of seeing her taking, in the meekest, most self-effacing manner, never arguing and always following each suggestion, directions from that fresh young Irishman with his hat on one ear, given in terse commands—"Now you're feeling, pretty good—it's not such a bad party, then you see him giving those chickens the glad eye—snap right into it, you're mad, now plenty of cold turkey, you know." And Miss Eames recognizes beneath the surface differences, the kindred understanding spirit of the artist. She does the scenes perfectly, and Mickey turns from the camera laughing at the comedy the bit carries, but under his breath saying, "God, what an actress; what a woman!"

Miss Pickford returns to the set, accompanied by a large, striking woman with an unpleasant expression, an affected manner, and a violent purple cape, who turns out to be Elinor Glyn. The girls are lined up for some sort of an inspection, with the rest of the company in solemn conclave a short distance off. It is most embarrassing, and more so when the orchestra starts an old popular song and Mickey dances brightly along the line of girls, hat in hand, and chucking each on the chin while facing the audience with the coy smile of the musical comedy juvenile. Blanche Sweet has come for lunch with her husband and is chatting with Mrs. Pickford and Lottie. Mrs. Neilan looks youthful and lovely in a simple brown suit and hat and is much brighter and gayer in manner than one would expect.

Mr. Neilan, at the sound of a whistle in the studio, speaks to Tommy Held, his faithful young assistant, Tommy calls "Lunch—back at one thirty," and in two minutes there is not an extra in the studio. Some of the unfortunates go across the street to the various cafés and drug stores. Two other girls and I dive, costumes and all, or rather squeeze, for one of our skirts is enough to make a dirigible, into Barbara Kimble's new car—and go up along Sunset Boulevard to the quaint little Mary-Helen Tea Room. Agnes Ayres is sitting at the next table to ours—much prettier in real life than on the screen, in fact beautiful at some angles, but with a very languid manner. At another table is Ramon Novarro, looking devastatingly handsome. Julia Faye comes in and sits near us. She is not pretty but has snapping dark eyes and very good style when her clothes are not exaggerated. Gertrude Olmstead and Virginia Fox are chattering and giggling at a corner table like a couple of schoolgirls.

On discovering that it is already one thirty, we hurry out and drive back to the studio, meeting on the

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Hollywood High Lights

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Charlie, of course, is going to appear in his accustomed make-up, which he has not worn on the screen since he made "Pay Day" about two years ago.

Everybody seems quite enthusiastic about the way Lita Grey, the new leading woman for Chaplin, has been turning out. Charlie seems to like her very well personally, for she is often seen with him in public. She photographs much more attractively than we first suspected that she would.

The Chaplin picture will not be released until the fall. On account of its magnitude work has not been going ahead at a very rapid pace. But then it never really does in any of Charlie's productions.

New Safety Device.

Some of the players in the films will no longer be individuals henceforward. They will be companies. The style of incorporating oneself has been started in Hollywood by Conway Tearle, who continues to rate as one of the most popular of actors, and many of the other busier free lancers will probably follow suit ere this is printed. All that an actor has to say under the circumstances when any one offers him a nice fat contract is "See my company," and all the business worries and troubles over salaries are lifted from his shoulders.

Conway Tearle, Inc., came into existence about two months ago, with Conway himself and his wife as the principal stockholders, and his lawyer as his official representative. We were inclined to smile at the whole proceeding, because it looked so much like a publicity stunt, but really the company idea has quite distinct advantages of a commercial character. It takes a board of directors to make a decision whenever Tearle wants a certain part, and there isn't a possible chance of anybody taking him unawares and prevailing upon him to sign for less than he usually receives for a picture.

Elinor Glyn, the author of "Three Weeks," has incorporated herself too, but she has done this according to British tradition, and consequently calls herself Elinor Glyn, Limited. We hope that the title is not in the nature of a confession.

High Cost of Directors.

High hopes are entertained for Norma Talmadge's next picture, owing to the fact that Sidney Olcott is her director. Production is just about getting under way, and the story is of the modern type.

Olcott has made some of the most successful of recent films, including "The Green Goddess," "Little Old New York," and "The Humming Bird," which starred Gloria Swanson. He was engaged at a salary of thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, according to report, to supervise Norma's destiny, this figure being almost unprecedented in the instance of directors.

Trading Stars.

Just to even up an old score, perhaps, foreign motion-picture companies have been creating a tremendous stir with their offers to the players in Hollywood. Several of these have been accepted, and among the absentees lately have been Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, Julanne Johnston and Eddie Burns. The latter two have gone with German companies, from whom America took not long ago such people as Pola Negri, Ernst Lubitsch, and Dimitri Buchowetzki, who has been filming Miss Negri's most recent features. Irene Rich has been appearing with an English company, as has Mae Marsh.

Meanwhile the home-coming of Betty Blythe has been rather joyously celebrated. She has been wearing her new clothes, that she recently purchased in Paris, at various social functions and was quite a resplendent personality at the western première of D. W. Griffith's "America."

Betty Compson has also settled down in America, having signed again as a Paramount star. The picture that won her the contract was "The Enemy Sex," which James Cruze directed, and we personally feel that in this film Betty has given one of her best recent performances.

Old Reliable Scenery.

Old locations seem to be the best. At least, one of the most popular this season has been Catalina Island, one of southern California's chief pleasure resorts. Cecil De Mille turned this into a veritable Deauville while he was making scenes for "Feet of Clay," and in addition to the inevitable acquatic diversions that always adorn his productions, imbued the undertaking with quite a distinct social flavor by entertaining many members of the film colony between scenes. Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, Kathlyn Williams, and Eileen Percy were among the visitors.

"The Last Man on Earth" was being made on the island practically simultaneously. Earle Foxe has the featured rôle in this, and the story is one of the few that has been filmed which is laid in the future. The action covers three different periods, 1924, 1940 and 1950.

In one of the final episodes the world is completely dominated by women, who have gone in for harem trousers and other ultramodern sartorial effects. The "last man," a heavily bearded individual, who carries a club like that used in the stone age, hides out in a cave in the mountains, venturing forth at infrequent intervals in search of food. Eventually the women capture him, and a tremendous battle ensues over the possession of him.

When Wives Leave Home.

While Francis X. Bushman was abroad working in "Ben-Hur," Beverly Bayne decided that she could not afford to be idle either, and so she accepted a chance to play in "Her Marriage Vow," being made by Warner Brothers, with Monte Blue, Margaret Livingston, Allan Forrest and others prominently cast. Miss Bayne has appeared continuously with her husband in pictures so far as the recollections of most fans go. Consequently, this departure on her own has been watched with much interest.

Mabel Ballin also recently decided to go out into the cold, cold world alone. She is appearing in a Fox feature, while her husband, Hugo Ballin, has been directing at the Goldwyn studio.

It is several years since Mabel has played in any other productions than those directed by her husband, as filmgoers who have seen "Jane Eyre," "East Lynne," "Married People," and others that starred her will remember.

The Lloyd Heir.

Harold Lloyd's right hand is just recovering from the extensive handshaking he experienced following the birth of an eight-pound daughter to his wife, Mildred Davis, at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles on May twenty-first. Hospital attaches say that Harold was just as worried as any ordinary prospective father, and spent several hours pacing the corridors of the institution in the usual prenatal fashion.

Mrs. Lloyd recuperated rapidly, and she and the comedian are receiving hundreds of congratulatory calls and telegrams, and trying to find a name for the baby. If it had been a boy, of course he would have been named for his famous father, but the one thing that hadn't been prepared for the new arrival was a feminine name, so at present writing it is still without one.



A Letter from Location

Bessie Love relates her experiences in the cattle regions of Texas and Arizona.

To Myrtle Gebhart

Douglas, Arizona.

My Dear Myrtle:

Just a note to tell you I won't be back Tuesday for that long-postponed golf lesson, but I'm still on location for "Sundown" and have no idea when it will be finished. We are going to change the name to "All Day."

My dear, I'm learning more about cattle! We have a dairy way back in California, but that's so different. You wouldn't know it concerned the same animal. And I can tell you quite a bit about stampeding steers in and around any part of Texas you wish to name. Am just now completing my course in northern, southern, eastern and most of western Arizona.

We were umpteen weeks in tents, sixty-five miles out in the prairies from El Paso. It was an awfully hard trip, but when you go camping you expect to put up with some hardships.

I have never in my life been so cold. And the first night we arrived before the stoves. All of us looked like bears, we were so bundled up with clothes.

The first day, while Mr. Trimble was location hunting, I got the happy idea of organizing a ball team. It started by two of us playing catch and ended by having two full team—actors, carpenters, electricians, cowboys with boots and spurs, and Charlie Murray for umpire—imagine! I brought a ball from home and we used an ax handle for bat. Then we played "duck on the rock."

We had a radio tent, sending and receiving apparatus, when the wind didn't blow it down. And we had a cook tent and mess tent. One day the wind blew down most of the stove pipes in camp, including the cook's, so we had a late supper with the cook's temper, which was sufficient to warm up everything.



Bessie Love is a veteran trouper, but she found some new experiences while on location for "All Day."

We had about one hundred people all the time, and more coming and going. Imagine the stampede when they beat on the old tin pans three times a day. Camp was laid out on three streets, Stewart Way—Roy Stewart—Static Corners—camera department—and Love Alley. Being true Hollywood people, we wanted to subdivide the ranch. It was forty miles by forty miles square. We had some cowboys whose fathers owned ranches near there. In fact, neighbors—a mere sixty miles or so away. We got up at five thirty, rode to and from location. That was from one to eight miles—as the cow happened to be.

We had night shots, so studio lights were shipped all the way from home with two generators and all kinds of wind machines, which handed us all a big laugh in that country. It was frightfully cold the two nights we had to work all night. And I *would* be working in a little calico dress and French-heeled slippers. Such is life in pictures.

We worked with horses—about seventy-five head. They got up to the lights and stampeded right to where the two children and I were lying. The generator was going so we couldn't hear anything else. The horses raised such a dust we couldn't see them and calmly stayed there. One of our boys ran in front of us and turned them. Then we all got to

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Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Irene's Best Fans

A disclosure of an interesting side of Miss Rich's personality, of which perhaps the great majority of her admirers know naught.

By Elza Schallert

THERE are many admirable things about Irene Rich, the actress, the woman, and the mother. But the friends who know her intimately feel that the greatest of these personalities is Irene Rich, the mother.

Certainly, she has two splendid daughters to proudfully distinguish her. Frances is fourteen, and Jane, aged seven.

Meeting the girls would never convince one that their mother is an actress, nor that their home life has many contacts with the famous people of the screen and stage. Girls reared in a similar atmosphere might so easily absorb the manners and mannerisms of their professional elders to such a degree that their individualities would be clouded by a conglomerate, artificial series of personality impressions. But not Frances and Jane. They are decidedly themselves.

Frances and Jane both attend the Hollywood School for Girls, a private institution, which Milton Sills' daughter and Cecilia De Mille also attend. Frances finishes next June, and a year later, when she will be sixteen, she expects to enter Vassar. Her mother, however, thinks sixteen is too young for a girl to enter college, so she plans on deferring Vassar until Frances is nearly seventeen, and in the intervening period she plans on taking the two girls and their grandmother to Europe for a year and a half, to give them the cultural advantages of travel, and a couple of semesters at French boarding schools or perhaps in a private pension in some village in Switzerland.

"I want Frances and Jane brought up in a sane, sensible, wholesome manner," their mother recently told me. "I have always worked to that end. It is such a privilege for me to have my own mother with me. She is a great influence for the girls."

Miss Rich isn't going to discourage her daughters from entering pictures in any capacity if they show the proper talent and interest. "If they feel, when they arrive at the age of discretion, the call of the stage or screen, I would be the first to aid them in their ambitions, because if they derived as much joy and inspiration from acting as I do, that is all I would ask."

On account of their school work, Miss Rich doesn't allow the girls to see many pictures, and they both have cried so bitterly over certain parts she has portrayed that it has made her reluctant to encourage the "movie-going" habit.

And when I asked both girls who their favorite star was, they didn't say Mary Pickford, but,

"Why, mother, *of course!*"

Two New Leading Men

Who are to appear in the next pictures starring Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri.



CASTING directors are often charged with being overcautious about giving new players a chance at important parts. But here are two instances in which a young man, untried in a featured rôle, is soon to appear opposite a star of the first magnitude.

Ian Keith, who will play opposite Gloria Swanson in "Her Love Story," has had but one small part in a screen production, that of a young sculptor in "Manhandled."

He is, however, well known on the New York stage, having had important parts in Doris Keane's "The Czarina," in a production of "As You Like It," featuring Marjorie Rambeau, and with Lionel Barrymore in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

"Her Love Story" is a screen adaptation of a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, laid in a mythical Balkan kingdom.



BEN LYON, who is to play opposite Pola Negri, has appeared in several screen productions, but never in so prominent a rôle. He will take the part of a young lieutenant in the picture called "Compromise," an adaptation of Sudermann's "Song of Songs," the story of which is laid in a provincial town in Germany.

Ben Lyon was born and educated in Atlanta, Georgia. He first attracted attention while playing in the stage version of "Mary the Third." He was then cast for a small part in the screen version of "Potash and Perlmutter," and has recently been playing on the coast.

A Turn in Pola's Career

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A bad woman is a bad woman," the deep, throaty voice rose in cadence, "and I will not play her 'good.'

"In 'Men,' the girl is disillusioned, bitter, and makes men suffer for what one has done to her. She is mercilessly frank, will not lie to herself, until love brings her understanding, readjustment. No, she is not a pretty character; she is hard. But she is drama.

"So now I feel new life born into me." Standing in the doorway of her dressing room, she flung wide her arms. "With these concessions, if I fail, Pola alone will be to blame. And Pola will take the blame, head high."

She has started by changing her attitude. Abroad, they say she was Pola the magnetic, the "full of fun." Everybody was Pola's friend—unless he angered her. Her American début bewildered her—heralded by publicity, fêted — then criticized. Too, one little minx, as a prank, gave her the hunch of high-toning everybody. To an extent, that epithet of "snob" was deserved. I shall never forget the righteous anger that welled up in me when, despite our previous meetings, she would look by, over, through me, without recognition.

Abruptly, she changed—due, I think, to the tactful influence of Kathlyn Williams, her only intimate friend. Now she uses those little graces known so well to a woman of her experience, to make friends, to win back those whom her arrogance alienated. No small thing, this turning in the face of ridicule to the deliberate opposite. Knowing that bristling Hollywood had its tongue in its cheek, questioning her sincerity.

Pola's realization that she could dominate her directors was almost fatal. With Buchowetzki it is very different. He directed her in "Mad Love" abroad and she recognizes his experienced control. One day she talked for twenty minutes, demanding a certain retake. Patiently, as one humors a child, he listened. Finally, with one volcanic *"Nein!"* he ended the discussion. Then, aside—"Now, how I get dat retake? I too vant it. But vunce I gif in to Pola, again I got to gif in, und dat iss not goot for actress."

Later he got around the difficulty by telling her, "Pola goot girl. You do dis scene fine. Now I reward you—I gif you dat retake you want."

And Pola beamed like a schoolgirl commended by teacher.

"Pola is much greater artiste today dan ever in Europe," Buchowetzki expressed his enthusiasm. "Dere, she was all emotion, all impulse. Crude talent, it flamed, it went out, not always sure. Now she has had heartache. She t'ink herself treated not so kind here. Goot. Her feeling is more real."

It is difficult to associate stability with Pola Negri. Cometlike, she flashed first to us—and dropped from favor here. I cannot think of her as occupying a fixed position where other less refulgent but more dependable stars shine steadily. She believes that in answering her own impulses lies her surest destiny—but haven't women, since Eve first discovered the bitter truth, found their instincts not always reliable?

Her reaction to amatory influences at times colors her work but in the ultimate consideration adds to that feeling of impermanency. She does not personify some mass-need or unrest—as Valentino makes animate visioned romance, as Meighan stands for the solid rock of American respectability, as Gloria is glamour and sartorial splendor. The incoherent desires that are in all of us find public idols to sum up their measure, and about them we drape in our imagination the garments of our dreams' expression.

Pola, though, because of her volatile character and the versatility of her art, cannot be thus easily rubber stamped to answer some fancied need. Her heroines are rather primitive, all physical lure and strong feeling, unreceptive to the American woman cramped by inhibitions. To men, she no doubt has great but transient appeal and that very quality in her acting, as it is in men's hearts, is not dependable.

Pola's emotions and her art are inseparable. The technique of pantomime she has mastered leagues ahead of our own girls who may boast a love affair or two but never so colored with dominant passions as have been Pola's heart conflicts. That technique, though, always is subservient to her feeling of the moment. Once, because an artist who loved her was dying, she flung aside her career and went and nursed him until he died in her arms. Her romance with Count Dombska flamed, went out, left no ashes to mourn over.

Such, too, was the Chaplin affair. For a time she loved him intensely. During that brief romance, she was heart and soul in her work; when it ended, for days she could do nothing but cry and sulk. Too much, one feels, will she always be reactive to any influences which tend to create within herself strong feelings. They give, briefly, an added flame; but with their passing comes lethargy.

When she is interested, she is fused to restless, whole-souled activity. I have seen her work like mad, impatiently pacing the set, eager to plunge the dramatic fire of her into a scene that, with her deep, harsh voice exclaiming, her eyes flashing, pulsed with something far more real and brutal than I ever felt before on a movie set. And I have seen her, when her wishes had been crossed or when she wasn't in the mood, sit hunched in a chair, smoking furiously, sulking.

Perhaps that is art, I don't know. Certainly those flashes when she is in the proper key do add something momentarily vitalizing to our screen. I would pass up six dramas of our home-town heroines going through the daily dozen of their technique for one glimpse of Pola with the muffler off.

In a way, though, perhaps the jog-trot of the middle path is preferable to the undependability of these occasional flares. The desire of Mary Pickford and of our other stars is to keep up an even balance, to retain public interest by uniformly good, conscientious work. Unless something should happen to settle that inward restlessness, I don't look for Pola to give anything of lasting value to the screen. But moments of rare fire—of a vivid beauty—of brittle realism—these the spell of her genius, when inspired, will weave for us, to stud the monotony of little girls' little plays.

Can Pola come back? A while ago I would have given a negative answer. Just now I am theoretically on the fence. Certainly she is, at the moment, *en rapport* with her work. She revels in having won her fight, in her plans. She is heart free. But confronting Pola always there is that question mark of how to-morrow will strike the flint of her emotion and thus influence her acting. When the fire of interest goes, there goes also Pola's flame.

The present, though, is promissory. If she can make good her battle cry: "There shall be no concessions to that drivel called box-office appeal!" she will unquestionably recapture, if but for a moment, the glory and fire that first won our attention. But she, and those who control the making of her pictures, are confronted by the limitations laid down by censorship and those elements of popular taste which protest against some of the qualities which should go into her best work.



In the Days of 1776

EVERY one whose memory goes back to the '90s will recall "Janice Meredith" as one of the most popular romantic novels of that decade, in which romantic novels had such a vogue.

That story, which is laid in the time of the American Revolution, has been filmed by Cosmopolitan, with Marion Davies in the title rôle.

One of the big thrills of the picture is the scene showing *Washington*—played by Joseph Kilgour—crossing the Delaware. Only toward the end of last winter was it possible to make these scenes. Griffith, you will recall, had to forgo that incident in "America" on account of the open winter and the absence of ice in the rivers.

Harrison Ford, who plays opposite Marion, takes the rôle of *Charles Fownes,* bound in service to the *Merediths,* at the beginning of the story, but later rising to the rank of captain in *Washington's* army.





The scene at the left shows the village of Trenton, which was built near West Point. The soldiers who appear in the battle scenes were members of the Twenty-sixth Infantry.

Like all the recent Cosmopolitan productions, "Janice Meredith" is an elaborate affair, and one made at a huge cost. It will be one of the biggest of the forthcoming productions.

What's to Be Done About Mother?

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of motherhood, and as a symbol it couldn't be surpassed, but though it ripped our emotions wide, I doubt if it quite spelled our own conception of motherhood.

Some of the more controlled of us at the picture could logically reason out that if mother hadn't been quite so self-sacrificing and quite so tearful, a lot of the selfishness of the children could have been eliminated. So few of us have had to grow up through the vale of mother's tears. Her common sense has done away with the tears, for the most part, and so it made me a little shivery and sneezy to see even on the screen all those quarts of tears falling around. But, like you, I thought it wonderful, for motherhood is always wonderful.

Like Mary Carr, the majority of the actresses who have played the part of mother are quite dissatisfied with her, and feel that they have never had a chance to be natural, as a mother in even one picture. Edythe Chapman, who played the prim little mother of "The Ten Commandments," went into a slump for a whole afternoon at the mere thought of being like any of the mothers she has played. "Edie" as she is called, has no children of her own, but she has plenty of mother love, and she aches to be a normal sort of mother on the screen.

Both she and Kate Lester agreed that they are too tall for the screen idea of motherhood. They said that they found that the little plump cuddly mother was what the public wanted. Though at least, Edythe Chapman can break through and be sympathetic once in a picture or two, but Kate Lester, never.

A critic once said to me, "Kate Lester as a mother is a dowager instead." When an impressive mother is needed to force her daughter into a loveless marriage or to roll stones in the way of a son's love for the poor but honest sweet young thing, then a hurry call is sent for Kate.

Screen motherhood for her has meant one cold look after another. Somewhere between Kate Lester and Mary Carr it would seem that real motherhood stands. Miss Lester says that in all her experience as a screen mother, she has never had a chance to overlook a single fault in her children while Mary Carr does nothing but overlook faults until she is completely overlooked herself.

"Lost—somewhere between the kitchen apron and the lorgnette—one mother! That just about expresses it. However, there is one ray of light, one missing link, in Myrtle Stedman. Directors seem to recognize in her, mature womanhood and motherhood and they let her alone without hanging on her all the habiliments of the grave. Her acting in "Flaming Youth" was splendid, as was "The Famous Mrs. Fair." "To the Ladies" stopped just short of children, but there again like a breath of fresh air, was to be found maturity and common sense rather than age and tears.

But with only one example of natural motherhood on the screen, it seems that something should be done. The extreme type of mother is all right for an extreme type of picture, but surely there ought to be a place for mother "as is" once in a while. If she is a society mother, she is all society and if she is a home mother she is glued to the kitchen apron and rocking chair with occasional trips to turn up the wavery little lamp in the window by whose light her loved ones are to stagger home again.

If we could have more modern screen mothers portraying human, modern problems what a joy it would be. There is a perfect army of actresses in the pictures who are longing to shed the snow-white tresses of age in favor of the scattering gray hairs of maturity, just to show the public that modern motherhood with its problems and trials and joys can be dramatic and interesting without all the implements of torture, the kitchen rocker (obsolete object), the saggy skirt, and if society is called for, the lorgnette, the tiara and the haughty look.

The Screen in Review

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Louis has a comedy part. Mr. Louis is another person who is running away with some of the best notices of the year. Norma Shearer, after years of work, finally shines forth in a real part with a real director and makes the logical success. Anna Q. Nilsson and Carmel Meyers also do much to make the picture a treat.

So This Isn't Paris!

Pola Negri's newest picture, "Men," has been loudly praised; therefore, I wondered what was the matter with me when I saw it and found few of the merits that had been so highly advertised. But I stopped worrying about it when I heard a group of trustworthy fans laughing derisively about it.

It was made by Dimitri Buchowetzki, a Polish director, brought to this country to rekindle the fires of Pola's genius. Up to a certain point, Buchowetzki has succeeded. Miss Negri is gradually getting back to her old form and there are moments when she quite surpasses herself.

But there is no sense in putting a story like "Men" on the screen when, from the very outset, it is perfectly plain that it runs afoul of the censors at almost every point. When the heroine suddenly bursts forth as the queen of Paris night life, how can you explain it without admitting that the girl isn't all she should be? Whole developments in the plot of "Men" are left to your imagination and personally, I think it is worse to think things than to blurt out the truth.

In spite of Pola's acting and in spite of some entertaining moments of atmosphere, "Men" seemed to me pretty shoddy sort of entertainment. If this is sophistication, please pass me more boobery.

A One-Man Show.

Lewis Stone is running Adolphe Menjou a close second as the favorite of the ladies. One close-up of Mr. Stone and the success of a picture like "Why Men Leave Home," is assured. The picture was adapted from the play by Avery Hopwood. It wasn't much of a play, so John Stahl, the director, kindly changed the plot. As it stands, the plot is no great shakes.

But there is a vein of humor running through the whole masterpiece and before you know it, you find yourself having a fine time. The picture is full of wise stuff about matrimony that goes great on the screen and gives you the happy feeling of learning the entire truth about the institution. Jokes about matrimony are the safest thing in the world. It may not be nice to laugh about marriage but almost any one can be tempted to do it. There were things in "Why Men Leave Home" that struck me as being vulgar and in bad taste. But who am I to kick when so many persons can laugh at such things?

Thanks to Mr. Stone, Helene Chadwick, Alma Bennett, and the delightful Mary Carr, the picture is building up a wide reputation for being pleasant entertainment. Mr. Stone's work is so good that some one ought to present him with a bonus.

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Overcoming Difficulties on Location

In a New York or a Hollywood studio everything a director calls for is supplied on very short notice, but when a company goes to a far-away location, problems have to be worked out differently.

By Harold Howe

UNEXPECTED problems and difficulties arise when motion-picture companies seek foreign locations for local color. Some of these are overcome by foresight and some by resourcefulness.

Tom Terriss met and disposed of several such problems during the filming of "The Bandelero," which he has been making for Goldwyn. The first he solved by having a set constructed to take with him to Cuba, where several exteriors were to be made. Interior views are practically never made on location, but in this picture Terriss wanted some interior shots which would show the real lowlands and mountains through an open barred window, and he was unwilling to fake the view by means of a painted drop.

Finding himself out in the open country without enough tents, he was obliged to hunt up a cave, which he and his assistant used as headquarters for planning each day's work, and the like.

A serious delay, which was threatened when the company ran out of film, was averted by the timely arrival of a visiting aviator, who was engaged to fly to Miami, Florida, where he procured a new supply, making the entire trip in five hours.

When the work in Cuba was completed, Terriss took his principals, among whom were Pedro de Cordoba, Emanuel Granado, Renee Adoree, and Gustav Seyffertitz, to Spain, to make the principal scenes of the picture, the story of which has to do principally with the bull ring.



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and that is that Tearle is a good box-office attraction throughout the country.

Often I have observed him at work or between scenes on Norma Talmadge's and Corinne Griffith's sets. Those are very good times to catch an actor off guard—if ever he is. It has ever been apparent that Tearle is well liked as a man and respected as an actor, and if he weren't, I am sure, the atmosphere of the sets would have been literally surcharged with inharmonious vibrations, because whenever a leading man is out of gear with the star and the director and the electricians and the camera man, an outsider can sense it as soon as he sets foot on the stage.

Personally, Tearle is the living counterpart of many of the types he portrays. His manner is pleasant, affable, courteous, but just a trifle aloof. You would never take him for anything but an actor. He is not the type who never for a moment steps out of character, who if he happens to be playing a Victorian hero not even in private conversation forgets to think and talk Victorian. Neither is he the type who tries to be so "regular, real and human" that he all but patronizes you trying to prove it. He is rather the kind of actor who has the ease, the surety and the poise that come after a long and varied professional career. He is a delightful and intelligent conversationalist and has a subtle wit that is thoroughly captivating.

His press agent, Pete Smith, a most enterprising inventor and purveyor of publicity yarns, often urged me to talk to Tearle. "Honestly, he's a real guy. You ought to get his ideas on acting. They're great."

So with that idea in mind I chatted with him one unusually cold California afternoon in front of crackling pine logs in his Hollywood home, an attractive feature of which is a combination of baronial hall and solarium with a fountain and lotus-covered pool in the center, and a broad fireplace at the farther end. Mrs. Tearle, known in the musical comedy and vaudeville world as Adele Rowland, and the very double of Irene Castle, was present and the three of us indulged in the usual film chatter — Chaplin's picture, "A Woman of Paris" and De Mille's "Ten Commandments," particularly Rod La Rocque's work in the modern episode.

"That was an excellent performance La Rocque gave," said Tearle in his pronounced English accent with a Celtic strain. His tempo in conversation is very brisk and his phrases are often spoken staccato.

"It's really very interesting to see that most of the outstanding screen performances of the year have been given by actors who received their training on the stage. *It's the only school of acting!* Consider Holbrook Blinn's performance of the king in 'Rosita.' Wonderful, wasn't it? Richard Dix is another good actor brought to pictures from the stage. So is Lewis Stone, and the same for Milton Sills, whom I admire very much; Percy Marmont, Lew Cody, Lionel Belmore, Tully Marshall, Ernest Torrence, the Barrymores, and the rest of them. They're all of the stage, that is why they bring authority to their work. Name a really fine screen performance and invariably I'll show you that stage training is responsible for it."

I took him up on that and cited Valentino's work as *Gallardo* in "Blood and Sand." For Valentino had absolutely no stage training, outside of what he gained through dancing.

"Valentino is an exception, I might say *the* exception. He is an actor. A good one. But where he gets it from I don't know. I have watched him work and he really has remarkable conception, a sense of balance, repression—all the qualities that comprise fine acting.

"But getting down to what screen acting is. *I don't know.* How can there be such a thing when Baby Peggy is called a great actress and Strongheart, the dog, a marvelous, human actor? Personally, I don't think that any player has an understanding of the art of acting, which also means a deep knowledge of literature and a comprehensive knowledge of all art, until he is forty."

How different is Tearle's viewpoint of the qualifications of an actor as compared with George Jean Nathan, who asserts: "Intelligence is no more necessary to an actor than good looks are necessary to a veterinary surgeon. Intelligence is not an asset to the actor, but something of a handicap. Intelligence clouds the emotions and emotionalism is the actor's *sine qua non.* . . ."

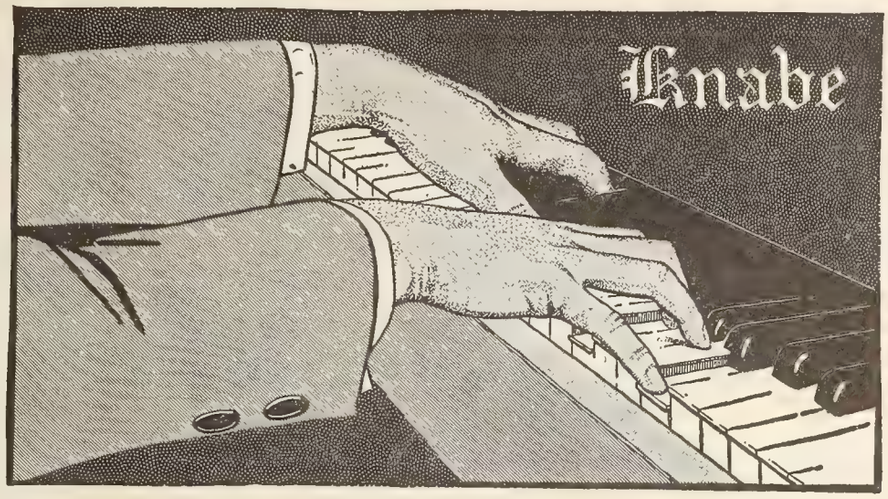
Tearle continued, "The thing that really surprises me is that anything resembling real acting gets into the camera at all. The methods of stage and screen acting are so radically different that it is almost freakish that we do catch its illusion on the screen at all.

"Pictures to-day are a great director's game! Not an actor's. On the stage, the actor, if he is of any repute, and the director and the author intelligently discuss all the fine points of the play, so that everybody knows where he is at. On the screen there is rarely such coördination of minds. But I have no brief to offer with the screen. The condition I have described is typical of pictures to-day. Some time, perhaps, it will be changed."

Mentally, I gasped! Before me sat Conway Tearle, a man who has built his screen reputation on his ability *as an actor*—who came from a family of Shakespearean actors—who himself played for one hundred and twelve nights important Shakespearean rôles with Ellen Terry at the Drury Lane Theater, London—whose American reputation was made after playing *Armand* to Ethel Barrymore's *Camille*—who created in Australia the original *Ben-Hur,* later touring the States in the same rôle for two years, not to mention his work as leading man to Viola Allen and Billie Burke at various times—there he sat before me stating that he had no idea what constituted screen acting.

Of course, it must be remembered that Tearle is a very candid man and an exceedingly temperamental one. He is steeped in the traditions of the stage and his long association with some of the greatest dramatic artists necessarily reflects in his opinions all the fine traditions of acting. I believe that he feels the limitations of the camera, in so far as they do not permit him to express the complete gamut of emotions that the speaking stage does, and that he also feels screen acting, or what passes for it, is as yet in a somewhat vague, undeveloped state, very difficult for a man like himself, with a rich background of stage experience, to define.

Nevertheless, Tearle brings to his screen portrayals, what we as an audience feel is the essence of screen acting—fine shading, restraint, just the right tempo to his physical movements to indicate moods, and a rare blending of intellect and feeling that approaches the highest expression of the spoken drama. He discounts heavily the results he achieves on the screen, but that, I believe, is simply his ambition and his reverence for the fine art of acting.



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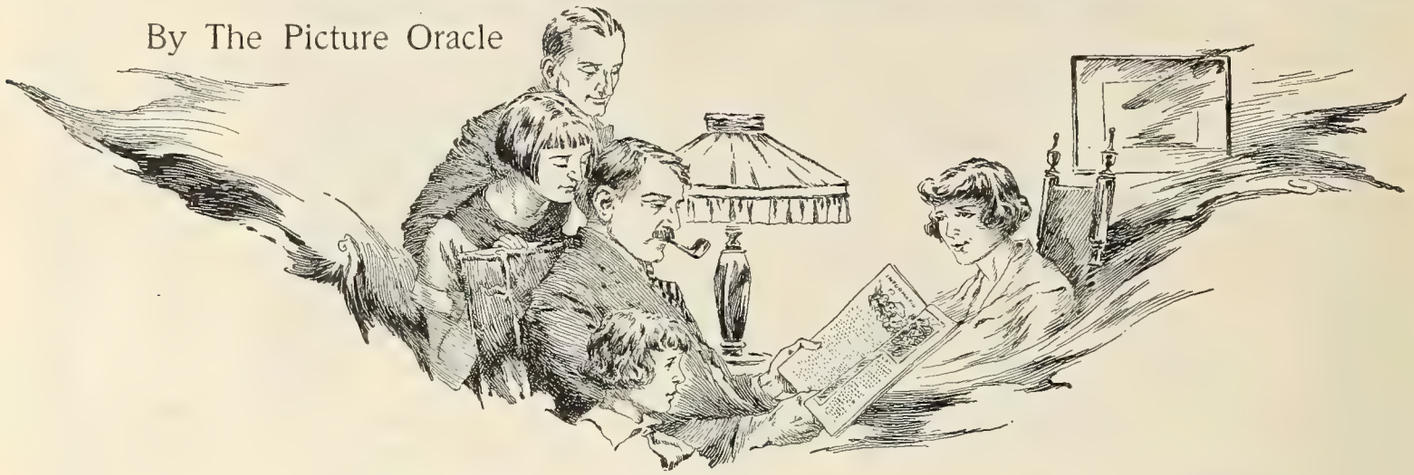
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By The Picture Oracle



FITTING THE LIFE STORY TO THE INTERVIEWER

QUITE a few of you people who write to me seem to have been struck by the same idea lately—that there is something mysterious and puzzling about interviews. You tell me that from reading four or five different interviews with Gloria Swanson, you get conflicting pictures of her; that one presents her as a poised, aloof, and rather blasé woman of the world, while another portrays her as a gushing young mother with a keen interest in theories about bringing up children. You ask me to explain these seeming inconsistencies. Some of you think that these varying accounts of her personality show her up as a poseur. Some of you blame the differences on the interviewer, saying that they must just cling to their preconceived ideas of what she should be like rather than finding out what she really is like.

And don't think that Gloria is the only one who has thus puzzled people who read about the stars. Many other players have been pictured in almost as widely varying ways.

The reason for this, I have discovered, goes not only into the business of interviewing but into the vagaries of human psychology as well. And I am sure that when I tell you all I have learned about interviews and you think it over you will find them more interesting than you used to, even as I do.

It seems that players get so accustomed to calculating the effect of what they say and do on an audience, that even when they set out to talk about themselves they find their accounts influenced by the interest and enthusiasm of their listener.

"I can usually size a person up in a few minutes," one star admitted to me candidly, "and I know whether to talk about cabarets, common-sense heels, or the joys of raising a truck garden. Why just in the questions they ask, you can see what people are interested in and what their preconceived ideas of you are. Naturally, when one is talking to a representative of the press—particularly an interviewer from a fan magazine who represents the most critical as well as the most enthusiastic audience we reach—you try to make as good an impression as possible. And any one knows that if a person's one passion in life is woman's rights, or athletics, or literature, you are not likely to interest them much by talking about embroidery or the little theater movement or permanent waves. Not that I can hold anybody spellbound with my ideas on those or any other subjects, but at least I can express a little enthusiasm for the things that prove to be mutual interests."

It isn't a pose, you see, so much as it is mere politeness. The player tries to make the meeting as interesting as possible. It is to her advantage to do so, of course, but few players are good enough at acting to simulate an interest in a meeting that they do not really feel.

"Every time that I tell any one the story of my life," another player confided to me, "I find myself telling it a little differently. Not in the main facts, of course, but just in the little things that influenced my life. Try it yourself some time and see if you can talk about yourself and say exactly the same things every time. You keep remembering little incidents that had passed from your memory before. Sometimes it is a rainy day that sets you to thinking, perhaps, of a rainy day when you were a child that you spent reading some old newspapers in an attic. It seems to you as though the idea of becoming an actress really came to you then, though at other times you may have attributed it to the first show you saw, or a school entertainment or something else. We cannot look back through our lives and interpret every event and tell exactly how things happened to us and how events affected later decisions we made.

"Ask any psychoanalyst or a priest who has heard confessions or a welfare worker who hears the troubles of poor folk. They will tell you that nine out of ten people will tell their stories differently at different times—*and each version may be equally true.* The composite story is the very essence of that person's personality.

"We would be dull people indeed if we were always the same to all people, under all circumstances. And interviewers would be dull people if their reactions to new acquaintances didn't bring out new interests and new enthusiasms in them."

It seems to me that these two frank admissions throw a new light on interviews. Each new account of a chat with a star takes on a new interest because it shows not only the star whom we have admired from afar, but it also shows the high lights in that person's personality as mirrored through another's. In some cases where the publications that an interviewer

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Kosloff Talks on Pantomime

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row eyes, with a vague hint of an Oriental slant, of a childhood scene when before them his grandmother was massacred by the Cossacks.

His father was solo violinist of the Imperial Russian Ballet orchestra, his mother a proud Romanoff beauty. At six, for the small pittance that would help feed his sixteen older but less gifted brothers and sisters, he entered the ballet school. At sixteen he made his début; at eighteen he was a solo dancer before the czar, afterward appearing in "Scheherazade" and "The Awakening." Bringing to America his dance creations of "Antar," "Scheherazade" and "The Legend of the Tatar"—this last, by the way, he recently presented in vaudeville—he saw possibilities in the movies and remained.

He has traveled. He knows the arts as few men to-day know them. He knows music, is skillful upon the violin; he is both sculptor and artist. His father was a friend of Count Tolstoy, and Kosloff himself numbered among his intimate compatriots such men as Anton Tchekhov and Kerensky, brilliant minds that contributed to the malleable development of his own.

He speaks six languages and, still more, understands the psychologies of each people. Years of intensive training have given him control. And yet, with all of this background and fundamental worth, Kosloff is playing inconsequential parts — though contributing vastly in channels in which he does not personally appear —while some slick-haired young Romeo gets the gush notes and the fat salary. One might feel an irony in the situation if it were not that there is no such feeling in Kosloff himself. He is so wrapped up in his cause, the screen's betterment, that he has no time for self-pity.

There is about him no pose. Advanced in his theories, he assumes no swagger; he is naïve in admitting himself to be one of the few genuine pantomimists in the world. And yet, in his very candor, the lack of that aggravating modest-violet manner that actors often wear to conceal their conceit, there is an appealing fascination. You feel always that it is of his art craft he speaks and thinks, not of himself. He is content to stand aside from the spotlight, to mold the clay of others' talents into form. He is all mind, though, irradiating despite his forty years the vitality of youthful idealism. Mentally, he is the most stimulating man I have ever met. And yet I feel as though Kosloff always recedes into



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the background—it is the influence of those almost inexplicable forces within him that draw out, teach. He burns with the flame to create, the mark of real genius.

"Pola Negri!" His dark eyes glowed. "There you have genuine, unashamed feeling, grounded into her very being by the school of experience and by years of arduous training in pantomime, and plus those things she has, too, those so little essential qualities of beauty and personality of which you make so much. Leatrice Joy has understanding of pantomime and with proper teaching could become very great indeed. De Mille has that comprehension also. We understand so well each the other's mind that seldom between us are words necessary. A look, a gesture, he grasps my meaning and I, his.

"Qualifications for screen aspirants? Beauty? Personality?" Kosloff smiled, shrugged. "How can one say? Tall, thin, fat, short, pug-nosed—it matters not. Feeling and training would make of the chubbiest, oddest-looking little creature a great actor. We need on the screen not beauty and personality but characters, and each character must have development.

"Some day the producers will see the advisability of setting aside a fund for a motion-picture training school in pantomime and perhaps a few young people will be sufficiently farsighted to willingly devote years of study without hope of quick recognition. Then and only then shall we be able to develop genius distinctly for the screen."

The Experiences of an Interviewer

Continued from page 85

reflect her gay grin at life, on many a day when I was so tired I was ready to drop in my tracks.

There's Elizabeth C.—only seventeen, but an actress, in stock in Detroit. Such interesting letters! They show poise, discrimination. Her ambition, and the humor of her work, too—about how she tries to "break up" some cocky actor in a scene, making a face at him when her back is to the audience.

But she has her serious side, too—rather surprising depth, considering her youth. "I've found the dearest, dustiest old bookshop here and I'm raiding it—got a beautiful edition of the poems of Oscar Wilde for a mere song. And some rare first editions that are beyond the grasp of a stock actress' pocketbook, but some day I'm going to buy all the books in this whole world!"

Imagine a seventeen-year-old ecstasying over first editions! It's startling, but indicative of the new spirit that is infusing the girls today.

There's Julia and her problems. Julia wants to write and, being but eighteen, can't understand why fame and success do not immediately reward her efforts. Though my opinion in all probability isn't worth much—as my comrade Patsy Ruth Miller often witheringly informs me—I do like to feel that perhaps by a little encouragement I am helping a wee bit some talent struggling to express itself.

Virginia F., though but a high-school girl, displays a critical attitude. She thinks Helen Ferguson "not beautiful, but a dear girl, so sincere and lovable;" Enid Bennett, "like a delicate frail bit of china—she brings to memory all the sweetest, most lovely things we have ever seen or heard of." Virginia is busy with art and dancing—and wishes she were older so she could "be doing something worth while."

Then there's Margaret B., whose courage often shames me. She's still within speaking distance of twenty and has the highest aspirations, the most wonderful dreams. She teaches piano in a Florida conservatory of music. While drumming rhythm into young hopefuls, she dreams of weaving melodies out of her own music soul—and puts into her letters to me much of that young eagerness, that longing for beauty and music and culture. Once she wrote me, "Just give me a pipe organ and a rock-bound coast, with the waves beating against the boulders—and I *know* I could compose something good. Anyway I could play, oh, how I could play!"

Margaret's salary is not large, making even movies "occasional treats" and new frocks "dreams to be planned, saved for and eventually realized, one by one." When I think I'm not getting ahead as fast as I should or get cross and cranky, I remember the struggles some of these young girls who write me are going through for their ideals, for their high hopes—and it sort of makes me ashamed.

And, best of all—I've kept her for the last because she's my very most special "fan friend" and I always save the biggest and nicest piece of candy for the last—is Bunny. Though Bunny is sixteen, she has never seen a movie—for a nasty old germ or

something found a resting place in Bunny's spine and paralyzed her so she can't walk. But lying in bed for years, never getting out to see the many interesting things outside, particularly movies, hasn't cramped Bunny's style, not one single bit. Bunny knows all the stars, every tiny thing about them, from reading the fan magazines. It's rather amazing, that childish idolatry of the players—really, she's the most enthusiastic fan ever—from one who has never seen a movie.

Such a cheerful small one, Bunny! When I've been making so much of my own worries and then receive one of Bunny's gay letters, I feel like crawling in a hole somewhere and burying my head, like an ostrich. She lives way up in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where it's cold so much and dreary—but Bunny has that spirit which lives in its dreams, rises above its surroundings.

"I tell myself I'm just lazy and want to stay in bed all the time," she writes. "Why, I think it's fun lying in bed and getting mostly everything I want—if it doesn't cost too much. I get the nicest letters from Ruth Roland and other stars and from fan friends, and oh, I do love them so—and Mary Pickford sent me a picture of herself dressed up as *Rosita*. Everybody is so nice."

Doesn't that bring a little tight feeling to your heart? When Bunny wrote that her mother had my picture framed and that she prized it "most as much as if it were the queen"—well, I tell you it certainly made me realize there's something in this writing business besides just the money and seeing your stories in print.

The other day I was irritated—working hard, crowds on the street elbowing the breath out of me, people late for appointments, you know how it is sometimes. But when I came home and found a bunch of mail from my fan friends, saying cheerio in every word almost—you've no idea how it shamed me to be making so much fuss over my own little worries and problems. I have so very much, in the work that now has lost its glamour for me, that has become so ordinary and commonplace, that these girls long to have—as one wrote, "I'd give a whole year of my life just to live your life for one day!"—that it makes me stop and think.

This may sound trite and bromidic—but I often think, if I am ever to be really worthy of such wonderful letters as are coming to me now from people I've never even met, I'll certainly have to hustle!

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Portrait of a Successful Actress

Continued from page 34

would lend themselves admirably, save for their daring subject matter."

As she talks, Anna reminds you ever so slightly that she is from Sweden: her accent is elusive and for the most part hardly apparent to the naked ear. Yet it is there, and very pleasing, too.

Mention of Mabel Normand made her grow reminiscent. Years ago, without being too definite, before Anna joined Kalem along with Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce and Tom Moore, she and Mabel were annually deployed from New York to Philadelphia for a spring fashion exhibit conducted by one of the larger department stores.

"We would strut about in stunning clothes, wishing we owned them," said Anna, with the single approach to wistfulness of the afternoon.

Even in those early days, she was practical.

Mabel Normand applied for a job at a swimming carnival, and upon being asked what salary she expected, she rushed out to the street, where Anna was waiting for her.

"Quick! Come in here!" gasped Mabel. "I said you were my business manager. Tell him what salary I should get. You always were able to get more than I could!"

Ever since I can recall her, as far back as memory serves, Anna Q. Nilsson has been a tall, slender blonde, with presence. She has always had an air about her. There is something aristocratic in her mien that is not fictitious in any way. It is neither the grand manner of the *nouveau* nor the acquired aloofness of the upstage stella.

Rather she is detached, impersonal, unprejudiced in her opinions. She looks upon Anna Q. Nilsson as an asset, which, if properly managed, will continue to provide her with the desirable things of life for some time to come. In speaking of pictures in which she has appeared, she manifests a priceless gift for surveying the actress called Nilsson as a separate individual. When she speaks of herself she manages to eradicate personal pronouns to such a marked degree that you forget that it is herself of whom she is speaking.

"In 'Broadway After Dark,' which Rapf made on the Coast, he engaged Raymond Hatton, Tully Marshall, myself, and others equally prominent," she said casually. In print it looks unequivocally egotistical. As she said it, there was no offense whatsoever to good taste. There were other instances, but in each case, Anna Nilsson was talking about the actress, not about herself.

Although she was loth to venture any opinions regarding her acting, it developed that she found some merit in her dual characterization of "Ponjola." During the making of the picture she was quite discouraged; the finished film brought praise from all quarters, and finally she was herself convinced that her performance was not without merit.

"It was interesting to attempt a masculine characterization. I didn't know how to walk, or what to do with my hands. I watched men on the set—stage hands, actors, everybody in trousers. I tried to pick up ideas and mannerisms common to all of them. You have no idea how difficult it was to catch the masculine touch."

In Califilmia, which holds a place in Anna's affections second only to her native Sweden, she and her recently acquired husband live in Van Nuys, not many miles from Los Angeles, and adjacent to Hollywood itself.

"Almost every night we walk in to see the movies. You see we live out on a farm. It's restful. I don't think I'll ever get tired of pictures—seeing them or doing them."

Anna Nilsson stands apart as a film feminist. She does not simply look upon a few thousand a week as recompense for wearing lovely gowns before the camera. She knows that Nilsson in incandescent lights draws a certain volume of people in every key city. She is not concerned with the æsthetics of this life, but she has its figures filed for ready reference. Throughout our seance she evinced, as I have attempted to indicate, a canny knowledge of the traffic in pictures—a shrewd insight regarding the marketing of drama in tins. Our meeting she looked upon as she might look upon a close-up or night stuff or a retake. It was all in the course of human events.

She sat there, in her trim tailored suit that represented the mode of the moment, crisply bobbed hair, cigarette lending to the mannish aspect, and she disposed of each topic as it came up, inwardly wondering, I venture, how long this particular sequence was to last.

Perhaps I do the lady injustice; perhaps she was having the time of her life. These are simply notes, after all, built upon the barest conjecture.

Here, then, was the modern American artiste in a fresh phase, treating her art not as art but as business, and knowing the ups and downs of that business in a manner that would do credit to Carl Laemmle or Jesse Lasky. Here was no pretense, no affectation, no effort to impress, divert, or entertain. Here, as a matter of fact, was no unforgetable personality: here was one of the most successful actresses currently engaged in cinematic endeavors going through the routine task of meeting an ambassador from the Best Magazine of the Screen in a gracious—and businesslike—manner.

Priscilla—with the Muffler Off

Continued from page 74

laughs as strong men drop, beaten. But she always does those things with a little feminine, saucy air utterly bewitching. What would be anathema, coarse, in another woman, in Priscilla is just the vital play of life in a minx.

Of theatrical parentage, at four she began acting.

"I was the squawker. I squalled and howled through numerous Charles K. Blaney melodramas, but oh, how I loved it!" Her brown eyes flashed, danced.

Ten years ago she migrated to the films, after a season dancing in "The Folies Bergere."

"I did a little bit of everything with the Griffith troupe. We had to play all kinds of characters in those Biograph melos and I loved the excitement, the thrill of something new every minute."

With her Universal contract came her first big picture, "The Wildcat of Paris," which immediately brought her into focus as a new and startling personality. The flame and spice of that characterization, the sheer bravado of it, made her a star overnight. And never since has she quite reached the heights of her work in that film. "The Virgin of Stamboul" and "Outside the Law," were about the best that followed. "Reputation" was not a great success but she avers that it helped her considerably in public estimation. "The Flame of Life," "Under Two Flags," "Conflict," and others whose titles I have forgotten, in no way enhanced her fame.

The big companies very often have a way of killing the geese that lay their own golden eggs, of blanketing personalities in a routine of hokum that cigar-chewing gentlemen in swivel chairs say the public wants.

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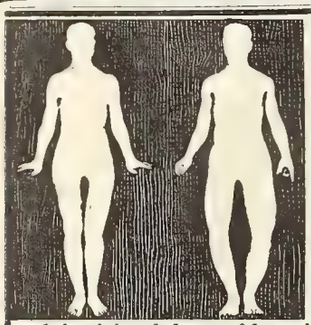
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Possibly her slight lapse from favor was due also to a lack of interest on her part, though it is difficult to visualize Priscilla as not being vitally concerned in whatever life or action is transpiring in her immediate vicinty. However, a long contract guaranteed her three thousand dollars a week—and when she rebelled they called her "temperamental," so probably she saw the futility of trying to do anything about it.

Now, happily, that old fire, blurred but never quite smothered, is once more unleashed. I haven't noticed that she is "difficult" to handle lately. True, every few days she "goes to bat" with the head of her company—the latest discussion was about whether or not the hero should wear a mustache—but there is so much good-humored kidding in their sharp discussions, such a genuine effort at coöperation too, that you don't take their squabbles seriously. Each makes concessions, because each has the same goal in mind.

It's rather hazardous to speculate as to the "comeback" of a star who has slipped a trifle from favor. So many heralded returns this year have proved disappointments. New faces and trends in production, a more critical public attitude, and a lack of adaptability in the individuals themselves, have all been instrumental in these fizzles.

About Priscilla Dean, though I am inclined to be optimistic. She is determined to reëstablish herself in her own forte. She isn't bothering about "art"—she believes in good stories and characterizations of vim. And, when I study that vibrant creature, her flash of color and gamin sauciness, the earnestness with which she is tackling her new problems—and, too, the favorable circumstances that surround her return, the latitude given them by the absence of swivel-chair dictation—I rather imagine she will once again win a place in the ranks of stardom.

Looking on with an Extra Girl

Continued from page 91

way John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte, together as always, and that very pleasant fascinating Englishman—Percy Marmont.

As we go in the gate we are thoroughly bawled out for being late, which troubles us less than nothing—for in pictures, no matter how late you are, you're always too early. We proceed to the outside set, where we are to spend the afternoon. It is a very realistic replica of a garden terrace and wall of Haddon Hall.

Mary is almost unbelievably beautiful in a stiff gleaming costume of rose brocade embroidered in pearls. She is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women on the screen and the only reason I should like to see color photography used is that people might see her exquisite coloring, too.

The scenes to be taken are more or less incidental, always with the "atmosphere" moving in slow and stately manner in the background. In the distance hovers continually a large group of spectators, mostly tourists all, to judge by their expressions, quite appropriately thrilled and frantic with fear that they may miss a glimpse of Mary. This studio is the only one of importance to which it is an easy matter to gain entrance. As soon as a certain number has collected at the gate, a guide shows them all over the famous "Robin Hood," "Thief of Bagdad," "Rosita," and "Dorothy" sets and permits them brief distant glimpses of the companies at work. Estelle Taylor, who plays *Mary, Queen of Scots,* passes among them to reach the set, causing a great sensation and flutter. Miss Taylor is a quiet, friendly girl and seems to try very sincerely to do her best. She is not strikingly pretty, completely losing off the screen the glamorous effect she gives when on. But she is democratic and very well liked by every one who works with her.

Toward the end of the afternoon Miss Pickford starts some riding scenes and we are dismissed. However, I prefer to stay and watch an example of expert horsemanship. Miss Pickford has a beautiful little horse, pure white and about the build of a polo pony. Its robes are of fine rose velvet, embroidered in silver, and it looks a worthy mount of its sweet mistress. She understands it perfectly and some of the riding in this picture will pull you to the edge of your seat with a gasp. Mrs. Pick-

ford looks on anxiously and appears relieved when the strenuous bits are over.

The shadows are now too long to permit any more work, so we straggle back in the fading light past the towering "Robin Hood" wall and drawbridge, past the Fairbanks' pretty bungalow dressing room, set in its prim fenced-in lawn, and back to the long, white row of dressing rooms. By dark the studio is deserted, the big Rolls-Royce town car containing two of the nation's best beloveds passes out of the gate and the day's work is done.

I consider that it was a privilege to be even a very unimportant item in the production of such a picture, an education and priceless experience to be in contact with the personality of its star. Her magnetism, brilliance, and tender, gentle spirit dominated every animate or inanimate detail of her picture. It was a great satisfaction, a dream realized, to see with my own eyes that she really merits the public's adoration of her.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 67

to drape them more effectively on the edge of the mahogany table until a glance from Mother Carr halted the journey in mid-air.

"Fine way for an artist to act." May Beth eyed her brother in disgust. "You'd oughta be artistic. Well, I dunno just how, but be it, anyway. John's sketches aren't so bad, considering he's never had any lessons."

"'Yeh, I might bring some fame to this family yet."

"*You* might? Were you, by any mistaken chance, referring to yourself?" A soft, beguiling tone from dark, bandolined, juvenile Thomas. "And I suppose"—sarcastically—"the rest of us—— Huh! ever hear of an artist getting fan letters?"

"Thomas got two when 'Over the Hill' was shown," chuckled the irrepressible May Beth. "He knows 'em by heart. Anyhow, Stephen's better looking—when he doesn't laugh all over his face. He played Marion Davies' brother in 'Little Old New York.' And I," May Beth paused for dramatic effect, prolonging the suspense by helping Chee-Chee, the diminutive Peke, look for whatever was troubling his fuzzy ruff, "I am going to be a star myself. Prob'ly I'll look like Mary Pickford, I wouldn't be surprised——"

Ensuing ten minutes of ribald jeering from youthful males.

"I'll have George Walsh for my leading man," the eleven-year-old continued imperturbably. "He's so—so romantic!"

"We tee-totally disagree. He's got a wicked way with the wimmin, but he's got bow-legs, too——"

"Thomas! One more remark like that and you march up to your room!"

A Mary Carr interview is very much a family affair, because there is such a lot of family. A quite frank family, sparing the feelings of none in its jolly, sharp kidding.

"We've sort of grown up in the theatrical atmosphere," she smiled at her turbulent brood. "John isn't so enthusiastic—he'd much prefer drawing—but the other children are crazy about acting. Four of them were with me in 'Over the Hill' and the others have all been on the screen at different times. It would be unnatural for me to try to make plumbers or grocers out of them. Acting just runs in certain families. The Barrymores, for instance——"

"Why mention *them?*" with admirable aplomb Stephen started a deep bass retort that ended in a squeak. His blush brought forth a chorus of howls from the others.

Though it was her work in "Over the Hill" that focused attention upon gentle Mary Carr, she had long been portraying the same type of sad-faced motherhood—the direct antithesis to her own jolly self.

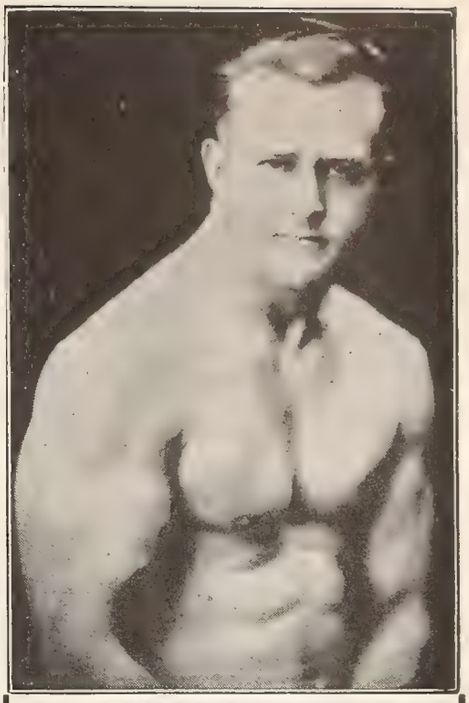
"I had been on the stage for many years before my marriage. Mr. Carr was a movie director, so I, too, joined the old Lubin Company in Philadelphia eleven years ago. When the kiddies were small, I'd bundle them all up and take them to the studio with me——"

"Sure, we cut our teeth on megaphones——"

"Be still. And John—my very nicest sofa cushion! Will you *kindly* hang your feet out the window or up the chimney! My first really good rôle was in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' with Marguerite Clarke. Those were the good old days—we were all like a happy family, we picture folks then. My years have been full ones and my work and my youngsters have kept me young—I needed this brood of scatterbrains," Mrs. Carr smiled, "as a relief from my many weeping dramas."

Her most recent work was with Colleen Moore in "Painted People," and in "The Woman on the Jury."

Truly, a family affair, those Carrs.



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I know you think you know all about it. Most every one you meet tries to tell you how, but they can teach an oyster how to sing quicker than they can show you anything about muscle building. If you are in legal trouble, you seek a lawyer. If you are wise, you get the best, for they are the cheapest in the long run. Now, how about that body of yours? Do you realize it is the choicest possession you have on earth? Don't be a plain dumb Dora! Use your head. This is vital with you. Muscle building is one of the trickiest studies on earth. I've worked at it ever since the day I left High School, so I ought to know. I've seen many a poor chap literally ruined by the wrong kind of guidance. On the other hand I've seen human wrecks transformed into human Hercules by being started in the right direction.

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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 31

at least they have them in mind and that is something.

"But I am forgetting to tell you about the ball—the big official welcome to the fleet. The Ambassador was all decorated with flags and every one was there from the Iowa tourists to the motion-picture stars and naval officers. Naturally, a big party like that means nothing in the lives of most of the motion-picture stars. They would rather stay home. But if they do people say they are getting upstage, so the whole film colony had to go in force. Never having been in high society, I don't know if this was the accepted way to run an affair, but it seemed to me rather like introducing the freaks outside a side show. I must ask Elinor Glyn about it. They cleared the center of the dance floor, pushing the guests to the side and almost out the windows, and then as an announcer bellowed the names of the dignitaries present they walked forward, one couple at a time, the whole length of the room to be stared at and applauded. Colleen Moore rated an admiral and he was so fussed at marching past the applauding mobs in the ballroom that she forgot to be. Carmel Myers was about the most striking looking person there in a décolleté gown of tomato color; Louise Fazenda got by far the greatest applause—to which I contributed to the extent of two blistered palms; Gertrude Olmstead was the quaintest and most naïve in a sweet, stiff little dress of pink tulle; and the greatest acting performance on the ballroom floor was Madge Bellamy's. She wiggled and smirked and coquetted and played the ingénue. Estelle Taylor went on parade with Jack Dempsey, and was, according to the announcer, 'the most beautiful woman in the movies,' but in the audience there seemed to be some disagreement about that. Virginia Valli looked very sweet and ridiculously young and Jacqueline Logan, in a cloud of white ostrich feathers, was charming. She got there so late that the floor committee had doled out the very last naval officer so Jacqueline marched down the line with Raymond Griffith. On the whole I think she preferred him, and I am sure that I would. I wanted Ben Alexander to go in the grand march with me but the mere prospect sent him into gales of laughter and I had to give up in despair. But the hero of the occasion—has he ever been known to fail?—was Eugene O'Brien. When other matinée idols were announced, people applauded, but when his name was mentioned there was a mighty chorus of "Ahs!" that filled the hall. Isn't it wonderful that after all these years of adulation he still looks a little sheepish when something like that happens?

"Most of the celebrities left the ball early because of the terrible jam there and in that wild Hollywood way went down stairs to the soda fountain.

"You know, in many ways Hollywood is just as depressing as New York. You are always having to say good-by to some one you are awfully fond of and see them off for Paris or London or some wild location spot. Irene Rich is going to London to make a picture. Isn't that tragic when I wanted particularly to see a lot of her out here? But every one is rejoicing over her good luck. She has signed with Warner Brothers for another year after she gets back from London and that must mean that she is going to play Willa Cather's 'The Lost Lady' for them. Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan are going abroad for a vacation. Cecil De Mille's whole company is going over to Catalina—that's just around the block in real distance, but it seems far away. And now that summer is here people are going to all sorts of strange and remote spots to make location scenes.

"And speaking of going places—you really must excuse me. I've got to rush away to see George Hackathorne make some perfectly thrilling scenes. And I must tear out to Culver City and see Dale Fuller. She is playing her first gorgeously dressed part in Elinor Glyn's picture 'His Hour.'"

"But what about George?" I inquired anxiously.

"He is playing in 'Checkers' for Fox—a revival of the old play they filmed a few years ago and he is going to ride in a big race with a lot of real jockeys."

"No double?" I inquired skeptically.

"No double," Fanny said firmly. "They are going to let George do it himself."

I gathered up my belongings, so that she couldn't rush away without me.

"Then I am going too." And who wouldn't?

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 98

More Mixed Matrimony.

In the old days movie fans used to object to having their heroines married. But now, bless your old-fashioned heart, Constance Talmadge can get married several times in the same picture and no one even thinks twice about it. "The Goldfish" shows how a girl can get along in the world if she has no objections to matrimony in the wholesale. It is, of course, all in fun and just as harmless as the story of Bluebeard.

Constance has another rôle that calls for a great deal of flirting and that demands that every man in the cast shall fall completely for her charms. After some of the newer and better light comedies, "The Goldfish" seems a little creaky and much of its sparkle seems artificial. But it is the best picture that Constance has had for a long time, so there is no use being too hard on it.

And Still the Wedding Ring.

"Pal o' Mine" is not a dog story, nor a cat story, nor a horse story, nor a kid story; it is, yes, yes, a story of a husband and wife. The wife becomes an opera singer and, knowing what you know about musicians, need I tell you that the husband has several things to worry about? But Irene Rich is the wife so, naturally, everything comes out all right. Willard Louis is also in the picture but otherwise, it is nothing to brag about.

And, in Brief——

Emory Johnson's new melodrama is called "The Spirit of the U. S. A." It is guaranteed to raise your patriotism by several degrees. It contains the same old reliable combination of tears, smiles and thrills with Johnnie Walker and Mary Carr as the principal players.

"The Lone Wolf," made by S. E. V. Taylor, has Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt in the leading rôles. Why is it that crook stuff seems to be losing its punch? Has the excitement of real life spoiled these hist, hist, stories? In "The Lone Wolf," the plot clutters up the picture to such an extent that you actually look forward to seeing a nice quiet scenic in which nothing happens.

"The Woman on the Jury" presents that dirty dog, Lew Cody, in one of his meanest parts. And he is such a pleasant fellow, too, off the screen. But his goings-on before the camera are getting beyond all hope. The story is a mystery story without any suspense, if you get what I mean. After five minutes, you have a pretty fair idea of what is going to happen. Sylvia Breamer and Frank Mayo are also in the cast.

"Between Friends" was directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The story was written by Robert W. Chambers and proves that a fellow mustn't trust his best friend. Lou Tellegen plays the rôle of the trusting husband whose best friend steals his wife. The husband pines away until another girl comes along and then the fireworks start. Anna Q. Nilsson, who is the best thing in the picture, is killed off early in the struggle and the picture does the best it can without her. But it never gets really jolly.

"The Fighting American" is a prize story written by somebody whose name I can't remember. But, no matter, it's just as well. A foreword explains that the plot is meant as satire but ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have a strong suspicion that the producer changed it to a comedy at the last minute to save his face. Pat O'Malley and Mary Astor are in it.

Summer Fashion Hints from Our Club

Continued from page 73

The kind of dress that women always like to have handy to slip into on short notice is the one which Clara Horton wears. Such a gown finds great usage at any season of the year, because in the summer the creamy allover lace waist looks cool and airy, and in the winter it has the semblance of elegance. Cocoa-brown plaited crape forms the skirt, which extends well into the blouse on either side.

And, of course, no girl who has a number of dresses, whether of linen, organdie, flannel or silk would feel completely outfitted without a separate coat. The one that Carmelita Geraghty wears is becoming to nearly every type of woman. It is perfectly simple, and depends for its effect upon the design of material used and its trimming of bands of plain material of the predominant color in the printed or embroidered cloth. Rodier flannel, thread embroidered in green and gold, is the material used in this model, although any of the new printed silks or blocked woolens would be suitable.

Mickey Daniels is one of the juvenile stars appearing in "Our Gang Comedies" produced by Hal E. Roach and distributed by Pathe.



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The Wherefore of Great Lovers

Continued from page 49

Valentino makes capital of his physical charms as any feminine vamp would do. He has a fine pair of legs, developed by dancing. From the bare, brown limbs of the dangerous *Sheik* to the silken calves displayed by the small clothes of the insouciant *Monsieur Beaucaire* is a far cry—but depend on it, Valentino will show his legs. The women, God bless them, want to see them!

But how different is the charm of young Barthelmess. Entirely divorced from the physical—as far from Valentino as Galahad from Launcelot.

Barthelmess is the boy lover whom every woman has in the back of her head. He is the wistful, tender dream of her youth. Her youth may be just in bud, it may be only the ghost of a memory, fleeing among the garbage heaps of disillusion. Wherever it is, whatever it has suffered, the vision endures.

The woman fan who watches Dick Barthelmess, vicariously enjoys a spiritual companionship. The physical cripple of "The Enchanted Cottage" steals into her heart divorced of the lame body, aflame with the flame of the spirit. A harp-bearing magician sings away her daily drudgeries and conjures from the ethereal the incohoate dreams of youth.

And so in him we find the idealistic type of romantic lover—the romantic lover entirely divorced from physical attraction.

There is no doubt of the fact that all four of these types of screen lover, vertically divided into classic and romantic, and again sliced horizontally into physical and aphysical heroes, are in demand among all varieties of women moviegoers. For different moods they all, in turn, may be in demand to stimulate the personality of an individual woman.

Undoubtedly our most interesting discovery from a scientific inspection of screen heroes is that of the growing fashion for sophisticates, mental tyrants of the type of Adolphe Menjou.

Does this vogue argue a corresponding increase in the sophistication of the women? Or is it only a passing fancy, which, in turn, will be supplanted by another style in screen lover?

Perhaps we had best leave these dangerous questions to be answered by time, which if unmolested will eventually put a period to every vexatious interrogative of the feminine temper.

Manhattan's Bright Lights

Continued from page 71

director. The actors on the set, electricians and carpenters, saw Norman at the same time, and work was suspended for an hour while Kerry entertained. The most notable thing about Norman this trip was his haircut. It was way over his ears. He explained it by saying he was playing the part of a funny-looking violinist in his next picture.

Dick Barthelmess called me aside and asked me please to explain that there was no longer any trouble between him and his company, the Inspiration Pictures Corporation. He's to start in right away to make "The Song and Dance Man," George M. Cohan's last stage success. If, after he makes that picture, the Inspiration company could only prevail upon the Famous Players to part with Scott Fitzgerald's story "This Side of Paradise," it would make an ideal vehicle for Dick. Scott Fitzgerald made a movie treatment of it for Glenn Hunter to do, but it has never been made as yet. There was an announcement made that it was to be done this summer with Richard Dix as the hero and Paul Sloane directing. Paul Sloane is a scenario writer who has graduated into being a director. Somehow or other I can't picture Richard Dix in "This Side of Paradise," but stranger things than that have happened.

Gloria Swanson has a new leading man, who looks as though he might develop into something rather good. His name is Ian Keith. Until recently he has confined his activities to the stage, where he has long been playing leads. It is whispered that he is the material of which stars are made. They have been trying for a long time to find the ideal leading man for Miss Swanson, but can't quite get the right one. In the past year H. B. Warner, Rod LaRocque, Ricardo Cortez have all graced her pictures. Maybe Keith will be the one they are looking for.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

Continued from page 27

Later when Mr. Brenon decided to give the company a few minutes' rest, Mr. Torrence joined me near the camera stand. We watched the extras scrambling up over tables and chairs, to hang over the wall of the set and watch Valentino, who was attending the *Duke of Marlborough's* ball a few feet away.

"That shows whom they admire," Mr. Torrence observed as he folded up his six feet and lots more into a diminutive camp chair. His precise turn of phrase falls pleasantly on an ear accustomed to the vagaries of movie speech.

"Did some one look after you while you were waiting?" he asked with real anxiety. "I was distressed when I found that the time for our appointment was long past and the scenes weren't finished. It must have been very tiresome for you to wait here in all this. I am sincerely sorry."

Such gallant consideration was enough to make any interviewer burst into tears. Instead I told him, and truthfully, how much I had enjoyed watching him at work.

"I was so anxious about this picture"—I liked the way he ignored my compliments—"I was terribly afraid that some one else would buy it before I could persuade the Famous Players company to give me a chance to do it. It seemed like my one big chance."

There are just two men among all the motion-picture folk I have met who have the air of diplomats—who might, conceivably, be at home at the Court of St. James. One is Cecil De Mille; the other Ernest Torrence. And yet with all this dignity, his outstanding characteristic is humility. Humility toward the critics of the press whose every comment he takes to heart; a courteous deference toward bothersome people who hold forth at length on what is wrong with the movies, and a whole-souled respect for the people who have been in movies longer than he has. That last, curiously enough, in spite of the fact that he has contributed more worth-while characterizations in his short career than they have in their long ones.

"We rehearsed all morning just these few simple scenes because I had a hard time learning to handle those boxes and juggle things about"—he spoke as though it were a lamentable oversight on his part that he had neglected to learn juggling before going into the movies. "On the stage you can fake much more. I never really knew how to dance when I was in musical comedy; I just faked it."

Even though I remember him in "The Night Boat," I cannot reconcile the Ernest Torrence I know to musical comedy. The idea is too grotesque. He is the courteous, ceremonious gentleman whom interviewers adore. He is the tall, gaunt, distinguished-looking personage who dominates the crowd at first nights. But he is too much a hero now for me to reconcile him to the comedian of other days.

"Ernest, we're going to do those other scenes now. You'll have to change," Mr. Brenon's voice called from somewhere in back of us. Mr. Torrence unfolded from the depths of the chair with alacrity and started to go.

But before he went he made a pretty speech of regret. No one could have been annoyed at him for making our meeting so brief. He handled that situation suavely and with delicacy, even as he handles his rôles on the screen with magnetism and power.

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 93

yelling and running, I landing on the well-known ukulele. One of our carpenters nailed and glued it together and you would never know the difference.

Our provisions had to be shipped from El Paso, our water came from twelve miles away until the truck backed into the tank and broke it and after that it came from town. At one time we had trucks stalled for three days, on account of terrible sand storms. They were carrying food, wood, coal and, worst of all, feed for the horses.

I have never seen such a homesick bunch in my life. A car went into town every few days with mail, and bringing out reams of letters and little bundles from home folk. I never before knew how much a letter could mean to some one away from his home town. If you have anybody away right now, go sit down and jot down just a "hello" before you finish reading this.

In a place like that you get to know people pretty well. And I want to say for that crowd that they were the best sports I ever saw.

They would talk about their homes, and kiddies, and I think each one had the best wife or mother in the world. It kind of made a lump come up in my throat when they would really get serious.

In our stampede shots, the dust was so thick that Roy Stewart and I couldn't see the cattle. I hope the cameras could. Our brunet cowpunchers, after being covered with alkali dust, looked like giddy blondes. You can guess our humor, coming back to camp. Then we would gather in somebody's tent. I played the ukulele, Charlie Murray and Charlie Sallon did buck dances on the ground floor of the tent, and Roy Stewart beat time on a wash pan. You ought to hear him imitate a Chinese opera, playing all parts. Hobart Bosworth played some improvised castanets—knives and forks. I've never heard so many funny stories, or played so many crazy games. It was just like a big family. I learned some cowboy songs.

One of the fellows received a radio message: "Start celebrating. It's a girl. Big blue eyes, tiny nose, looks just like you, darling." He answered: "Description baby O. K. Keep her."

Well, no sooner had we got back to Hollywood than we changed clothes and left for Douglas, Arizona. Here it is quite a bit different. In a hotel, get up at six, travel by auto to location thirty miles. The town is on the border and they say all the front-page revolutions are started right across the line in Agua Prieta.

The first day on location Hobart Bosworth came to mamma and said with a grin, "Bessie wanted to know if you found the doughnut flour." "Doughnut flour?" She didn't know he was joking. She borrowed the necessaries from the ranch house and made good old-fashioned doughnuts. And with coffee, oh, my! Since then she has been elected cook for lunch every day, with two carpenters to help. Not to cast any reflection on her cooking, understand, only on our appetites.

Cattle, cattle everywhere and no milk to drink! These are wild hill cattle. We have cattle in every scene in the last half of the picture.

I forgot to say I go through the picture on a chuck wagon. You know, it has no springs. You can just imagine what that is like.

My love to you, as usual. Hope to see you before next Christmas.

BESSIE LOVE.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

Let's Applaud the Deserving.

I should like to express my appreciation of the work of that genuinely fine and too-rarely seen artist, Miss Blanche Sweet. Always one of my favorites, it has been only lately that she has seemed to come into her own. "Anna Christie" brought her back to us, revealing her real powers. Practically unlimited as to her capabilities, it is a shame that we neglect her as we do. Unhesitatingly I consider her the finest we have. With the unforgetable *Anna* and *Tess* added to her gallery it would appear as though this is truly *her* year. If we could only see her do *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain!" They say it is to be filmed, but we cannot picture any other actress in the rôle except Miss Sweet. To us a perfect cast would be, besides Miss Sweet as *Sadie,* House Peters as *Reverend Davidson,* Mary Alden as *Mrs. Davidson,* and Richard Dix as *Handsome.*

Your department has long interested us just as your magazine has. We've been so pleased, too, at the generous praise your staff has accorded the efforts of our favorite. Because of that mutual admiration we have written this.

In those days of countless mediocre pictures it is a real treat to find one really worth-while production. Surely the movies are indeed hard pressed for subject matter when such piffle as "The Song of Love," "Shadows of Paris," "Let Not Man Put Asunder," and "Flaming Barriers" can find a way to the screen. The other night our dying faith was slightly revived by Universal's production "Fool's Highway." Mary Philbin has arrived to stay. Her *Mamie Rose* is beautifully drawn, and the whole production a credit to the screen. If we could see more like it!

Let us applaud the deserving and make a vigorous attempt to escape these meaningless, stupid pictures that the producers seem to think we'll love.

DON MCSWEYN.

Whitehaven, Tenn.

Romance and Charm.

Oh, to be a poet!

To be able to write a lilting, limpid eulogy of at least a dozen verses! Nothing less can express my admiration of short, breeze-tossed, blond hair; of well-spaced, ingratiating blue eyes; of a radiant, though somewhat elfin smile that reveals a flash of white teeth before it dives into twin dimples! To be able to adequately praise a splendid, supple body, an intelligent and thoughtful mind and, above all, a kind and generous heart. His wholesome, vibrant personality suggests the breath of spring, the waxen moonlight of summer evenings and the glowing, lingering glory of an autumnal sunset. He is, in short, the epitome of romance and charm.

The hero of the above spasm is Reginald Denny. (I wonder if Mrs. Denny agrees with my views?)

MADELINE GLASS.

720 So. Coronado Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

A College Girl's Views.

Do the stars really read these contributions of criticism—complimentary and otherwise? It would not be a bad thing; I have noticed much criticism which, if taken in the right spirit, would prove very beneficial and constructive to many of our silver-sheet entertainers.

While vacationing in California last summer I was bitten by the movie bug, and even went so far as to play a few minor parts in several pictures—we college girls these days must have a bit of diversion, you know. However, my idea of movie acting being mere diversion was most instantaneously reversed. Since then I have been quite a fan—and a very appreciative one—of sincere and intelligent efforts. "COLLEGE SOPH."

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A Second Bernhardt!

I protest! And protest *vigorously* against Miss Polly Gilliam's letter in the June issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

There never was a greater actress in the history of pictures than slim, frail, exquisite, *supernal* Lillian Gish! A second Bernhardt, is my cry! Then—the ridiculously austere statement "that vague, *dopey* way, principally she, Miss Marsh, and Carol Dempster have of acting!" Furthermore, Miss Gilliam is never moved by any of Mr. Griffith's pictures. Then—she has no soul!

I, too, disagreed with Miss Reiss that movie folk are an overdone silly lot. I know that she wanted to stir up a little excitement in this column, and I'm quite confident that most any night you might see Miss Reiss viewing the latest popular release at her favorite theater.

Mr. Griffith's pictures are always beautifully full of the philosophy of life. His players, I am sure, have met and dealt with this crude oddity called life, or never should they be able to give such performances of crystalline perfection!

Z. GLORY LEIGH.

No. 2 Keystone Avenue, Upper Darby, Delaware County, Pa.

Give Credit Where Credit is Due!

As a fan who professes to know talent and artistry when he sees it, I hereby voice my disapproval of some of the unwarranted and unfair criticisms of Pola Negri's work in American productions, published in the magazines. Since Paramount has shown such bad judgment in making two pictures built along the same lines, and released at the same time, there is bound to be comparison between the two.

Contrary to the critic's views, I found "The Humming Bird" to be very dull and uninteresting. If Gloria Swanson has any new mannerisms I failed to notice them. Dressed as a man, all she did was dig her hands deep into her pockets and walk around looking "tough." Edward Burns, her leading man, made no effort at all; he just appeared in certain scenes.

The atmosphere and acting was far more real in "Shadows of Paris." Pola Negri's performance was splendid, as was that of Charles de Roche.

"Bella Donna," "The Cheat," "The Spanish Dancer," and "Shadows of Paris" have been some of the best pictures that Paramount has produced.

Pola has beauty, magnetism, and fire, while there is a distinct note of artificiality in Gloria's make-up and acting.

Critics, be fair! Give credit where credit is due! J. LESLIE GREEN.

42 Weybosset Street, Fall River, Mass.

How to Approach the Stars.

When fans disguise themselves and use other dishonest means in order to gain an audience with their screen favorite and, as a result, get a cold shoulder instead of any notice whatsoever, they are getting *just exactly what they deserve.*

Fans *must* wake up to the fact that

the picture people are real human beings and not imaginary creatures. If the urge to meet their favorite is too great to be resisted, let them seek admission to their presence in a legitimate, honorable manner, not under any disguise or pretext. I think that the girl who disguised herself and the one who wrote the letter in last month's magazine are all worrying more over Miss Young snubbing the blind author than the author or his daughter are worrying. It *would* have been very nice if Miss Young had made an acknowledgment, but I cannot condemn her for not doing so, as I feel the manner in which the book was presented to her thoroughly disgusted her—it would have me, I'm sure. If that girl had gone back there *as herself* and handed Miss Young the book, as she was leaving the theater, I feel that she would have been kindly received, and would have had a chance to convince Miss Young of the sincerity of her errand.

I had never met my screen favorite in person, and having followed his work all the years that he was on the screen I was very anxious to meet him.

A year ago Mr. Baggot was playing at one of the Los Angeles theaters and I determined to meet him. I sent my card back—during the years I had written him many fan letters and received a number of very kind letters from him. It was honored, and Mr. Baggot received me and entertained me in a very cordial, friendly manner. So I must say emphatically to all enthusiastic fans: if you must meet your favorite, seek their audience as you would any other human being's, but don't be dishonest with them or yourself.

MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.

711 Superba Street, Venice, Calif.

Concerning the Radio.

In a recent issue your Observer asks, "Is the radio hurting the movies?"

I believe I am answering the question for a good many when I say it certainly is *not*, and I do not believe it ever will.

I am crazy about the radio, but does it give me the inspiration that a movie does? I should say it doesn't. And the crowds at the theaters I attend are as large or even larger than ever, and, believe me, I get there before seven o'clock, so I don't have to stand in the lobby for an hour, and I go to the Alhambra, Garden, Merrill, Strand, Wisconsin, as well as many of the smaller theaters. Dad gives me two dollars every week for spending money, and it's spent on movies, not on radio parts. To me the motion picture is not merely entertainment, it's education, and many times when I would like to burst out and scold my little sister for doing things she shouldn't do, I tell her in a nice way why it is wrong to do certain things. Yes, movies have taught me to cultivate patience. The radio will never do that—not to me.

I have arrived at the conclusion that the radio is merely a novelty at this date, and good pastime for me when I've spent my allotted two dollars; but I do not believe it will ever replace the movie.

(MISS) F. MCCLOUD.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Foremost Dramatic Actress.

A fan recently wrote that she hoped Norma Talmadge would show us that she can be the foremost dramatic actress of the screen, the position once held by Pauline Frederick.

I hold that Miss Frederick still retains, and will continue to retain, that position.

Miss Frederick has more acting ability than almost any actress on the screen. The radiance of her soulful eyes and the beauty of her smile to me seems like a benediction. How I love her.

Not only my love I share with her, but also my prayers.

AGNES THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Boost for Conrad Nagel.

I have been amazed when reading the "What the Fans Think" columns not to see more mention made of one who, in my estimation, is a splendid and capable actor and gives to the screen most sincere and natural characterizations. I refer to Conrad Nagel. I am glad to see that he is at last coming into his own, and is now having important rôles allotted to him. IRENE C. HORLEY.

"Brooklyn," Dukes Avenue, Finchley, London, N. 3, England.

New York's Opinion? Pooh!

I do resent your criticism of "Thy Name is Woman" in your June number. It seemed to me worthy to be classed with "Anna Christie," "The Green Goddess," and "A Woman of Paris." And please don't try to convince us as to its unworthiness by giving as criterion the opinion of a New York audience. New Yorkers are, as a class, the most unsophisticated and uneducated of Americans. In fact, New York proper isn't America. It's New York, and that's all you can say. I should hardly allow New York to pick my movie entertainment.

DOROTHY GROUT.

2470 Summit Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Some Suggestions for the Directors.

Variety is the spice of life.

That, I believe, is the great secret movie directors should pay more attention to than they have done in the past. I can think of no star who has survived lengthy repetition in his—or her—pictures. Norma Talmadge almost went under because of the lack of variety in her vehicles, but was saved by such pictures as "Smilin' Through." Mary Pickford, though bringing many maledictions down upon her curly head by so doing, has occasionally deviated from her beaten track, and has, in the long run, profited thereby. For though the fans may wail and the critics rage over such pictures as "Rosita," they are only the gladder when she returns to her usual type.

And if another word be permitted, I would speak thus: Do not foist any more stars upon the poor public. If a person really deserves to be a star, and the public wants him, he will be whether he is said to be just a "featured" player or not. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, and Pola Negri are to me the real stars, because they are such distinct personalities, though they are not my favorite players. They are bigger than the parts they play. Miss Pickford was "Our Mary" rather than *Rosita*, even when she donned a Spanish shawl. Douglas Fairbanks was Doug himself, who wore the clothes of *Robin Hood* in his picture of that name. This is *not* an adverse criticism of them, nor am I insulting others in the profession by leaving them from this list. Their appeal is simply of a different kind, and we need and enjoy all kinds. Variety again, you see.

But back to stars. I am living in constant fear that Ernest Torrence is going to be starred. Many a character actor has been ruined by this same process, to my way of thinking. Couldn't the directors choose an interesting story—which includes a lot of things—and then pick players to portray the bigger rôles in it regardless of their former rank? It seems to have been done in a few cases. Holbrook Blinn was fine in "The Bad Man,"

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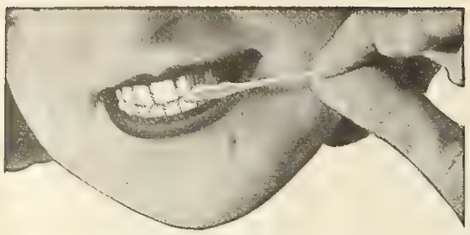
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but personally I don't want always to see him just play leads. Why should a man always be a villain or a hero? Though he may play first an English, then a French hero, now a medieval, next a modern hero, he has not necessarily proved himself versatile. The audience knows him too well. I know when I go to a movie that, no matter what the odds, Conway Tearle will survive until the end, and that no matter what evil he may be accused of, it is falsely—because he is the leading man. How nice it would be to find him an Arab villain, and that the smooth, sleek, well-groomed man with the black mustache and knowing smile was, in spite of appearances, a hero. I always wish to warn the sweet, innocent, trusting heroines to beware of Lew Cody, for though he may appear all that is desirable, he is, in reality, a character to be shunned. And so it goes.

So can't you stop making stars, directors? If they really are stars—inside—the public will see and appreciate it all the more if they are allowed to be versatile. If the movie folk really mean all that is published in the interviews, they won't mind sometimes playing leads and sometimes supports—just to help the industry and the long-suffering public. Besides, don't you think, fellow fans, it would be a pretty good test of a player's real worth? If they survived, we'd *know* they were worth our admiration, and they would be real stars instead of mere comets.

There's another question I'd like very much to ask. What is art? What is *real* acting and *who* has been doing it? I will welcome all answers. For Lillian Gish opens her mouth wide as a sign of hysteria, and the critics call it art. Dick Barthelmess dresses in ragged clothes and gets almost killed and Friend Critic hails it as acting. They rose up and called "The Merry-Go-Round" blessed, though it appeared to me as the rankest hokum and an extremely poor excuse for melodrama. By the way, call it drama, and it is good, prefix melo-, and it is bad. Why? I want to know.

I should like to express my gratitude to every one who had anything to do with the production of "Scaramouche" and "If Winter Comes." The latter was an almost perfect adaptation of the book, and the former had no disturbing or unnecessary changes. "If Winter Comes" successfully pictured thoughts, and was a distinct advance in motion pictures. The characters in "Scaramouche" were fine, and Ramon Novarro, particularly, portrayed his feelings by facial expressions rather than by extravagant gestures. May future pictures follow the example set by these two!

(Miss) Clayton Callaway.
262 Myrtle Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Disappointed in Norma.

I have always admired Miss Talmadge myself, but of late she has been doing her best to kill my admiration, and seems to have succeeded. I offer this letter in the hope that it will "rile" her sufficiently to make her forget her camera angles and proceed to show us that she is still the Norma Talmadge of old. Her last three pictures proved that her art seems to be slowly deteriorating, until in "Ashes of Vengeance" she gave a very ordinary performance—one which could easily have been improved upon by lesser screen stars.

I am beginning to realize with a shock that the once-despised Marion Davies is giving our great Miss Talmadge a pretty stiff run for her money. One merely needs to compare Miss Davies in "Little Old New York" with Norma in "Ashes of Vengeance." Norma, with her glowing personality and excellent technique, is growing stale with success.

George D. Troll.
110 Lorraine Avenue, Montclair, N. J.

A Protest Against the Censors.

I wish the Pennsylvania censors would all move to the South Sea Islands and censor the natives, or something else, and not cut our pictures to nothing.

Often, when watching a picture, suddenly another part, not connected with the one just viewed, jumps upon the screen, and *gosh,* but I am mad!

At other times the story is going along beautifully when snip, snip—the story is cut short, and I go home in a huff, pondering whether I shall ever go again.

If I cannot see a thing in its entirety, as it was made, just as though the people lived before me, I am done with pictures. The censors must think we are children. I want to know life. It won't hurt me or any one else. If we would see more of the reality, there would not be so much mystery about it.

Of course, I do not mean that I like vulgarity, but one does not need to be vulgar to be truthful to the laws and ways of life!

I have had my say and hope that it will not be censored, for I do not like censors. Mary G. Cochran.
4 Woessner Avenue, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Rap at the Fan Critics.

Sometimes I wonder, when I read the comments that fans from all corners of the globe contribute, if *they* are not the ones that should be picked to pieces body and soul, instead of the players who are striving so hard to please a somewhat upstage public. I wonder if these would-be fan critics stop to consider that most of the players have got their place in the cinema heavens by sheer pluck and ability? How funny it would be if only one star or another could be certain of their glory, because certain fans would have it so. Is it not true that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world?" I feel confident that this can be applied to the movie world also, meaning both players and pictures. And there are thousands who are entertained by some star nightly, maybe not so famed, but still well liked by many persons.

I really think that the stars should be complimented on their pluck and determination, after the ridicule and small-town stories that are forever being spread about them. I wonder what I or my fellow fans would do in the same position? All the pictures cannot be great, but I'll wager that they entertain many a tired soul who is seeking just the kind of recreation they offer. And regardless of how small the part or how poor the picture, the player and producer can feel well paid for their efforts. It could hardly be otherwise, for they get so little encouragement, and so many knocks.

R. M. Matson.
143 North Sixth West, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Note from Texas.

Do you know——

That in "Little Old New York" Miss Marion Davies is the very image of Richard Barthelmess?

That Eugene O'Brien and Jack Mulhall could pass for twins?

That Colleen Moore can sometimes look like our own Lillian Gish?

That Rod LaRocque and Monte Blue

are enough alike to make you believe they are brothers with different names?

That without fear of discovery, Edmund Love could double for John Barrymore?

That Ruth Clifford and Gladys Walton must be first cousins?

That Ramon Novarro and Rex Ingram do favor each other?

That Constance Talmadge should be ashamed of herself for filming "Dulcy?"

That Ruth Clifford does look wonderful in a bathing suit, and should wear one forever?

That costume plays are going out of style?

That "Her Reputation" was one of the most entertaining plays of the year?

That I am just crazy about Carmel Myers and Ruth Clifford, and am just dying to tell them about it?

That I haven't seen Cecil B. De Mille's society pupils for six months?

But——

They are all good fellows.

LUTHER MILLER.

Beaumont, Texas.

Information Please

Continued from page 102

represents are frankly sensation seeking, such interviews seize upon some slight admission and distort it so as to make it seem the very basis of a bizarre person's philosophy. Other publications of a frankly sentimental nature that refuses to look at public idols through anything but the rosiest of colored glasses, often disregard well-known facts in order to make a star's history seem much more glamorous than it actually was.

PICTURE-PLAY has a very definite policy in regard to interviews. Every effort is made to make ours frank, balanced, friendly analyses. Most of them are written by people who have known the subjects well over a considerable period of time. Frequently they have been associated with them in work, have gone to school with them, or known the people who guided their destinies in pictures. Where they are written by a person meeting the subject for the first time, they are done by people of keen analytical powers, wide knowledge of motion-picture affairs, and rare discernment.

When you read interviews in the future, give a thought not only to the changing moods of players, but to the differences in interviewers whose minds are mirroring them as well.

FIGURES.—The number of pictures made by a star in a year varies according to conditions. In the early days they used to make one or two a week, and during the last days of the program pictures such stars as Bryant Washburn were obliged to make as many as eighteen or twenty pictures in a year. Now, however, such players as Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson make four productions a year; Valentino will make two this year, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks make only one production each a year. As they are their own producers they can arrange their schedule pretty much as they please, and they seem now to have definitely settled on the one-a-year policy as being the most desirable for them. Charles Chaplin, of course, makes pictures whenever the mood is upon him, and as he, also, is his own producer, he is not annoyed by efficiency experts or a releasing company bent on getting his pictures at a certain date. With the big producing companies having stars under contract everything is systematized, and the number of films made by each star in a year is regulated according to the standard of production, the type of the star, his place in the affections of the public, and other economic considerations.

FOR TOMMY ONLY.—You believe in concentrating, don't you? I'm sure Thomas Meighan would be pleased to know how you regard him. Why don't you write personally? As for his "complete life history," here is an outline of it, anyhow. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, April 9, 1884, and was one of seven children. His father, John Meighan, died several months ago at the age of seventy-four, but his four brothers and two sisters are still living. After finishing his education in Pittsburgh, Tommy played a season with Grace George, then spent two years in the Pittsburgh Stock Company. After that, he appeared as leading man in the London company of "The College Widow." He joined David Warfield's company then, playing with him for three years, and appearing, among other productions, in "The Return of Peter Grimm" and "On Trial." His first screen work was his rôle as Mary Pickford's leading man in "M'liss," which was produced in 1918. Then followed "Out of a Clear Sky," also for Paramount. And many fans do not seem to know that at this period of his career, Thomas Meighan appeared as leading man for Norma Talmadge in several pictures, among them being "The Heart of Wetona," "The Forbidden City," and "The Probation Wife." Then he played in "The Thunderbolt," followed by the famous production of "The Miracle Man," which was released in August, 1919. Up until that picture, a lot of persons had never heard of Thomas Meighan, but his work in that film did so much for him that he was signed by Famous Players-Lasky as a star, appearing at first in a couple of those Cecil De Mille domestic dramas with Gloria Swanson—"Why Change Your Wife" and "Male and Female." "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" followed, then the following star pictures at regular intervals: "Civilian Clothes," "The Easy Road," "The Prince Chap," "A Prince There Was," "The City of Silent Men," "White and Unmarried," "Cappy Ricks," "The Frontier of the Stars," "The Conquest of Canaan," "The Bachelor Daddy," "Our Leading Citizen," "Manslaughter," "If You Believe It, It's So," "The Man Who Saw To-morrow," "Back Home and Broke," "Homeward Bound," "Woman Proof," "Pied Piper Malone," and "The Confidence Man." Next he is going to make "The Alaskan," with Estelle Taylor playing opposite him. As for his personal life, he was married to Frances Ring, a former stage actress and a member of the famous theatrical family, about a dozen years ago, and is still married to her. The Meighans live in New York. They have no children. Now, to wind up the story, I suppose I'll have to give you the palpitating details of Tommy's personal appearance. His exact height is six feet, he weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and he has curly black hair and blue eyes.

ASTROLOGER.—Yes, I get a great many questions about the birthdays of the players. Some fans ask because they want to know if they are lucky enough to have the same birthday as any of their favorites, others are interested in the question from the astrological viewpoint, as you are, and still others merely wish the



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information to add to their film histories. Here are the birthdays you wanted: George Arliss, April tenth; John Barrymore, February fifteenth; Betty Compson, March eighteenth; Bebe Daniels, January fourteenth; Mae Murray, May fifth; Nazimova, May twenty-second; Rudolph Valentino, May sixth; Milton Sills, January tenth; Charles Ray, March fifteenth; Pauline Frederick, August twelfth; Marion Davies, January third; Helene Chadwick, November twenty-fifth; Thomas Meighan, April ninth; Gloria Swanson, March twenty-seventh; Norma Talmadge, May second; Constance Talmadge, April nineteenth; Mary Pickford, April eighth; Conrad Nagel, March sixteenth; Douglas Fairbanks, May twenty-third; Charles Chaplin, April sixteenth; Richard Barthelmess, May ninth; Anna Q. Nilsson, March thirtieth; Claire Windsor, April fourteenth; Pearl White, March fourth; Jacqueline Logan, November thirtieth; Ramon Novarro, February sixth; and Malcolm MacGregor, October thirteenth.

J. O'D.—That article saying that motion pictures are made in "jerks," meant that the scenes are not photographed in smooth succession and the players do not get an opportunity to remain in character for any period of time, as in a stage play. You see, every motion picture contains hundreds of scenes, more or less, and each scene is photographed by itself, whether it be long or short. Thus, the players go through a scene that may last perhaps a few minutes, and wait around for possibly half an hour before appearing in the next one, which might be a scene belonging to an entirely different portion of the story. That is one great difference between stage and screen acting. On the stage, an actor steps into character at the beginning of a concise and blue-printed play, goes through the action continuously, knowing exactly what he is going to do next, and thus sinks deeper and deeper into the character as he goes along. Such a method is not possible in the studios. There are so many things to be considered—the construction of sets, location trips, the availability of certain actors at only certain times, et cetera—that, in order to make a production with the greatest speed and the smallest overhead possible, it is very often necessary to photograph the end of a story first and the middle last, and rarely do the players know the full details of the picture. Thus a screen production is made in rather crazy-quilt fashion, and becomes a fluent, progressive story only after it has been trimmed and assembled by the film editor or cutter. If you spent any time at a studio and saw the way films are made, I am sure you would marvel that the scenes, as taken, could ever be patched into an intelligent whole, and that the spasmodic acting of the players could ever appear as the smooth, balanced characterizations that it does in the finished picture.

DISAPPOINTED.—So you were in New York and you didn't see any movie actresses? Well, that must have been heartbreaking. Now, to save you all that sorrow, some one should have told you that you'd have no chance of just running into them casually around the streets. Even if you passed them that way, you probably wouldn't recognize them anyhow. Your friends should have taken you to the Algonquin at lunch time, or the Ritz, or the Plaza for tea. Then, if you've been reading Leland Hayward's "Manhattan Bright Lights" you'll know the places favored by the cinema crowd at night. Now the next time you visit New York you'll know where to go with the certainty of seeing some screen players, at least.

Y. D. K.—Well, if it calms you any to know it, you are not the only fan that has been arguing about the cast of "Smilin' Through." I suppose it's the fact of the double rôles that is confusing. Here are the players: *Kathleen* and *Moonyeen,* Norma Talmadge; *John Carteret,* Wyndham Standing; *Kenneth Wayne* and *Jeremiah Wayne,* Harrison Ford; *Doctor Owen,* Alec Francis; *Willie Ainsley,* Glenn Hunter; *Ellen,* Grace Griswold; *Little Mary,* Miriam Battista; *Village Rector,* Eugene Lockhart.

CHANEY ADMIRER.—All of Lon Chaney's characters since "The Miracle Man" haven't been cripples; he has played a number of able-bodied characters and a few straight rôles in between. Starting with "The Miracle Man," some pictures in which he has been deformed in one way or another have been "The Penalty," which many consider his best picture, and which was so realistic that a lot of fans thought he really had lost both legs; "A Blind Bargain," that creepy Goldwyn production in which he played the part of the doctor and of the ape, too; "The Shock," an underworld story in which he played a crippled gangster who, during the San Francisco earthquake, was shocked into using his legs again; "Flesh and Blood," another legless rôle; and, of course, his latest and greatest horror, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

EDNA.—Charles Hutchison is not with Pathé any more, but is making a series of features now for the William Steiner Productions. "Surging Seas" is the first one, and your other old serial friend, Earle Metcalfe, is in it, too. Ralph Graves has gone into new fields, too, for he now may be seen cavorting in Mack Sennett two-reel comedies. They won't be the usual slapstick variety, though, but will be a new series built around the character of Graves as a modern American young man "of great personal charm, sincerity, and wholesomeness," as the press agent says.

INQUISITIVE.—Some players in movie scenes speak their lines in a normal voice and others whisper them or just make the necessary mouth movements without any sound to speak of. It's all a matter of choice, of course, though many players think it adds more realism to the scene, and has a more stimulating effect on the other actors if they speak their lines as they would in a stage play. Conway Tearle, who has a little way of starting discussions, announced recently that the best effects in screen acting were achieved by the stars with the best dramatic voices. By using their vocal skill and acting just as if they were on the stage in front of an audience, those players always secured the best results from their supporting casts, and consequently the whole picture benefited.

DODO.—No, John Gilbert is not a "new discovery." He has been in pictures all of seven years, and has been starring in Fox productions for about two years. Now he is free-lancing. It is possible that he may appear in a film with his wife, Leatrice Joy, some time, though she is tied up now on a starring contract with Paramount. I'm sorry I can't tell you exactly what happened to that "lovely cane" with the cameo in the top that John used in "Cameo Kirby." It either went back to the Fox prop room or was kept by Mr. Gilbert. It depends upon where it came from in the first place. Sometimes props are furnished by the studio and sometimes the stars secure them themselves.

E. J.—Yes, Dorothy Dalton recently married Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer, and son of the late Oscar Hammerstein. This is Miss Dalton's second marriage, and Mr. Hammerstein's fifth. Dorothy, you may recall, was married to Lew Cody, from whom she was divorced some years ago. After two months in Europe, the couple will return to New York, but whether or not Miss Dalton will go back to pictures or give her attention to the stage again hasn't been announced as yet.

Y. D.—The movies have no central research bureau. Every producing company has had to do its own research work for its particular needs, and this, of course, has been an expensive business, especially for the large companies who have built up extensive research bureaus of their own. This condition, coupled with the fact that the usual historical records are so vague as to details, has prompted film producers to start an independent research bureau of their own to be under the direction of Will H. Hays, which will record everything with the screen in mind. Directors who have been making costume films of the various periods in history have time and again run against blank walls when they tried to find out definitely important details of atmosphere, trappings, et cetera. For instance, D. W. Griffith for his production "America" spent hundreds of dollars and a lot of valuable time trying to find out from all available sources the color of the horse on which Paul Revere made his famous ride. Also there seemed to be no record of the sort of wagons that were used by the Northern armies during the Revolutionary War. Cecil de Mille, in making "The Ten Commandments," had similar difficulties. In many cases, directors have had to fill in the gaps with their imaginations. But it looks now as though the pictures of the future will have no excuse for not being accurate in every small detail.

MURIEL K.—Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, Bobby Harron, Elmer Clifton, Mae Marsh, and Constance Talmadge were all in "Intolerance." Norma Talmadge was never directed personally by D. W. Griffith, though she was a member of the Fine Arts company, for which Griffith supervised the productions of various directors.

MYSTIFIED.—Here are some more movie definitions. I'm glad to hear you are finding them so helpful. Cinematographer means a camera man, and is a term that is practically never used, except by the camera men themselves, who seem very fond of it. An exterior is an outdoor scene, even though it is filmed inside the studio. Everything that is photographed away from the studio is called a location scene, regardless of whether it is an interior or exterior. "Business" is the term applied to any little bit of pantomime that helps to bring out the meaning of a scene. Camera hog is the expressive, though not very elegant, name given to those actors who have a penchant for trying to keep in the most prominent position in regard to the camera, at the sime time attempting to maneuver the other players into less favorable positions. This is the way scenes are stolen. A prop is any article used in a scene, such as a book, a cane, dishes, et cetera. The man that takes care of these things is usually called "Props." Soft-focus is that fuzzy, cloudy effect so often used in the close-ups of the heroine, in which everything is kind of blurry instead of being sharp, as in straight photography. This effect is achieved with a special soft-focus lens. A diffuser is a screen that is placed over the source of light to diffuse it, and hence obtain a softer effect. A continuity writer is a trained screen writer who turns plays, stories, or plain synopses into regular scenario form, with scenes and titles minutely listed. Exploitation is the term covering everything in the way of advertising or publicity that is used to display and sell a screen production. Static is the electricity caused by cold or dampness which affects the emulsion of film when it is run through the camera. When shown on the screen, it appears usually as black, shooting marks that look like forked lighnting, but the public doesn't see it often, unless the scene is a valuable one that cannot possibly be retaken, as static in a scene usually renders it worthless. This is the same static that gives you so much trouble on your radio sometimes, only, of course, in a different form. A still is a photograph of a scene from a picture, usually showing high lights of the action. These are the pictures that are sent out to magazines, newspapers, and theaters, and are very helpful in giving the public an idea of what to expect from the production in the way of players, costumes, dramatic situations, et cetera. A reel is the standard unit used in measuring the length of a film. A reel contains slightly less than a thousand feet.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Nita Naldi, Glenn Hunter, Doris Kenyon, Bebe Daniels, and Richard Dix, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John and Lionel Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Conrad Nagel, Blanche Sweet, Stuart Holmes, Mae Busch, Aileen Pringle, William Haines, Eleanor Boardman, Claire Windsor, and Erich von Stroheim at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Frank Mayo at 1708 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Walsh, Francis X. Bushman, Gertrude Olmstead, Carmel Myers, and Kathleen Key, care of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Also Mabel Ballin.

Wyndham Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Marion Davies and Alma Rubens, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Alberta Vaughn, Ruth Roland, Johnnie Walker, George O'Hara, Ralph Lewis, Jane Novak, and Douglas MacLean at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Norma and Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy, Marie Prevost, and Ben Lyon at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenma Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Carol Dempster at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Betty Compson, Pola Negri, Rod La Rocque, Estelle Taylor, Leatrice Joy, Thomas Meighan, Mary Astor, Jacqueline Logan, Lois Wilson, Bobby Agnew, Agnes Ayres, Adolphe Menjou, Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, William Farnum, Victor Varconi, and Kathlyn Williams at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Monte Blue and Williard Louis at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Harrison Ford, care of Menifee I. Johnstone, 206 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Reginald Denny, Clara Bow, Laura La Plante, House Peters, Mary Philbin, Billy Sullivan, Baby Peggy, Virginia Valli, Hoot Gibson, Jack Hoxie, William Desmond, Josie and Eileen Sedgwick, and Madge Bellamy at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Also Jack Dempsey and Lon Chaney.



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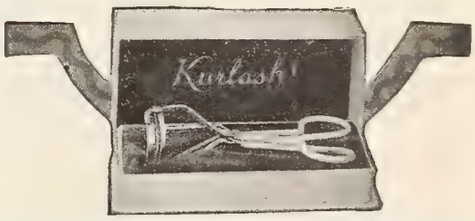
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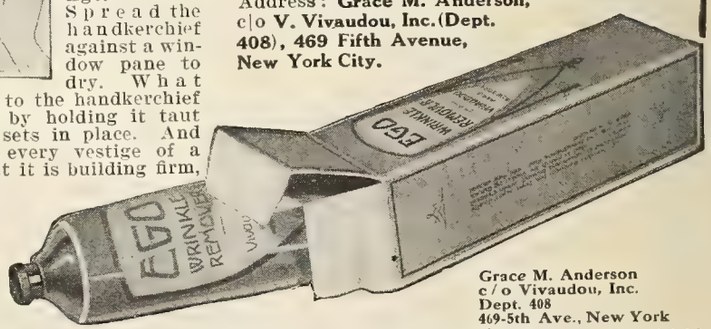
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